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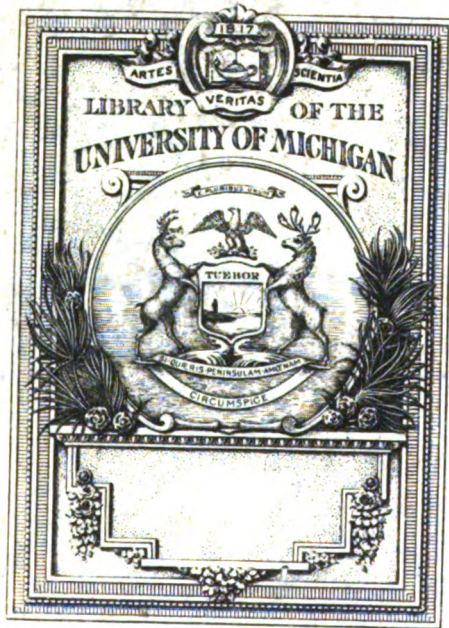
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City Missionary Assn.
201 Orange Street,
New Haven, Conn.







Sarah L. Hewitt



Eng^d by J.C. McRae. N.Y.

The Sisters

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Isaac L. Hurlbut

AP
2
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Sarah L. Hamilton.



Engd by J.C.M. Rao, N.Y.

The Spotters





HAPPY NEW-YEAR.

A R T H U R ' S

H O M E M A G A Z I N E :

EDITED BY

T. S. A R T H U R

A N D

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

~~~~~  
VOL. XIX.  
~~~~~

January to June.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. A R T H U R & C O .
1862.

24

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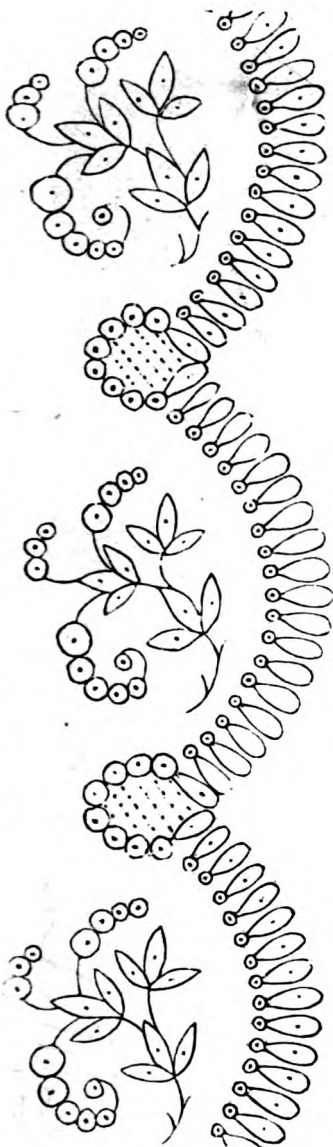
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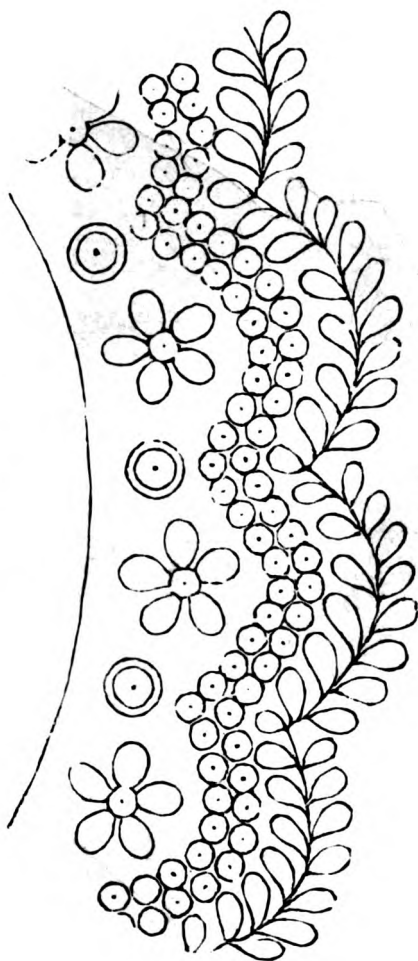
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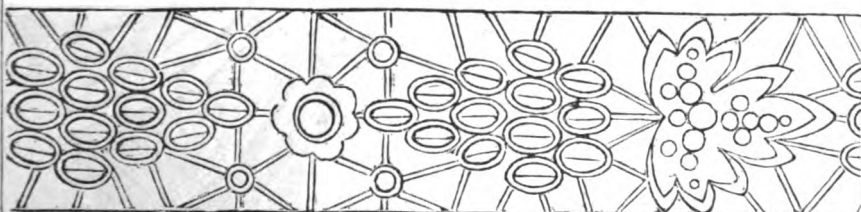
VACATION, AND HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



COLLAR.



GUIPURE BRAID.



CARRIAGE COSTUME.

HOME COSTUME.

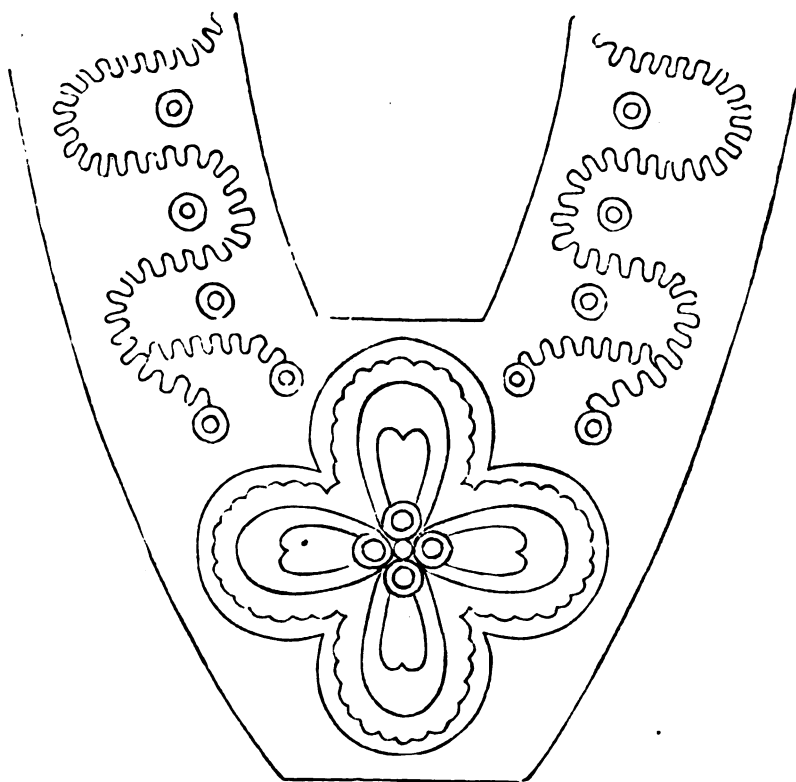
MORNING COSTUME.



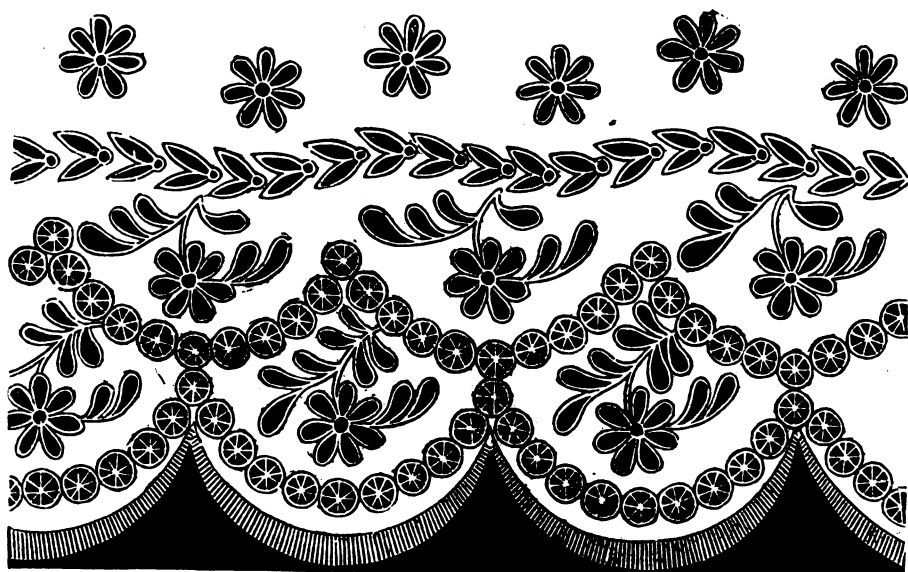
THE CAPULET.

GUINEA ZOUAVE.

THE ZOUAVE.



SLIPPER PATTERN.

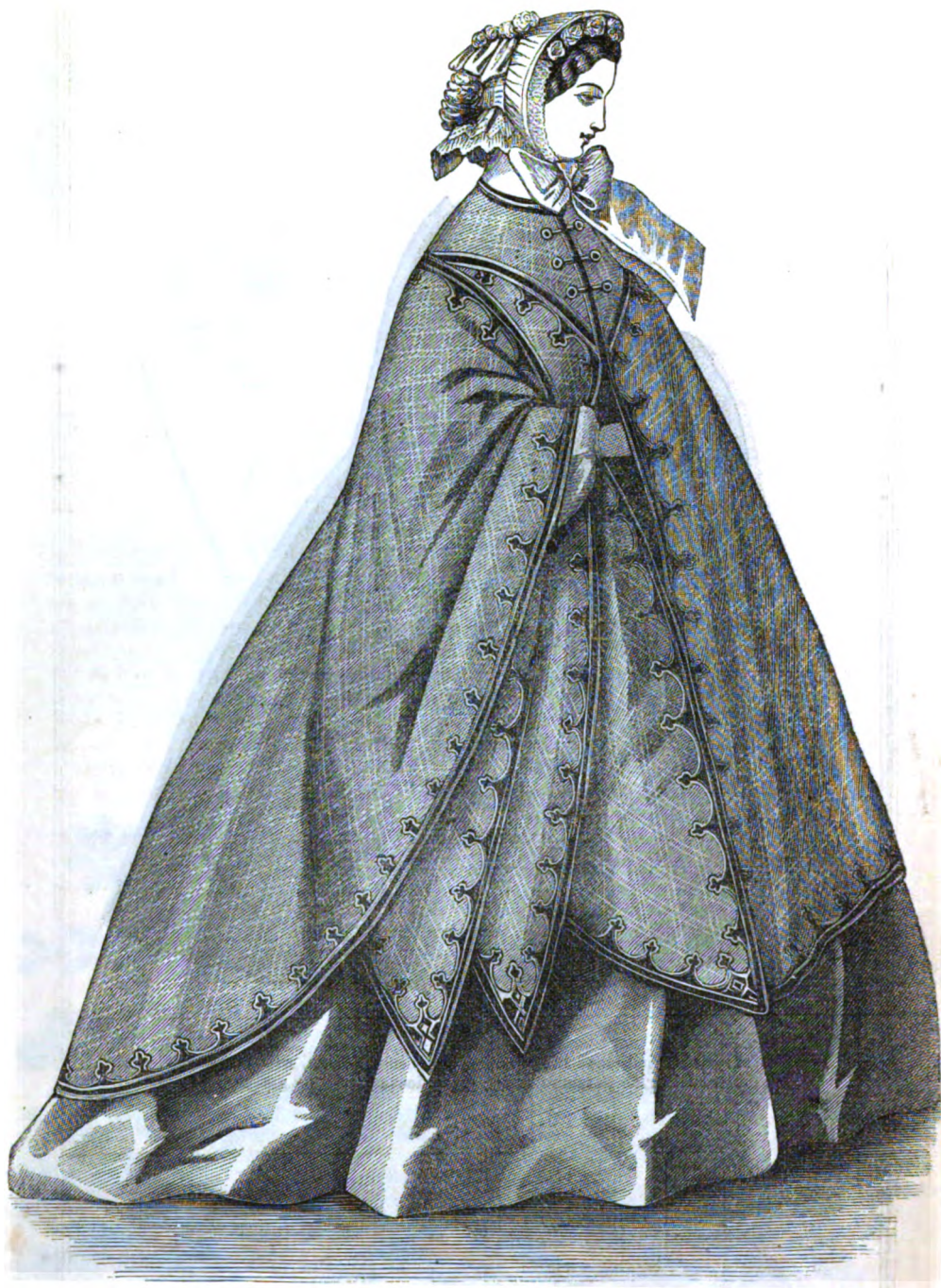


EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



CLOAK,

The skirt of this stylish cloak is set upon a yoke in the back, with plaits, and ornamented with rich passamenterie. The sleeves are long and flowing.



CLOAK,

Of gray or black cloth, bordered with a bias piece of silk, braided in trefoils. The ends are raised in three points for the sleeves.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1862.

The Laggard Recruit.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," was the remark of a young man, in an exultant voice, as he let the paper he was reading drop from before his eyes.

"Colonel G——'s regiment broke camp yesterday, marched to the Depot at Broad and Prime Streets, and left for Washington in a special train at seven o'clock."

He did not read beyond this. In company C, of Col. G——'s regiment, was a young volunteer Lieutenant, named Harvey. War was the ill wind, which, in blowing this Lieutenant away from Philadelphia, had, in the belief of the speaker, blown good to him. Lifting the paper, he read the sentence over again, to be sure there was no mistake. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, he examined the list of officers to each company, which the careful reporter had given, and found in it the name of Lieut. Thornton G. Harvey.

"I couldn't have asked a better thing. The Secretary of War, for ordering this regiment to Washington, shall have my vote of thanks."

Our young friend was almost facetious with himself. The thermometer of his feelings had been signally depressed for some weeks; but now it went ranging up to summer heat.

"That sail from the offing, and the coast is clear." So he exulted in his thoughts. "I am sure of the prize now. Isn't it strange," he added, a little soberly, "what a fancy these women have for soldiers? Some of them are right down bloodthirsty! Swords and pistols—feathers and uniforms—rifles and cannon: they talk of them as glibly as if they were pretty playthings, and didn't mean wounding and death. Even Flora has taken the infection. It must be a brave thing, indeed, to have a lover's arm shot off, or his heart pierced by a bullet! But, Frank Howard has no par-

ticular fancy for such things. War is not to his taste. He never could see any beauty in a dress uniform, and can't see any now."

So the young man talked with himself. But these considerations did not seriously disturb him now, for was not his rival out of the way—a threatening sail which had been discovered in the offing, out of sight, and the coast clear?

"Gone." Only that word fell from the lips of Flora James. She, too, held the morning paper in her hand, and her eyes were on the paragraph which we have quoted. A thoughtful shade came over her countenance. There seemed to be nothing more of interest in the paper, for she laid it aside, after reading the names of the officers. Gradually, the shade of thoughtfulness on her face deepened. She did not look sad, nor troubled; but, there was a grave earnestness in the expression of her countenance.

"You look serious," said a young friend, who had called in.

"Do I?" Flora smiled, but the light play of her features was soon over, the recurring sobriety looking deeper in contrast.

"Yes. What has happened?"

"Nothing out of the common order. But, in times like these, who can help feeling serious now and then?"

"Not I," was answered. Then the friend remarked, "I see that Col. G——'s regiment left for the capital last evening."

"Yes."

"I knew several of the officers. They are among our finest young men."

"So I am told. Of personal knowledge, I can speak of one only."

"Who?"

"Lieutenant Harvey."

"O, yes. I have met him here a few times. A manly young fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And looks well in his uniform. I noticed him while the regiment moved down Broad Street yesterday."

"Then you saw them marching?"

"O, yes. The street was crowded. There were thousands to see them off."

Flora dropped her eyes for a moment, while a gentle sigh depressed her bosom. It was involuntary, and scarcely noted by herself.

"Were you intimate with Lieut. Harvey?" asked the friend.

"No, I cannot say that I was intimate with him; though he is a friend of long standing. He never struck me as being a very interesting young man. Hadn't a great deal to say, and was not over ready of speech."

"But always talked sense."

"Yes. I think that may be said. The fact is, I incline to the belief that he was a little too sensible for some of us thoughtless girls. Don't you think, as a general thing, that we are too apt to encourage fluent triflers, and hold the more sensible, but less intrusive young men, at a distance? We smile upon the false flatterers; yet hardly treat with courteous civility the solid young man, who is too honest to offer vain compliments, and too strongly entrenched in self-respect to join the ranks of folly."

"You have put my own thoughts into words, Flora. It is just as you say."

"Since this great trouble has come upon us," said Miss James, "I have had little heart for the pleasures and frivolities into which I formerly entered with too much zest. A number of my male acquaintances have joined the army; and for the society of those who ignobly remain at home, I have little or no taste. The fact is, I have feigned indisposition, and asked to be excused to two or three of this class of young men in the last two weeks. I can't feel any respect for them."

"Nor I. D'you know, Flora, that I offended young R——, last night, by my plain talk. I was a little sorry for it afterwards; but I couldn't help speaking out at the time. He referred, sneeringly, to certain young officers in Col. G——'s regiment; called them 'popin-jays,' 'upstarts,' and the like; and predicted that they would show the white feather in face of an enemy. 'You,' said I, boiling over with anger, 'show the white feather, with the enemy nearly two hundred miles away.' I was sorry the instant the words left my lips; but, once said, there was no unsaying them."

"Did you really say that to R——?"

"I did."

"Good! I'm glad of it. He richly deserved the rebuke. I've heard him talk. But, what did he answer?"

"I hardly know. But he looked to me like a man caught with a sheep on his back, as Uncle Job Green says. He didn't ask any explanation; for he understood. It isn't the first time I've let him know my opinion of young men who might, if they would, join the ranks of our brave defenders."

A servant came in with a card. Miss James took it and read the name,

"Frank Howard." There was a sudden falling of her pretty brows.

"Is he in the parlor?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss," replied the servant.

"I don't want to see him," remarked Flora.

"He's well enough as an acquaintance; and I used to like him; but he's not made of the stuff for these times. Take my compliments to him, Ann, and say, that I must ask to be excused this morning."

"Stop a moment, Ann," said the friend, as the girl was leaving the room. "Don't send that word," she added, turning to Miss James.

"Why not? I'm opposed to lying outright, and therefore cannot report myself sick or not at home."

"See him."

"I don't wish to. He was here only yesterday."

"Let us see him together. Perhaps our united wits may sharpen him a little. I just feel like talking to young men like him, who, with nothing under the sun to do, but promenade Chestnut Street, and call upon the ladies, stay at home from the war, and talk lightly of those who go. Send word that you'll be down in a few minutes. I'll go with you."

Acting on the suggestion, Flora dispatched the servant with word that she would attend her visitor in a little while.

For more than ten minutes, Mr. Frank Howard awaited the appearance of his charmer. The delay seemed long, and he grew impatient. Several times he arose, and crossed the parlor floor; then moved back again and resumed his seat. More than once he surveyed his faultlessly attired person in a large mirror, that filled the pier from floor to ceiling. Now he looked with a vacant kind of admiration at some fine pictures that adorned the walls; and now, with, perhaps, a higher interest, at his shining boots, against which he tapped his slender cane, that bore the delicately carved head of a dog. At last, the rustle of garments was heard

upon the stairs. He drew himself up to an easy and graceful attitude, and awaited the appearance of Flora. Instead of one, two young ladies entered.

"Miss James—Miss Leighton." He bowed with constrained formality; for his spirits were suddenly dashed.

"Mr. Howard. Good morning!"

The ladies smiled with easy grace. Flora motioned the young man to resume his seat, drew a light reception chair for her friend, and another for herself. She was entirely at her ease, and in spirits. In her hand she held a ball of yarn and knitting kneedles, on which three or four rounds had been hastily cast. The ten minutes, or more, which Frank Howard naturally enough supposed were spent in toilette preparations, had been occupied with the hurried winding of a skein of yarn, and the knitting of three rounds on an embryo stocking. Seating herself in front of Mr. Howard, Flora, in a quiet, natural way, opened her needles, adjusted the yarn, and commenced the homely operation which was associated in her visitor's mind only with the days of his grandmother. He was in too serious a state to be amused—the effect, therefore, was to disturb, confuse, and depress him.

"A beautiful day, Mr. Howard," said Flora, in a clear, self-possessed voice.

"Beautiful."

"Anything new this morning?"

"Nothing."

He felt strangely ill at ease. There was no stiff reserve about the young ladies; no coldness; no apparent design to rebuke or annoy him. They were perfectly lady-like, and apparently frank in their demeanor. But, for all this, he felt as if a gulf had suddenly opened to an interminable depth between him and Flora.

"Did you see the parade of Col. G——'s regiment yesterday?" asked Miss Leighton.

"I did not."

"Ah?" She raised her brows just a little in token of surprise.

"Did you?" He must say something, and so asked the question almost at random.

"O, certainly! I have too much patriotic enthusiasm to let a fine regiment like that march off, and not look proudly on. Besides"—and she put on an arch expression, "I have two or three beaux in the ranks; and I wanted them to bear into battle the strength of a woman's smile and a woman's approval. If men are to be believed, these things fire them with a noble courage."

"I declare!" said Howard, rallying himself, and assuming a tone of banter, "if you ladies don't beat everything."

"In what respect?" asked Miss Leighton. Flora knit busily, and seemed as much interested in her work as in the conversation.

"You're downright bloodthirsty!" He was forgetting himself a little.

"Indeed!" The smile faded off from Miss Leighton's lips. "Bloodthirsty?"

"Yes. You really take pleasure in seeing young men march away, armed with murderous weapons, to kill or be killed."

"Oh, no." Flora James spoke now, but with a lady-like gentleness of manner. "To kill or be killed" is a partial statement of the case. These are only probable effects, Mr. Howard—consequences to be anticipated. The ends are noble; and all true women's hearts respond thereto with an irrepressible enthusiasm. We love courage, self-devotion, patriotism, in men. And now, when we see our grand nation assaulted by an enemy sworn to destroy it, our bosoms thrill with admiration for the men—worthy of their sires—who arm themselves, and taking their lives in their hands, go forth in her defence."

Her countenance lighted up beautifully. Her eyes were full of fire; and seemed to burn into Howard as he received their steady gaze. And yet, there was nothing in her manner to hurt or offend. She did not forget the courtesy due by her to a visitor. But her sentences were like words of doom.

"Have you commenced drilling?" asked Miss Leighton, in an easy, luring tone of voice.

"No." The young man was plainly annoyed by the question.

"Not even in the Home Guards?"

"No."

Both ladies remained silent for nearly a minute, during which interval Howard in vain tried to think of something to say. But his mind would not act. It seemed like a blank.

"Don't you intend joining a company?" inquired the tormentor.

"Well—I have been turning it over in my mind."

"Then turn it quickly and to right purpose, Mr. Howard," she answered. "If we ladies cannot fight for our country, we can at least organize ourselves into a band of recruiting sergeants, and bring in the lukewarm and the laggards. The test of favor now, is courage. Men who stay at home, court our smiles in vain. And we must not be called bloodthirsty—that

will offend. So, don't use the word again, Mr. Howard, or you may find that maiden lips, in parting, are bended bows that wing a flight of arrows."

"Every man cannot go to the war," said Howard, growing serious. "Some must stay at home to maintain order, and keep the wheels of industry in motion. Without this, how could our armies be maintained in the field? The man at home may serve his country as well as the man who carries a musket in battle."

"Not to be denied," was the response of Miss Leighton. "And all we ladies ask is, to see the service. We don't reason much; but we are very sharp sighted, and look right down to the heart of things. To us, the fact that a man springs with eagerness to this great duty of saving his country—counting not his life dear—is conclusive, that he carries in his soul a patent of nobility from God; and so we honor and admire him. And it is equally conclusive against him, that he prefers ease, idleness, safety and pleasure-taking at home."

Howard glanced from the face of Miss Leighton to that of Flora, to see what response her thoughts made to these rebuking sentences—for he felt, hard as they were, that he was the target at which she aimed. He read no displeasure there; but, if he mistook not, satisfaction. Her lashes drooped so far on her cheeks, as she looked down at her busy fingers, that he could not see her eyes; but the gently parted lips gave no sign of mental disquietude. If any emotion were exhibited, it was pleasure, not pain.

"You are too many for me," said the young man, soon after, rising to depart. Flora had thrown in a mildly uttered sentence or two; but with no equivocal meanings. He forced a laughing exterior, as he bowed himself out, with the words—"I shall appear in soldier's toggery next time."

And so he did. But it was of no avail. Lieut. Harvey held the post of honor in Flora's mind. The laggard recruit came in too late.

MARRIAGE PORTIONS.—It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When this great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment he observed—"That in the choice of a wife merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

An Outline History of England, DOWN TO THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

A knowledge of history being pleasant and useful, and after this country, that of England being more interesting than any other, sketches of the character and manners of the people, and particularly of the kings and queens, may be instructive and interesting to the readers of the Home Magazine.

From ignorance, poverty and obscurity, England has attained a state of intelligence and affluence unsurpassed by any nation.

The name Britannia, or Britain, was derived from the circumstance that the Phenicians had traded there for *tin* from an early period, and before it was invaded by Julius Cæsar, which was fifty-five years before Christ. At that time the people were called Britons, and were but half civilized; they had a form of government; and princes or chiefs; but the Druids had great power over the minds of men, and really directed all their public and private affairs, as well as their religion. They believed in the immortality of the soul, and offered sacrifices of oxen, and sheep, and prisoners taken in war. Rome permitted the Britons to remain in peace for ninety years by their paying a small tribute; but the Emperor Claudius, in A. D. 45, with a powerful army conquered the Britons, and soon after Roman manners began to prevail. But the Roman power was not fully established till the reign of Vespasian, in 61, when the Druids were extirpated. The Druids had some knowledge of astronomy and natural philosophy, and used the Greek language; but both princes and people were ignorant; they had no books, and could neither read nor write. Cæsar supposed the Druids to have originated in Britain; their doctrines were never allowed to be written, but were learned verbatim by frequent rehearsals, and carefully committed to memory; and students spent twenty years in their seminaries. The Britons had been slowly improving in arts and civilization, from the time of the Roman invasion; and about this time they began to make more rapid advances in learning and refinement. Public and private edifices were built in the Roman style; Britons conformed to the Roman customs, studied the Latin language, and considered themselves Romans.

Several of the emperors of Rome visited Britain. Adrian, during his residence there, constructed the famous wall across the country from Newcastle to Carlisle, to defend them

from the northern barbarians. Septimus Severus repulsed the Caledonians, repaired the wall of Adrian, and died in 211, at York, which was the chief of the Roman stations in Britain. Constantius Chlorus, father of Alexander the Great, also died at York, having long resided there. His son, Constantine, received the imperial purple at York, at the hands of the Roman soldiery, and took with him to the continent an army composed of the flower of the British youth. Under the protection of Rome the island was greatly improved and enriched; the Christian religion was introduced, and its commerce extended; letters, science, and the mechanical arts made rapid progress; and twenty-eight cities were founded, which are now places of note. The Romans ruled in Britain about five hundred years. The two sons of Theodosius the great disagreed and caused civil war in Rome, when their extensive frontier was attacked by the Huns and other barbarous nations, from the north; and having to protect themselves at home, they gave up all control over Britain. Many of the Romans remained, but they received no farther assistance from the Roman emperors, against their enemies, the Picts and Scots.

In 450 Vortigern, being at that time king of Britain, applied to the Saxons in Germany for assistance against the Picts and Scots. The Picts were a remnant of the ancient Britons, who had never submitted to the Romans. The Scots came from Ireland and united with the Picts, and held the northern part of the island. The Saxons were pleased to be invited into a country upon which they had for ages before been forming designs; they were a brave people, restless and bold; their ruling love was freedom. Two chiefs, Hengist and his brother Horsa, went with an army, and joining their forces with the Britons gained a complete victory over the Picts and Scots.

The Saxons saw the country was greatly superior to their own and determined to possess it, and soon found a pretext for a quarrel, and defeated the Britons in many battles, in one of which Horsa was killed. Hengist now became sole commander of the Saxons; with much art and flattery he induced king Vortigern to marry his daughter Rowena, and to settle on him the fertile province of Kent, from which the Saxons could never after be removed. Many Saxon tribes came from Germany to assist in getting control of the island. The British kings for the next sixty years were engaged in contests with the Saxons, and

were sometimes victorious, but their invaders were gaining power.

In 510 Arthur became king; he is celebrated in history, and has been a great favorite in the fabulous annals of the times; he gained a great victory over the Saxons in 520, and the Britons had peace for forty years. Arthur died about 560, aged ninety years, and was buried in the Abbey of Glastonbury. In 584, after being in Britain thirteen years, the Saxons established themselves in different parts of the island, and formed seven independent kingdoms, which composed the Heptarchy; each had its king or ruler.

The Britons did not yield without a struggle, but opposition was in vain; many of them were killed, some remained with the Saxons, some withdrew to Brittany, in France, and some took refuge in the mountains of Wales. The Britons spoke either the Celtic or Latin language. The Saxons used the Saxon or English. When they entered Britain they were pagans, and ignorant of letters; but among the Britons they made some progress in learning and in Christianity. Soon after this time Pope Gregory I., sent Augustine and forty other Roman monks to Britain, to teach the people the Christian religion. They were received with kindness by Ethelbert, king of Kent, whose wife, Bertha, was a daughter of Charibert, king of France. It is said Augustine baptized ten thousand on Christmas day, 597.

The people who now ruled in Britain are in history called Anglo-Saxons; and having the Britons no longer to contend with, they began to quarrel among themselves, and the different kings were continually at war with each other, though at the same time they made many improvements in the country. The Cathedral of St. Paul's, in London, was founded in 610 by king Ethelbert. King Sibert founded Westminster Abbey in 615, where formerly stood a famous temple sacred to Apollo. The Cathedral of York was founded by Edwin in 628. The church and monastery of Glastonbury were rebuilt by Ina about 700. And Croyland Abbey by Ethelbald in 716. Numerous other buildings of note were founded, and finished in after times. The Saxon Heptarchy continued two hundred and forty-three years, when the seven kingdoms were united under Egbert in 827. His merit deserved dominion, and his prudence secured his conquests. He abolished all provincial names, and commanded the whole kingdom to be called England, and was solemnly crowned king of England. An elective council was held, and laws were

formed, which were the basis on which English and American liberty were founded. Egbert defeated the Danes who invaded England during his reign, which lasted nine years. In 836 Ethelwolf, the son of Egbert, was crowned; he was of a religious rather than a martial disposition; but being aided by the military talents of his son, Ethelstan, was successful in repelling the Danish invasions. Ethelwolf reigned twenty-one years; he left three sons, Ethelstan having previously been killed in battle. Ethelbert, the second son, reigned a few months, but is not reckoned among the Saxon kings; his vices were many and his name was not revered. Ethelred I., the third son, was crowned in 857, and is described as a prince equally religious and warlike; he fought many battles with the Danes, in one of which he was killed; he reigned fourteen years. Alfred, the fourth son of Egbert, was crowned in 871, when he was twenty years old; he was surnamed the Great. England was in a most deplorable state at that time. The Danes were masters of a great part of the country, and had destroyed cities, churches, and monasteries, which were the seminaries of learning, and literature and religion were neglected. Alfred was well fitted for his place, and did great things for the nation; he had many battles with the Danes, and took many of them prisoners, together with their king; but offered them their lives, and land to cultivate, if they would embrace Christianity and become loyal subjects.

Those Danes who preferred were permitted to embark for Flanders. Prosperity and peace were enjoyed by the country for many years. Alfred advanced letters and commerce; he published a new code of laws, making wise additions to those formed by Egbert, his father, many of which continue in the English constitution; and he founded the University of Oxford. Alfred's learning was superior to most of the scholars of his time; he wrote several books, and was an excellent poet. It is stated that his character was adorned with every virtue; that he was a pattern for kings, and a bright star in the history of mankind; he was beloved by his subjects, feared by his enemies, and admired by all. He was the most illustrious of the Saxon kings; he reigned thirty years.

Edward the elder, son of Alfred, was crowned in 901, at which time England was almost equally divided between the English and the Danes, who, for the last twelve years of Alfred's reign, had peacefully submitted to his

dominion. Now they again rebelled, but Edward was victorious, and they were glad to conclude a peace, and acknowledge him for their sovereign. The affairs of England continued to flourish. He founded Cambridge University, and obliged the Britons in Wales to pay an annual tribute. His reign has been called glorious; it lasted twenty-four years. He was beloved by all.

Athelstan succeeded his father, Edward, in 925. He gained a decisive victory over the Danes, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, who combined against him; and, to chastise the Welsh, he raised their tribute. His various and splendid successes, carried his name into foreign countries. He aided commerce and literature, and was the first Saxon king who caused the Scriptures to be translated into the English language. He died unmarried, after reigning sixteen years. His reign was prosperous and useful.

In 941, Edmund I., the second son of Edward, was crowned. He was eighteen years old. His brother had left England in peace and prosperity; but the Danes, considering the youth of Edmund a favorable time for a revolt, soon had an army opposed to him; but his activity defeated their attempts. He possessed a kind heart, and a hatred of evil. His political and martial abilities were of a high order. He was assassinated by a robber, whom he had banished. He reigned seven years.

In 948 Edred, the third son of Edward, was placed on the throne by unanimous consent. His accession was the signal of revolt by the Danes; but they were soon subdued.

Edred made Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury, his treasurer, and confided both spiritual and temporal affairs to his care. His reign lasted nine years, and was prosperous.

In 955, Edwy, son of Edmund I., was called to the succession, Edred's two sons being too young to govern. Edwy was a prince of great personal accomplishments, and a martial disposition; but he had an enemy to contend with against whom military talents were of little service. Dunstan, who had governed in the last reign, was resolved to continue his authority. Edwy had married his cousin, Elgiva, a lady of great beauty. Dunstan denounced the marriage, and induced others of his order to join him, who excommunicated the king, and finally murdered the queen. Dunstan headed a revolt, and placed Edgar, Edwy's brother, sixteen years of age, on the throne, and made himself regent. Neither the accomplishments nor virtues of the king could miti-

gate the fury of the monks, and, in a few months, his health and spirits were so affected, that he died, after a reign of four years.

The premature death of Edwy, left Edgar in undisputed possession of England in 959. The extent of his genius compensated for his want of age and experience. He was politic and successful, his reign being peaceful and prosperous. He attached himself to the monks, and ever found them the firm support of his power. The sage advice of Dunstan was the probable cause of his greatness and prosperity. Edgar had heard much of the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, and sent Ethelwald, his favorite friend, to see her, and inform him if she was really beautiful. Ethelwald was so much pleased with her, that he asked her hand of her father, and they were married in private. On his return, he told the king it was her riches alone that caused her fame; that she was not beautiful. So the king was satisfied. After some time, Ethelwald asked permission of the king to pay his addresses to Elfrida. He said, though her fortune would be a trifle for a king, it would be of immense use to a needy subject. The king granted his request, and they were publicly married. Ethelwald took great care that the king should not see her; but, as he was travelling with king Edgar sometime after, he told Ethelwald that he would like to see his wife. Ethelwald tried to dissuade him, in vain. He saw her, and determined to marry her. Ethelwald was soon after sent away on some urgent business, and was found murdered in a wood. Elfrida was invited to court, and the king married her. Edgar made great warlike arrangements, and by that means maintained uninterrupted peace. His reign, which was prosperous, lasted sixteen years.

Edward II., called the Martyr, was crowned in 975. He was the son of Edgar, by his first marriage, with the daughter of the earl of Ordmar. Being but sixteen years old, Dunstan had the entire rule in public affairs, and England was blessed with peace and prosperity. As Edward was one day returning from hunting, without his companions, he stopped at Corfe Castle, to pay his respects to his step-mother, who caused him to be stabbed, and he died. He was king four years.

Ethelred II. became king in 979. He was twelve years old, and was Edward's half brother, being the son of Edgar and Elfrida, by whose wickedness he was raised to the throne. His accession put a stop to the power the monks had so long enjoyed. He had a

new set of counsellors, and Dunstan lost all his influence, and soon after died.

Elfrida had obtained the object of her ambition, but was very unhappy. She built two nunneries, into one of which she retired and performed penances; but she had no peace of mind. For sixty years, the foreign Danes seemed to have forgotten England, and those who were settled in the kingdom were peaceful and good citizens. A body of Danes, under the command of Rollo, had settled in France. They were called Northmen, or Normans, by the French, and that part of France was called Normandy. And now, Danes from the shores of the Baltic ravaged the country, and for ten years England was exposed to their depredations. Ethelred was a weak and irresolute monarch, incapable of governing the kingdom, or providing for its safety. He, for a number of years, paid the Danes a large sum of money to induce them to depart from England, but they would return the next year. Finally, he planned a general massacre, with such secrecy, that on Sunday, November 13, 1002, all the foreign Danes were destroyed without mercy. After this, Sweyn, king of Denmark, came, furious with revenge. Ethelred fled into Normandy. He had previously married Emma, daughter of Richard, Duke of Normandy, a descendant of Rollo. The whole country came under the power of Sweyn; but he died soon after, and Ethelred returned, and had peace for one year. Then Canute, the son of Sweyn, came from Denmark, with a large army, and caused much distress. Ethelred died, after a reign of thirty-seven years, which was one of the most calamitous recorded in history. He was a weak and cruel king.

Edmund, son of Ethelred II., was crowned in 1016. The martial genius, dauntless courage, and athletic strength of Edmund, procured him the surname of Ironsides. His efforts to restore the tranquillity of England were worthy of better success. The Danes, and some of the English, declared for Canute, and, by the treachery of Edric, Duke of Mercia, who had married the king's sister, and who joined the Danes with the troops under his command, Edmund was defeated, and many of the nobility fell fighting for their king and country.

A peace was concluded, and the kingdom divided between Edmund and Canute. Edmund was soon after assassinated by Edric. His reign of one year was rendered illustrious by his undaunted courage, his consummate prudence, and his generous disposition.

In 1017, Canute became sole monarch of England by the death of Edmund, and wishing to gain the affections of his subjects, he declared there should be no distinction between the English and the Danes.

Canute sent the two sons of Edmund, Edwin and Edward, to the king of Sweden, who sent them to Solomon, king of Hungary, who educated them at his court, and married them into his family. Edwin married the king's sister; they had no children. Edward married Agatha, king Solomon's sister-in-law, and had a son, Edgar Atheling, and two daughters, Margaret and Christina. The two sons of Ethelred II., Edmund's brothers, Alfred and Edward, were under the protection of their uncle, Richard, Duke of Normandy. Canute also, to strengthen his power, married Emma, the widow of Ethelred II., and sister to the Duke of Normandy, and, by the marriage articles, the crown of England was settled on their children. Canute, having secured himself against the claims of the Saxon princes, his next object was to get rid of certain English nobles; some were removed from their places, others banished, and Edric, Duke of Mercia, was beheaded. Canute became king of Denmark by the death of his father, Sweyn; he became king of England by the death of Edmund, and reviving some claims of his family to Norway, he invaded and subdued that kingdom, and became king of Norway.

After this, Canute devoted the rest of his reign to the duties of religion, and the maintenance of peace. He built, repaired, and enriched many churches and monasteries, and became very pious. He died, lamented by his people, after a reign of eighteen years. Canute left three sons; the eldest, Sweyn, had Norway for his portion; the second, Harold, had England; and he gave Denmark to Hardicanute, whose mother was Emma of Normandy.

Harold, surnamed Harefoot, was crowned king of England in 1035. He had Earl Godwin, a nobleman of some power, for his counsellor, and by his advice, invited the two sons of Edmund to his court. Emma feared some ill design, and made some pretence to retain Edward till his brother's return. Alfred set out with a splendid retinue, but was attacked on the road, by Earl Godwin and his vassals. The prince was taken to the monastery of Ely, where he soon after died, and about six hundred of his train were put to death. This act fixes an indelible stain on Harold's character, and that of Earl Godwin. He did not long enjoy the fruits of his perfidy; he died, after

reigning four years. On the death of Harold, in 1089, his half brother, Hardicanute, was crowned, and received with great demonstrations of joy. Earl Godwin managed to ingratiate himself with his new sovereign. The indignation of the people was soon excited by the king raising a large sum of money for the fleet that brought him from Denmark, and he did not long enjoy a crown he was unworthy to wear. He died suddenly, at the marriage feast of a Danish lord. His habits of intemperance were so well known, that his sudden death excited little surprise, and less regret. He reigned two years, and was the son of Canute and Emma. Harold and Hardicanute left no children.

In 1041, Edward, surnamed the Confessor, the son of Ethelred II. and Emma, was raised to the throne by the unanimous consent of the nation. Earl Godwin was rich and powerful, and favored his cause, though he had assisted Harold in the death of Alfred, Edward's brother; but he disliked the Danes, and had obtained a promise from Edward to marry his daughter Editha, which promise was fulfilled, though they never lived together. The Danes were pleased with the mildness of Edward's character, and reconciled to his government; and, being mixed with the English in most of the provinces, and speaking the same language, there is no farther mention in history of any difference between them. As Edward had been educated among the Normans, he was very friendly with them, which displeased Godwin and his sons, and they rebelled; but the royal army triumphed, and Godwin promised future fidelity, and delivered up his youngest son and a grandson as hostages, whom the king sent to the care of his cousin William, Duke of Normandy.

Godwin soon after died, while sitting at table with the king, and his son Harold succeeded to all the honors and offices of his father. He excelled his father in address, politeness, sagacity and courage, and used every means in his power to increase his popularity, and pave his way to the throne. By promises of loyalty, Harold induced the king to consent to the liberation of the hostages, and started with a numerous retinue for Normandy; but a tempest drove him on the territory of Count Guy, of Panthien, who detained him prisoner, and demanded a large sum for his ransom. When it was known by William, he demanded Harold's release, received him with friendship and respect, and delivered him the hostages. He disclosed

to Harold his pretensions to the crown of England by the will of the king, and asked his assistance in obtaining it.

Harold renounced all pretensions to the crown, and promised to support the Duke of Normandy. He also agreed to marry the daughter of William, and confirmed it all by an oath. The princess, being young, was to remain with her father for a few years, and she was never married to Harold. During the reign of Edward, England enjoyed peace and prosperity. He compiled a code of laws, which met the general approbation of his subjects. He built Westminster Abbey, which was rebuilt by Henry III., and conferred many favors on the monks. He left no children. His queen, Editha, was beautiful, learned, and virtuous, but he treated her with contempt, and his aversion to the family of Earl Godwin induced him to leave the throne to William in his will, though Edward Atheling was the rightful heir to the crown; but he was young, and the king knew he would be unable to contend with the power and ambition of Harold, who was a popular and enterprising rival. This monarch was the last of the race of King Egbert that reigned in England. His only virtues appear to have been an extensive charity, an easy kind of good nature, and a superstitious piety. The monks, who enjoyed his favors, celebrated his sanctity, and made him a saint. The whole history of his reign, is the history of Godwin and his son Harold. Edward died at the age of sixty-four, having reigned twenty-five years.

In January, 1066, on the day after Edward's death, Harold had so judiciously taken his measures, that he ascended the throne, regardless of the oath he had taken. William, Duke of Normandy, brought a large army against him, and, on October 14, 1066, the battle of Hastings decided the fate of Harold; he fell with his two brothers, many of the nobility, and about sixty thousand of the English.

The Normans appear to have surpassed the English in piety as well as prudence; they spent the night before the battle in prayer to the Almighty for success, while the English were employed in carousing and singing. Had the English monarch contented himself with intercepting the supplies of the Normans, a winter's campaign in a hostile country, and the want of provisions, would probably have made them repent the expedition. History affords numerous instances of crowns lost, and kingdoms ruined, by rash and inconsiderate proceedings.

As the English monarch had fallen in the conflict, and Edward Atheling was too young

to contend with a victorious army, the Papal authorities and the people offered the crown to William, which he accepted as their voluntary gift, and promised to govern them with equity. Harold was really a usurper. He reigned nine months.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

[In the subsequent numbers of the Home Magazine will be given, in continuation of this history, brief sketches of the Kings and Queens of England, each number to contain a single sketch.]

Stray Thoughts.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Trials and afflictions await us all.

There is no life so carefully guarded but its current must flow over uneven places, and be dashed down sharp precipices.

No human art or power, can set us free from the trials which were given us with the heritage of existence. Life and sorrow are indissolubly joined—they are one, and can never be separated.

All the wealth of the world cannot buy favor of sickness and death; and fame is impotent to ease the aching head around which its verdant laurels are woven!

Then, seek not oh, man! wealth and honor, as thy sole aims; but let the grand ambition of thy life tend to one great omega—*live to learn how to die!*

—
Always have something to do; some business that you can follow, which will claim a portion of your time every day. No matter how wealthy you may be—no matter how large your income, or magnificent your investments in stocks and lands—always have some work to do. To be unemployed is to be in jeopardy. There never was a truer couplet written, than this—

"Satin finds always something still
For idle hands to do."

And even supposing man so constituted that he could stop the mighty machinery of thought, and let an idle hour or day pass on without gain or loss—how much more satisfaction there is, when, at night, we review the actions of the day, to feel that we have accomplished something. That we have tried to perform faithfully our part; that we have done some needful task, conquered some opposing obstacle.

No rest is so sweet as that which comes after

honest labor! And the soundest sleep that man may know is purchased by sturdy toil.

"I am glad that Mr. W—— is prospering," said one lady to another, not long since, alluding to a gentleman who stands at the head of the legal profession in a neighboring state; "I am glad that he is prospering, for I remember him as a boy. *He was good to his mother.*"

Good to his mother!

What better letter of recommendation could be given him? A man of virtuous habits, brilliant talents, correct principles—but above and beyond all—as a boy, he was good to his mother!

Young man! imitate his worthy example.

Be kind to her who has done so much for you. Remember how she watched over you in your helpless infancy; think of the wakeful nights and anxious days she passed on your account; and how in that raging fever, which racked your frame so long ago, she sent away every other attendant, and kept her lonely vigils by your bedside, bathing your hot forehead in her own peculiarly soothing way, and holding your burning hands in her own, so soft and cool!

She never got impatient—she never frowned at your fretful complaints—never hushed your querulous murmurings with a single harsh word. Remember this, young man. Call to mind the thousand instances of her forbearance and loving-kindness; and though, now, she may be old and wrinkled, and in her second childhood—bear always with you the consciousness that it is your duty—for the neglect of which God will assuredly call you into judgment)—*to be good to your mother.*

And when, worn out with life's toils and cares, she goes meekly to her last rest, cherish her memory as a sacred thing—to be spoken of to your children with the reverent love with which you would like them, in turn, to whisper *your name* when you shall have gone hence.

In life be good to her; in death, cherish tenderly her memory. For no earthly friend, howsoever closely and devotedly attached to you, can ever supply to you the hallowed place of your mother!

—
He who plants a tree is a public benefactor.

Beautiful things nourish the soul, as useful things nourish the body, and both alike are necessary to the health of the entire man.

Deprived of its proper aliment, the soul shuts up within itself, and the heart becomes cold

and sordid; but fed on the beauty and grandeur which it craves, it opens wide its windows, that all who pass by may see the warmth and glow of the light within.

Say not that the time spent in the cultivation of trees and flowers is wasted; it is a calumny against the wise Creator, who planted the rose on the plains of Sharon, and set the lily by the rill of Siloam, and thought not the labor wasted which contributed to the happiness of those who, through nature, recognize the hand which formed her.

The Lady over the Way.

BY MRS A. C. S. ALLARD.

It is a warm June morning, and nature, like a languid beauty, seems impassioned, and waiting for a sensation. Flowers send up their incense as adoration to Him who placed them here, as texts of his thoughts.

Mrs. Stanley is preparing Harry, a little boy of eight, and Katie, a girl of six, for school.

Harry has lost his reader, and must have it he urges, or lose his place in the class; and Katie, upon whom was just placed the glossy white apron, returns from the garden, where she has been to gather a bouquet for her teacher, with garments which testify that she has fallen upon the moist earth. A severe rebuke from her mother brought dark shadows upon the face which had been bright with the tracings of pleasant thoughts, as she arranged white, velvet, and crimson buds among the green basis of her-bouquet. At length Harry's reader is found under the lounge, and Katie's soiled garment replaced by a fresh one, and the children are hurried off with ruffled tempers. Instead of leaving upon the mother's lips one of those blossoms of love which bloom spontaneously upon those of childhood, they walk on, revolving in their minds the injustice of their mother.

It is true, they do not know it by that term; children do not analyze and classify traits and qualities; but a very small child intuitively understands whether its parent is at all times just with it, or indulges, or censures, according to the caprices of his own humor.

Mrs. Stanley was of the type of a class, of which there are too many. It has been remarked, that "to govern well, we must first govern ourselves;" our own temper must first become obedient to the rein of discipline, ere we can successfully attempt the guidance of another; and it is the lack of self-culture which has made the home-evangels of our

bomes so few, and has thrown out upon the world so many dark, restless spirits.

Mrs. Stanley was the only daughter of parents in easy circumstances, who idolized her, and were too fond and short-sighted, to behold along the dim aisles of the future the hours of harsh reality; and they therefore neglected to clothe her in the armor of self-denial and patience, which the spirit in its life-battle must wear, or suffer, as well as inflict, many wounds.

Their darling Flora must be denied nothing, and as a matter of course, she grew to womanhood wilful and selfish. No expense within the range of her father's means was spared to render her attractive, and at sixteen she became the bride of a young man of moderate means, but handsome person and engaging address. He was enterprising and persevering; and with a little economy upon Flora's part, would soon have sailed smoothly upon the current of prosperity. About the time of her marriage, her father was left in meagre circumstances, by being compelled to pay a heavy security; and instead of reclining upon the easy cushions of the vehicle of "papa's property," Flora and Mr. Stanley were compelled to *walk* over the rough road of life. And when Mr. Stanley only needed the encouragement of an earnest, sympathizing, loving wife, to render light the hand of care which was beginning to press heavily upon him, and to strike the keys of his soul, to the march of high purpose and strong resolve, a complaining, dissatisfied child-woman, continually jarred the sweeter notes of his spirit by harsh discord; until the brightness faded from his face, the music from his laugh, and all hope abandoned of happiness, was as plainly written upon his brow, as was the inscription over Dante's regions of despair.

And thus nine years had passed; he had struggled against discouragement, extravagance, and upbraiding; and although he had not sunk, he had been able to stem the current feebly up to this time, this June morning, upon which our tale commences. He had by good management succeeded in paying for a neat cottage, the benefit of which was felt, when the period at which he had been accustomed to pay rent arrived. The great grief of his life was the disregard which his wife seemed to entertain of their mutual interest. Every caprice of fancy must be gratified, or a "scene" was the result; vainly he sought to impress upon her mind that their interests were inseparable; but reason counted her not among her subjects, and usually, after a war-

fare of words, the disheartened husband yielded to his blind wife, as the only "conditions of peace."

But we will return to the morning upon which we have seen Mrs. Stanley in her matronly capacity. She had taken her place by the cradle to quiet the fretful babe, looking weary and unhappy, when a rap was heard at the parlor door.

"Good morning, Aunt Esther? I am so glad you have come. I need a consoler this morning."

"Are you not well, Flora?"

"Quite well, thank you; but wearied out. Mr. Stanley thinks the expense of a domestic and nurse, greater than he can sustain, and so I am left with a thousand cares and the responsibility of looking after the children; oh, dear! one might as well be dead as marry a poor man;" and the tears began to glitter upon the fringes of her eyes.

Aunt Esther did not respond, and at this moment a burst of music, rich and inspiring, came thrilling upon the air from the windows of the large stone mansion across the street. They both remained silent until the notes died away upon the perfumed air. Tears had disappeared from Mrs. Stanley's eyes, under the influence of the sweet sounds, as dew disappears from the violet when the sun floods the earth with its brightness. A gentler look had softened her features, but it faded, as the face of a woman of perhaps twenty-six, appeared at the large window opposite. A casual observer would not have pronounced her a beauty; but the face was pleasing, and a student of human nature would have recognized it as the index of deep-toned, positive character. The form was slight, but finely rounded, and the clear white and pink of the face was that which is painted by the New England breezes. Her black-brown hair formed a fine relief upon the white brow, where it so gracefully reposed; her eyes were the glory of her face; a soft brown, large, melting, and expressive, they seemed placed there as the stars upon the face of night, to illuminate and beautify. The lips were full and rich, but there was an expression about the mouth which indicated firmness of purpose.

Her morning dress was a pink silk, confined by a cord, with tassels of the same color, and, indeed, she seemed just in keeping with the stately stone front, whose interior, wealth and taste had spared no pains to beautify. This morning, she had resorted to her piano, rather as a medium of the sweet thoughts that were

hymning through her mind, than as a beguiler of time; and now, when she had closed the instrument, she took up her embroidery, and seated herself by the window, through which the geranium perfumed breezes were lightly passing.

At the sight of her calm, pleasant face, all the gentler emotions, which the music had awakened, were stifled in the heart of Mrs. Stanley, and she again took up the old complaining tune.

"Yes, there is Mrs. Alfred, with nothing to do but walk over the rich carpet, her foot half buried in its flowers; and her eyes feasted upon grand paintings, and rare flowers; and not a child to trouble her; a carriage at her service; and a husband who is so devoted— idolizes her, they say; and I must worry and toil all day; Harry and Katie are a constant care when out of school, and the babe is so fretful that I seldom find time to read."

"And yet, if the Reaper were to demand of you a sheaf for the Lord of Paradise, could you give them up?" There was just a shadow of reproach in Aunt Esther's voice.

"Oh, of course not; I could not part with my children; but—but—I mean that I am so weary of care; and it seems so unjust that one should tread a path of thorns, and another, of roses."

"Flora, is it more than just, that the traveler who has pursued his journey under heavy clouds and chilling storms in the morning, should at length be permitted to see them disperse, and to feel the warm sunlight; and, that when the sun is ushered through the gates of the west, that all those clouds should turn to rich fleets of crimson, brightly seamed with gold?"

"Of course not, Aunt Esther; but one should not be compelled to travel all day in the storm, while another is enjoying a pleasant journey."

"No, Flora; but was not the morning of your life as bright as devoted parents could render it? Was not your path along the flowery meadows of childhood, where only light shadows played, and never a storm descended?"

"Yes, aunt; but those were my only happy days."

"But those, you admit, were full of pleasure; and now Flora, to convince you that our Father bestows not all his blessings upon one, but often makes up at one period for what has been suffered at another, permit me to relate to you the history of the lady over the way."

"Why, Aunt Esther, are you acquainted with her early history?" womanly curiosity prevailing over every other feeling.

"Yes, I am very familiar with it. Mrs. Alfred was Stella May; her mother was one of my most esteemed acquaintances in a village of New Hampshire, where we both resided. But she was of a delicate organization, and after a winter of unusual severity, just as a green flush began to spread the forest canopy for the reception of the approaching summer queen, they cut through the anemones and violets, to lay beneath their broidery Stella's mother.

"Stella was then nine; a reserved, thoughtful looking child; not remarkably pretty, although her deep eyes were admired. A year after her mother's death, her father's grave was made by her mother's, and his affairs being much involved, Stella was left penniless, with no relatives who could receive her into their families. She was taken by a lady of the village as a nurse for her children, and for three years her life was devoted to them. Fortunately for Stella, this family moved to a distant part of the Union, and she was transferred to another home, where she was permitted to attend school. Her active mind soon placed her upon an equality with those of her age; and, although Stella was never supposed to be tired in the discharge of home duties, she was cheerful, and appeared contented.

"About this time she evinced so rare a talent for music, that a lady amateur offered to instruct her gratis, as long as she applied herself diligently; and when she was sixteen, she had not an equal, as a performer, in the village.

"She began to give lessons, and a wealthy merchant from N. York, who was spending a few days in her town, attracted by her brilliant performance, employed her as teacher and companion for his own daughter; who being an only child, complained of loneliness.

"As he was well known by Stella's guardian, she gladly embraced the opportunity of rendering herself independent, and accompanied Mr. Hale to New York.

"She did not find his daughter, Georgiana, the young lady whom her imagination had fondly pictured. She had fancied her conscious of her position and filling it with dignity, yet, at the same time, abounding with amiability; so natural it is for a pure mind to cast its reflection upon those with whom it is associated.

"Miss Hale had been pampered and flattered by her weak mother, and so often reminded of the high position which she occupied as the heiress, that it had become to her a title of such importance, that she would have regarded anything less than an atmosphere of haughtiness towards those below her in position, a compromise of her dignity.

"She had not learned the axiom, that quality will convey an impression of itself, as truly as the sweet or unpleasing odors of plants impress themselves upon the senses; and that true superiority of heart, mind, or character, is, to our perceptions, what perfumes are to the olfactories.

"Mrs. Hale was pleased with Stella's patience with Georgia, for few teachers would submit to her irritability; and knowing that it would be much to her interest to retain her, procured her enough scholars to enable her to realize a snug little salary for her maintenance.

"She had remained in Mr. Hale's family three years, and was now nineteen. She had not bloomed into what society recognizes as a beauty, but her face was fair, and her countenance was high, as well as deep-toned. But her large eyes, in which the soft, clear flame of beautiful thoughts ever glowed, were the attraction of her face; and her voice, that echo from the soul, was so soft, low, and musical, that it seemed a bright rivulet, flowing smoothly over the thought-pearls, shining up so purely from the depths of her mind.

"Georgia enjoyed her society when alone, and as a private companion found her indispensable; but in company, she wished the fact kept constantly before the mind, that there was a great gulf between Miss Hale, the heiress, and Miss May, the music teacher. And, when at times, Stella came out from the fortress of her reserve, and allowed the flowers of her thoughts to exhale their fragrance in conversation, Georgia could but poorly conceal her uneasiness as to the result of those beautiful eyes, and that expressive face, when the moonlight of idealism was irradiating it by its enchantment.

"Georgia, like most young ladies of her age, was in love. Like 'David Copperfield,' she 'ate and drank Dora,' viz: Walter Alfred, a young man of high social position, and the possessor of that great elevator to feminine regard, wealth. Georgia had more than once pointed out to Stella Mr. Alfred's beautiful residence; 'and you, Stella, shall be my maid of honor,' she would patronizingly add, when

she had wrought herself up to her most amiable humor, by the delightful contemplation of becoming Mrs. Alfred.

"Stella often met Mr. Alfred in the parlor; and at first admired him; and, then she felt the fortifications of her heart giving away beneath the artillery of those clear, hazel eyes; for she thought she discerned a soul, from which their light was reflected, richly freighted with the noblest attributes of manhood. There was something in his full vibrative voice which troubled the fountains of affection, and threw them into wild commotion.

"At first, she would not acknowledge the guest who sat enthroned in purple, in her heart's sanctuary; but one evening, she played at his request, one of his favorites; and, as one of the beautiful lines, like a chain of pearls, thrilled upon the echoes of her musical voice, their eyes met; and Stella knew that she was a captive, who had no longer control over her own happiness.

"A thrill of anguish made her heart almost cease its beating, as the planet of love rose, full orb'd, from the cloud, where it had been hidden. How mocking was its brilliance! like that of some rich gem, flashing and glittering in the eyes of a child of poverty; yet, defying all his attempts to grasp it.

"Loving, with the depth and intensity of her tropical nature, one who was affianced to another, whose position was so far above hers, it was hopeless—sinful; and she resolved to uproot this rare blossom which had suddenly made her heart fragrant by its purple bloom, although happiness should fall, crushed and bleeding, beneath the keen blade of duty, which should cleave it asunder. Her plans were speedily matured. She would return to the village from whence she came, and there await another opportunity of finding employment.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hale were surprised, and pained at her announcement, that she must leave the city; and made her a most generous offer, to induce her to remain; but Stella did not swerve from her purpose; and expressing her gratitude to her employers for their appreciation of her efforts, she left in the six o'clock train, the next morning, for Cumberland.

"'You must come, Stella,' whispered Georgia, at their parting, 'and play Walter's favorite at our wedding.'

"Had she been an acute observer of emotion, she would have read all in Stella's great, dark eyes, as she replied,

"'No, Georgia, you will not need me, then.'

"The huge iron horse sent out from his nostrils black volumes of smoke, and soon the tramp of his ponderous feet, bore on the cars with such speed, that hill, creek, and forest, seemed engaged in a fantastic dance.

"Stella sat alone in her gray travelling dress, looking musingly, and sadly, out upon nature, as it sped past upon flying feet. In three years, the artist Time had touched with many shades of grace, the picture of her life; and she was a refined, and in the higher sense of the word, a beautiful woman.

"She had been at Cumberland a month; what a long, weary month: and, although her face was paler, it was more spiritualized and sublimated in its expression. It was an August evening, and Stella was sitting upon the rose-trellised porch, looking into the face of the east, which was brightening, as the expected evening queen drew near, and at length appeared at the eastern portal, where a train of stars received and ushered her proudly into the gay assemblage.

"In the hazy twilight, and the white moon-light, how narrow seems the space between us and the spirit land; as, if we drew so near, that faint echoes of their music trembled through our souls, begetting there, high and holy impulses; and when the magical moon-light lies with its enchantment upon the earth, we half believe the curtains looped aside from the windows of the heavenly temple, and the splendor of its celestial lamps shining down upon our planet.

"Stella was borrowing strength and inspiration from the hour. She was resolved to forget self, and labor for the benefit of others. To take the sickle in her hand, and go out into the harvest, that the world might be at least some better for her having lived in it.

"Her train of reflections were broken by her guardian's little daughter, who came bounding upon the porch.

"Stella, Stella! come into the parlor; there is a gentleman there, who wants to see you."

"Mr. Loyd, I suppose, Lillie; he was to bring me a new piece of music this evening," and Stella rose, and followed the little flitting figure into the parlor.

"He was sitting with his face averted, but turned, as the rustle of her dress, warned him of her presence.

"Mr. Alfred!" the words sprang to her lips, as did the color to her face. Her greeting was cold, while his was cordial, almost tender.

"A few commonplace remarks were passed, when Mr. Alfred said,

"Miss May, will you permit me to deliver the message, which brought me here this evening."

"She supposed he had come to invite her to be present at his and Georgia's wedding, and a sharp pang shot through her heart, as she replied,

"I shall be glad to hear it, Mr. Alfred."

"For a moment, the dark eyes rested full upon her face, then he replied in a modulated tone,

"I should be happy if I thought so, Miss May. I have in my heart a frame, wrought of the purest and best of my nature, but it is unfilled yet, and your image is the only one which I ever wished placed there. Shall I have the picture?"

"How the currents of her heart would have burst from their fetters of ice, and dimpled into music, had not the thought of what Georgia had told her, sat at the door, where happiness was pleading to enter. And he was trying, for his own amusement, his power upon her heart, was the thought that stung her proud nature, and aroused all the energies of her soul; as a quiet camp is in a moment aroused from its monotony, at the alarm of an enemy. Her eyes flashed with feeling, as she drew herself up before him.

"Mr. Alfred!" she exclaimed, "while you have sought to trifle with me, you have also given me credit for so small an amount of penetration, as not to discern, that the affianced of Miss Hale would scarcely offer his hand to a fortuneless orphan, with any other motive than flattering her vanity, by the supposed eager acceptance of wealth and position. such as you could confer; and then crushing her by disappointment, as you are crushing that rose in your hand, Mr. Alfred, now that you no longer care to inhale its fragrance."

"Sorrow was in Mr. Alfred's eyes at first, and then a flash of light swept over his face, as the sunlight over a dark landscape. A new thought had entered his mind.

"Miss May, may I inquire what evidence you have of my engagement to Miss Hale?"

"Her own words, sir; and your frequent calls at her house."

"Perhaps I can convince you, that you alone was the magnet which drew me there, when I inform you that I have not been there since you left; and if you wish farther proof than my word, that there is not, nor has ever been, an engagement existing between us, I

will tell Miss Hale in your presence, that I have offered you my hand!

"Stella, I love you; every tendril of my heart is clasping around you; but you are too noble, too true to yourself, and will be too just to me, to accept me, unless you can draw aside in the temple of your heart the veil of the Holy of Holies, and give me a throne there, which I would rather occupy than the proudest one, around which fell the royal purple of the Cæsars."

"He had arisen from his chair, and seated himself by her side. Respectfully he took her hand—

"Have I any hope of ever possessing this, Stella?"

"She raised her eyes timidly, to read the expression of his face. It was aglow with tenderness and sincerity, and the tears which fell upon his hand thrilled him with delicious ecstasy; for he knew they were overflowing drops from the fountains of affection; and he drew her to his heart, and pressed upon her rich lips the seal of their betrothal."

"I have in you a fortune, Stella," said Mr. Alfred, 'far more valuable and difficult to obtain than gold—a mind perfumed by the richest gem woman possesses—a loving heart. Many young ladies would have married my position; but I knew that you would never compromise your womanhood by a marriage that was not sanctified by the baptism of love."

"Stella May, the orphan! How had the bleak winter morning of her life been transformed into the fragrant summer day; and over and around the mountains and valleys of existence, hung the mists of happiness in the approaching future, and loving cadences swept like the tones of a grand, majestic organ, through her heart."

"Georgia was too indignant to even respond to Stella's invitation to be present at her wedding. How Walter Alfred had ever been entrapped by that artful Stella, she could not comprehend; and, although many of his aristocratic friends were surprised at the choice of the young man, who might have selected a bride from the heiresses of his acquaintance, they could but admire Stella, who presided with as much ease and dignity in her splendid home, as though to the 'manor born.' And now she is gathering the flowers of ease and happiness which grew around your feet in the sunny May of your girlhood. Flora, when her life was full of frost and darkness; and there is that in her face which tells me that she has exalted and

purified her nature by the trials through which she has passed."

"Believe me, my dear Flora, in meeting obstacles bravely, and overcoming them, resides the alchemy which ennobles and raises to higher planes; which imparts the power of irradiating all around us, as the moon, by her own brightness, illumines everything towards which her face is turned."

"And you think I have the power to make my home brighter, Aunt Esther?"

"You have, Flora. Pardon my plainness. Your happiness depends as much upon the light within, as that which surrounds you. The wife and mother is the central sun from which husband and children receive warmth and light; and if that sun is eclipsed by indifference and neglect, darkness and coldness will fall upon the hearthstone, and hang like grim spectres at the portal of your home."

Five years later, Aunt Esther is Mrs. Stanley's guest. The shadows which of yore marred the beauty of her face, have almost disappeared; and patience, and good resolves, have written their calm sentences of peace upon her brow.

"Your path is leading into a land of flowers and cool fountains, is it not, Flora?"

"Yes, aunt; and to you and Mrs. Alfred am I indebted for showing me the path which led to them. I used so bitterly to envy her; but, what she has told me of her childhood of sorrow and self-denial, taught me that those whom we envy, are perhaps only just presented the cup which we have long since drained. And, best of all, she has, by her example, illustrated to me, that if in the life-battle, the contest is hard, we are made stronger and better by fighting valiantly; that a high and earnest purpose in the heart can accomplish almost miracles, and bless its possessor with happiness; and, for the bright star of peace which now hangs over our home, I thank you, dear aunt, and the lady whom so much I envied, over the way."

MAXIMS ON TIME.

Time is like a creditor, who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable at last.

Time is like a verb, that can only be used in the present tense.

Time well employed gives that health and vigor to the soul, which rest and retirement afford to the body.

Margaret Lee.

BY ELLEN CLAREMONT.

Margaret Lee—you do not know her?
She is "all my life to me"—
Half a score of years I loved her—
Darling Margaret Lee!

Margaret has no "golden ringlets"—
Has no voice "of silvery tone"—
Has no "brow of marble whiteness"—
Beauty she has none.

Margaret's eyes are dull and dreamy,
None could deem her fair to see;
Very plain are all her features—
Homely Margaret Lee.

Margaret owns no stately mansion—
Carries not a heavy purse;
Heiress to no lordly acres,
Humble station hers.

Quietly she treads life's highway;
Quiet, yet with noble mien;
Mid the lowly, mid the lofty,
Journeying like a queen.

Some have called her cold and haughty,
From her bearing high and free;
Some have said a lofty spirit
Dwells with Margaret Lee.

This may be—I cannot answer;
It may be that she is proud—
That no dark, all-humbling sorrow
Hath her spirit bowed.

But I know, that with the mourner's,
Margaret's tears will ever start;
*While the flowers of loving-kindness
Blossom in her heart.*

Some have thought her weak and sinful—
Thoughtless, careless of the right;
Said, her actions far from blameless,
Seemed to mortal sight.

It is true, the clouds of error
Ofttimes fall athwart her way,
Hiding where the rough and changeful
Paths of duty lay.

But unseen by mortal vision
Daily bends a suppliant knee—
Humbly bows a contrite spirit—
Praying Margaret Lee.

Asking of the All-forgiving
Pardon for her erring life,
Seeking strength, and faith, and patience,
For its coming strife.

Thus, with footsteps often faltering,
But with steadfast hope in God,
Still she keeps her toilsome journey
O'er the earthly road.

And at last, all woe and weakness,
Lost in mercy, it may be,
Heaven's pearly gates will open
For sweet Margaret Lee.

There, redeemed from sin and sorrow,
There, from care and conflict free,
She will walk the angel city,
Angel Margaret Lee.

OCTOBER, 1861.

Heaven is Near Us,

IF WE WILL IT.

BY NETTIE VERNON.

What a world of mystery is this in which we live! Scarcely an hour passes that does not write a little history all its own deep within some heart, perchance of sorrow or of joy.

Childhood's sunny hours give place to the gathering gloom of ripper years, and change follows change in such rapid succession that we are almost led to believe that life is *all* a dream, unreal, unsatisfying.

Ah! *then*, how sweet the thought, how cheering the reflection—"Heaven is near us if we will it." *Its joys never fade—its pleasures never wane—its harmony is all perfect, complete, unchanging.* Over the rough, storm-wrapped hills of *this* life, faith bears the weary, shrinking, trembling soul, to a sweet haven of repose, gilded by the pure rays of celestial brightness, for, "God himself shall be the light thereof."

"Heaven is near us, if we will it." Sweet assurance! who would *not* will it? Who would not seek to mingle its pure influences with the ever-varying scenes of earth, its oft-changing dreams, or even its sternest realities?

One sweet promise, floating ever round us from the pure atmosphere of that upper world, will go with us even to the bed of death, and point our minds beyond that parting scene to the region of *eternal* friendship at His right hand. *There*, sorrow casts no gloomy shade.

"Heaven is near us if we will it." Weary wanderer on the shore of time, sad is thy heart, and lonely is thy lot; yet Heaven, with its radiance, may be near *thee*. 'Tis just beyond the cloud that skirts thy dim horizon, blissful, fair. And angels may be thy attendant spirits all along life's rugged path; their symphonies may mingle harmoniously with the discord and strife of earth, and if thy inward ear be attuned to their melodies, thou shalt indeed be happy, for peace shall smile sweetly in the face of every ill, and hope shall send the glad echo through thine inmost soul—"Heaven is near us, if we will it."

Always in Sunshine.

There are men who always come to you in sunshine; and there are men whose presence you feel as a shadow. It is ever so, meet them when and where you will—at home, in the street, on 'Change, in the store, office, or counting-room—there is ever the radiant sunshine or the projected shadow.

As men are, so, in the main, will you find their homes. The man who turns his face always to the light brings his warm and genial sphere into his home-circle; while the man whose back is to the sun never enters the door of his dwelling without throwing a shadow over the household.

My Uncle Florian was a man whose spirit seemed to know perpetual sunshine. I never saw a cloud in his face; I never knew his coming to shadow the heart of even a little child. Dear Uncle Florian! What a rare pleasure it was when, leave obtained, I turned my steps lightly from the shadowed house where my early years were spent, and came, for a brief season, into the brightness of thy beloved presence!

"Ah! Hattie dear, is this you?" Memory will never lose the echo of his pleasant voice as he greeted my coming; nor do I feel the pressure of his hand lighter now upon my head than it was thirty years ago, when it buried itself among the golden curls of childhood.

My aunt was not so cheerful in spirit as Uncle Florian. She was more inclined to look upon the dark side of things, and to prophesy evil instead of good. But Uncle Florian never permitted the clouds to darken the whole sweep of her horizon. If he could not always scutter the leaden mass of vapor he would break it into rifts, and let in, here and there, broad strips of sunshine.

Children are always children—thoughtless, given to fits of passion, disobedient in little things, inclined to selfishness. I give the picture's shadowed side. My cousins were no exception. Children are not born angels; they come to us in the natural plane of life, and receive by inheritance natural inclinations, which, unhappily, ever show a downward proclivity. But the germs of angelic life are in the inmosts of their being, and the wise parent gives loving yet earnest heed to the insemination of these, which is done by the awakening of gentle, tender, unselfish affections, and the storing up of good and true principles in the mind.

My cousins were like other children; and their mother, like too many mothers, weakly indulgent at times, and passionate, unreasonable, and exacting at other times. Ill health—the curse of American mothers—made her often fretful, and dimmed her vision when she looked out upon life.

I remember one June day that I spent, as a great privilege, at Uncle Florian's. I did not ask of my father the privilege, for I feared his universal "No." But after he had gone forth, I enticed, with childish art, my weak, unhappy mother into consent. Quietly, almost demurely, fearing to show any exuberant feelings, I stole out from my shadowed home; and when once fairly beyond the gate, and across the road into the green fields, I flew over the intervening distance with the tremulous joy of an uncaged bird.

"Ah, Hattie, dear!" It was the kind voice of Uncle Florian. I met him at the gate, surrounded by my cousins. He laid his hand upon my head as usual, and stooped to receive my kiss.

"How are father and mother?"

"Well, I thank you."

Ah, but it was not well with them. Why, in my childish ignorance, I knew not. But, somehow, my father always came to us in shadow. His presence hushed the sports of his children. Our home rarely knew the blessing of cheerful sunshine.

"Take good care of Hattie, dears," said Uncle Florian, with a beaming countenance, as he turned from the gate; "and make this day in her life's calendar a golden one."

And it was a golden one, as were all the days I ever spent at Uncle Florian's. Yet was not the day all cloudless. It was more shadowed, perhaps, than any day I had ever spent with my cousins, who were, as I have said, like other children, given to fits of passion, and swayed by the sudden impulse of selfish feelings. Several times Aubry, the oldest of my cousins, who seemed for awhile possessed with a teasing spirit, worried his gentle sister Marion into tears, and sadly marred our pleasure. He would not go away and find his own enjoyment, but kept with us nearly all the morning, for no other reason, it seemed, than to gratify an unamiable temper.

At dinner-time—Uncle Florian had gone to the city, and would not return until towards evening—Marion complained bitterly of Aubry's conduct, and my aunt scolded sharply. The boy did not receive his mother's intemperately-spoken reproof in a very good spirit, and

was sent from the table in consequence of a disrespectful word dropped thoughtlessly from his lips—a word repented of as soon as uttered, and which a wiser reproof on his mother's part would not have provoked.

I tasted no more food after Aubry was sent from the table.

"Your father shall hear of this!" said my aunt, sternly, as Aubry left the room.

My cousin did not trouble us again during the remainder of the day. I met him several times, but he did not look cheerful. His own thoughts were, I saw, punishing him severely. A restless spirit kept him wandering about, and doing all kinds of out of the way things. Now you would see him turning the grindstone vigorously, though no one held axe or knife-blade upon the swiftly revolving periphery; now he was on the top of a haystack; now climbing the long, straight pole that bore up the painted bird-box, to see if the twittering swallow had laid an egg; and now lying upon the grass in restless indolence.

Crash! What is that? The boy had found his way out upon the branch of one of his father's choice plum trees, which had only this year come into bearing, and was laden with its first offerings of half-ripe fruit. His weight proved too heavy for the slender limb, and now, torn from its hold upon the tree, it lay in ruin upon the ground.

Aubry was unhurt. In falling he had alighted upon his feet. But if his body had escaped without harm, not so his mind; for he comprehended in an instant the extent of injury sustained by his father's favorite tree—a tree to which two years of careful attention had been given, and to the ripening of whose choicely-flavored fruit that father had looked with so much pleasure. The shape of the tree was also a matter of pride with Uncle Florian. He had pruned it for two seasons with a careful attention to symmetry as well as fruit-bearing, and I had more than once heard him speak of its almost perfect form.

Tears were in the eyes of my Cousin Aubry as we came up to where he stood, gazing sadly upon the broken limb. My aunt had heard the crash and fall, and came running out from the house with a frightened air. The moment she comprehended the nature of what had occurred she struck her hands together passionately, and stung the already suffering mind of the boy with sharp, reproving words. Aubry made no answer. The pain he felt was too severe to find much accession from this cause; though

any added pang was cruelty, no matter from what source it came.

"If it had been any other tree," said Aubry. I was sitting by his side, trying to comfort him, an hour after the accident. "If it had been any other tree I would not have cared so much. But father valued this one so highly. It was his favorite tree."

"He will not be angry." I was thinking how very angry my own father would have been under like circumstances, and how severely he would have punished my brother had he been guilty of a similar fault. "He is always so cheerful—always so ready to forgive."

"It isn't that, Cousin Hattie—it isn't that," answered the boy, in a troubled voice. "It is not his anger I fear."

"What, then, have you to fear?" I inquired.

"His sorrow, cousin. Ah, Hattie! that is worse than his anger. He took so much pride in this tree; and now it is ruined forever!"

"Only a single limb is broken. The tree is not destroyed. There is much fruit on it still," I said, trying to comfort him.

"It's beauty is gone," replied Aubry. "That beauty which father produced by such careful pruning. No, Hattie; there is no bright side to the picture. All is dark."

It was in vain; we could not comfort the unhappy boy, who spent the rest of the day alone, brooding over the event which had so troubled his peace.

"There's your father now," I heard my aunt say, a little before sundown. She was speaking to Aubry, and her voice had in it neither encouragement nor comfort. The breaking of the tree had excited her anger, and she still felt something of unkindness. I looked from the window and saw Uncle Florian alighting from his horse. His face was turned towards us—his kind, good face, that always looked as if the sun were shining upon it. Aubry arose—he had been sitting by a table, with a dejected air, his head resting upon his hand—and went out hastily to meet his father.

"I hope," said my aunt, "that he will give him a good scolding; he richly deserves it. What business had he to climb into that tree, and out upon so slender a limb?"

I felt an almost breathless interest in the meeting between my cousin and Uncle Florian. I had never seen that mild face clouded, but I was sure it would be clouded now. How could it help being? His countenance, as he stood with his hand resting upon the neck of his horse, was still turned towards us, and I could

see every varying expression. My breathing was nearly suspended as I saw Aubry reach his father and look up into his face. A little while he talked to him, while Uncle Florian listened attentively. Every instant I expected to see the cloud, but it came not to dim the light of cheerful kindness in that almost angelic countenance. While Aubry yet talked, earnestly, to his father, one of the farm hands came out from the stable and took the horse. Then the two—father and son—came towards the house; and as the former commenced speaking, in answer to the communication which he had received, I noticed that he laid his hand upon the shoulder of Aubry in an affectionate way, and drew him close to his side. They passed near the broken plum tree, but neither looked at it. I think Uncle Florian avoided a sight which, just then, could hardly have been met without an unpleasant shock to his feelings.

Now, as ever, dear Uncle Florian came in sunshine; and it was warm enough and bright enough to chase away coldness and shadow even from the heart and brow of my aunt, who could not forgive the offence of her boy.

For every one my good uncle had a smile or a pleasant word. If in degree there was a difference, it was in favor of Aubry, who seemed held to his father's side by some irresistible attraction. Instead of separating between him and his father, I think that little unpleasant event drew them nearer together, and bound their hearts closer by the magic tie of love.

As I turned my face homeward that evening I felt that I had turned it away from the sunshine; and so it was. A trifling fault of one of my brothers had been visited by excessive punishment, given in anger, and there was gloom in the household—and not only gloom, but alienation, the germ of separation.

We were sitting, on the next morning, at our late, silent, moody breakfast—silent and moody after rebuking words from my father, who seemed only half-satisfied with the punishment already meted out to my brother—when the door opened, and a cheerful voice sent a chord of pleasant music vibrating through the room, and a face that always came in sunshine scattered, with its golden beams, the clouds which curtained all our feelings. Smiles warmed over the sober face of my mother, and light sparkled in her eyes, while the whole aspect of my father's countenance underwent a change.

"Ah, Harry!" Uncle Florian spoke to my

brother, who was in disgrace for a fault light in every way compared to the fault of Aubry on the day previous, "how finely you are growing! Really, you are the handsomest boy in the neighborhood."

"If he were only as good as he is good looking," said my mother.

"Tut! tut!" replied Uncle Florian, half-aside, to my mother. "Never say that to a boy's face." Then aloud and cheerfully, "I'll stand sponsor for Harry, and put his good conduct against his good looks any day." What a grateful expression my brother cast upon him.

For each and all Uncle Florian had a kind word, and upon each and all fell the warm sunlight of his cheerful spirit. When he left us, after his brief visit, we were all happier. Even my father's brows were less contracted, and his voice was kinder when he spoke; and as for my mother, her heart was warmer and her countenance brighter through all the day that followed.

Blessings on Uncle Florian, and all men who, like him, come to us in sunshine! They carry their own heaven with them, and give to every one they meet a glimpse of its sweet beatitudes. Ever more ready to praise than blame—to see good rather than evil—to find the sunny instead of the cloudy side—they are like the angels of whom it has been said, that when they come to a man they search only for what is good in him, that they may warm the celestial seed into germination, knowing that if the forces of life are directed into the good seed the evil must lie dormant. Long years since he went to his rest—his days declining, like the last warm days of the later autumn, and his western sky radiant with the passing glories of a spirit that always clothed itself in sunbeams.

The Weak Point.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Sylvia Dean was the daughter of a widow, and had two sisters, one older, and one younger than herself. When I visited her mother eight years ago, she was "the flower of the family," not only in good looks, but in every good quality.

The practice of every virtue seemed to come natural to her; for there are those—out of novels—who seem to grow naturally towards perfection—who need no restraints to keep them from running into evil courses—no incentives to lead them towards the right—whom,

"no restraints circumscribe so much as they, themselves, nor can example hurt them."

Yet, with all these tendencies towards good, there was a vulnerable point in the character of Sylvia; a weakness that made her rather prone to lean upon others, than to rely confidently in her own strength. A distrust perhaps, which led her to prefer others to herself in matters of opinion, as she always did where a question of comfort or pleasure was concerned. This outer influence to which she yielded, often neutralized her good—unsteadied her from her purpose, with a sort of moral magnetic power that drew her from her course, and made her think the worse the better way. She did not voluntarily yield to others, but was unconsciously operated upon, and made to believe the worse the better way. How often have I seen weaker, thus influenced, by stronger, but less pure and harmonious natures.

Now Sylvia, as I said, seemed to possess every virtue, every good quality in exactly the right proportion; no excess, no lack, and, left to the even tenor of her way, would have been a full and rounded character.

I do not mean that she could ever have been tempted to adopt anything vicious; that, I think, would have been impossible to her nature; it was simply a falling off in the practice of excellencies, by a distrust infused into her mind, that she was carrying them too far. For instance, she was a pattern of neatness, not finical niceness, but real cleanliness and tidiness.

This sprang not only from her love of real beauty and fitness. It is said, "from the body's purity, the mind receives a secret, sympathetic aid," so a pure mind will desire purity of person and surroundings. A mind well ordered will be made uneasy by physical or moral disorder.

She was not a slave to order and neatness, as some are in whom they are largely developed—never sacrificed the greater to the less; her nature was too well poised for that.

Now her sisters verged towards slatterns; to observe neatness and order in all points went against the grain, and was therefore hard work for them. So they made Sylvia's habits a subject of ridicule, sometimes even of reproach, as though they betokened a little nature. By degrees they worked upon her mind to believe this. At first she only feared—questioned herself, "Is it so?" and then said, "Perhaps I am disagreeably particular. Perhaps it is pettiness in me. An excellence carried to excess becomes a fault. I must look to this." So she gradually became slack and

remiss in those things, wherein before she had observed a just medium.

She told me this had been the process of her mind, when I said to her, upon meeting her, after several years' absence,

"Why, Sylvia, how careless you have grown!"

So, with her habits of industry. Her sisters called her "Vermont," and "Miss Ophelia," "a miserly soul," and a "would-be Dorcas," and her mother thoughtlessly echoed these things. Many a household ornament and comfort has been missed in consequence; many a poor child gone stockingless.

She practised economy—dressed as well as they at half the cost, by the exercise of a little care and good taste. This they called "parsimony," "littleness," till she became less careful in preserving, or in the selection of material that would be both serviceable and handsome, being governed more by their own standard, and their habits.

I do not think their teazings and banterings were intended to produce these results. They were referable to the cause of a great many mistakes, and much misery in the world.

"Didn't think—didn't reflect."

The Bunial.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

I.

Sweet as the sea-wave's soft and slumbrous moan
On evening's brown and balmy atmosphere,
Came lovely Autumn, with her pleasant tone,
Along the blue hills, in sweet echoes thrown,
And sang within the red heart of the year

II.

A dear old anthem, that the Spring-time breeze
Caught up, along the borders of the May,
And bore across the Summer's shining seas,
And played on Autumn's gold and crimson keys,
The sweetest strains of South-land melody.

III.

The hidden harp-cords of the hooded hills,
Slipped their slow notes along the soothing strain,
And, through the valley's green and golden frills,
The silver lutes of all the rippling rills
In chorus, improvised a sweet refrain.

IV.

Out in the murmur of the mourning pines
The pensive poet penned his plaintive lay;
The light between the leaves, in silver lines,
Fluting the crimson of the hectic vines,
Made rich embroideries 'round the robe of day.

V.

Down in the shadows of the forest trees,
And scarlet beauty of the braided ways,

The squirrel cracked his nuts, and sat at ease—
 Sat there, and frisked, and chattered in the breeze,
 And hoased his acorns, for the winter days.

VI.

Close by the brook, that ran its shining thread
 Through the pale purple of the woodland shade,
 The wary rabbit, with a stealthy tread,
 Stirred the crisp leaves along its rustling bed,
 And stole away, half fearless, half afraid.

VII.

Where, from the thorn-hedge, leaked a liquid note
 Of melting music, through the golden gloam,
 From some wild warbler's clear and mellow throat,
 That ran in silver rills around the moat,
 And shook the slumber from his woodland home,

VIII.

All now was still; the spirits of dead flowers
 In phantom ships, went down the droning air;
 Up from the sedgy beds, and rifled bowers,
 In feathery fleets, sailed down the lonely hours,
 Off to the dusky vales, and foundered there.

IX.

The plumed gipsys of the summer days,
 That came with violets of the sweet Spring-time,
 Had struck their tents along the woodland ways,
 And emigrated, through the golden haze,
 Afar, to South-land's soft and sunny clime.

X.

There was no wing astir, no blossom there
 On all the hills, and through the dreary day,
 Save but the dusky pirate of the air,
 That wheeled his slow rounds with a winkless glare,
 Blood-thirsty, hovering o'er his piping prey.

XI.

Now, like a flash, he swoops, and bears on high
 His writhing victim, far in solitude;
 With furious flutterings, and flaming eye,
 And frantic upward bound, and shrill outcry,
 Too late, the mother warns her crouching brood.

XII.

The hunter's gun, along the hills and streams,
 In hollow hoarseness breaks the slumbrous wave
 Of solemn silence, and its echo seems
 Amid the realm of shade and sombre dreams,
 A farewell shot, above a soldier's grave.

XIII.

Sweet Autumn sat, amid the gloomy hush,
 With languid eyes, and lovely, listless grace;
 She died in beauty, and the hectic flush
 Insidious, lovely as youth's healthful blush,
 Burned out its red fires on her waxen face.

XIV.

Then Winter, white-haired Sexton of the year,
 Came, grieving, when consumptive Autumn died,
 And dug her grave, with many a moan and tear,
 And draped in sable folds her solemn bier,
 And buried her down by the ocean side.

Letters to the Girls.

No. XIV.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

Did you ever have a play-house, girls?
 Well, I did once, and it stood just back of the
 garden, where the old plum-tree showered
 down its purple fruit, and the grape-vines
 came clinging round, and thrust their green
 clusters through the crevices of the roof. That
 play-house was the delight of my eyes, and
 the joy of my soul. The floor was of green
 grass, and a rude bench for a seat, was placed
 against the wall on the inside, with a basket
 behind the door for my kitten, and a cupboard
 tacked up against the side, for my crockery.
 I then had never read or heard of the tiny
 china tea-sets made on purpose for little girls,
 so I was perfectly contented with my broken
 bits of cups, old vials, and cracked sugar-bowl;
 and I never can forget the pleasure I received
 one day, when visiting a schoolmate, two years
 older than myself. Just before starting for
 home, she led me out to a corner of the yard,
 and there half overgrown with grass pointed
 out to me a whole pile of broken crockery,
 with the remark that she used to love to play
 in a play-house once, but did not care anything
 about it now, she presented me with the whole
 treasure. I could not then understand how
 any one could become tired of what was my
 greatest delight, and I puzzled my thoughts
 over it all the evening, and at last fell asleep,
 perfectly satisfied that if I lived a thousand
 years, I never could become tired of a play-
 house. But, girls, years before I left home,
 the roof tumbled in for want of care, the bench
 became moss-grown, and the treasured bits of
 crockery buried beneath accumulating rubbish,
 forgotten; not because I was fickle, but
 changed. The child's mind had been content
 with baubles—the girl's, reaching out with
 aspirations, was soaring and climbing for
 something higher. God has given to each soul
 powers of growth, dependent, in a great measure,
 on itself for cultivation and care. Each
 one is varied, and has different gifts, and some
 are strong, and some weak; a few tropical,
 bursting into maturity young; and others
 backward, yet steadily progressing. In the
 crossings and turnings of life, two often meet,
 and imagine for awhile they are kindred
 spirits. One author is agreeable to both—the
 same scenery is beautiful to the eye, and the
 pilgrimage of earth presents to each the same
 fair view. But time passes, and some buds of
 the mind, at first not discernible, spring up in

the breast of one, and grow, and throw out branches, overtopping all the rest, and these very qualities of the soul that attracted each other, in one become dwarfed, in the other, perhaps overgrown, and where is the companionship? Make the eagle herd with the cattle of the the field, and the wild antelope with the lamb, and I will make these hearts, once so united, to again enjoy perfect communion.

School-girl friendship, school-girl love, has become so synonymous with sickleness, that it is almost always spoken of with a sneer. But we might almost as well take two small trees, shaped alike, yet of different species, and give them to the gardener's hands, expecting them to grow up in similar form. The fountain of life within them, sending out twig and branch, in obedience to its being, perhaps lifts one aloft towards the sky, battling and growing strong with the elements of air; the other, drooping, pendent, and clinging, as if seeking protection of earth. One, entirely ignorant of the organization of each tree, could hardly tell which would be the weak, and which the strong, and much moreso with mankind. Whose eye but the Omniscient can see all the undeveloped germs, ready to bud in thought, and branch in action, bringing this enigma before the world, a common-place girl, maturing into a noble, intellectual woman. Dear girls, there is a path in life, sometimes very long, and many of you will early lay your hand in another, and say, "I will walk it with you." There is sorrow and rejoicing, prosperity and adversity, greeting and parting, welcoming and death, in that road, and how meet that your companion should be fit and suitable to walk it with you; but, how can you choose that arm, if you know not yourself what arm you need. Perhaps what you love this year, will be distasteful another—what you gather as a pearl to-day, you will cast aside as worthless to-morrow, and the love that you now hoard in the heart as life's most precious treasure, months hence, you would gladly throw to the uttermost earth, even its memory. But, some may question, "Do we not change from the cradle to the tomb?" We do, and so does the tree. The pitiless storm breaks off some limb, the winds warp the branches, till the birds mistake their favorite bough; the leaves grow small, and the top dies; but the outline is there, firm and unchanging; and the man, returning to his native home, that heleft a boy, cries out, as his eyes fill with tears, "There is the old oak which I have played under a hundred times."

Do not be in too great a hurry, girls; surely the teens are not too long a time to give to father and mother, and the development under their thoughtful care of those powers and affections of the mind that will make the steps strong to walk the married pathway, whether it be inlaid with the moss of ease, or bristling with the thorns of affliction and sorrow.

BEREA, OHIO.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"Dear me! there goes the stage horn!" exclaimed Mrs. Patience Palmer, wife of Deacon Daniel Palmer, as the long, mellifluous notes wound through the still autumn air; and she plunged her knife into the heart of a great quince which she had just taken from a heap in a peck basket on her right hand. "I'd no idea it was so late," continuing her monologue, while the skins fell in long, golden coils over her fingers, following the rapid flash of her knife around the fruit; "and I must get these quinces pared afore night, or else there's no hope of their being preserved to-morrow mornin'; and I promised *Miss Richards* I'd be over afore two o'clock to help her get things ready for the barn raisin'—there's no such word as *restin'* in my dictionary—that's certain—Benny, Benny—there, let that alone!"

The low, running voice suddenly raised itself into an objugatory tone, which was enforced by a solemn shake of the head, as Mrs. Palmer caught sight of a chubby little hand and arm, which, surreptitiously thrust itself into the great pan on the oak chest, heaped with quarters of denuded quinces.

"Please, mother, jest one little piece!" lisped a sweet, pleading voice, and the mother looked down on a small, sunbrowned face, with the brightest pair of black eyes, that were forever dancing with mischief, and a little head whose thick, shining curls made a light wherever it bobbed and nestled.

Mrs. Palmer's face relaxed. "Benny" was her youngest born, and before him there was half a dozen brown and yellow heads, which slept still on pillows which no mother's hand had ever spread—over which no mother's sweet lullaby was ever sung—it was more than Mrs. Palmer could stand—the sight of that face, brown as a berry, with its bright eyes and saucy lips.

"It's the very last piece I shall give you,"

she said, slipping one of the ripest quarters into the fat little hand. "I shouldn't wonder if it should give you the dysentery."

"I aint afraid of him," answered the boy of three, with a comical look of defiance, meant as a general challenge to all the ills of life.

"Benny, you are the worst boy that I ever *did* see!" exclaimed the mother, half appalled at the combative spirit of her youngest born; but the look which she intended to be very impressive and solemn, was contended with, and vanquished by another expression, when she caught sight of the little rogue.

He stood there, in such a sturdy, defiant attitude—so full of life and health, it did not seem that any sickness or suffering could ever touch him; as he smacked his red lips over his quince, and the juice ran out of the corners of his mouth.

Mrs. Palmer pursed her pale lips together to hide the smile that was lurking about them; and which would be certain to neutralize, if not utterly subvert her admonitions.

"What do you think you're comin' to, if you go on at this rate?"

"I'm comin' to be a man, bigger than Robert, pretty soon, and then I shall have a horse and go to ride every day, without askin'."

There was no use now; the smile came, brightening the pale, faded face of the mother; as an hour or two later the last sunlight would fade the face of the day.

"Well, Benny, I hope that you'll make a good man, like your father," said Mrs. Palmer, feeling that her only resort was an ignoble truce. "Come, now, run off and build a meetin' house, with a great steeple, for father to see when he gets home."

This proposition was at once acted on. The boy started with a shout for his small cart of blocks in the corner; and Mrs. Palmer once more bent herself in eliminating the core of a quince.

She sat in the kitchen of an ample old farmhouse, which stood some two miles from the town of New London, in the autumn of the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and seventy-four!

The farm-house was two stories high; the roof was steep in front, and slanted nearly to the ground on one side, after the usual fashion of farm-houses at that time. It had an ample, friendly look, as it stood in the midst of pleasant fields on slightly rising ground.

Two miles away from it was the busy, thriving little town of New London; its wharves swarming with a shrewd, bustling population;

and the ships which lay at anchor unfurled from their mast-heads, in its noble harbor, the flags of almost every nation on the face of the earth.

On the other side of the farm-house of Deacon Palmer, stood the hills which saluted the dawn and parted with the day; and on the south you could see Long Island Sound; sometimes behind a gray wall of fog, which sooner or later was swept away by the golden arms of sunshine; and the white sails of the sloops and schooners on its bosom, seemed like great snowy blossoms opening themselves on the waters.

The year had gone to sleep, and her heart was full of that dream of the tropics—her last and sweetest one—the Indian Summer.

Mrs. Palmer's kitchen windows were all open, and the sunshine filled the low, ample room, like mellow wine; and kindled into beauty or picturesqueness every object on which it rested; the tall old clock that touched the ceiling, the rush-bottomed chairs, the cherry table, and the face and figure of the little woman, who, in her short-gown, and gray skirt, sat diligently paring quinces in the corner.

It was a gentle, motherly face—that which belonged to Mrs. Patience Palmer. Forty-two years had whitened all the fairness of its youth; and the great storms which seven times had thundered over her soul, had left on her face a legible story of patience and suffering; for of the ten children which had been given to Daniel and Patience Palmer, there remained only their two eldest, and their youngest born, and between these there lay seven green little graves.

Deacon Daniel Palmer was an honest, God-fearing man; universally esteemed for his warm heart, and sturdy integrity of character. He was a farmer in comfortable, though not wealthy circumstance.

He had that shrewd intelligence, and practical sagacity, for which the yeomanry of New England were distinguished during the last century, and even among them he was noted for his energy and industry.

He had slipped a little beyond his fiftieth year, but a life of hard toil had already begun to tell somewhat upon the stalwart frame of the farmer.

There were thick seams of gray in his hair; and his limbs were stiff and tired after a day's labor, such as would have been mere play in his youth, and he had a "touch of the rheumatis," when the ice broke up in the

spring; but the energetic farmer strove hard against these first infirmities of age, and manfully battled the ground, inch by inch, against them.

Benjamin Palmer was placing the last block to a steeple, vastly disproportioned to the edifice, whose pride and ornament it was intended to be; when a shadow fell beyond the door sill, and Mrs. Palmer looked up with a start of surprise.

"Why, father," was her somewhat equivocal welcome; "what has sent you home now! I thought you said it would take you until clear sundown to get that last load of corn in?"

There was a half pleased, half mysterious expression on the face of Deacon Palmer, as he came into the kitchen and seated himself in an arm chair by the table. It was a face rugged and weatherbeaten, but there was a kindly look in the shrewd gray eyes, under the shaggy brows, and the face suited the stalwart limbs; on the whole, Deacon Palmer was a good-looking man for his years.

The farmer took a large bundle from under his right arm, and looked round the kitchen, curiously.

"I didn't expect to get home quite so early, but I had a little matter on hand. Where's Grace, mother?" lowering his voice, and glancing around the kitchen.

"She's up stairs, finishin' off her spinnin', I reckon. But, Daniel, what have you got in that bundle?" laying the half-paired quince in her pan, for Mrs. Palmer's curiosity was now stimulated.

There was a pleasant twinkle in the farmer's gray eyes; he leaned forward a little—

"This is Grace's birth-day, you know, mother?"

"I know it; but I thought likely it had escaped your mind."

"You was mistaken there. I lay up such things where they don't get out very easily; and I thought it would be pleasant to give her a little surprise, like!"

"To be sure, father," assented Mrs. Palmer, with a smile, her curious eyes on the bundle.

"Well, when Bayley, the dry goods merchant, told me that he was going down to New York, week afore last, I asked him to bring me the handsomest caliker he could find in that city, and it's come by stage this afternoon."

"Well, I do declare, father!" exclaimed little Mrs. Palmer, with a smile all over her face. "Do tare open that wrapper. I'm crazy to see it."

Deacon Palmer took up his wife's knife,

severed the cord, and tore away the brown wrappings, and held up the fabric. Over a rich, dark ground were scattered thick bunches of moss roses, the red blossoms just breaking out from the green calyxes, and looking as if the night dews still hung thick upon the blushing petals.

Mrs. Palmer threw up her hands in admiring amazement.

"Oh, father!" she exclaimed, "what a beauty! I never in all my born days sot my eyes on anything that come up to that."

"I thought that I could trust to Bayley," answered the pleased husband, satisfied, now that his wife endorsed the merchant's selection; and he went on while she made a tactile examination of the fabric. "He said the goods came in a ship that got in last week, and this was the handsomest pattern among them. It's the real French. He'd warrant it."

"Anybody'd know that it was, at half a glance. How much did you give for it, father?" Mrs. Palmer had the instinctive economy of a New England housewife.

"It was a dollar a yard. I wanted to get the very best, you know."

"Well, it looks worth every cent of it. What will Grace say?"

"Call her down, jest as though nothing had happened," said the father.

And the mother went to the foot of the stairs, and called,

"Grace! Grace!"

The low hum of the spinning wheel ceased suddenly in the south chamber, and the little feet, which had been so diligently working the treadles for the last two hours, to sudden breaks of old psalm tunes, or sweet country airs, paused in their work, the wheel stopped its rapid revolutions, and Grace Palmer sat still, with her head leaned a little forward to listen.

It was a head finely shaped, and fairly poised, and the mellow sunshine burnished into gold the great brown coil gathered at its back; the face had a rare combination of delicacy, intelligence, and sweetness; not, in any wise was it the delicacy which soft and luxurious habits bestow. In the fair young cheeks bloomed the roses that-out door exercise and daily work had planted there; and the full lips had the deep, fresh tint of the scarlet berries, which flamed like a red torch around the small mirror on the mantel. But all the outlines were delicate, and oval; and the eyes, of an intense blue, were full of hidden smiles, and yet they could settle down into such deep gravity, and

earnestness, that you felt at once there was unusual thought and earnestness about the girl, Grace Palmer.

She was not a genius, nor an angel, but a sweet, lovable, and intelligent woman, full of warm and generous impulses, that under the watchful, prayerful culture of her childhood promised to ripen into fixed and Christian principles, instead of 'developing after their own will, in merely æsthetic directions.

The south chamber, where Grace Palmer sat spinning linen after the custom of the maidens of her day and generation, was her own room; and its two windows, where she passed so many hours, commanded a fine view of pleasant fields and meadows; and the silver sheet of the Sound in the distance. In one corner was the high-post bedstead, with its snowy curtains, and deep fringes, and the two heavily carved arm-chairs, and the great mahogany chest, with its brass handles, which her grandfather had brought over the waters when he came to plant his roof-tree in the wilderness, completed the furniture of the chamber.

"Grace! Grace!"

This time the voice was louder, and hurried, and the girl rose up hastily, glancing at the sun on the sanded floor, and murmuring to herself, "I'm sure it can't be time to get supper for an hour yet," she hurried down to the kitchen.

"Why, you're home early, father," she said, with a little start of surprise, as she entered the room.

"Yes, my child. Have you forgotten that it is your birth-day?"

"Oh, no; but how came you to remember it?"

"Do you think it's a matter of so little consequence to your father, Grace, that he forgot it was nineteen years ago to day, you came to him, the first of his flock."

She looked up in the weatherbeaten face with a smile that was beautiful to see; and then he took the calico dress, which Mrs. Palmer had slipped on one side of him, before Grace's entrance.

"There! daughter, there's a birth-day present of a new gown for you!"

"Oh, father!" the sweet face flushing into a great light and pleasure.

"Did you ever see anything to beat that?" interposed Mrs. Palmer, as her daughter unrolled the fabric, and held a breadth up to her waist.

"Never, mother, never," exclaimed the de-

lighted girl; "and deep pink is my color, too."

"It used to be mine," added Mrs. Palmer.

"Yes; I remember the first time that I ever set eyes on you, Patience; you had on a pink gown. It was at the old turnpike tavern; and we had a dance, and a supper there; and I thought you beat all the other girls hollow."

"Oh, Daniel, it's too late to talk about them days now!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, but her faded face flushed with pleasure at her husband's praise, into something of the lost fairness of its youth."

"Oh, it is lovely!" exclaimed Grace, plaiting up a breadth of the dress, and walking back and forth, and drawing a long sigh of satisfaction; "and it'll be such a beauty to wear to the husking party next Wednesday night."

"I expect you'll outshine all the othes girls," added Deacon Palmer, with the smile which always made a pleasant light on the weather-beaten face.

"Now, father, don't make her vain, don't," subjoined Mrs. Palmer, in a slightly deprecatory tone.

"Nonsense, mother, she's got too good sense to be that. Come, daughter, go down stairs now, and draw me a pitcher of that new cider to pay for your new dress."

Grace rolled up the calico with alacrity, and soon returned from the cellar with a large yellow pitcher filled with the amber liquid. Deacon Palmer blew off the crest of foam on the top, and pouring out a glass of the cider, turned to his daughter, saying,

"Here's to your birth-day, Grace;" and then, that deep and fervent piety, which was with the old farmer a living faith, underlying his whole life, broke forth in his solemn "The Lord God of your fathers, my daughter, give you returns of this birth-day, until they shall reach down to a good old age, and fill them with peace and blessings, and make the light of His countenance to shine upon you and keep you."

The tears came into the blue eyes of Grace Palmer. With a sudden impulse she threw her arms around her father's neck, and kissed his brown cheek, with her bright lips. This was something very unusual, for demonstrative affection was in Deacon Palmer's household, as, in most Puritan families, a thing little known. Its channels ran deep, and broad as life itself, but they seldom swept up to the surface. Deacon Palmer drank his cider in silence, and his

wife rose at last and shook her quince skins into the empty basket.

"Be spry now, and fold up your dress, Grace," said the bustling little woman; "it's high time we had the tea-kettle on; and I want to make Johnny-cake for tea. It al'ays sets so nice with cold ham."

"So it does, mother. I'll go and attend to the cattle now, and you may count on my bringin' back an alarmin' appetite to supper. That are cider's up to the mark, this time!" smacking his lips over a second glass, and then hurrying out to the barn.

But a voice which had been quiet for an unparalleled period, and whose owner had finally succeeded in establishing the last block on a steeply which was raised with very small regard to its centre of gravity, now suddenly called out,

"Papa, mayn't I go down and see the white calf and the oxen?"

Deacon Palmer turned round, and saw the shining head standing like a picture in the brown frame-work of the kitchen door.

"Papa's little man! To be sure, he may go!" turning back, and catching up his youngest born, and setting him on his shoulder, where the child crowed with delight.

Half an hour later, as the setting sun poured its crimson flames into the kitchen, where Grace Palmer was just spreading over the cherry table a snowy cloth, which her mother's hands had spun before her remembrance, Mrs. Palmer's voice suddenly called from the pantry—

"Grace, do take the sprinkler, and go down and wet that linen I've spread out to bleach at the fence by the currant-bushes; I want it to have another good sprinklin' afore dark."

The garden was fenced off from the main road by a thick line of currant-bushes. There was but little travelling on that road, and Grace did not hear the sound of carriage-wheels in the soft sand until they were close upon her. She did not suspect, either, what a picture she made, in her brown gingham dress, and the little bit of white ruffling around her neck, with the great watering-pot in her hand, as she turned hastily, and confronted the carriage.

She recognized the elder inmate at once, as he lifted his hat to her, for Parson Willetts was a gentleman of the old school, and a representative type of the old Puritan minister. He was a man of dignified and venerable aspect, of stately presence and manners, and his head was white as the snows of the seventy winters

of his life. He was regarded with that peculiar awe and affection which his office always inspired in the hearts of a people whose life was shaped and colored by their religious faith and experience—a people with whom this was no sentiment, no æsthetic emotion, but a living, sublime reality, underlying and interpenetrating all others with its lofty claims, its hopes and fears, that beyond reached far out from time, and took hold on eternity—a religion which accepted no compromise, and shrank at no sacrifice, but demanded purity and holiness in every thought and deed, and met all the joys and sorrows of life, all its doubts, and mysteries, and dread, with its sublime

"Thus saith the Lord."

By the side of Parson Willetts sat his nephew, a young man of twenty-five, who had graduated at Yale College that year, and he was now on a visit to his uncle.

The roses widened in the cheeks of Grace Palmer, as she caught a pair of very dark eyes bent with surprise on her face, and the young gentleman lifted his cap after the grave fashion of the time.

"Well, that is the sweetest face I've looked on for a long time," said the young gentleman, as the carriage rolled on. "Whose was it, Uncle Jeremiah?"

"Her name is Grace Palmer, Edward," said the old clergyman. "She is an extremely well-favored young woman, modest, intelligent, and well-bred, the daughter of my oldest deacon."

"One would know she was all that, with the first glance at her face, Uncle Jeremiah. You must take me round to your deacon's before I leave."

A shrewd smile lighted up the grave features of the gray-haired old clergyman, as he looked down on his nephew. Parson Willetts had a reputation throughout the state for the soundness of his theological tenets, and the weight of his polemical discourses; but, notwithstanding his controversial tendency, and extreme orthodoxy, a heart full of warm and living sympathies throbbed beneath them, and, looking on his nephew, a wind blew up softly from the land of his youth.

"I intended to call there on some church business, before the week was out."

"Just the right opportunity for me," laughed the young man. "You shall talk with the deacon, Uncle, and of course, there'll be nothing left for me, but to converse with the daughter."

"I don't see that there will;" and the minister thought, though he did not say it—"I was young once, myself;" and he spurred up the small, lazy nag, which he drove.

Grace Palmer went up to the house with the dark eyes so bright in her memory, that the roses were still wide in her cheeks. Before she had reached the door-stone, however, a hand was laid suddenly on her shoulder. She turned with a little start, but no shriek, for Grace was too healthful and active to be very nervous.

"Oh, Robert, that is just like you."

The girl looked into a bright, spirited young face, tanned to a deep brown, the forehead half hidden by a mass of crisp, dark hair.

"What have you been up to this afternoon?"

"Come down to the gate with me, and I'll show you."

"I can't; there's the supper to get."

"Oh, it won't take you half a minute. Come, now, sis;" and he slipped his arm about her waist, and hurried her half-reluctant to the gate.

"Haven't I had good-luck this afternoon?" pointing to a peck of chestnuts, which piled up a basket at the gate.

"Oh, yes! Why, Robert, have you got these since school?" slipping her hand among the great, brown nuts.

"Every one. They're thick as berries this year, and the frost we had night before last, has tumbled them out of their burs."

"We'll boil them this very night—Why, grandma, how in the world!"

This sudden ejaculation was occasioned by the appearance of a very old woman, leaning on a staff, and wearing a linsey-woolsey gown, who suddenly appeared on the lane close at their right hand.

"How do you do, children, she panted, as she slowly drew up to them. No wonder you look struck on seein' me; but the truth is, I thought this Injin Summer would be the last chance that I should have to put my face inside your door this year; for, you may depend, there's cold and storm enough, lies just beyond the pleasant weather."

"Well, grandma, we're all real glad to see you. Come right up to the house," adapting her light, swift steps, to the slow, hobbling ones of the old woman.

Mrs. Comfort Palmer was the deacon's mother, and her life had toiled past its eightieth year, and the long perspective of its memory swept through many of the great tragedies which fill the early history of the Colonies.

She had passed a score of years on the front-

tiers, when the white settlements were constantly invaded by the savages; and she had lived in that long terror of the war-whoop and the scalping-knife, which haunted the early settlers of our country.

She had seen the homes of her neighbors wrapped in flames, and heard their death-shrieks filling the still, midnight air; and, forty years before, her husband had been laid dead at her feet, killed in a skirmish with the savages.

So, the deep wrinkles on her face had not all been worn there by her years; and yet the old woman had kept her strong, brave heart to the end; and now, bowed with the weight of her four-score years, was waiting at the west windows of her life, for the voice of the God, of her youth.

Mrs. Comfort Palmer found a hearty welcome from the whole household of her son. She was soon ensconced by the warmest corner of the kitchen fire-place, and, after the greetings were over, and the brown hood and shawl removed, Grace's mother said to her—

"Go and get your new dress, and show it to grandma, Grace."

The old woman put on her iron-bowed spectacles, and peered with her dim eyes at the calico which her grand-daughter placed on her lap.

"It's handsome as a picter, Grace. You must lay it by for your weddin' dress. I would n't think of wearin' it afore that time."

"Goodness, grandma!" exclaimed the girl, with a little flush, and a toss of her bright head—"I should n't think of being married in anything less than silk."

"Ah, dear me!" sighed the old woman, "the vanity of these times is enough to make one tremble. When I was a gal, a caliker gown was thought good enough to be married in, and gals was proud enough to go in linsey-woolsey to a singin' school or a huskin'; but now, nothin' short o' foreign goods will do; and, as for standin' up to be married in the gown their own hands had spun, as the best on 'em was proud to, in my day, you don't hear on't. This world's got to a dreadful pass! I sometimes think the end's nigher than we know on!" and the old woman shook her head and looked solemn and significant into the golden coils of flame which were darting about the fore-stick.

"Oh, well, mother," interposed Deacon Palmer, with his shrewd common sense, as he sat with Benjamin perched on his knee, his black, saucy eyes curiously inspecting his

grandmother, "you know matters have changed a great deal since you was a young woman, and some for the better, that's sartin. It is n't best to conclude the world's grown any worse 'cause it's got older. Some things grow better by keepin', jest like yourself."

A smile smoothed some of the wrinkles in the withered face, for this delicate compliment of her son's went very far towards reconciling the old woman to the present order of affairs.

"Grandma, you was n't ever a young woman, was you?" exclaimed Benjamin, slipping off his father's knee at this juncture, and running over to his grandmother, and staring her in the face.

"Yes, you little spiled child, I was once," answered the old woman, placing her withered hand fondly on the bright young head.

"Come, all hands;" supper's ready! exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, as she placed a smoking Johnny-cake where it was flanked with cold ham, and tempting crullers, and honey, and delicious rye bread, and fresh butter; and, a moment later, the shining gray hairs, and the shining golden ones, were alike bowed, as Deacon Palmer thanked God for the night which had gathered them all in peace and gladness around the board He had spread for them once more.

CHAPTER II.

And, in that autumn of seventeen hundred and seventy-four, how many families, like that of Deacon Palmer, sat in peace under their own vine and fig tree, in the fair young land of America!

My pen loves to dwell upon that time, before God's hand opened before them the awful tragedies of the Revolution—before those fair fields and pleasant homes were darkened by the blast of war, which, with the birds of the next spring, swept through all the land.

For twelve years, since the close of the Pontiac war, with all its horrors, there had been peace throughout the Colonies. Those twelve years had been a blessed season of peace and growth and development to the young land, which was so soon to take her proud place amid the nations of the earth. Our fathers had planted and sown, and gathered in their goodly harvests, and our mothers had spun their linen to sweet psalm tunes. Stately grew their sons, and fair their daughters, about them, in the beautiful land of their adoption. The tenderness for the "mother country," the yearning for the hawthorn hedges, and the morning lark songs, which distinguished the early pio-

neers, and gave them somewhat the feeling of "sojourners in a strange land," had passed away before the opening of the Revolution. The affections of our fathers had taken deep and mighty root in the land of their homes.

Here was gathered all which they loved on earth—here were the homes they had reared, and the altars where they worshiped God according to their free consciences. Here, on many a green hill-side, were the graves watered by their tears, and under which slept the dear forms they had laid there in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal. Oh, was it strange that our fathers and our mothers loved their country with a love which was mightier than life? Had not her deserts rejoiced at their coming, and her wildernesses blossomed as the rose before their toil? Was it strange they answered with one heart at her summons, and for her sake "slaked the grass of Lexington, and reddened the snows of Valley Forge with their blood."

A prayerful and a God-fearing people, beyond any which the world had ever seen—in many respects, the best and the noblest men and women the sun had ever shone on, they went through that long and fiery path of the seven years' war with a courage that never faltered, and a faith in the final triumph of their cause, which lifted them into a sublime heroism of endurance and self-sacrifice.

And that last bloodless autumn walked smiling over the land, dropping its goodly harvests in every granary, shaking its golden fruits on the green lap of the rejoicing earth, as a decade of autumns had done before.

One loves to think of them all—of those pleasant ten years, with the hum of the spinning-wheels in all the peaceful homes, and the click of the sweep in all the green fields—of the huskings, and the quiltings, the dances and the sleighings, and, best of all, the prayer meetings and the Sabbath days.

We seem to see the old firesides, and the glow of the hickory flames fill the low rooms with a crimson light, richer and more picturesque than the tropics, where, in the long winter evenings, they knit stockings, and cracked nuts, and drank cider, and told their children those fearful tales of the savage wars on the frontiers, which filled every home with a shudder.

They saw it all—the awful war-whoop bursting suddenly on the stillness of the midnight, the rush of the painted savages, the glare of the flames, as they crackled along the little settlements; and the mother woke from sleep,

and clasped her frightened babe with a last cry, to her heart, and the father seized his musket; but, the next moment the door was burst open, there was a wild flash of the tomahawk, and —

The next morning's sun looked down, and where last it had shone upon pleasant little dwellings in the midst of waving corn-fields, there was a heap of blackened rafters, and the strong man, and the mother, with her sweet lullaby, and the smiling little child, lay white and ghastly among them.

And they lived over all these tragedies in the stories they told by their peaceful firesides, and the little children grew pale as they listened, before the Revolution.

"The front room's all lighted up. I wonder if we've got company," exclaimed Grace Palmer to herself, as she turned from the lane into the road which led past her house, a few evenings after her birth-day.

It had only been dark about an hour; and she was returning from a neighbor's, who had just arrived from Hartford; and Grace had run over after tea, to see if she had brought any new fashions with her; for she intended to commence on her calico dress the next day.

The young girl hurried along the road, her eyes fastened on the light which streamed from the "best room" of the farm-house, and which was only opened for distinguished guests, and on state occasions. She went softly round the back path to the kitchen door, intending to reconnoitre a little. She was met there by her brother.

"Oh, Grace, mother's just sent me to hunt you up. Who do you think has come!"

"I'm sure I don't know. Anybody I shall have to see?" complacently reflecting that she had on her Scotch gingham dress, with its pretty red plaid, and a black silk apron, which suited it so nicely; for Grace Palmer was only nineteen, with thoroughly feminine tastes and feelings.

"It's Parson Willetts, and his nephew, just from Yale College. You needn't feel flustered," for Grace threw off her sun-bonnet, in a startled way, which made her brother think she needed reassuring.

In a moment the rumpled hair was smoothed before the kitchen mirror, and Grace went into the "best room." She had been walking rapidly, and perhaps that was the reason why there was an unusual bloom on her cheeks, a little heightened by the red plaid dress.

The parlor was a large, wide room, and was furnished with more pretension to gentility,

than most of the "best rooms" of farm-houses at that period. For instance, there was a carpet on the floor, in red and yellow stripes, which Mrs. Palmer had woven herself; there was an old stuffed mahogany lounge, which had been sent to Mrs. Palmer's mother by her sister in England, and the sides and back were studded thick with bright brass nails; there was also a small mahogany bookcase, with glass doors, and inside of this a considerable library for that period. There was Sir Matthew Hale's Contemplations, moral and divine, in blue binding. There was Rollin's Ancient History, in brown; and next to this, in unpretending gray covers, was the Pilgrim's Progress, that wonderful prose poem, which was like some subtle alchemy transmuting the stern, practical life of our Puritan fathers into warm, rich colors, striking out in pictures that their hearts recognized the great tragedies of human life, its struggles, its defeats, its triumphs, and making of everyday's toil and trials, its sorrows and joys, milestones along that mysterious journey, over which watched an innumerable company of witnesses; the serene, loving gaze of the angels; the fiery and hateful one of evil spirits, "seeking to devour."

The principal furniture of the room was completed by two arm-chairs, cushioned with flaming chintz patterns, and a table with a woolen cover, daintily embroidered with green leaves, and purple clusters, by Grace's own hands.

Parson Willetts had always a warm greeting for the deacon's pretty daughter; and after it was over, he introduced her, in his kind, but stately fashion, to his young nephew, Edward Dudley, who had just left college.

Grace was a little embarrassed as the young gentleman led her to a chair; for he was, in all respects, far above the honest, plain young farmers of the neighborhood. But Grace Palmer was a simple, natural, sensible girl, without any arts and affectations; moreover her well poised mind, and industrious habits, kept her from all those morbid fancies, and feverish imaginary dreams and visions of an impossible future. Her moral and mental nature had been enervated by few of the golden visions in which fashionable young ladies of the present day indulge.

She could not play the piano nor speak French, but she had studied Latin for two years, and could read Virgil; she had read Rollin's and other Histories, and never left a book until she mastered it. Then she had with her bright intelligence, that natural grace of movement

and manner, which we call "lady-like." The young graduate and the deacon's daughter fell at once into a brisk conversation.

It was pleasant to watch the bright, earnest look in Grace Palmer's blue eyes—a pleasant thing to hear the laugh which leaped out of her lips at some sally of her companion's. Edward Dudley, although he was naturally of a grave and studious turn, had a vein of wit which made him a very amusing companion.

Parson Willetts and Deacon Palmer had finished up the "church business," while his wife "toed off" a child's stocking, and "snuffed" the candles, in the two shining brass candlesticks on the table. Then their talk went a little while into ordinary channels; on the prosperity of the town, the crops for that year; and at length it took up the topic which was now become the principal one by every fireside, and among every circle which gathered together at the corners of the streets, with anxious, thoughtful faces, throughout the land that autumn.

"Our Congress keeps together a long time, down there in Philadelphia, Parson Willetts," said the deacon.

"Yes, sir," subjoined Parson Willetts, settling himself back in the chintz cushioned chair. "They've got business on hand which can't be done up in a day. The liberties and the happiness of three millions of people depend on their decisions; and it's a time to be slow, and wise when one thinks of this."

"That's a fact, Parson Willetts," responded Deacon Palmer, shaking his head. "Things look dark enough for our country just now."

"Dark enough, sir; dark enough. We need a double measure of faith to carry us through this time of wrong and injustice, in the high places in the earth."

"That's true, parson. If the Lord don't come up to our help against the mighty. He only knows what is to become of us. We've sent petition, memorial, and remonstrance to King, and Parliament, and Commons, without avail. They seem bent on depriving us of our rights. Look, sir, at their closing the port of Boston, and filling her harbor with ships of war, and quarterin' her troops on the inhabitants; it makes my blood bile to think of it."

"Father, father! don't now," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, for the deacon had got excited, and brought his hand down on the table in a most belligerent fashion, for so peaceable a man.

"Let him speak out, Mrs. Palmer," inter-

posed Parson Willetts. "It's no time for us to keep crying peace, when there is no peace. Deacon Palmer, you speak the truth. We can never submit to it; to see our rights as freemen—our rights as British subjects—our chartered rights, taken from us; our men torn from the country to be tried in foreign courts; a standing army quartered upon us—Parliament imposing taxes without the consent of our legislatures, to get a revenue out of us—I repeat, sir, we are not a race of slaves to submit to these things!"

The fire of his youth glowed in the eyes of Parson Willetts now. The calm face burned with indignation as he recounted the wrongs of his countrymen; and the candle light flickered and danced in his snowy hair.

"We've tried every means to reach them, but it's failed. We've refused to take their manufactures, and distressed their trade, but Lord North, like George Grenville afore him, seems bent on carryin' this taxation bill through, and forcin' our rights from us."

"Precisely so, Deacon Palmer. My hopes are all centered in this Congress now. It was a blessed day for our country, when the Virginia legislature met in the 'old Raleigh tavern,' and denounced the Boston port bill, and devised the plan of this Congress, which all the other colonies so cordially endorsed.

"Virginia, sir, has espoused the cause of her sister colony, Massachusetts, as though the act which left the ships of Boston rotting at its wharves, and the grass growing in its pleasant streets, had been a blow aimed right at her own heart. God remember it of the noble old province, and give strength and prosperity to her future!"

"Amen!" said Deacon Palmer, fervently. "Massachusetts will not soon forget the debt of gratitude which she owes Virginia. Our only hope and strength is in *Union*, and a blow aimed at one of our Colonies, is a blow aimed at the very life of all."

"That is true," interpolated Edward Dudley, who had listened with intense feeling to every word of the conversation, between his uncle and the deacon, his lips compressed, and his whole face kindled with feeling, which showed how near the matter lay to his heart.

"But, Uncle Jeremiah, supposing the British government is resolved on violating our rights as her subjects; suppose that her Parliament, as hitherto, will treat our remonstrances with contempt, deprive us of all our liberties, continue on its course of high-handed injustice; bent on crushing us, till, as Lord North says,

'America is prostrate at her feet!' What in this case are the British Colonies to do?"

The old clergyman rose up from his chair. His tall, thin figure seemed to expand beyond its usual altitude in the low parlor; a great light flashed out from the thin, fine old face, and the candle-light flamed among his gray hairs. His hearers gazed on him in breathless silence.

"Then, there is but one last thing to be done," said the solemn voice of Parson Willetts. "Let every man in the British Colonies take his musket on his shoulder and go out and fight for his home, for his rights, for his children, for all that a man holds dearer to him than his life—let him fight until there is not a man left in all the colonies of British America to witness her shame and degradation; fight until all our wives are left widows, and our children fatherless. The fair vine which our fathers planted, and under whose blessed shadows we have eaten our bread, and worshiped our God in peace, shall have its roots watered with our best blood, before we will see it fall; and may the God of battles—the God whose right arm piled up into a mighty wall the waters of the Red Sea, and led Israel through the deep, be on our side, and give us the victory!"

The old man and the young, the mother and the daughter, caught the spirit of patriotic sacrifice which glowed on the lips of the old minister. The candle-light shone on pale faces, sublimated into intense, but not demonstrative enthusiasm.

Edward Dudley spoke first. "When the time comes we'll be ready, uncle. There isn't a man among my classmates at Yale, who wouldn't buckle on his sword, or shoulder his musket, to-morrow, and lay down his life for his country. George the Third and his Parliament will yet find that he's got freemen to deal with."

"I've got three boys in Heaven, I humbly trust, and two on earth, Parson Willetts," said Deacon Palmer; "and if the five stood young men, the staff of my old age, before me to-day, I'd send 'em every one, with my blessin', to fight for their country."

"And I'd bid 'em God speed, Daniel," said Mrs. Palmer; and the stocking lay in her lap, and her faded eyes flashed through her tears.

"And you and I would stay at home, mother, and spin the clothes, and heat up the lead, and mould it into bullets," added Grace Palmer.

And this was the spirit of our fathers and our mothers.

"England will encounter a resistance she little expects from her colonies, if the time comes when she pours her huge, well disciplined armies down on us," said Parson Willetts, as he resumed his seat.

"Yes; but her armies will meet a foe that's used to warfare," interposed the deacon. "We could have managed that old Indian war on the frontier better without 'em, than we did with 'em. Look at that army of Braddock's, and what became of it. Cut up, sir, cut up; and put to rout by an ambuscade of savages; when if the general had taken the advice of his young aid-de-camp, George Washington, they'd have taken Fort Du Quesne afore the sun went down, and likely enough without strikin' a single blow."

"Certainly they would," added the clergyman. "That Indian war taught us one good lesson—that whatever British troops might do on their own soil, they weren't invincible on ours. They're not used to fighting in a new country, and there are plenty of noble fellows lying in their graves to-day, who'd have been above ground this hour, if they'd only have had provincial officers to lead them in that campaign. The British officers are wedded to their old military forms and systems, and those are not the things for a new country like ours."

"That's true as the Gospel, parson. It was outrageous, the way that war was carried on, twenty years ago, on the frontier. It might have been put an end to in half the time, if the British commanders hadn't been so obstinate, and held the provincials in such contempt."

Just then, the ancient clock in the kitchen struck nine. It at once put an end to the conversation, which had been carried on for the last hour and a half, with such earnestness by the deacon and his guests.

"Robert," said the farmer, "you run down cellar and draw a pitcher of cider, and I'll go to the orchard and get a basket of seek-no-further's. They've done finely this year, parson."

"It's chilly to-night, father, and you'd better put on your great-coat, if you're going down into the orchard, for I'm afraid you'll get another attack of rheumatis in your back," said Mrs. Palmer, as she paused on the way to the kitchen, for a loaf of her raised cake.

"Oh, let me go down to the orchard, father!" exclaimed Grace, springing up. "I like to gather apples."

"Yes; but you can't shake the tree," said the deacon.

"I'll volunteer to do that part," exclaimed Edward, presenting himself at Grace's side. "Will you allow me to accompany you, Miss Palmer?"

Of course Grace had no serious objections to this arrangement, and she was quite too natural and truthful to affect any; so her mother gave her a small wicker basket, and she wrapped a shawl about her head, and went out of the back door with Edward Dudley.

"Let me have the basket—please," and Grace resigned it into his hands.

It was a beautiful autumn night. The earth lay in a silver lake of moonlight, that softened and idealized every object; the trees wore the red and yellow ruffings of the late autumn, and even the old brown barn, past which the road to the orchard lay, looked pleasant and picturesque in the sheet of moonlight.

"We shall have to let down the bars," said Grace, as they reached a corn field, beyond which lay the orchard.

"Oh, no. I can assist you over; the bars are not high."

Grace looked rueful enough at the idea of exhibiting her agility before a young gentleman who had graduated at Yale College, and was the minister's nephew; but the next moment she was seized lightly about the waist, and before she had time to remonstrate, she was gently deposited on the other side of the bars, and her companion vaulted lightly over, and was by her side.

"Well, Mr. Dudley, I wouldn't have believed any mortal could have done that so quick," exclaimed Grace, only half recovered from her surprise.

"Wouldn't you, Miss Palmer," laughed the gentleman. "Oh, I can give you stronger proofs of my agility than that;" and from this time their talk went on in a half grave, half playful fashion, until they reached the orchard, where "greenin's," and "sheep-noses," and "russets," lay thick in the brown grass.

The orchard was on a slight elevation, and the Sound lay in the distance before them, like a great shining sea, with the white sails of the sloops and schooners blossoming out of the mists in the distance. They stood still a moment, looking at it in admiration which found no voice nor words; and then Grace led the way to the old tree in the centre of the orchard.

"The birds have built their nests in its branches more springs than my father can remember," said the bright, sweet voice, sounding doubly so in the stillness and moonlight. "They are the best apples in the orchard."

"It's a fine old tree; and could give us a good many histories and biographies, if it could only speak," said the young man, standing still a moment, and surveying the gnarled old tree, which bore its years so bravely, and covered its old brown limbs every spring with a white roof of blossoms. "I like old things."

"So do I," responded Grace, with a bright, pleased glance. "Somehow I have an especial veneration and affection for this tree; and every spring I watch with peculiar interest for the first dark ruffling of leaves on these brown old branches; and they always seem like a new written poem to me; or, at least, to write the poetry to the old tree which is in my heart, but which I can't write."

"What a sweet, quaint fancy!" thought the young man; but he did not speak it, he only said, "don't you write poetry, Miss Palmer?"

"I—oh, no," answered Grace, with a look of surprise. "I never wrote a line of poetry in my life, except,"—correcting herself, for she was rigidly truthful—"when I was a little girl, and wrote compositions at school."

"You speak it then, without writing it."

Grace did not do Edward Dudley exactly justice, when she thought that this remark was merely a graceful compliment; for the young man had only expressed his sincere conviction in his speech. She bent down and searched among the shadows knotted with moonlight; but she and her companion did not find more than half a dozen apples on the ground; the red fruit gleaming like great carbuncle goblets in the grass.

"Robert has had some school-friends here this afternoon; that explains why there are so few apples on the ground. We shall have to shake the tree, Mr. Dudley."

He took hold of the trunk. "You must get out of the range of the apples, Miss Palmer."

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I like to see them come tumbling down," said the girl, standing under the outside limbs.

The next moment the great branches of the old tree shook to and fro. A shower of the ripe fruit flashed like red blossoms through the air, and tumbled heavily on the grass.

In the midst of it, Edward Dudley heard a cry from Grace, and she dropped on her knees, with her hand to her head. She had paid a dear price for her æsthetic enjoyment of the apples; one of the largest had struck her on the side of her head.

Edward Dudley was by her side in a moment. "Are you hurt?" he asked, with much concern.

"Oh, dear! it seems as though that apple must have broken my head open!" with her hand pressed hard against it, to stifle the pain.

"It is too bad; I ought not to have allowed you to stand there. Can I do nothing to relieve you?"

"Nothing, thank you. It's all my fault; the pain will be gone in a moment;" and she tried to smile, as she lifted up her face to him.

It looked very sweet and child-like, there in the moonlight, under the apple-tree; and the tears, which the pain had forced there, shone bright in the blue eyes of Grace Palmer.

The beauty and the tears stirred the heart of the minister's nephew, as it had never been stirred before. It was very rude in him, and I can only offer in his defence a plea which by no means excuses him, that he did not exactly know what he was about; but he bent down, and kissed, with tender reverence, the rose in the cheek of Grace Palmer.

She was on her feet in an instant, all sense of pain lost in the mingled surprise, confusion, and indignation which took possession of her. The latter soon got the mastery.

"Mr. Dudley," said the deacon's daughter, with the dignity of an insulted princess, "how dared you do so? I am not accustomed to have gentlemen treat me in that manner."

"I'm sorry," faltered the young man, fairly aghast at his boldness—"I didn't intend to, Miss Palmer, but," and here there came a twinkle in the brown eyes, "a girl has no business to look so pretty that a fellow can't help kissing her, and then be very hard on him for it."

The indignation in Grace's face abated slightly.

"I would not have believed that you, a minister's nephew, would have done so rude a thing," she said, in a tone of solemn admonition which would have suited her grandmother.

"I didn't know but minister's nephews had as good a right to kiss pretty girls as other kinds of nephews, if you put it on that ground."

Grace caught the glance of covert amusement which accompanied this remark. She tried to preserve her dignity, but the dimples about her lips betrayed her, and, quite amazed at her own indiscretion, she heard her laugh joining in with Edward Dudley's, and filling the still night with a peal of mirth.

"They'll wonder what has become of us," she said, setting herself diligently about filling

the basket, in which her companion rendered assiduous service, after stopping to inquire—

"How is your head now?"

"Better, thank you; the pain is nearly gone."

They returned to the house silently. Just when they reached the kitchen door, the young man turned suddenly to the girl.

"You will forgive me?" he said, "I did not mean to be rude to you."

"I ought not to, Mr. Dudley," said Grace; and Edward Dudley seemed not only satisfied with this ungracious forgiveness, but looked as though he was half tempted to repeat his offence.

"I think you must have found it hard work to shake that tree, Mr. Dudley," said the deacon, with some solicitude, when his daughter and her guest entered the parlor.

"It's quite a walk down to the orchard, father," said Grace, and the hue of her cheeks rivalled the red of the apples.

"Have you ever been in New London before, Mr. Dudley?" asked the deacon, as he poured a glass of sweet cider for his guest.

"Never, sir; but I have promised Uncle Jeremiah this visit ever since I was a little boy."

"Going to stay a little while, then?" with that kindly sort of curiosity, which generous natures are apt to feel for those with whom they are brought in contact.

"My stay is somewhat indefinite. I am engaged on a matter of some surveying, which will keep me in this part of the state for awhile."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mrs. Palmer, who presented a tempting loaf of "raised cake" to her guests, with many apologies that it was not fit to offer, owing to her not having had "good luck" with the yeast that week. The young man, however, did full justice to the ample slice which filled his plate.

The cider, the cake, and the apples, received from the guests the amount of praise which they well merited, and then the household knelt down, and the minister commended its inmates to the Love and Care which kept their brooding watch over it by night and by day.

And then, with a heart kindling into fervid eloquence, he prayed for his country—that God would work out for her a speedy and sure deliverance—that the oppressor in high places should not prevail against her—that He would rise up to her help against the mighty, and that the land which had been consecrated as no other land had ever been, to His service—

whose first altars had been reared in His name, might rise to glory and honor amid the nations—that wisdom might be given to her rulers, to lay broad the foundations of her government, in justice and righteousness—and that concord, sweet and eternal, might reign through all her Colonies—that the pulse of each should beat to one heart of common brotherhood; and that the men and women of these Colonies should be true to their God and their country; and if they were called, for her sake, to pass through fiery trials, that they might rise to sublime heights of self-sacrifice and devotion, giving up life, and all things dearer than life, for her honor—and that they might bequeath to their children a land free and honored—a land of whom it should be said, “Happy is that people whose God is the Lord!”

And who shall dare to question that prayers like these did not bring their reward—that the triumph of the Revolution, and the inheritance which our fathers bequeathed us, was not the blessed ANSWER of a God who giveth not by measure unto those who seek Him?

The guests were all gone, the lights were extinguished in the parlor, and Grace had just placed the pile of soiled dishes on the kitchen table, when her brother sidled up to her with a roguish laugh in his eyes.

“Grace,” he whispered, “didn’t your long-est apple-skin twist into a ‘D’ to-night?”

“Nonsense, Robert;” with a toss of the head, which had a restless, wavering habit, like that of lilies, on slender stems, in deep currents of water. “Always talking about things that you don’t understand. Take this light, and go straight to bed.”

“Yes, my son; it’s very late. Go to bed—go to bed,” added his father.

—
“Seems to me this butter never *will* come!” exclaimed Grace Palmer, as she lifted the churn-cover for the sixth time, and saw the lumps of concreted cream floating in a sea of yellow liquid; and once more she lifted the churn-handle, and swept the dasher up and down.

It was still early in the October morning; her fair cheeks were flushed with the rapid exercise, and the small, round arms, were bare above the elbows. She looked like a picture, whose unstudied grace an artist would have rejoiced in, as she sat on the low stool, working the churn.

“Why won’t it come, Grace?” asked Ben-

jamin, coming out of the corner, where he had been engrossed in a picture of Daniel in the lions’ den, which his grandmother had brought him.

“I don’t know, Benny, unless it’s because that I’ve set my heart on finishing my new dress to-day. Stand out of sister’s light, there’s a good boy.”

“I know what’ll make it come; grandma told me. Sing the song about the butter-cake!”

Grace smiled indulgently on the little rogue, who always had eyes and ears for everything which was going on, and she struck up a simple air, to the incantation with which our foremothers used often, when little girls, to beguile the “butter into coming.”

“Come, butter, come!
Elijah’s at the gate,
Waiting for the butter-cake—
Come, butter-cake!”

Benjamin stood still for awhile, enjoying the song and the motion. At last, however, he ran off; and, although Grace had no faith in the incantatory powers of the rhyme over the cream, she was very glad to find, on her next inspection of it, that it had congealed.

At that moment, she caught Benjamin’s voice, exclaiming in loud, earnest tones—

“Come this way—I’ll show you where she is.” And, looking up, she saw Mr. Dudley standing in the low kitchen doorway, piloted there with marked satisfaction by Benjamin.

Poor Grace! there was no help for it now. She thought of her homespun dress, her bare arms and unbraided hair, and tried to stammer out an apology, as she rose up, with the roses glowing wide in her cheeks.

“I beg your pardon for coming at this early hour, in this informal manner,” said Edward Dudley, “but I am going down the coast to-day, and shall be back to-morrow night; so I stopped to inquire whether, in default of the better company, you will permit me to accompany you to singing school at the brown schoolhouse to-morrow night. I believe they propose to go to old Mill Tavern afterwards.

“Thank you, Mr. Dudley. I shall be happy to go. Will you walk in?”

Grace managed to accomplish this speech with tolerable composure.

“No, thank you; I neglected to secure my horse at the gate, and he may be in a migratory frame of mind. If I could accept your invitation, however, I should plead hard for permission to relieve you at that churn; for I’m a veteran at the business, as I churned butter for my mother when my head was no

higher than this one;" stroking Benjamin's crisp curls.

"Good morning, Miss Palmer."

"Good morning, Mr. Dudley."

"Oh, Benny, I never had such a mind to give you a good spanking in all my life;" exclaimed Grace, as she turned back into the kitchen, and looked down ruefully at her dress.

"Why, what has the child done now?" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, entering from the garden, where she had just spread some peppers to dry.

"Mr. Dudley has just gone from here, you see. He called to invite me to the singing-school to-morrow night, and don't you think, Benjamin brought him round to the kitchen door, and displayed me in this plight!"

"Wall, he asked me where you was," dimly comprehending his mistake, and very little regretting it.

"You knew better, you naughty boy," shaking her hand threateningly at him, whereupon he disappeared at the back door, and was soon engaged in chasing the chickens.

"Never mind, Grace—never mind," said her mother, consolingly—"no young man's going to think less of a girl, if he is a scholar, because he finds her up bright and early in the morning, and smart at work. I've heard your Grandmother Warren say that often, in my day."

With which consoling reflection Grace was obliged to betake herself once more to her churn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Christmas.

The following is from the pen of George D. Prentice:—

The Christmas tree rises out of the snow. The wonderful blossoms that flush the boughs of memory forever, and whose fragrance comes into the heart "far down the solemn haunt of years," are born of December. But they have their sunshine from the diviner tropics. And, better than any roses are the tender flowers of the world-home festival; there may be ice in June, but there is no frost in the heart of Christmas.

Christmas is the world's best and sweetest holiday—when all nations and all religions feel the great, warm touch of nature, and are akin; when every heart has a sweet right to be joyous in its dearest way; when every church is decorated with green thoughts, fresh and revivifying, in the boughs of evergreen that wreath the pulpit and the altar; when

every house is a human being, alive with tenderness, and the sweet gladnesses that then, more than at any other time, make "no place like home;" and when every home is as blest with "religious light" as a cathedral; when every window is a radiant prophecy to passing eyes of love, and the warm household of content within; when every child clasps the knees of a mother, and all men and women take leave from years and care, to welcome the children that were themselves lost "in the wood" of the Past, having found them in their dreaming bosoms again.

Christ, whose birth-day the world keeps sacred with its sweetest rites, took some anonymous children upon his knees, and kissed them, with his blessing, and spoke the words that are the Christmas text of all most Christian sermons—"Except ye be as one of these, ye cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven." We have wondered with what sweet surprise, and yet strange confidence, those nameless children looked up into the gentle face that has conquered the world with patience and tenderness. We wonder, too, whose little eyes they were, and whether they did not remember those divine knees through all their dreams afterwards—as you, little Maggie, and Bessie, and Willie, and Charlie—children whom we are going to beg leave to introduce into Fairy land, this Christmas morning—must have done. "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not," He said, when, it may be, some careful mother, fearful of offending the gentle man, saw how her little faces gathered, like blossoms of the world, around the heart that smiled them into its confidence and sun-warm love. And therefore the children remember Christ's birth-day, and keep its thoughts blossoming, all the years around, in the older bosoms that throb onward into the dust of time, and might, as they fear, forget it. And so young and old have their hearts beating to glad music into the dark December—over the magic threshold of Christmas Eve—into the Holy Morning.

On that Holy Morning, long ago—that morning after the shepherds heard the burst of divine voices in the air—"Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to gentle men," came the wise men of the East, with gifts of frankincense and myrrh, to "the rude manger," where lay the young Christ, with the dew on His lips that was to bless the Earth; now the wise "men of the world," with gifts of love, and beauty, and gladness, come to the young hearts (fresh with the heaven of child-

hood) where the child Christ lies in the infancy of their own life—in the fairy remains of their belief. Oh, not in vain are the gifts placed in the hand—nay, handed into the heart—of a child. And frankincense and myrrh are with them all, to embalm them in the memory. The value of a gift is only to be placed by the love and the loving heart that receives it, and the homeliest Christmas gift is a diamond's setting, if it makes glad the hour of a child—how much more precious it becomes if it gives a memory to a year—how priceless it seems, if it

"Upon the stretched forefinger of all time
Sparkles forever"

through a life!

May your heart be a Christmas tree, lighted and filled with all the fairy dreams and loving beliefs of childhood, and on the lower boughs may you see your children's faces. If the snow has been "busily heaping garden and highway" of your life, "with a silence deep and white," may you see the Christmas tree blossom out of the snow of the years. The diamond shroud of the buried earth hides many a heart under its folds that was warm and bright with Christmas welcome last December—but, over the snow, is the angel of the grave.

The Christ-child lies nestled warm in every bosom this morning. Bring him the heart's sweetest gifts—loving beliefs, happy songs, gentle feelings, merry eyes, lips with kisses—he will smile up into your hearts, and love you.

Ah, you are old—but except ye become as children, ye cannot enter into the heart of Christmas.

THE TWO OLD WOMEN.

Two neighboring crones, antique and gray,
Together talked at close of day.

One said, with brow of wrinkled care,
"Life's cup, at first, was sweet and fair;
On our young lips, with laughter gay,
Its cream of brimming nectar lay;
But vapid then it grew, and stale,
And tiresome as a twice-told tale;
And here, in weary age and pain,
Its bitter dregs alone remain."

The other, with contented eye,
Laid down her work, and made reply—
"Yes, life was bright at morning tide;
Yet, when the foam and sparkle died,
More rich, methought, and purer too,
Its well-concocted essence grew.
Even now, though low its spirit drains,
And little in the cup remains,
There's sugar at the bottom still,
And we may taste it if we will."

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

It was an evening in winter. A man, just above the medium height, with a pale, delicately cut, intellectual face, sat by an office table, above which depended a shaded gas-light. He was leaning over a book, now examining a page intently, and now turning the leaves with rapid fingers—not so much reading, as searching for some fact, formula, or illustration. His face, we said, was pale; but the paleness was not of ill health, nor in consequence of prolonged physical exhaustion; for the skin had a clear, healthy look, and the strong brown eyes, that glanced up, now and then, in pauses of reflection, were full of fire. The face, as we said, was delicately cut; the forehead high and broad; the eyebrows thin, but darkly defined; the lashes well fringed and with a graceful curve upwards; the nose long, rather prominent, but straight, with wide, almost transparent nostrils; full lips, and slightly receding chin.

There was not a hard or harsh line in his face. The artist-soul, which had been at work upon it for many years—the snow-flecked hair said many years—drew, it was plain, her inspiration and ideals of beauty, from heavenly spheres. Truth, purity, self-discipline, high thoughts and noble purposes, with love of the neighbor, had all guided the artist-soul, as it wrought upon the material investiture, and cut it into a representation of its own interior life. So the soul is ever at work upon the face, giving to it the form of its quality. If you have skilled eyes, you may read the men you meet by the lines of their countenances.

He sat at an office table, the strong gas-light flooding his face, and giving it an almost supernatural beauty. There were many cases standing against the walls of the office, which was spacious, and carpeted;—cases of books; of chemical and philosophical apparatus; of drugs and curious specimens in bottles; and of anatomical preparations. Orderly arrangement, and an air of taste and comfort, were in everything. The man and his surroundings were in harmony.

"Is the Doctor in?"

The door opened so quietly, that he was not aware of the presence of any one, until a child's voice asked the question. Glancing up, he saw a little girl, not over eight years of age, standing just inside of the office door, which

she still held ajar. She was poorly dressed, but clean. Her face, which could not be called a plain one, had little of that healthy glow and roundness which we see in children who have plenty of food, air and exercise. It was the face of a child to whom life had not been all sunshine; for over it shadows of real things had passed so often, and dwelt so long, that cheerfulness had faded out. She had a look of endurance, if not suffering. Her skin was fair, and she had blue eyes, that should have been dancing in light; but they were dreamy and sad, and full of questionings. To her, life had come on the darker side, and its mystery and sorrow weighed sluggishly on her heart. The Doctor, who possessed the rare faculty of reading countenances as some men read books, saw all this at a glance.

"I am the Doctor," he replied, leaning back from the table, and looking intently at the child.

"Mother says, wont you come and see little Theo." The child came forward a few steps. Her eyes rested full on the Doctor's face—not boldly, but with that confidence seen in artless children.

"Who is your mother?" asked the Doctor.

"Her name is Mrs. Ewbank."

"Where does she live?"

"In Green street, four doors from Franklin."

"Which side?"

"On t'other side."

"What's the matter with Theo?"

"He's sick."

"In what way?"

"I don't know; but he cries 'most all the time, and he's fallen to skin and bone, as mother says. He's cried all day—and he's so hot; and wont eat anything."

"In Green street, four doors from Franklin?"

The Doctor took up a slate and commenced writing on it with a pencil.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the name? Mrs. Ewbank?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does your mother want me to come around this evening?"

"O, yes. She's crying; and is afraid Theo wont live."

It was on the Doctor's tongue to ask the child about her father; but it crossed his mind that such a question might give pain, and so it was withheld.

"I'll be around this evening, tell your mother," he answered, kindly.

The child threw him a grateful look, and then went out. As she did so, the Doctor bent down over his volume again, and commenced running from page to page in a rapid, searching manner. He did not observe that another door had opened, nor that almost noiseless feet were crossing the room. A hand was laid gently on his shoulder. Without starting, or a motion of surprise, he leaned back from the table, and turning, looked up into the pleasant face of a woman. In actual record her years were forty-five; in appearance, she was younger by half a score. The flowers of summer had been tempered for her by the shadows of great rocks; or the cool recesses of arbors wrought of vines that loving hands had planted. The wild blasts of winter had rarely been able to penetrate the sheltered home in which she dwelt; and even when their chilly breath came in through a suddenly opening door, or neglected cranny, it was soon subdued by the tempering warmth within. Life had, thus far on her journey, given her more of peace than sadness—more of interior satisfaction than disquietude. And yet, a second glance at her still almost youthful face, revealed the fact, that she had not passed thus far in the ways of life, without a share of discipline—of sorrow—of sickness and pain; but they had wrought their true intent, softening, elevating and refining—bearing back, and to the circumference of her being, the inherited natural with its evils, and ministering to the birth of that spiritual life, the full development of which gives the stature of an angel.

"Lena." As the Doctor uttered her name, gently, a smile crept around his lips, and the intenser light of his eyes, which professional thought had kindled, softened to a look of tenderness.

"Studying a case, I suppose," she said, question and affirmative uniting in her voice.

"Yes, and a difficult one," replied the Doctor, as he still leaned back, and looked at his wife. She moved around, and stood more nearly in front, the light falling strongly on his face from the shaded lamp, while hers remained partly in shadow.

"I should think, by this time," was remarked, "that you were so familiar with all forms of disease, and their treatment, that no case would be found difficult."

"As evil is Protean, so is disease. When the moralist has discovered all forms of evil, and noted their remedies, the physician may hope to attain for disease a like consummation," said the Doctor.

"In that view, the healer can never be perfect in his art."

"Never. Symptoms—effects—the ultimate signs of causes he does not see—are all that meet his observation. Sin is the mother of disease—therefore, all diseases have a spiritual origin. Physical evil is only the result of moral evil, descended to a lower plane of life. As the cause is, so will the effect be; and the effect must give an actual sign of the cause, and vary as to its quality and force. You can see, then, how, with an almost infinite variety, diseases will manifest themselves, and while holding a type, or classification, set at naught, in many instances, all the physician's previously acquired skill, and demand of him a new application of remedies."

Something like a sigh parted the air, as the Doctor's wife answered—

"And so, his work will never grow lighter."

"Why should it, if he have strength?" asked the Doctor. His countenance was as serene as his voice.

"True. Why should it, if he have strength? But, dear"—her voice fell to a lower tone—"your strength is failing, while your work demands increasing vigor."

"I am not conscious of the failure." The Doctor smiled into the face of his wife.

"You bear the signs," she answered, tenderly. "Here," she laid the tips of her fingers softly on his hair, "they are gathering fast. Every day I can see some spot on which a snow-flake has alighted. And, as your head whitens, the summer flushes grow paler on your cheeks. Are deepening orbits and shrinking flesh, the signs of strength? No—no, my husband!"

"You are too quick at reading signs, Lena. The plump and the ruddy are not always the most enduring. The clear eye, the healthy skin, the compact muscle—these show the right condition, and give warrant of endurance. And, above all, the calm temperament, and Heaven-aspiring soul."

"But a dwarf may not be equal to a giant's work."

"No; and he would be a very foolish dwarf to attempt so impossible a thing. But, a dwarf, working bravely up to his strength, may do a great deal more than a self-indulgent giant, and be none the weaker."

"You generally beat me in argument," said the Doctor's wife, smiling. "But, convinced against my will, I hold the same opinion still. I feel that you are taxing yourself too severely—and I see it, also; and unless your

reasoning harmonizes with my perception, I cannot fully accept your judgment. In most cases, your thought and my intuition reach to the same conclusion, and then I *know* we are right. I doubt now; and think you will be wise to take the benefit of my doubts, and spare yourself a little."

The Doctor reached his hand towards the table, and shut the book over which he had been poring when his wife came in.

"That's right. Now come up stairs," she said, drawing upon his arm.

"Is tea ready?" The Doctor took out his watch."

"It will be, in ten minutes."

"Half past six." The Doctor laid his hand on the book he had just closed. "In ten minutes, you say? That will give time to finish my—"

"Indeed it will not," said the wife, interrupting him, and speaking with the firmness of one who intended to have her own way. Seizing the volume resolutely, she returned it to one of the book-cases.

"Now, sir, my will must, for once, be law," she added, with mock seriousness.

The Doctor leaned back in his chair, and fixed his eyes on his wife, meeting her animated countenance, as she turned from the book-case, with so sober a gaze, that she was, for a moment, half in doubt whether he were not offended.

"Do you know who is up stairs?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Lena and little Ned."

"No!" The Doctor was on his feet in a moment.

"Yes; they've been here all the afternoon."

"Have they? Well, that's pleasant." And he was already on his way to the door of his office. In the door, he turned, and saw his wife standing near the table. She had not moved.

"Come," he said.

"Oh, it's of no consequence about me," was answered, in a voice simulating so well a hurt spirit, that the Doctor was for the moment deceived. Going back, he drew an arm around his wife.

"She is yours as well as mine, dear."

"All very well to say that. But, I understand. You couldn't give me ten minutes. Oh, no! But at Lena's name, you start away like an impatient lover."

"Jealous of your own child! What a riddle

is woman!" said the Doctor, standing full before his wife, and looking away down into her large, black eyes, that were always so full of light that few could gaze into them steadily. A kiss reconciled all. A husband's kiss—the heart of a loving wife never gets too old for that sign, but leaps to it, always responsive, and with a thrill of pleasure. With his arm still around her waist, the Doctor and his wife went from the office to one of the drawing-rooms above.

"Lena!" How tenderly the name was spoken! How warmly the small, fair hand was clasped! How lovingly manhood's lips rested on lips that were given to their pressure with the pure abandonment of a daughter's heart. Then little three-year-old Ned was in grandpa's arms, and clinging around his neck.

"How is Edward?" The tone in which this question was asked, made very plain the fact that Edward, Lena's husband, stood in high regard with the Doctor.

"Very well." The daughter's love and the wife's love, blended sweetly in the rich young face, dark as her mother's, and as full of affluent life.

"He will come to tea?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"For the same reason that we cannot, once in an age, get you to tea."

"Crowded with professional duties?"

"Yes; that's the only reason. He has a consultation at six. I've said a hundred times, when I saw how you were robbed of social hours, that I'd never marry a doctor. But, it was my fate. You would have office students!"

"Not a very hard fate, I imagine," said her father, smiling.

"I will be as brave and enduring as possible, knowing that it might be worse," answered the daughter, with feigned seriousness.

As they talked, the tea-bell rang. Assembled at the table, five persons made up the circle. Doctor Hoffman and his wife; Lena, their oldest daughter, with her boy in a high-chair, next to his grandfather, and Annie, the youngest daughter, just blossoming into the full spring-time of luxuriant eighteen. Their only son, Frank, holding the rank of a lieutenant in the navy, was on board of a national vessel, in the Indian seas.

"If Frank were only here!" The mother's thought, as she gazed around the table, went off to the absent one. "Then," she added, "our circle would be complete."

"There would still be a vacant place," said Lena.

"Whose?"

"Edward's."

"True." And yet the mother's heart did not come rounding into fulness in her tones.

"He loves you just as dearly as if he were your own son, mother."

"And I love him very much. He could scarcely be dearer, if he were my own flesh and blood. Yes, it would take him, also, to make our circle complete."

"He seems to be making his way very rapidly into the confidence of some of our best people," said the Doctor.

"Yes. Almost every week, he is called to a new family," said Lena, with pride and pleasure in her voice. "If it goes on as it has begun, he will speedily acquire a large practice."

"I hear him well spoken of in influential circles," remarked Doctor Hoffman. "As it now stands, he is on the right road to a high place in his profession."

"He was called in to Mr. Larobe's last week," said Lena.

"Ah! Mr. Larobe's! Who's sick there?"

"Mrs. Larobe's oldest son."

"Leon Guy?"

"Yes."

"What ails him?"

"Some nervous disease. He's lost the use of both legs. Edward says that he's a most pitiable object—emaciated, and with a countenance so exhausted by suffering, that the sight of him leaves an impression of sadness. His mother has taken him to the sea shore, to medicinal springs, and once to France, for consultation with physicians in Paris. But, all to no good purpose."

"How long has he been suffering in this way?" asked the Doctor.

"For a number of years. Up to his tenth year, he was a healthy boy. Then, from cold, or some shock, I don't remember which, the balance of health was destroyed, and he has been growing worse ever since."

"He must be a young man, now?"

"Past sixteen, I think."

The Doctor's eyes fell from his daughter's face, and his countenance grew serious.

"We cannot pity the mother," he said, thoughtfully, "however we may feel for the child. If there is such a thing as retribution, it must fall upon her head."

"It is falling, I think," remarked Mrs. Hoffman, "and with crushing weight—hurting

her in the most vulnerable places. Some one told me recently, that her daughter, Blanche Guy, was simple. This, in all probability, accounts for the fact that she is never seen on the street, and but seldom in the carriage, with her mother."

"Simple?" the Doctor mused. "I shouldn't wonder," he added, "if that were really so. I saw them riding out not long since, and remarked in passing, an unsatisfactory something in the girl's face. Feeble-minded—poor child!"

"Better feeble-minded, I should say," returned Mrs. Hofland, "than evil-minded, like her mother."

"Safer by far," answered the Doctor. "With such a father and such a mother, what hope of a moral equilibrium in the child? The chances are heavily on the adverse side. In a fore-closure of the rational, so that responsibility may cease, lies, it would seem, in occasional instances, the only barrier to floods of evil in which the soul would inevitably be lost."

"But, what bitterness for a woman of Mrs. Larobe's quality of mind. How the perpetual presence of an imbecile child must drain the wine of life from her soul, and leave only bitter dregs," said Mrs. Hofland.

"And these are not all her troubles," remarked the Doctor. "To the hopelessly invalid son, and worse diseased daughter, another calamity has been added."

"What?"

"In her hands, if all that is said be true, Adam Guy was bent at will. Her subtle power, against which he had no armor of defence, overmastered, and, I fear, destroyed him. For one, I have never been clear as to a state of insanity warranting his removal to a mad house; and the fact, that he was taken to a distant private institution, under circumstances of haste and concealment, never fully explained, has always left with me a suspicion of foul play. Poor man! His dreadful death, while attempting escape, closed the door on a mystery which no one cared to investigate. Though rich, Guy had no true friends; and when he was in mortal peril, there was none interested enough to spring to his rescue. But, I did not mean to speak particularly of him. If there has been foul play, Justin Larobe was the wife's accomplice. Executor under the will of Mr. Guy, in little more than a year from the day of his death, he became the widow's husband. From that time, I venture to say, the subtle, cold, self-poised, and selfish woman found herself matched against one of superior subtlety and strength. Adam Guy

was tripple armed and defended only on one side, and vulnerable at almost every other point; but, Justin Larobe is of another class. Guy sought wealth through the avenues of trade—honest trade in the main; but, Larobe has more of the spirit of a freebooter. Under legal covers, and statutory licence, he plunders right and left, as opportunity offers. Of course, such a man is ever on the alert—Argus-eyed, for prey as well as for protection. He observes the motions of all who approach him; and reads those who try to read him, from Introduction to Finis, before they have spelled through the first chapter of his record. Such is my estimate of Justin Larobe, and such, I doubt not, the widow of Adam Guy has found him. But, as I was going to say, she has met with another calamity. There has been, I understand, a separation between herself and husband."

"Not legal?" said Mrs. Hofland.

"No; only formal."

"On what ground?"

"That is mainly conjectural. Rumor says, they have not lived happily for a long time; and rumor also says, that Larobe has acted with but little disguise since their marriage, on the subject of her property, which the law has placed almost entirely in his hands. Certain settlements were stipulated for; but the cunning lawyer, who had, as executor under Mr. Guy's will, everything in his own hands, while formally making these settlements, contrived to fail in giving them a legal value."

"And is going to absorb everything," said Mrs. Hofland.

"That is an inference, which goes beyond the range of probabilities. My belief is, that he will not drive her to desperation by any such an excess of wrong. He knows her quality, and just how far to test its strength. There is enough between them, in my opinion, to ruin both, should either take the witness stand against the other. So, while struggling one with the other, in a bitter antagonism, the last things must be at stake before Mrs. Justin will fling off all disguises, and risk a final struggle with him before the world. Conferees in evil, are chary of an open fight. They know too much about each other, and therefore will not risk too much."

"I pity all who are in suffering, be they evil or good," said Mrs. Hofland. "And, somehow, I pity this woman. The good have much to sustain them when night falls, and pain oppresses. But, to one like Mrs. Justin, there is no balm in Gilead. If there is an open

rupture with, and separation from, her husband, the dark days of her life have come. I never believed, however, after the way in which her step-children were treated, that any good was in store for her. It was not wise to alienate Adam. A bond of interest would have held him; and he might have been, at this time, a powerful friend. He is said to be growing rich."

"Like his father," replied the Doctor, "he knows, by a kind of instinct, where the veins of metal lie, and rarely fails, in digging down, to reach them on the first trial."

"He did not follow in his father's steps, however; did not become a merchant."

"No; but tried the lottery and exchange business. His love of money led him to prefer a closer contact with the precious thing, and a quicker result. Stocks, that enrich so many and ruin so many, he never tries, I am told. But his property investments are large, and most of them in improving neighborhoods. In the simple item of advance in real estate, I have heard his gains estimated at almost fabulous sums."

"Is he getting rich so very fast?"

"We must take all these reports with grains of allowance. But, you know, that he wedded an heiress."

"Miss T——. Yes; and she is said to have brought him fifty thousand dollars."

"At least that."

"If I were a man," spoke up Annie, the youngest daughter, who had, until now, made no remarks, "I would not have taken her for a wife, had her fortune been twice fifty thousand. Homely and disagreeable! Faugh!"

"She is no beauty," remarked the Doctor.

"She's coarse and vulgar!" said Annie, with some warmth.

"She could hardly be otherwise," said Mrs. Holland, "for both father and mother were coarse and vulgar. I remember, very well, when they kept a shop in West Market street for the purchase of old iron and rags. He was miserly, and his wife a woman, I should think, after his own heart. In the course of time, a part of the lower floor of their house was fitted up for a dram shop, and here, at almost any hour in the twenty-four, from six in the morning until ten or eleven at night, you could have seen Mrs. T——, waiting on her customers, black and white. A few years more and the old iron, rag, and dram shop were closed, and Mr. T—— presented himself to the public behind the counters of a well-stocked retail grocery. From this period, Mrs. T—— was

no more seen in public life. But, she began to show herself in vulgar finery on the street, and to seek to intrude herself among people of refinement and education. In this last essay, she attained only a limited success. The sphere of her true quality was too dense, and thus too easily perceived. True refinement could not breathe freely in her presence. The daughter grew up undisciplined, poorly educated, and coarse within and without. At her father's death, she became the possessor of fifty thousand dollars, and, by virtue of this golden attraction, won the admiration of Adam Guy, and bought herself a husband."

"Bought! You may well say bought."

Annie spoke with ill-concealed disgust. "But think, how low the idea of marriage in the mind of Mr. Guy. To take such a woman into so intimate a life-relationship, just for money! Isn't it shocking—disgusting—painful. He is not wedded to the wife, but to her gold."

"All base cupidities," said the Doctor, "have a transmuting power, working inversely to that of the fabled stone sought for by old alchemists, and wholly changing the relation of values. In Adam's case, the earthly dross was rendered invaluable, while the divinely endowed soul sunk to a poor insignificance; and he seized the one with avidity, while almost spurning, with contempt, the other. He could not understand nor appreciate a heart; but in yellow gold he saw beauty and perfection."

"It is sad; very sad," remarked Mrs. Holland. "These things always pain me. But, now that we are speaking of Adam, the thought of poor Lydia comes into my mind. I wonder what has become of her?"

The Doctor shook his head in a sober way.

"Her father not only disowned, but disinherited her."

"So I have understood. Poor child! I'm afraid she has found her way in life along rough and thorny paths. But, these oftener lead to final peace, than more flowery ones."

"I fear that she did not, in marrying, act wisely."

"Few act wisely who wed as she wedded. I never saw her husband, but, from the little I gathered from Lydia, he was weak and inferior, and love was not the power that moved him to the conquest of her heart."

"What is his name?"

"Brady, I think."

"John is dead."

"Yes," replied the Doctor. "Intemperance and debauchery made quick work with him."

"There was another son."

"Yes. I saw him to day."

"What of him?"

The Doctor shook his head. "No credit to himself, or to any one else, I'm afraid. He received ten or twelve thousand dollars on becoming of age, and lived fast for two or three years, when he found himself penniless, and of course, friendless. The habits acquired during this spending term, were, in no way, favorable. But, necessity is a stern disciplinarian. He had to work, or starve; and so sought employment among our merchants. The small salary at command of an indifferent clerk, was not sufficient for the habits of one like Edwin Guy. He lost his place in a few months. Rumor gave the reason, and it was not honorable to the young man. Again he found a place, and kept it longer; but, not over a year. He was far from being well enough disciplined for the position of a clerk. Then he fell into the hands of a clique of politicians, who have used him ever since. Being neither honest nor scrupulous; yet having a specious exterior, and some smartness, he is just the kind of implement for them to work with. Of course, the workman must live, and he has a place in the Custom House, which he holds in virtue of his willingness and ability to serve the party in power."

"I would rather my son were dead," said Mrs. Hofland, with feeling. "Poor Lydia! To think that her child should come to this!"

There was silence for some moments, when Mrs. Hofland went on.

"There was one more child—the youngest—a daughter. What has become of her? She must now be at least twenty-four years of age."

"She is not with her step-mother. At least, I have not seen them together for a long time."

"She was sent away to school, and alienated from home as much as possible; treated, as I have understood, more like a stranger, than a child."

"Her father's will gave her a few thousands of dollars," said Doctor Hofland. "Some fortune hunter, in a small way—or one whose imagination increased her ten thousand to fifty or sixty—has, in all probability, drawn her from lonely and desolate ways, and blessed or cursed her life in marriage."

"I have little confidence in the blessing," sighed Mrs. Hofland. "Little—very little. My poor friend Lydia!—so true hearted, so pure, so good; to think, that it is of your children that we are now speaking. Alas! Alas! It has been well said, that marriage is a blessing

or a curse—a good or an evil—the road to happiness or misery. With a husband of another quality, what a different life would have opened for my friend. To-day she might be sitting among us, crowned with blessing."

Doctor Hofland now pushed his chair back from the table, and resting his hands on the arms, was about rising.

"Why, father!" said his daughter, Lena, "you are not going away from us yet?"

"Yes. I have several patients who must have an early call this evening."

"Oh, that is too bad. Can't they give you one half hour?" asked Lena.

"Sickness will not wait, my child. We must not prolong our enjoyments at the expense of others' sufferings. But, I will be home again in an hour."

And the Doctor bent over his grandson, who sat next him in a high chair, and left a warm kiss upon each ruddy cheek.

"A few minutes afterwards, and he was out in the clear cold air of a January night, on his way to Green street, near Franklin, to see the sick child of a stranger who had sent to ask his aid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A December Night.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

It is a cold and solemn eve;
The stars give out their lights;
Some phantom forms their mist-work weave
Upon the distant heights.

On vales below, and o'er the leas,
The white snow silent lies,
And icy arms of storm-reft trees
Upreach for softer skies.

The stern wind-king bath sung his dirge
From out Æolian cave,
While Time is treading on the verge
Of Old Year's wintry grave.

Above his couch pale Nature stands,
In sorrow desolate;
She clasps in hers his frozen hands,
Awaiting final Fate.

She thinks how once she saw him wear
The glory of the spring,
That golden was his shining hair
And scintillant his wing—

That summer wove, with winsome grace,
His robes of emerald fold,
And autumn lent her gorgeoness
Of crimson and of gold—

That late she saw him as a king
To power and splendor wed,
An idol for the worshiping
Of legions that he led.

Now, of his regal grandeur reft,
Of youth and beauty shorn,
He hath but faded garments left,
And sandals old and worn.

Low fallen is his chaplet green;
No more his gems are gold;
Ice-blades, more sharp than Damascus,
Now pierce his heart with cold.

Time tarries not for Nature's tears;
Thus hath she wept before;
He gathers back to long-lost years
The Old Year, now no more.

Like human heart, doth Nature turn
To Hope, from dull despair;
And with a mother-love doth yearn
To clasp the New Year fair.

It is a solemn night and cold;
The stars still brightly glow;
And Nature doth the New Year hold
Within her arms of snow.

Dec. 31st, 1861.

An Orison.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Oh, God, to Thee I lift my voice,
Thy listening ear incline;
Take every hope, and thought, and fear
Of mine, and make them Thine!
Since to Thy goodness I owe all—
Life, health, and strength, and breath;
And, to Thy blood alone is due
The victory over death.

Thy gracious kindness has dropped down,
And blest my lonely way;
I thank Thee that from out the clouds
Comes many a crystal day;
And, when the sunshine sheds on me
Its golden robe of rest,
Let me be not unmindful that
It comes at Thy behest.

Trials are mine, and weary hours
Of aching heart and brain,
Hang o'er me with their weight of care,
And dull, corroding pain;
But, when I faint beneath the load,
When fall I know I must,
I fold my hands in silent faith—
I know in whom I trust.

Help me, Omnipotent, to pass
On meekly through this life;
To bear with patience and content
Its harshness and its strife;

To give to all, both friends and foes,
Love and sweet Charity,
And bear no hardness 'gainst the one
Who speaks with scorn of me.

I thank Thee, God, for all Thy gifts,
I bless Thee, every day;
Without Thy guiding love, I know
My wayward feet would stray.
What am I, Lord, without Thy help?
A waif, upon life's sea;
But, *with Thee*, I am born an heir
To Immortality!

Aspirations.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

Scenes and sounds of beauty lure me
From the busy haunts of men;
Take, oh, take me, Mother Nature,
To thy loving heart again!
Here my lips may freely utter
All my yearning soul may feel—
All my earnest aspirations
Unto thee may I reveal.

For the fires of high ambition
Burn unceasingly within;
Not for fame, nor gold, nor glory,
Such as blood-stained warriors win;
Not to gain the deafening plaudits
Of the million, for a day;
Yet I would not all unhonored,
Unregretted, pass away.

I would plant some flower of beauty,
In life's desert, lone and drear,
Sending forth perennial fragrance,
Many a saddened heart to cheer;
I would wake some strain of music—
I would sing one joyous song,
That should reach some fainting spirit,
Bidding it be brave and strong.

I would flash one golden sentence,
Thrilling with a thought sublime,
That should murmur on forever,
Through the echoing vaults of time;
That some words which I had spoken,
Or some deed that I had done,
Cherished in the world's remembrance,
Still might live, when I am gone.

Let no monumental marble
Rise above my place of rest;
Let my epitaph be written
In the hearts my life has blessed.
Soft and sweet will be my slumber,
So the world may richer be,
By some thought or action, destined
Not to perish utterly.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Sunbeams in the House.

BY M. D. R. E.

One who causes two blades of grass to grow where but a single blade grew before, deserves the thanks of posterity. The hand that plants a beautiful tree, to give shade or fruit, when the owner is laid low in the dust, confers a public benefit. But how much more widely diffused are the blessings of happy homes, and how great should be our gratitude to those who make sunshine and flowers to abound there, when life, without such adjuncts, would be cheerless and desolate!

If there is any one human being who has power over another, to mould that other's mind and character, it is the mother of a family. From the earliest dawn of its frail existence, the infant is dependent on her care and protection. She is a second Providence to it; or, rather, she is the instrument in the hand of Providence to minister to its many wants. What eye so watchful as hers, to guide its feeble steps?—what ear so acute, to catch the wail of distress from its lips?—what heart can throb in the intensity of its love, like a mother's? Unto her has been given the precious task of training an immortal spirit; and this priceless gem may be brightened or tarnished, as she succeeds or fails in this holiest office of woman's mission.

To make a sunny home, the mother must be sunny-tempered herself. Educate yourself, before you try to educate others. Constant self-control, firmness, and, what is often undeservedly undervalued, low, sweet tones of the voice, with a calm, cheerful countenance, are indispensable in the management of children. How many of them have their early days—too often their only little span of life—made bitter to them by acts of injustice from a parent, unfit to govern her offspring, because she has not yet learned to govern herself. Very many have been all their lives cursed by the possession of a passionate temper, modeled after the stormy likeness of the maternal one, and have, in their turn, transmitted it, with all its hideous deformity, to their descendants. But, ill-temper, though a diseased state of the mind, is not necessarily hereditary. It may be cured by early and constant application to the Great Physician. It demands a constant watch, a tight hold on the rein; for passion, like an unruly steed, must be curbed in with bit and bridle. The tongue, which "no man can tame," has yielded to the power of indwelling grace; and, beneath its transforming influence, the tiger changed into the gentle dove of peace.

Seek to have this lovely spirit within your household. What more beautiful sight can there be, than for all the members of a family to be united in the cordial bonds of a love stronger than death, when each strives to be foremost in performing deeds of mutual kindness and good-will? And the implanting of such principles of action is in thy hand; oh, mother, when it first takes hold, fearfully, and with trembling, it may be, of this great

work of thy life, let *love* be the first sunbeam in the family.

But, it may be that the mother has acquired the perfect control of her temper; that her children are not subject to the thunder of her displeasure, nor the lightning of her angry glances; that she is "too much of a lady," to deform herself by violent storming, either at children, or domestics; still, clouds and lack of sunshine are felt in many a home, that would be much purified and refreshed by a gentle breeze.

"A continual dropping in a very rainy day"—perpetual shadows—unmitigated gloom—are but emblems of a fretful, fault-finding disposition. I am persuaded that more homes are darkened and made unhappy by this, than any other cause; and, as a constant drip of water will, in time, wear away stones, so does this state of the moral atmosphere corrode the very springs of domestic happiness. A tendency to magnify little errors, an interminable grumbling about the minor ills of life, will certainly produce a counter-irritation in those who come under the influence of such a gloomy temperament, and make home anything but a sunny one.

But, it may be asked, how can a mother, with all her many cares, her various trials and perplexities, which, though individually so small, are, in the aggregate, such a mountain of difficulties, to be always busy in making sunbeams? I answer, that I know you have many "crooks in the lot." Each one who has a mother's heart, is acquainted with the burdens that press so sorely upon that of her fellow laborer. But it will not mend matters to be impatient or fretful. Cloudy skies will hinder the blossoms of happiness from springing up in your pathway. Then try to be cheerful and bright, and, depend upon it, you will be rewarded. As face answereth to face, so will your peaceful, loving disposition, be reflected in the miniature countenances and minds that are looking to you for a pattern. Chameleon-like, they are quick to absorb the colors that most frequently surround them; look to it that the prevailing hue is not of a shady character. If little things are not to be despised, then the small courtesies of life, the mutual helping with one another's burdens—the constant bearing and forbearing, so necessary in the continual contact of different dispositions and temperaments, will make sunbeams in the family.

Habits of order are especially needful in securing a sunny, happy home, to our children. These may be inculcated from the very first dawning of intelligent observation in the child. To have the books and playthings carefully arranged, the person and dress neat and clean, the various articles of the toilet, the work-shop, or the sewing-box, always in their place when wanted, soon become like second nature to young persons who are properly brought up; and a departure from these rules, will be felt as a real evil. Nothing contributes so greatly to the fostering of a fretful, complaining disposition, as the confusion and

anarchy which exist in some families, of whose members we might hope better things.

If the young mother once come to the conclusion that she is physically or morally unable to undertake the charge of her offspring—if she lay aside the reins of government, and delegate to subordinate and uneducated persons, the sacred task of taking the child, and training it for future usefulness in society, how widely diffused will be the mischiefs that must inevitably ensue from such a disorderly state of affairs. Who cares to visit in such a household? Or, how sorely will one's patience be tried by ill-governed children, rudely engrossing the mother's sole attention, or even demanding the like concession from her guests. Does not every one's experience contain incidents that will serve to show in perfect contrast, the advantages or disadvantages that must follow habits of order or disorder? And, need it be asked, which habitation is most frequently visited with the sunbeams of happiness—which we would choose for an abiding place that we could emphatically call HOME?

Children are easily educated to become young tyrants; only allow them to have their own way. But this will not make them contented or happy. Let Charley have his will in turning the parlor into a play-ground; suffer him to convert the chairs into stage-coaches, and the valuable books on your centre-table into castles and palaces, that soon come tumbling down, as such structures usually do, he will anon, like a young Alexander, cry for new worlds to conquer, and extend his desires to articles out of his reach, or too fragile in their nature for his handling. But let the mother at once and firmly deny all such innovations on her comfort; teach him to be contented with one thing at a time, and then have the article restored to its place before it has become so common as to be valueless, making its possession a reward for his good behaviour, or faithful performance of some little task which may have been assigned to him.

But, neither may the mother be a tyrant. She must not allow herself to become so absorbed in her own pleasures, or even necessary family employments, as to infringe on the rights of her child; for, even children have their rights. It is the mother's duty to carefully consider their childish petitions, before she utter the inauspicious "No," which ought never lightly to be repealed. This, like the law of the Medes and Persians, which changed not, should be the unyielding rule of the household, were it not for the wretched vacillating—the weak afterthoughts, that arise from a want of due consideration and judgment in the premises. How much worry and whining on the part of the child—how much anger from the finally irritated parent, are caused by such neglect of duty! And this to be repeated on every trivial occasion; for children soon learn that they can tease into compliance.

If, then, we would have happy homes, let us throw

wide open our windows to admit the sunbeams of LOVE, CONTENTMENT, ORDER, and SELF-GOVERNMENT; and, beneath their genial influence, the shadows of ILL-TEMPER, FRETFULNESS, and INSUBORDINATION, will fly away, and visit us no more.

PARKSBURG, PA.

Lines,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. W. H. TALBOTT,

On the Death of her Infant Daughter.

BY ROSETTA C. WILSON.

The darling of your household band,
The youngest "infant dove,"
Her snowy wings unfolded
And sought a rest above.
The baby heard a loving voice,
Not for your ears designed,
And mother's tender, loving breast,
The birdling sweet resigned.
That seraph voice an echo woke
From the far spirit land;
The baby saw an angel guide,
And clasped his loving hand.
With noiseless, spirit footstep,
He bore the baby dear,
Safe o'er the surging billows
Of the death-stream, dark and drear.
And, through the gates they entered,
And could sweet blossoms fair,
Of the "City Celestial,"
Perfuming all the air.
And the child was filled with rapture,
And her wonder grew apace,
As she gazed at the untold beauties
Of her Heavenly dwelling place!
And they gave angelic welcome
To her new-found spirit-home,
And, countless children shouted—
"Come, gentle sister, come!"
And, listen to the music sweet,
From angel-voices swelling.
The story of the Saviour's love,
Those holy anthems telling—
How Jesus little children loved,
And called them to His fold;
"Their angels do His Father's face
Most constantly behold."

And now, in pensive twilight,
When its shadows faintly fall,
And images of absent ones
Are pictured on the wall,
The baby dear comes back again,
With messages of love,
Fraught with angelic tenderness,
From the glorious home above.
Now, Heavenly influences distil,
Like dew, on withered flowers,
And who can tell the blessedness
Of those still, evening hours?
The mystic provence, all unseen,
Irradiates the gloom,
And light Celestial shines above
The darkness of the tomb.
Sweet resignation comes to bless
That holy hour of calm,
And tears are dried, and sorrows hush'd,
With its soft, healing balm.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, December 22d, 1840.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Margaret Wilmot's

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

How cold and dreary it looks! The long road, the fences, the fields, and the great hills in the distance, are rolled up in a white fleece of snow. It will be such a long, long time before I shall hear the spring-birds, and watch for the golden dandelions winking in the green grass! The wind shivers and sobs about the house, as though it was mourning for the days that are gone, and drives the great, cold clouds over the face of the sky.

To think to-day is New Year's! And I suppose that a great many little girls, who are ten years old, as I am, are very happy to-day—that they don't stand all alone, looking out of the window at the dreary face of the sky and earth; but that they have fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, to kiss them, and make them pretty presents, and wish them "Happy New Year's."

There isn't anybody in the whole world to say those pretty words to me. I wished Aunt Comfort would this morning; but she'd never think of such a thing; and when I said to her, after breakfast—

"What shall I do to-day, Aunt Comfort, seeing it's New Year's," she answered—

"That don't make any difference, child. You must wipe the dishes, and study your lessons, and hem your pocket handkerchiefs, just as usual. For my part, I don't see but New Year's is just like any other day."

Of course I couldn't say one word; but I thought if my own father and mother weren't lying under this cold snow, they wouldn't have answered me so, and that they would have made me a Happy New Year's, such as other little girls will have!

I've had it, after all! such a Happy New Year! And it came so sudden and unexpected, that looking back on it now, it all seems like a beautiful dream, only I know that it wasn't! I was standing at the window, when I saw Edward and Susie Burton suddenly turn the corner, and the next minute they were at our front door. I opened it, and they both exclaimed,

"Mamma's sent over to see if your aunt wont let you come and pass the day with us, Maggie? We've got our two cousins and our aunt from New York, and we're going to have a splendid time!"

"Oh, Aunt Comfort, do please say that I may go!" I exclaimed, for she had come into the room at that moment, and heard what the children said.

"I s'pose I'll have to let you," she said. "I hope Mrs. Burton wont find you in the way."

I scampered off up stairs, as glad as I could be to get ready, and while I was braiding my hair before the mirror Aunt Comfort came in.

"Put on your new red merino, Margaret," she said; "and your brown gaiters. I want you to look decent before those city folks," and she took down my hair and braided it herself.

In a little while I was ready, and started off with Edward and Susie. When I got to Mrs. Burton's, I was at first a little afraid of so many strange faces, for there were the cousins, Mary and Jane Thompson, and Aunt Ellen Thompson; but they were very kind, and shook hands with me; and the little girls kissed me, just as though I was their cousin, and pretty soon we got acquainted.

Then they showed me their presents. Oh, such heaps of beautiful things! I can't begin to tell! There were birds, and parrots, and trees of glass; and there were apples and peaches, that looked so natural, made of sugar; and the most beautiful set of china, and a cradle with a baby asleep in it, for Susie; and a rocking horse, and a drum for Edward! I couldn't look enough!

And afterwards we played company with the tea set, and we had cakes, and chocolate, and fruit, and jolly, and everything that wouldn't make us sick; and Edward put on a soldier's cap, and took his sword, and mounted his horse, and we called him General Burton. Oh it was so funny! But I can't begin to tell half of the good times I had, nor how much I liked Susie's cousins, Jane and Mary Thompson.

After dinner I was looking at the presents again, when Jane, who stood by her mother, said suddenly to me,

"You haven't told us anything about your New Year's presents, Maggie!"

It made me feel real bad. I couldn't help the tears coming into my eyes.

"I didn't have any," I said. "I haven't any father or mother to give them to me."

They all looked at me sorrowfully; and Mrs. Thompson came over and kissed me, as kindly as though she was my own mother; and then she looked at her own little girls, and I knew what she was thinking. Afterwards they were all kinder to me than ever.

We went into the parlor at last, and when we were playing "Hide and Seek" and I was behind the sofa, I overheard Mrs. Thompson say to Susie's mother,

"Sarah, that is a pretty, interesting little girl you've got here to-day; who is she?"

"Little Margaret Wilmot; she is Miss Comfort Crandall's niece," said Mrs. Burton. "She's a sweet little thing, as you say, Ellen, and I'm sorry for the child. She's neither father nor mother, brother nor sister; and though her aunt is a good, well-meaning woman, she's intensely practical, and would have no sympathies with a shy, sensitive little thing like Margaret; but would expect a

child of ten, would be wise and discreet, as a woman of forty. I sent for her to come to-day, for I knew she'd have a lonely time at home. Miss Crandall would never comprehend a child's wants and needs, though she'll take the best of care of her niece."

And then Mrs. Thompson told her sister what I had said about the presents.

"It made my heart ache, Sarah," she said.

"Well, I looked out that she should have something," answered Mrs. Burton; and then Edward found me behind the sofa, and I didn't hear a word more, because I knew it wouldn't be honorable to listen, although I *felt* that they were talking about me for a good while afterwards.

I remained until my bed time, eight o'clock, and then, after Mrs. Burton had tied on my bonnet, she put in my hands the prettiest little mahogany book-case, filled with a dozen red volumes of Abbott's *Histories*!

I tried to thank her; but just then, Mrs. Thompson came up with such a beautiful wax doll! It had blue eyes, and rosy cheeks, and long brown curls; and it had on a pink dress, with lace over it, which reached half way down the skirt, and such cunning red shoes!

"My dear child," said Mrs. Thompson, "I had got this doll for my niece in New York, but when we get there, we can find her another; so I have concluded to give it to you for a New Year's present!"

It is very strange. I don't understand it now; for I know I was so glad that I didn't know what to do; and yet, I burst right out a crying! I was so ashamed; and I thought they'd think I wasn't glad for the presents; and at last I managed to swallow something—I don't know what, and to say, "I am very happy, if I am a crying!"

"We understand it all, my dear. You needn't

say one word," exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, and she put her arms around me, and kissed me again as though I was her own dear little girl, and I wished I was; and they all came to the door, and were so kind to me when I left, and Mrs. Burton sent her man Samuel home with me, to explain why I was so late to Aunt Comfort.

Samuel made it all right; and then I showed my aunt my presents. She opened her eyes wide; and looked 'em all over, and said,

"Well, I declare."

And she asked, "What sort of a day have you had?"

And I told her all about the beautiful things I had seen, and what they had said to me, and how happy I had been; and she listened with a great deal of interest; and I sat up until nine o'clock, and when she unhooked my dress, I asked her,

"Aunt Comfort, if my own mamma was alive now, do you think she could have made a happier New Year's for me, or given me more beautiful presents than I've had?"

"I guess not, child," she said.

And when she came in to take the light, after I was in bed, she bent down and kissed me, and said very kindly,

"I'm glad that you've had such a pleasant day, Maggie."

I never knew Aunt comfort to do such a thing before, and all that Mrs. Burton had said when I was behind the sofa, came back into my mind, but I didn't say a word about it.

I have thanked God for the Happy New Year, and the beautiful presents He has sent me; and—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

BY J. E. M'C.

The inexperienced mistress of a house may learn much by observing the manner in which things are done in well regulated and experienced households where she visits, and sometimes even a very humble family may give her a valuable suggestion with regard to some economical, yet excellent dish, or a money and labor-saving process of doing some common and needful piece of work. The great secret of becoming a good housekeeper is to keep the eyes open and the hands ready to profit by the knowledge they gain.

Do not be afraid to ask questions, at suitable opportunities, with regard to the manner of preparing dishes that are new to you; or the way of doing some piece of work which would add to your

home comforts, or elegancies. A housekeeper will not be offended with your appreciation of her skill, and no true lady will be reluctant to give you the desired information.

Have a good receipt book to start with, and make one of a little blank-book, in which you can note down from time to time, receipts of all sorts which you may gather up. This will prove of the greatest advantage to you. Save valuable newspaper receipts, as you come across them—clip them out when you can and paste them neatly in your book.

Do not be too timid or indolent to try new experiments, though always on a small scale, and when you have no company, until you are sure of success. Turn over your cook-book in the morning until you settle on some new dish for dinner,

something different from yesterday's meal, and let it be served up delicately and tastefully, and it will be pretty sure to give satisfaction.

If your husband thinks Mrs. L——'s tea biscuit are particularly excellent, quietly learn her process of making them. Your husband will love and respect you all the more for such a kindly regard for his tastes. Do not consider anything too trifling to demand your attention, which would make your home happier for a single hour. Life is made up of just such trifles, and that life will be a glad or a cheerless one, just in proportion as you discharge faithfully these little hourly duties.

MILLVILLE.

POT PIES.—Make a crust like soda biscuit, i. e., take one quart of flour, half a pint of milk, butter size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in the flour, one teaspoonful of soda in the milk. Mix well together, and drop into your chicken, or veal, or beef stew, when the stew is boiling. I will warrant you light crust. A better way to cook it is to cut into biscuits, lay on a large plate, and set it in the steamer, over the stew, to cook. Lay on the platter with your meat, and pour over the seasoned and thickened gravy, and you have something a little better than common.

HOW TO TAN SKINS OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—A correspondent of *The Field*, London, in answer to an inquiry, recommended the following method:

The recipe found to answer far the best—and it was my own idea entirely; suggested, perhaps, slightly by the white powder which came from deer skins I had had regularly cured by a tanner—is this: to wash and clean thoroughly the skin, stretch it well on a board with plenty of large pine, scrape off with a knife all the flesh, fat and inner skin, until the leather is laid bare, then rub in powdered quicklime; clean off the first layer, which will be damp and killed, and put on another to the depth of an eighth of an inch, or more; rake it over the next day, in case any should have got damp and killed from the skin, so that there shall be a coating of dry hot lime next to the skin, and put it by for—the longer the better—six months, if you like, in a dry room. I have several skins done in this way in my hall, dogs and cats, of my own curing—one especially, a very large and handsome cat, possibly a wild one—I killed one day while shooting with a friend in North Wales, on one of his outlying beats; and these skins, if not as supple as if done by a regular tanner, are quite enough so for any purpose.

Another correspondent of the same journal gives these directions:

Take two pounds of coarse salt and one pound of alum, broken fine, and dissolve in water. Place the skins with the hair down, in a tub; pour the water over, and place a board and weight on them in order to keep them quite covered with the pickle. Let them lie in this for a week, then nail them on

a board, skin side out, and when dry rub smooth with pumice-stone. These skins are quite soft and pliable, and keep well for years.

A CHEAP PLANT CASE.—A lady of our acquaintance, says an exchange, has in her parlor, a plain glass case, opening with a hinged lid, somewhat like a milliner's show case. The bottom of this has a zinc pan about three inches deep, and in this receptacle grow and flourish ferns, mosses, wild vines, and berries, with all the freedom and abundance of their native woods. The expense of such a case is from five to seven dollars, and any carpenter can make it.

GREASE SPOTS.—The following is from the *Agriculturist*:—Many of these eyesores may be removed for a sixpence invested in French chalk. Susanne, of Brooklyn, gives as an example that her four-year old carried a nice edition of Cowper into the kitchen and dabbed it into the butter plate. She scraped some of the French chalk over the spots of grease, and in an hour afterwards brushed off the powder, and put on a fresh dose, leaving it three or four hours, when Cowper was himself again. "The same application operates equally well upon greased clothing, though sometimes two or three applications may be needed. The French chalk (clay) can be obtained at any drug store."

A HOT WATER CURE FOR CUT FLOWERS.—When they have faded, either by being worn a whole evening in one's dress, or as a bouquet, by cutting half an inch from the end of the stem in the morning, and putting the freshly trimmed ends instantly into quite boiling water, the petals may be seen to smooth out and to resume their beauty, often in a few minutes. Colored flowers revive the best; white flowers turn yellow. The thickest textured flowers amend perhaps the most, though azaleas revive wonderfully.

SODA CRACKERS.—Take one quart of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg rubbed in the flour, one even teaspoonful of soda in half a pint of milk; roll them as hard as possible, whether it takes all the milk or not. Bake in a quick oven, set them around the stove and dry thoroughly.

TO GLAZE OR VARNISH DRAWINGS.—One ounce of Canada balsam, two ounces of oil of turpentine, well dissolved. The drawing should be previously washed over with a solution of isinglass.

TO MAKE PAPER FIREPROOF.—Nothing more is necessary than to dip the paper in a strong solution of alum-water, and when thoroughly dry it will resist the action of flame. Some paper requires to imbibe more of the solution than it will take up at a single immersion, and the process must be repeated until it becomes thoroughly saturated.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Health of Professional Men.

Professor John S. Hart, formerly Principal of the Philadelphia Central High School, recently delivered an address before a literary society at Gettysburg, Pa., on "Some of the Mistakes of Literary Men," in which he refers to the want of health among this class. The passage is so excellent that we transfer it to our pages. He says:—

"The first advice, then, that I have to give you, is *that you take care of your bodily health.* From a large acquaintance with literary and professional men, and after a careful survey of the whole subject, it is my sober judgment that more educated men fail of distinction through the want of bodily vigor than from any other cause. The high prizes in any of the professions are not to be won without exhausting labor. To accomplish, indeed, great results in any line, literary, scientific, professional, or administrative, there must be great capacity for work. There must be the iron will that cannot be appalled by any possible accumulation of details, but works its way steadily through them by dint of constant, untiring, unyielding toil.

"Now it is obvious that, in order to any such career, the body must have adequate powers of endurance. Long-continued mental labor, especially where the feelings are enlisted, makes fearful drafts upon the bodily frame. To go through the wear and tear of any of the ordinary professions, at least when a man has succeeded in acquiring a considerable practice, requires vigorous health. How continually do we see professional men obliged to stop short in the full career of success, simply because their bodily powers give way. They cannot carry out the conceptions of their minds, because their bodies are unequal to the task of carrying them through the necessary toil. With sound, sturdy, bodily health, you not only can labor mentally more hours in the twenty-four, but you can, while working, throw into your task a greater amount of intellectual force. A mind of great power, putting forth its full energy in some special effort, is like a warrior armed in heavy mail, going forth to battle. If the horse which carries him be small and puny, the warrior must needs fail. If, on the other hand, the horse be a powerful and generous animal, fully equal to the occasion, how much is the force of the rider himself increased thereby. So the mind gathers impulse and force from the body, whenever the latter is in high health and vigor. So, too, when the latter is feeble and sickly, the mind is either checked and hampered in its impulses, or, attempting to ride them boldly forward, it breaks down altogether. The man dies prematurely, or—worse still—he becomes a drivelling idiot.

"My first advice, then, to young men pursuing or completing a course of liberal studies is, take care

of your bodily health. Without this, your intellectual attainments will be shorn of more than half their value. I dwell upon this point, and emphasize it, because on every side of me, in professional life, and especially in the clerical profession, I see so many helpless, hopeless wrecks. Verily there is some grievous mistake among us in this matter. Whether it be our climate, or our habits of student life, or our social and domestic habits, I am not prepared to say. But of the fact I make no doubt. Our educated men do not achieve half that they might achieve, for the want of the necessary physical vigor. It is painful to see the dyspeptic, sore-throated, attenuated, cadaverous specimens of humanity that student-life so often produces among us—men afraid of a puff of air, afraid of the heat, afraid of the cold, afraid to eat a piece of pie or good roast beef—men obliged to live on stale bread and molasses, who take cold if they get wet, who must make a reconnaissance of a room to see that they can secure a place out of a draft before they dare to take a seat—men who by dint of coaxing and nursing and pampering drag out a feeble existence for a few short years, and then drop into a premature grave,—martyrs to intellectual exertion!

"I do not recommend the fox-hunting carousals of the old time English clergy. We need not go back to the material apotheosis of the classical ages. But verily we have something to learn in this matter. We have to learn that high mental exertion taxes most severely the life-force. We have to learn that the man of superior intellect, who puts forth his powers with resolute vigor, requires more bodily health and force to sustain the strain, than an ordinary laboring man does. Instead of being pale, delicate, feeble, and sickly, the student needs to be stalwart and hardy. He should have tougher sinews and stronger sinews and a more vigorous pulse than the man who merely ploughs the soil. He need not have the brawn and bone of the athlete and the gladiator. He need not be a Spartacus or a Heenan. But he should be of all men a man of good, sound, vigorous, working bodily health.

"It is no part of my errand here to-day to give you a lecture on hygiene. I do not propose to tell you how this strong physical health is to be secured. All I wish, or deem decorous, is to call your attention to the subject,—to impress upon you, if possible, the earnest conviction that something is to be done in this matter by those who lead a student-life. Let me, however, say this much. We must live more in the open air than we do. We must warm our blood less by closed rooms and airtight stoves, and more by oxygen breathed upon the beautiful hillsides. We must spend more time in innocent outdoor amusements. We must cease to count gunning and boating and bowling among the seven deadly sins."

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

MORNING COSTUME.—*Robe de Chambre* closing at the waist only: broad *revers* of silk quilted and finished by a *rûche*: these *revers* are very wide at the bottom, gradually narrowing to the waist, and again increasing in width to the shoulder: it is fastened at the waist by a silk *cordelière*. The sleeves are large, gathered into a band at the bottom forming *bouffantes*: deep *revers* corresponding to those on the robe. Under-dress of *nansook*.

HOME COSTUME.—High dress of green silk, the skirt with a narrow fluted flounce at the bottom, headed by a band of velvet: above this the skirt is ornamented by rows of narrow black velvet, forming large points and interlacing each other; in the hollow of each point is a rosette of black lace with velvet buttons in the centre. The plain high body has rosettes up the front.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of light *Havana* silk, the skirt long and full, the body high and plain. Large *Talma* of black velvet, round the shoulders an *Arabesque* trimming formed by a rich and black silk cord: full silk tassels at the front, back

and shoulders. From this *Arabesque* falls a very deep flounce of *Chantilly* lace, reaching to within ten or twelve inches of the bottom of the mantle.

JACKETS.

Jackets appear to be very much in favor, and this is, perhaps, to be attributed to the great taste displayed in the invention and adaptation of new shapes, leaving nothing to be desired for elegance in pattern or style. We give three illustrations in this number. The "Capulet" is made to fit to the figure, and is made in cloth, either plain, as in illustration, or ornamented with military braid.

The Guinea Zouave, in black cloth, trimmed with a scroll of velvet on the front and sleeves, as shown in the illustration, and ornamented with steel beads, a most effective and fashionable style of jacket.

The Zouave, in cloth, cashmere, and velvet, ornamented with braid, and steel or bugle beads interspersed. The illustration represents an entirely novel style of trimming, being an insertion of velvet ornaments cut in the shape of vine leaves, and edged either with steel lustrée or garnets, and is one of the prettiest productions of the season.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOME OF THE MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Philadelphia: C. Sherman & Son, Printers, 1861.

An address delivered before the Phrenakosmian Society of Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa. In the brief space of forty pages, Mr. Hart has crowded a large number of most excellent hints and suggestions for literary and professional men, that we sincerely wish all for whose benefit they are made could read. Under seven heads, he discourses of "Health," so much neglected by students and men of all the learned professions; of the importance of acquiring a habit of being "beforehand with whatever is undertaken;" of the mistake committed by so many young men, of not "holding on to the calling or profession which they choose;" of the use and advantage of having "some fresh intellectual acquisition always on hand;" of the "mistake of limiting too strictly your studies to your own speciality, or your intercourse to your own set or caste;" of the importance of "cultivating the art of conversation;" and of the "duty of cultivating good manners." Each one of these heads is presented with a clearness and common sense force, that carries conviction; and we thank Mr. Hart, in the name of our literary and professional brethren, for a good work, well and gracefully done. The

style of the address is finished and scholarly, as is every thing from the writer's pen.

THE LAST POLITICAL WRITINGS OF GENERAL NATHANIEL LYON, U. S. A.: with a sketch of his Life and Military Services. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

The memory of General Lyon has, through his services and untimely death, become dear to his countrymen. One of the early martyrs in this sad war, his death struck pain into thousands of hearts; and the public mind is yet far from being satisfied with the circumstances attending his loss. The volume now issued, contains a brief memoir, an account of his military services, and the incidents attendant on his death at Springfield, Mo., also a series of ably written political articles. Among the eminent men who have expressed an interest in the publication of the volume, may be mentioned the Hon. Geo. Bancroft, who remarks in a note to the editor:—"I trust you will succeed in raising a memorial to your friend General Lyon, whose military services were beyond all praise; whose character, as you described to me, was beautifully earnest; and whose sad death reflects infinite honor on his own memory, and, I fear, shame on those who left him to fall a martyr to his duty, his patriotism, his seal, and the disinterested, natural self-sacrificing element of his character."

THE LAMPLIGHTER'S STORY, HUNTED DOWN, and other Nouvellettes. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A collection in a single volume of over four hundred pages, of a number of short stories, known, or supposed to be written, by the author of "Pickwick." For "Hunted Down," which appeared originally in the New York Ledger, Dickens is said to have received five thousand dollars. The "Haunted House," one of the author's Christmas books, is included in this volume.

THE GUEST'S PROPHECY. A Tale of Real Life. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Announced as being "printed from the manuscript of Mrs. Southworth, which the American publishers have just received from Europe, where this talented American authoress has been residing for the last few years."

THE RECREATIONS OF A COUNTRY PARSON. Second Series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

One of the books that always have loving readers. It is for the closet, or for calm hours. An evening book, when we shut out the world. A book to make us think more truly of life, and with a larger charity for our fellow men. It is worth a dozen of the ordinary miscellaneous issues of the press.

POEMS BY JOHN G. SAXE, complete in one volume. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

In dainty blue and gold we have the poems of Saxe, and they are worthy of the good company which the publishers have brought together in their elegant edition of the poets of England and America.

Peterson & Brothers have published an edition of "GREAT EXPECTATIONS," by Dickens, at 25 cents.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

"Well, it's no concern of mine; every man must look out for himself in this world. The family must shift for itself as it can."

This was the very benevolent and comprehensive rejoinder of Richard Gresham, to his wife, as he threw himself back in his arm chair, and complacently reflected that his position and establishment in the world, stood on a solid and glittering foundation of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

This remark was made in reply to a disclosure of Mrs. Gresham's, respecting a merchant and former friend of Richard Gresham's, with whom he had had intimate business relations once, under whose roof and at whose table he had been a frequent and welcome guest.

But it happened, as it frequently does to the children of men, that a great and sudden commercial crisis brought dismay and ruin to the house of this business friend of Mr. Gresham's; and afterwards the latter gentleman had lost sight of him for several years.

But that day, Mrs. Gresham had come upon the subsequent history of the family, through some mutual acquaintances. It was harrowing enough. With the utter failure of his house, the husband and father, whose life was passing out of its prime, had sunk into a morbid and despondent frame of mind, from which nothing could arouse him, not even the tears of his delicate wife, and his beautiful and tenderly reared daughters.

Every year they sank lower. As the father's mind and health failed him, he resorted to stimulants, and died at last without giving sign or token. The family was left in utter poverty. The girls had

not been taught to be self-centred, and self-dependent; and their battle with a world of whose hard and dark side they had no experience, was terrible.

Two taught music; and two opened infant schools in the neighborhood where they lived. They wore but poorly patronized, and only by a hand to hand battle with poverty, kept the gaunt wolf from their door.

And Mr. Gresham had listened to this story as he sat in his elegant back parlor that evening, before the crimson glow of the grate fire, which had not been kindled for its warmth, only for the æsthetic enjoyment which it afforded; and if a sentiment of pity or regret stirred his heart for a moment, he coolly stifled it with the reflection that it was no concern of his; and that every man made his own bed in this world.

"But, my dear, it must be terrible to come down so!" said Mrs. Gresham, in a half pitying, half regretful tone; for she was a very fashionable lady, and any generous instincts and sympathies she had ever possessed had been mostly eaten out of her, by selfishness, and worldly, and wicked ambitions.

"Of course, it's very bad, my dear. Nobody denies that; "but there are a great many bad things in the world that we can't mend, so there is no use in being distressed over them," and Mr. Gresham stirred the pyramid of glowing coals, until the sparks leaped up, and fell down a great shower of jewels; and it never entered into the heart of this childless man and woman, sitting in their stately room, that they might in some delicate and kindly way lift any of the burdens which had fallen so heavily on the heart of the widow and her daughters.

It is terrible to think how many people there are in the world just like these, so narrow, and selfish

and indurated that they never can receive into broad, generous pity, or sympathy, any one beyond their immediate relatives; that the saddest and most harrowing tales of sorrow and suffering, meet from them only a cool, "Well, it's no concern of mine! I can't meddle with other people's business!"

Oh, miserable, contemptible selfishness! Oh, cold and barren heart, that only throbs for your own joys and sorrows; shame and humiliation be your lot, that the suffering of others, is "no concern of yours;" that you have no well-springs of tenderness in your soul—that "self" is the great centre and idol of your life!

There are people who can listen to the most harrowing tales of wrong, injustice, and oppression, without a flash of honest indignation—who can listen to tidings of suffering and anguish, which are enough to rend the heart, and yet be totally unimpressed by the most appalling pictures—men and women who would open their eyes very wide at being called selfish or hard-hearted; but who never go out of themselves. As if the sorrows of others were not in a measure ours—as if God, the righteous Judge, and loving Father of the world, had not linked all our humanity together by common interests and instincts—by the same mighty hopes and fears—by the same perils, and needs, and weaknesses; and by the same death and judgment!

The common saying, that "no man can carry the world on his shoulders," in no wise conflicts with what we have said. Nobody, of course, can shed tears over every object of distress that he meets, or sink into despondency over every tale of suffering that he hears, without falling into a state of weak and maudlin sensibility; and there is a side of the world so dark and fearful—so full of all misery and anguish, that if a generous nature dwelt continually upon it, the result would only be loss of all enjoyment and happiness, and in the end, insanity!

Who could sit down with any enjoyment to a bountiful dinner, if his thoughts continually went after the thousands of half starving men and women in the world—after the little children crying for a crust of bread; who, on a bitter cold night, could ever take any comfort in the warmth of his own fireside, and the cluster of loving faces around it, if there rose up constantly before him the pale, wan faces of women and little children, blue and shivering with cold! No, thank God, we do not carry the world on our shoulders; and a right and grateful recognition and enjoyment of our own blessings need not make us narrow and hard-hearted!

But, the greater one's possessions and resources, the more does he owe the world; and especially has the rich man no right to live for himself, solely. One often wonders just how such men as Astor and Vanderbilt must feel, when they remember their wealth, and the great responsibilities thereof!

What good that wealth might compass! What suffering it might relieve! And then to feel, with a few more years flashing rapidly through the loom of time, that all that wealth shall be to them dust and ashes; and their vast wealth which has been the envy of so many of their fellow men, shall be counted to them as gain or loss, according as they have used it!

Dear reader, where would be the hope of heaven, which is the one Light pouring its soft and blessed lustre, from afar in the east, over the world's darkened pathway, if the Redeemer thereof, walking among men two thousand years ago, had turned away in disgust and despair, "They must take care of themselves!"

And you who would follow in the path which His feet first beat along the rough and thorny highways of the world, never take to your hearts and lives, the barren and selfish spirit of this maxim, "Each man for himself!" V. F. T.

JANUARY.

The ringing of the bells of time—the birth-day of the year! In the soft, white flannels of snow; with the crystal fringes of ice, and the dainty ermine of frosts, the New Year comes to receive her greeting, and Good Cheer from all of our hearts.

Oh year, solemn is thy coming in our midst—great are the burdens which are laid on thy fair young shoulders—strength be given thee for the bearing thereof. Full of all fair and loving prophecies be thy springs—beautiful thy summer, and golden thine autumns.

God grant there be no failure in thine early or thy latter rains—no blight nor mildew on thy fields—no failure in thy crops or thy fruitage!

And may we make of thy days, oh Year, golden ladders which shall reach heavenward—may we sow in thy dawn true and noble aims and resolves, which shall bear a harvest that shall last after all the harvests of the years of this world are dust and ashes. V. F. T.

We take pleasure in giving to our readers the following beautiful little sonnet from the pen of one whom we love. There is a great and solemn lesson done up in this graceful drapery of rhyme.

V. F. T.

SOMETIME.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

"Yes, when the war is over," so he said.

"And shall we wait for all our joys till then?"

"Yes;" and he lightly laughing, shook his head

To a fair friend across the room; and when

He still kept smiling in his talk. I thought,

Might we but say with just as little pain,

"When life is over," and, alas, why not?

When, grown impatient of our meagre gain,

We make complaining of our lowly lot,

And ask, "Were all our fair ideals meant

To mock us only?" and our souls cry, "Nay,

We shall find true the visions of to-day,

Why not, hiding no pain, smile so and say,

"When life is over, yes," and rest content.

THE COMING YEAR.

We look hopefully into the coming year, yet not without a sense of shrinking in view of the fiery ordeal through which our nation has yet to pass. To us, it has never seemed that our people have realized in any adequate degree the imminence of their peril, nor the strength of the power with which they were contending. As we write, the nation is giving new evidence of its great resources, and in striking a blow on the very soil where treason was born and nourished into monstrous life, has done much to dishearten and cripple its enemies. It has commenced a steadily aggressive movement, after prudent delay in gathering together its large resources and from this time forth, we may look for one advance after another, and for a certain outcrushing of the rebellion. But, we must not be too confident in our strength, nor calculate too much on the weakness of our foe. He is strong—very strong, even under all disadvantages—and will fight with a desperate fierceness and inhumanity, that must often hurt us with sad losses.

In contrasting the condition of our nation today, with what it was one year ago, even though now in the midst of a fearful war, how much there is for encouragement and hope. Then, we seemed drifting, almost helplessly, to ruin. The government, with all of its resources, was in the hands of those who had long plotted its destruction. Our little army was scattered, and remote; our ships of war afar off on distant stations; our arms distributed to those who meant to use them in our overthrow; our national treasury plundered and bare—and, worse than all—public sentiment in the loyal states divided, and, in many instances, hesitating or demoralized. Thousands of sympathizers with treason, in the north and west, were acting in wicked concert with their confederates at the south. True men, who looked below the surface, and comprehended the exact state of things, shuddered at the peril in which we stood. But, how is it to-day? The whole north and west stand united, and with all their vast resources pledged to maintain the Union. An army of five hundred thousand men is in the field—a large navy hovers along the coast from Virginia to Texas. Money is poured into the national treasury like water, and the people pledge the government to millions of men, if needed, and thousands of millions of dollars. The national heart is aroused, and beats in stronger pulses than ever before. With one voice it is declared, that rebellion must be put down, and our flag float as before, from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

As a nation, we are stronger four-fold than when we first grappled with the monster, and we shall, as we wrestle, grow stronger and stronger until victorious on every field. And so, in the coming year, if we have sorrow and pain, we shall have triumph also. Long before its close, may the word "Peace" be flashed over the wires from the centre to the circumference of the land; but not a peace tainted with even the smallest concession to wrong.

We take from the Boston *Transcript* the following spirited poem. It is, we believe, from the pen of the author of "Mother Goose for Old Folks," one of the most graceful books of parodies in the language.

THE ARMY OF THE KNITTERS.

Far away in your camps by the storied Potomac.
Where your lances are lifted for Liberty's weal.
As the north-wind comes down from the hills of the homeland,
Say, catch ye the clash of our echoing steel?
Our hands are untrained to the touch of the rifle,
They shrink from the blade that grows red in the fight:
But their womanly weapons leap keen from their sheathing,
And the work that they find they will do with their might.

Your host that stands marshalled in solemn battalion's,
Beneath the dear flag of the stripes and the stars.
Hath as loyal a counterpart here at our hearthstones,
As ever went forth to the brunt of the wars!

Uplift in your strength the bright swords of your fathers!
Repeat for yourselves the brave work they have done!

We've the *side-arms* our mothers wore proudly before us,
And the heart of the field and fire-side is one!

We rouse to the rescue! We've mustered in thousands!

We may not march on in the face of the foe:
Yet, while ye shall tramp to the sound of the battle,
Foot to foot we'll keep pace wheresoever ye go!


Ay, soul unto soul, are we knitted together!
By link upon link, in one purpose we're bound!
God mete us the meed of our common endeavor,
And our differing deeds with one blessing be crowned!

GENIUS AND LABOR.

In the address of Professor Hart, referred to in our review department, are some excellent remarks touching the qualities of mind that create success. They are so full of right incentive to the honorably ambitious, that we give the passage in which they are contained—

"We talk a great deal about genius. What we say is no doubt all very fine. But much as it may seem to you to be letting the subject down, depend upon it, you will not go far astray practically, if you define genius to be an extraordinary capacity for labor. I know well enough that such a definition does not exhaust the idea. But I have taken some pains to investigate the problem of the productions of genius, and the nearer in any given case I have been able to get at the very interior essence of things, the more have I been satisfied that no worldwide greatness was ever achieved, except where there has been a prodigious capacity for work. Genius, at least that kind which achieves greatness, is not fitful. It has an iron will as well as an eagle eye. This is not indeed the idea of genius that young men are wont to imagine. They picture to themselves rather the sudden erratic

flash, that blazes upon the world without premonition and without adequate cause. It was once the fashion, for instance, to represent Shakespeare as a sort of inspired spendthrift, who dashed off his Plays with negligent and wanton ease, in the mere exuberance and riot of a heaven-gifted intellect. But a more careful investigation has dispelled this illusion. So far as anything is certainly known of the life of the great Dramatist, it all points the other way. It shows him to have been rather a man of care and method, of decided thrift in regard to worldly affairs, and of patient, almost plodding industry. Doubtless there was in the man at times portentous energy and fire, the fervid glow and heat of first conception in the original composition of his Plays. But there was also the slow, toilsome, and patient finishing and working up. Shakespeare appears in fact to have been more than twenty years in bringing his Plays gradually to maturity and perfection, so that they may be called a growth rather than an instantaneous creation."

 Mrs. Browning's "Forced Recruit at Solferino," suggests the unhappy condition of many Union loving men who have been compelled to enter the southern army. As we read the touching incident, which the poet has thrown into sublime measure, we feel, in turning from Italy to America, an intense throb of indignation against the abettors of a treason, the wickedness of which has no parallel in history.

A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see!) never was loaded,—
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands,—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily; spare me
A ball in the body, which may
Deliver my heart here and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away."

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay,—but easy for men to die scorn
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazen the brass with their names.


But he,—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.


'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons.
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.


That moves you? nay, grudge not to show it
While digging a grave for him here.
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory: let *him* have a tear.


To him that goes to law, says a sufferer, nine things are requisite: in the first place, a good deal of money; secondly, a great deal of patience; thirdly, a good cause; fourthly, a good attorney; fifthly, a good counsel; sixthly, a good evidence; seventhly a good jury; eighthly a good judge; and ninthly, good luck.


"Try to learn this wholesome lesson: To meet the peculiarities of those with whom you associate, so as to soften down the asperities of temper, to heal the wounds of morbid feeling, and to make the current of life run smoothly; so far as you have power, to cast the oil of peace upon its waters."


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 See description of premiums on second page of cover.

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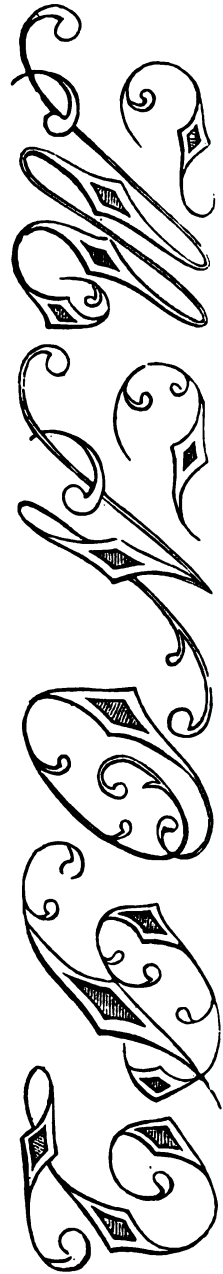
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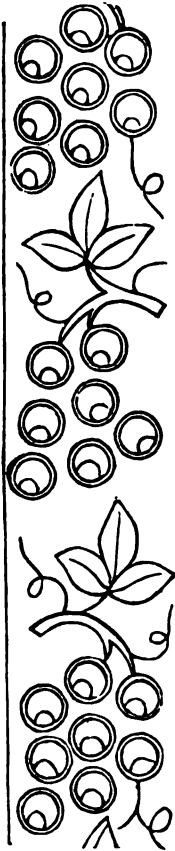
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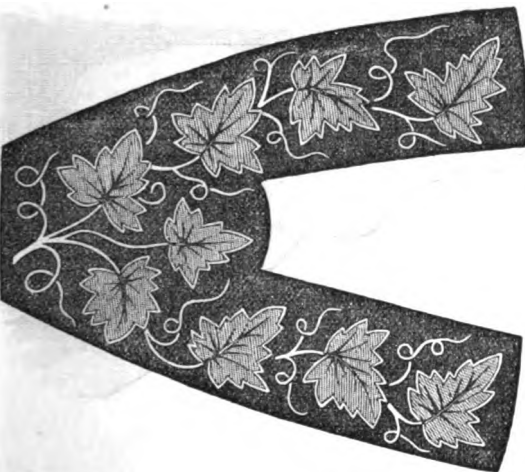
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LETTERS FOR MARKING.



INSERTION.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



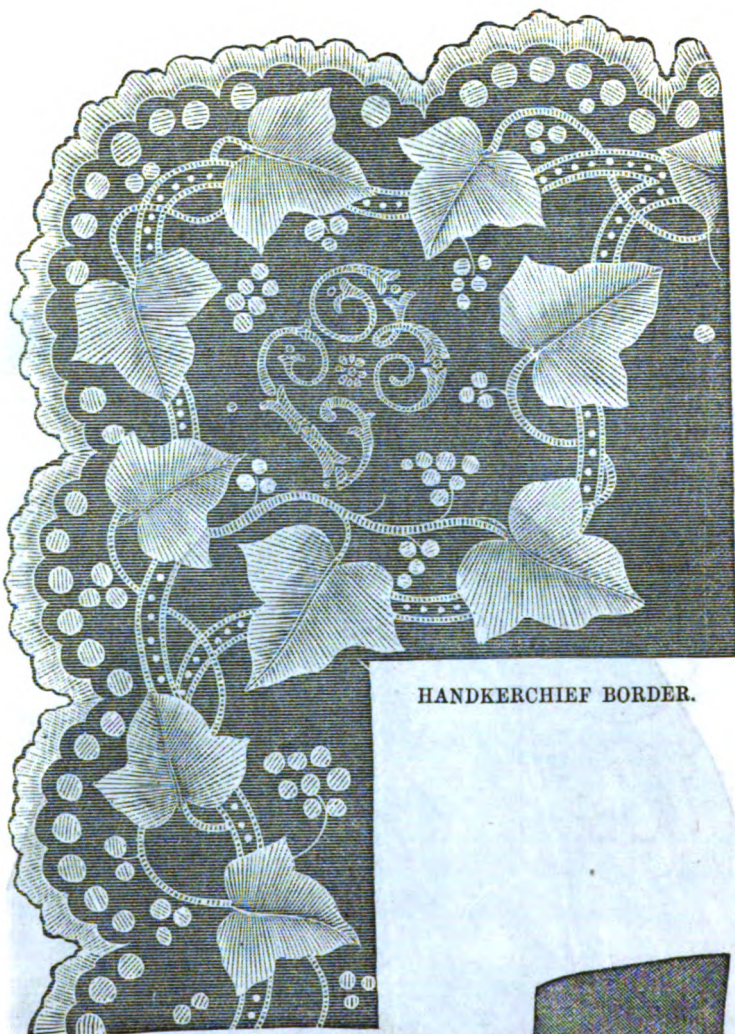
HOME COSTUME.

STREET COSTUME.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.



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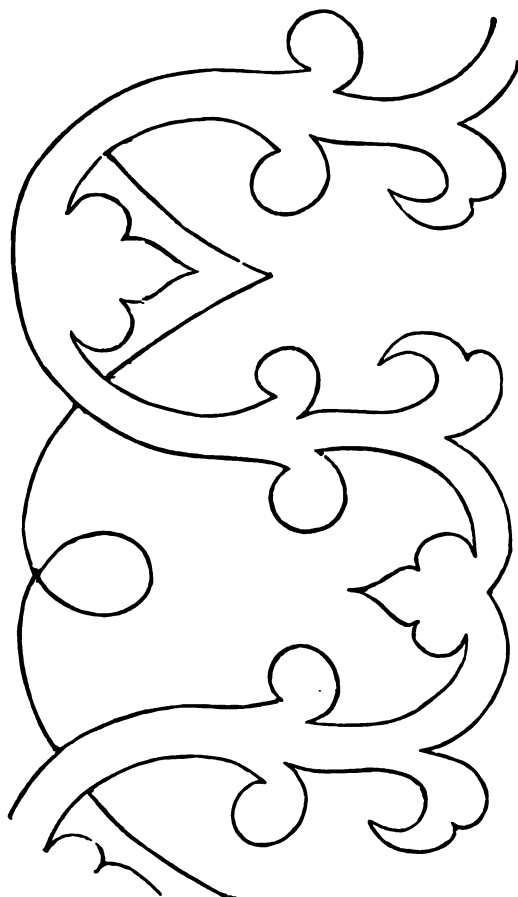
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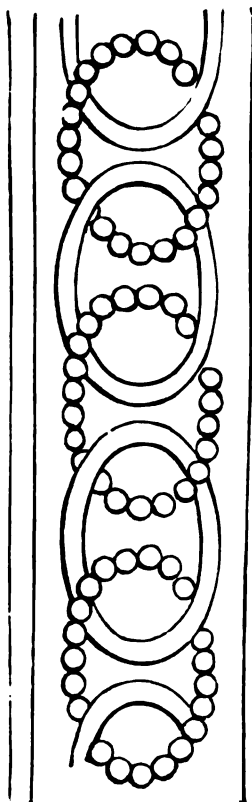
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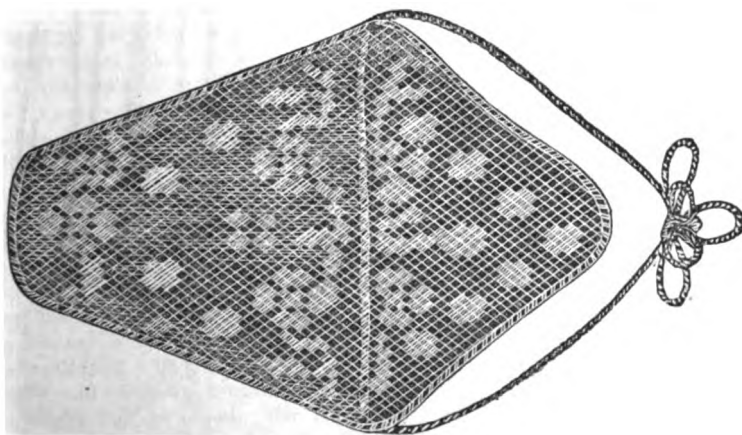
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BRAIDING PATTERN.



INSERTION.



WATCH HOOK IN EMBROIDERED NETTING.



ROBE DE CHAMBRE.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1862.

The Guardian Angel.

BY J. L. M'CREEKY.
CHAPTER I.

"Does Nellie love mamma?"

"Yes, mamma."

And the child's arms went twining about the mother's neck.

"Will you love mamma when she gets to be old?"

"Yes, mamma."

And the golden curls rested upon the mother's bosom. Mother and child remained in mutual caress—the one soon lost in sleep, the other lost in thought.

We are no romance writer, and if we were, there is no romance to be woven into our simple story. Carrie Morgan, the thoughtful mother of the sleeping child, would afford the most imaginative novelist but few materials from which to form a heroine. She had no "stately form," nor "queenly bearing;" she had no very "lofty brow" to indicate a "commanding intellect;" her lips were not very "ruby," and her teeth were no more (though perhaps no less) like "pearls" than those of ordinary women. She was simply an earnest, but quiet, undemonstrative little woman, who had now for nearly five years been the faithful and affectionate wife of Henry Morgan.

Sitting there, with her child in her arms, her thoughts wandered back to her own childhood days. Yet memory found little there upon which it was pleasant to dwell. Her father was a hard, worldly man; a strong, hale, robust man, whose boast it was that he never had known a day's sickness in his life. Her mother, on the contrary, was constitutionally weak and ailing, but withal, mentally, morally, and *spiritually*, a woman of whom any man might well be proud. Her father possessed a competence, but desired a fortune; and he appeared to think it very unreasonable

in his wife to persist in being so feeble and sickly—which was the principal obstacle in his way to wealth. At last, as the indistinct vision of a new-made grave began sometimes to glimmer upon him, a servant-girl was procured to bear a part of the household burden; but it was too late. It might not have been too late, had he been able to furnish also what to her was still more necessary—gentleness, forbearance, sympathy, instead of coldness, reserve, and ill-suppressed dissatisfaction. So she died.

About a year afterwards, Carrie's father married again—a lynx-eyed, hawk-nosed, wafer-lipped, peaked-chinned old maid, whom he had often pointed out to his former help-meet as a model housekeeper. Before another year rolled round—not to dwell upon unimportant matters—he died.

The bereaved widow exhibited Christian resignation, under a visitation of Providence which made her at once mistress of more wealth than she had been able to rake and scrape together during a life of industry and economy—which in her case had degenerated into *stinginess*.

Of the children, the three eldest were boys. They had inherited from their father various degrees of hard-heartedness, and had already gone forth into the world, abundantly able to make their way through it. The next in years, a girl named Isabel, possessed all her father's ambition and love of power, with much of her mother's intellect, imagination and feeling, but little of her integrity and regard for principle. She ran through her patrimony in splendid style, just in time to form a matrimonial alliance with a scion of one of the "first families," whom she married for his wealth, and who married her for the same reason. Mutually deceived and equally obstinate, a divorce was soon procured. Resuming her maiden name, Isabel Austin

emerged from matrimony, a vociferous expounder of the wrongs of women, a prominent and able apostle-ess of socialism; and those who were prejudiced against her represented her as advocating other isms, still less reputable.

Carrie Austin, the youngest of the family, remembered but little of her mother, and could recollect little of her father that she cared to remember. In form, features and disposition, she was entirely her mother's child, and inherited, also, her physical weakness and feeble health. Year by year, it was a wonder to all that she lived; but at length it became evident that the rough treatment and coarse fare which fell to her lot while living with her skeleton step-mother, strengthened, instead of destroying, her physical powers. Yet she was far from being healthy, and perhaps never knew what it was to pass a day without positive pain.

Worse for her own happiness than even this, she grew up with false notions and prejudices. She very naturally judged the world at large, from what it had been her lot to see of it. Virtue, purity and affection, were too much a part of herself to be easily eradicated from her heart; yet there was nothing to call them into action. Gentle smiles and loving words were things she never saw or heard; but from her own daily life they seemed as far away as heaven. So she grew up, morbid and intense in feeling, while evermore from within went up the wail of a starving soul.

Her father's death was sudden and unexpected, so no will had been made. The grasping step-mother and the elder children had taken the "lion's share" of the property, and what little had originally been left for Carrie, was gradually falling into their clutches. She had reached her teens, when she began to perceive her deficiencies in scholarship, and determined to claim her own portion of the property, (what was left of it,) and expend it in obtaining an education. A thirst for knowledge, quick of apprehension, and unceasing in her application, she soon outstripped her companions; though the studies of her choice were of a nature more solid than showy. Then she went forth into the wide, wide world, to work her way through it as best she might.

The romance of her life came at last. Henry Morgan, a handsome, talented, ambitious young man, fresh from college, just admitted to the bar, with "a good start in the world," and the future bright before him, was attracted by the straight-forward simplicity and strong common

sense of the lonely orphan. After a very short acquaintance, his own generous heart, and a sentiment of romance with which he was tinctured, prompted him to break through the worldly maxims which might have been expected to bear upon one of his profession, and he offered her his hand. Surprised and embarrassed by her impetuous lover's passionate protestations, she yet took counsel of prudence, and asked time for consideration. It was unwillingly granted; meantime she studied him well. She became convinced that he was a young man of honor and principle, kind in disposition, and generous to a fault; pure in heart, and every way worthy the love of any woman. The result was favorable to the young lawyer, and upon the matter being taken into Court, judgment was given in favor of the plaintiff. Sweet was "Love's young dream"—doubly sweet to the maiden, whose cup of life had hitherto been filled to the brim with wormwood. And with joyousness of heart came renewed physical health and strength. The earth was all brightness, and life all beautiful, while the lovers dwelt upon enchanted isles. What was the world to them?

So they were married.

CHAPTER II.

Any of our readers who have traversed the Father of Waters, must have been exceedingly struck with the difference in the stages of vegetation along the route. Starting from New Orleans on a warm summery morning, with all nature in beauty and bloom, on arriving, in a few days, at Dubuque or St. Paul, the climate and the vegetation indicate that there, winter's chill reign has not ceased. Still, upon comparing any two adjacent landing-places, it would be impossible for the most critical observer to determine, from appearances, which was in the coldest latitude. So gradual is the change.

We deem it superfluous to explain our parable, when we compare matrimony to a voyage up the Mississippi river.

If we have been fortunate enough to retain the attention of any of our fair married lady readers to this point in our story, we need not endeavor to describe to them how gradually and imperceptibly the warmth of the young husband's ardent affection too often decreases; how, by degrees, the gentle, appreciative words, the little acts of kindness are omitted; till at length the husband, with whom familiarity has bred contempt, or something nearly akin thereto, addresses and treats his wife with

less consideration and respect than he does his neighbors or chance acquaintances. On comparing this week with last, no difference can be perceived; but comparing either week with the wedding week, and how vast the difference! To those who have witnessed or experienced all this, it need not be described; to those who have not, it cannot be.

We will not, then, attempt to narrate how happily the hours sped by, for a season, with Harry Morgan and his happy bride; how by and by, when business pressed, an evening or two of the week was spent at "the office;" how sometimes he strayed "down town" of an evening to discuss politics, or whatever other topic might prove interesting; till by and by, nearly all his waking hours were spent either at "the office," or "down town." By the time they had been married three years, hardly an evening in the week was spent by Harry Morgan at home in company with his wife. So the romance fast faded out of her life, left day after day, and evening after evening, alone in her silent room.

We should have mentioned, some time since, that the career of Isabel Austin had culminated in her writing a book, in which all the wrongs of woman, and all the evils of society, and all the woes of humanity, were pictured in glowing colors. What remedy she proposed for all these ills, it was not easy to determine; nor whether it did, or did not, include a complete abolition of the matrimonial tie. Being herself a "strong-minded" woman, she had quite a coterie of followers among the weak-minded of both sexes. Hearing that her sister Carrie had "married well," she forwarded a copy of her book, followed by herself as a commentary. I think it afterwards leaked out, in some way, that she had declared it a part of her mission to convert Harry Morgan. Her sister she apparently did not consider worth converting. Perhaps, in her heart, she had no more faith in woman's equality with man, than some others, who did not say so much about it.

Her first inquiry was whether Harry, (for so she persisted in calling Mr. Morgan from the beginning,) had read "her book." Finding he had not, she extorted from him the promise that he would read it; a promise which it is doubtful whether he kept—at least, she appeared to doubt it, for she read the whole of it to him afterwards, in successive instalments, as "specimens of her style." Then came arguments upon her doctrine; and where Harry was not overpowered by her reasoning, he assuredly was by her volubility. He laughingly declared

that he was not afraid of any living lawyer, at the bar; but acknowledged that he felt obliged to retire before the discharge of her verbal artillery,—which admission she immediately used as an argument *ad hominem*, to prove woman's superiority or fitness for the legal profession.

But Belle Austin was a dashing, showy woman—in short, the world called her a splendid woman; and so far as external appearances were concerned, the world was not very far wrong. And by and by, Mr. Morgan caught himself—or might have caught himself, had he been on the watch over himself—comparing the two sisters, and wishing his wife had a little more of the vivacity and animation of Isabel. If to Carrie's good qualities of head and heart, were added Isabel's superior powers of mind and tongue, he fancied she would be better fitted to adorn the station he was destined by and by to occupy—for Mr. Morgan was ambitious. At length—probably Harry himself could best tell when or how—he discovered that Isabel's voice could be dropped to the minor key. Indeed, she said she had gentle tones for those she loved. Harry found she had gentle tones for him.

Remember, this did not strike Harry Morgan in the broad, farcical, half-ridiculous light in which it now appears to us, who narrate or listen to the story. He was one of the *dramatis personæ* of the scene, and was in the hands of a woman far his superior in the ways of the world, and in her knowledge of the surface-currents of human passion. She loved, moreover, to exercise her power over others, and to dazzle by reflected light from such men of talent or influence as she could win, for a time, to follow in her train.

She had at first announced her intention to make but a few days' visit; but days became weeks, and weeks lengthened into months. Yet she yielded—whether willingly or unwillingly was not easy to determine—to Mr. Morgan's entreaties to consider his house her home. He had become habituated to taking her to the theatre, the concert, and various places of amusement; and he lived in a perpetual feverish excitement which he did not take the pains to analyze. His wife could have gone with him, of course, at any time, had she only mentioned it; but her quiet, earnest, spiritual nature craved no such stimulus. So she gradually came to occupy the position of her husband's housekeeper, whose office it was to see that his meals were properly prepared, and his household labor performed,

so that his comfort should suffer no detriment. He was not cruel nor unkind, though sometimes he was irritable and petulant. He possessed a feeling heart, that would not allow even a dumb brute to suffer needlessly; yet Carrie Morgan was not so blind as to fail to see that her wishes were often disregarded, and her wants unsupplied, in a manner very different from what they would have been, had she been Isabel Austin.

Mrs. Morgan made no complaint. She longed for sympathy; but if her husband had none for her, there was no one else in the wide world from whom she would claim it. So all day long she was left with her aching heart for her only company. And her headache brought on the headache, and more and more, as day by day passed, she grew weary, and weak, and sad, and sick,—for hers was one of those sensitive organizations in which the condition of the mind is sympathetically reflected upon the physical system. A physician was called, and orders given that no effort nor expense should be spared in order to procure her recovery.

What more could a kind husband do?

CHAPTER III.

So, day by day, the young wife slowly took down, stone by stone, and story by story, the beautiful castles in the air she had been building so long. Star by star went out in midnight darkness, till not a ray was left of all that so short awhile ago lit up the heaven of her delight. Leaf by leaf faded away the flowers of hope which she had woven into elfin bowers on the sunny-side of life, till all the future became a desert, with not a cooling spring in all the dreary waste from which her fainting soul might quench its thirst for human love.

Wearily, sadly—despairing of all but God—she bade farewell to earthly hopes and joys; and day by day, evening by evening, sat in her silent room alone with her headache.

(A very foolish woman, to make so much ado because her husband has ceased to fondle and fawn, and devote himself to her as exclusively as in their honey-moon!

Possibly, *sir*—for no woman could utter such a sentiment; but if you are a *man*, you married, or will marry, your wife for being just so foolish! If not, you are unworthy the love of any woman—wise or other-wise.)

Yet not all alone sat Carrie Morgan. There was little Nellie, a golden-haired child about three years old—a link at once between her mother and earth, and between her father and

heaven. So gentle, affectionate and spiritual, it would be impossible, as well as useless, to try to decide which loved her most. For her sake her father would have died, and her mother would have lived. To love, and watch, and guard her child, the young mother was willing even to “live to be old”—even with her noble, talented husband’s affections stolen from her by her heartless and unprincipled rival.

The child, with a depth of feeling beyond her years, returned her mother’s affection; and promising, in infantile phrase, to love her always, sank to sleep in her mother’s arms. Thus we introduced them to the reader.

The mother sat lost in thought; but was soon aroused by the entrance of her husband, accompanied by Belle Austin, whom he had found, or who had found him, somewhere “down town.” Isabel, to whom the company of Mrs. Morgan appeared to possess few attractions, sailed immediately into the parlor, while Mr. Morgan, finding his wife in the dining-room, exclaimed,

“Hello, Carrie—now have Biddy get supper on the table, as soon as possible. The ‘Dixies’ are going to sing at the Hall to-night, and Belle and I must attend—wont you go along?”

Indisposed both mentally and physically, Mrs. Morgan replied in the negative.

“Well, suit yourself and you’ll suit me; but hurry up that supper, for if we are not on hand early the seats will all be occupied.”

The household Bridget, having taken that afternoon for her visit home, Mrs. Morgan laid her sleeping child upon the lounge in the parlor, where Belle Austin was sitting in state, and returned to the dining-room to prepare the evening meal. The fierce denunciatrix of Woman’s Wrongs could see no wrong in her invalid sister getting supper for her, while she herself sat in idleness. It was only another illustration of the “great spiritual truth,” that “meaner spirits gravitate towards menial avocations.” You could have found that in “her book.”

Mr. Morgan entered the parlor. The syren greeted him with one of her sweetest smiles, which brought him instantly to her side. A lovelier woman than Belle Austin, seated there in queenly grace, her beaming countenance upturned to his, Harry Morgan acknowledged he never had beheld. Compelled by an irresistible impulse, he pressed a kiss upon her not very unwilling lips. It was the first kiss—long coveted, but never taken till now. He

inwardly promised that if she uttered a word of complaint about it, he would give it back. But she didn't.

Just then the touch of an angel's wing awoke the slumbering child. Nellie looked up in quiet wonder, surprised at the unusual demonstrations of mutual affection she had beheld. The voice of Mrs. Morgan was heard, announcing that supper was ready; upon which Belle Austin went forward to the dining-room, while Mr. Morgan, observing that his daughter was awake, delayed long enough to lift her from her couch and take her with him.

With one little arm around his neck, and the other stroking his beard, Nellie inquired, with childish simplicity—

"Do you love Aunt Belle, papa?"

"I shouldn't wonder, child," he said; (but he did wonder.)

"Do you love mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Why don't you kiss *her*, then, sometimes?"

The man could say nothing, but stood trying to remember how long since he had. The child continued her torturing cross-examination.

"Does Aunt Belle love you, papa?"

"I guess so, child."

Nellie seemed to be reflecting a moment, and then inquired—

"Papa, *will she love you when you get to be old?*"

What a world of thought went flashing through the father's mind at those few, simple words! He made no reply, but seated himself at the table, with Nellie in her little chair beside him, and ate in silence. Isabel attempted to rally him on his absent-mindedness; but her raillery met with no response. Conscience was at work; and he seemed "like one who had seen a vision." A vision indeed it was that had flashed upon him;—showing him the shallowness, the frivolity, the total lack of principle in the tempter, whose siren voice had led him on till he had so nearly parted with his integrity and self-respect. He acknowledged to himself, and on the moment trampled under foot, his unworthy and unmanly passion for this beautiful but false-hearted woman, whose attachment for him would not survive the first blast of misfortune. He pictured himself to himself as an aged, gray-haired man, waiting for his final summons to the eternal world. He knew that *then*, not *her* love, but that of the neglected, uncomplaining, devoted *wife*, if his unkindness did not too early sap the springs of life, would

smooth his passage to the grave, and make the twilight of life radiant with the promise of immortality.

Henry Morgan was not in the humor for attending any place of amusement that evening. He furnished another escort for Isabel, and returned to his own deserted fireside. The deep waves of affection again surged over his being, as he took his guardian angel, his little Nellie in his arms, and kneeling beside the lounge on which his gentle wife, pale, sad, and tearful, was lying, acknowledged his error, asked forgiveness, and again laid all the wealth of a still manly, noble, and generous heart at her feet. It is needless attempting to depict the result.

As if at the enchantment of one magic touch, were upbuilt again beautiful castles in the air, more gorgeous than those which, for three years past, she had been slowly pulling down, day by day, and hour by hour, stone by stone, and story by story. The darkling night which had drawn its thick curtains around her soul, was lifted like the morning mist—for the voice of Love had said, "Let there be light!" Bloomed anew the faded flowers of hope, and the desert of life blossomed as the rose.

As for Belle Austin, her visit was soon concluded. The next that was heard of her, she was officiating as President-ess of a "Reform" Convention, on which occasion she announced her intention of writing another book on "Woman's Wrongs." Whether she intends therein to speak of the flagrant and unpardonable wrong she so recklessly and remorselessly inflicted upon her sister, we are not informed.

DELHI, IOWA.

A Lesson for the Times.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"A letter for you, sir."

Mr. Hardrup took the missive, and the servant withdrew. There was a slight nervousness of manner, as he broke the seal, which was soon followed by a word and gesture of displeasure, as he tossed the opened sheet of paper from his hand.

"What is it, dear?" The gentle face of Mrs. Hardrup was turned towards her husband. A quiet seriousness had come over it.

"A note from one of my tenants."

"He wants his rent reduced?"

"Of course. That's the cry on all hands. If things go on at the present rate for a year longer, I shall be charged for the privilege of letting people live in my houses."

"Who is the tenant?" asked Mrs. Hardrup, without seeming to notice her husband's petulant remark.

"Edward Spring. He occupies the house on Murray street."

"Ah! How much does he wish taken from the rent?" There was a sympathetic tone in Mrs. Hardrup's voice.

"He's been paying four hundred dollars, but has the coolness to ask a reduction of one half! Of course, I'll be liberal, and grant his very reasonable request. Ha! ha!" And Mr. Hardrup affected to laugh, but in a disagreeable way.

"What reason does he assign?"

"Oh! there's no lack of reasons. They're as plenty as blackberries. Anybody can pick them up. Loss of trade; bad debts; depreciated securities; ill-health; general depression in business; any of these will answer.

"Are they not sufficient?" Mrs. Hardrup looked soberly at her husband, and there was about her a spirit that disconcerted him.

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," he replied. "A truly honest man will not fall back upon these arguments against paying his debts, or meeting his contracts, unless actual disability exist.

"What does Mr. Spring say?"

"You can read for yourself." And Mr. Hardrup tossed the tenant's letter across the table, to his wife. She read:—

"I find myself unable longer to pay four hundred dollars a year rent. I am doing no business at all, so to speak, and other resources, which I have depended on, are cut off entirely. For the next year, two hundred will be as much as I can possibly pay. After that, if times change for the better, I hope to be in a less straitened condition. I have no wish to leave your house; but, as things are, I cannot pay the price you ask for it. You may think it best for me to remain for the present, as houses are not easily rented; and I should prefer remaining to meeting the trouble and expense of moving. Perhaps, at the end of a year, I may find myself able to pay the old price."

"That is straight-forward and honest," said Mrs. Hardrup.

"It's straight-forward enough. As to the honesty, I am not competent to decide. Words are cheap, and as easily constructed into falsehood as truth. Where two hundred dollars can be made by writing a short letter like that, few men are proof against the temptation."

Mrs. Hardrup dropped her eyes away from her husband's face, and sighed, as she looked down at the floor.

"Already," said Mr. Hardrup, knitting his brows, and speaking in a tone of complaint, "my income has been diminished over two thousand dollars through reduction of rents alone. This is frightful! Where is it to end?"

"Shall we not bear our part of this national calamity, John—our part of the loss and suffering?" Mrs. Hardrup's face warmed, and there was a tremor of feeling in her voice.

"We shall have to bear it, whether we are willing or not," answered her husband, coldly.

"Thus far, John, we have really suffered nothing—borne nothing," said Mrs. Hardrup.

"While fortunes have been wrecked, and homes desolated in thousands of instances, the storm has not torn a vine from our windows, nor broken a flower in our garden. So far as this home is concerned, not a comfort has been abated—not a privation endured."

Mr. Hardrup lifted his brows in half surprise, as he turned to look into his wife's animated face.

"And shall we fret and murmur because, in the natural effort at adjustment, when things are disturbed, something of our abundance goes to supply the lack in others? Our case is very much better than that of Mr. Spring. Home comforts have not only been touched with him; but his most precious things are taken."

"What precious things?" The voice of Mr. Hardrup, though still cold, was slightly touched with interest.

"His children."

"Oh!" The tone was softer.

"Three sons are in the army. I saw Mrs. Spring for a few minutes, to-day. As you suggested, I called at Goodyear's to order a garden hose, and met her there. What do you think she was buying? Three India rubber blankets, to send to her boys in camp. Tears stood in her eyes as she talked with me about them. Her Joseph, she said, was so young—not much over seventeen—and never a very strong boy. But, when his brother enlisted, he could not be held back. 'We could have prevented it,'

she said, 'but I had not the heart to do so. And then, you know, the country must be saved; and only through battle can that now be done. I have given my children to God and their country, and may never see them on this side of Heaven again.' Her voice choked, and she turned from me. Ah, my husband! it is here that this war is felt. We are in

security. Our house stands firm. The cloud curtaining our sky is not thick enough to hide the warming sunshine. The weight which has fallen upon us is light—very light; and shall we grow impatient under the burden? No, no, my husband! In accepting our share of this great calamity, let us be thankful that it is so easy to be borne; and not only thankful, but ready to help others, who are staggering in the way, and ready to fall. Don't let Mr. Spring move. Rather, let him live rent free for a year. I would prefer having our horses and carriage sold, to seeing that family disturbed. Why, now that I think of it, John"—Mrs. Hardrup's voice became earnest, almost to enthusiasm—"is it just right for us to keep our carriage, at an expense of four or five hundred dollars a year, when we might use that sum in so many ways, in aid of the government?"

Mrs. Hardrup stopped, suddenly. She felt that she was pressing her husband a little too closely, and looked for some half angry or impatient answer. But Mr. Hardrup, who had dropped his eyes while his wife was speaking, continued with them cast upon the floor. He had two sons, boys of twelve and fourteen years of age, away from home, at school, and his life was very much bound up in them. As his wife spoke of Mrs. Spring and her sons, his thought went to these boys, and he imagined them older by a few years. How could he bear to see them subjected to the discipline, hardships, and privation of the camp, or set up as human targets, to be shot at? The father shivered in every nerve.

There was silence for some minutes, and still Mr. Hardrup sat, looking at the questions which had disturbed him from a new standpoint, and losing every moment something of the selfish hardness by which he had been influenced a little while before.

"You will not let Mr. Spring move," said Mrs. Hardrup, in a gentle, but serious voice, breaking in upon her husband's abstracted state.

He raised his eyes, and looked at her for a few moments; and then, without answering, took a sheet of paper, and wrote on it a few lines, with his pencil.

"Will that do?" And he pushed the writing towards his wife. She read:—

"Pay what you can; but don't leave the house. The man who has three sons in this war, is entitled to consideration. May you receive them all in safety, when the strife is over."

"That will do, John," she replied, as she rose up hastily, and, passing to the other side of the table, bent down and kissed him. "I would rather have this note from your hands, than the costliest gift in your power to make me."

An interior calmness, a peace and satisfaction, different in kind from anything Mr. Hardrup had ever experienced, came down upon his spirits. That last sentence, from the lips of his wife, as she stood, with her warm breath still upon his cheek, was very grateful to his feelings—more precious, he felt, than silver or gold.

"I would send it around this evening," said Mrs. Hardrup.

Mr. Hardrup folded the note, slipped it into an envelop, and, after directing it, called a servant, and told him to deliver it at once.

"Hark! How violently that bell did ring!"

They sit expectant.

"Who is it, James?"

"A girl from Mrs. Howell's."

"What does she want?"

"She says Mrs. Howell's had bad news, and wont you and Mr. Hardrup come round there."

"Bad news? What kind of bad news? Where from?"

"It's about her son William, the girl says—he that went with the soldiers."

"Mrs. Hardrup turned pale, as she clasped her hands together.

"What about him, James?"

"He's badly wounded."

"Where?—how? When did it happen?"

"The girl didn't say, ma'am. She's waiting."

"Tell her that we will be round immediately."

The servant retired.

"Oh, dear! here is real trouble," said Mrs. Hardrup, as she arose hastily. "Poor Mrs. Howell! And he was her only son!"

Mr. Hardrup paced the floor with rapid feet, during the few minutes occupied by his wife in a hurried change of dress. He was now thinking of his diminished income, nor of the money losses which the war had occasioned. These things were pushed back as of light importance, compared with what others were called to endure and suffer.

They walked, in silence, to the residence of Mrs. Howell, only a few blocks distant. The white, ghastly face, that met their eyes on entering, was a vision to haunt the memory for years.

"Oh, my son!—my boy!—my poor, poor

boy!" exclaimed, in wild, sobbing tones, the wretched mother, as they came into her presence.

"What of him, my friend?" asked Mrs. Hardrup.

"Have you not heard? Oh, dear! Oh, my poor boy! His arm carried off by a cannon shot! Oh, my son!—my son! That I should live to see this day!"

In the calmer mood, that succeeded to this paroxysm of distress, Mrs. Howell communicated the intelligence of a battle in Western Virginia, which had just been received. Her son was in one of the companies engaged, and his name appeared in the list of killed and wounded. "An arm carried off by a cannon shot—dangerous." This, and no more, for the agonized mother!

"I must go to him, Mr. Hardrup! I must go to my son." There was an appealing look in the face of Mrs. Howell, not misunderstood by Mr. Hardrup. She was a widow, and poor—the widow of an old friend."

"It is a long distance; travel is interrupted in that region, and it swarms with armed men, who set at defiance all the laws of God and man. You cannot go alone, Mrs. Howell."

"I must go to my wounded and suffering boy, Mr. Hardrup, if I walk through the whole distance. Don't object. Don't put hindrances in my way; but, in God's name, help me!" Her eyes glanced upwards a moment.

"I cannot go with you, Mrs. Howell."

"I do not ask that. I can go alone. But——" She paused.

"You have not the means in hand to go," said Mrs. Hardrup.

"I have not, my friend. You know that my income is small. At this moment I cannot command one-fourth of the sum this journey and its purpose will require."

Mrs. Hardrup turned towards her husband.

"When do you wish to start?" he asked.

"To-night. The cars leave at ten. It is now eight."

"There is no hindrance, Mrs. Howell. I will call for you in our carriage, at half past nine, and supply you with everything needed for the sad journey." Mr. Hardrup spoke feelingly, and with no sign of reluctance. The well-springs of his better nature were breaking up.

In her outgushing thankfulness, Mrs. Howell caught his hand, and kissed it. Deep in the heart of his sympathetic pain, Mr. Hardrup felt a thrill of pleasure.

"Write to me," he said, as he parted with

Mrs. Howell, a little while later, that evening, after placing her in the cars. "Write to me, as soon as you reach your son. I am anxious to know his exact condition. And, if you need my help in anything, don't fail to command me."

"That is real trouble," said Mrs. Hardrup, as her husband came in, after seeing Mrs. Howell to the cars, and sat down with her in the pleasant room, where, surrounded with books, and every home comfort, they usually spent their quiet evenings, as really unconscious in their own persons of war's shocks, disasters, and sufferings, as if smiling peace walked tranquilly through every portion of the land.

"Yes, that is real trouble." Mr. Hardrup echoed the words.

"Was it for her own safety that Mrs. Howell made this great sacrifice?" resumed his wife. "Was her home and all her worldly goods in actual peril, that she sent out her son to face the common enemy? She had far less to lose in this respect than you and I; and less to gain in the restoration of peace and order. And yet, what we have so far given to the cause, is as nothing in comparison to her offering. Just think of it. Is not the life of a child more precious than silver or gold? I am glad you helped her so freely. If it had been our own son, standing in the place of hers, would a thought of the money to be expended in going to him, have touched your consciousness for a moment? No, not for a moment. And shall we not give willingly, and in thankfulness, that our own home is spared, to help another in so deep a sorrow?"

"Yes—yes. Your thoughts but echo mine," answered Mr. Hardrup. "Better help a hundred poor mothers to reach their wounded and dying sons, than go upon one such tearful errand of our own. To-night's experience has turned my thoughts in a new direction. God forgive me, that I fretted over a diminished income—that I bore, with so ill a grace, the light burden that is resting on my shoulders, while hundreds of thousands, like the poor widow in Scripture, who cast in all her living, are yielding up their whole possessions."

"And we share the benefit to come from this common sacrifice," said Mrs. Hardrup. "If we lose our national existence—if these wicked enemies prevail, what will be our condition? Will this pleasant home remain to us? Will a remnant of property be left? Who can say? A dismembered nation; war, inspired by the deadliest hate, between the broken fragments;

foreign insult and aggression; violence and wrong, throughout the land. I shudder at the picture! If our enemies prove too strong for us, and only through our apathy is this possible—think of the life that is before our children in the coming years. Better any sacrifice, than this calamity! And now comes the question, my husband—are we doing our part in this great extremity?"

"I fear not, so far as I am concerned," was the outspoken answer. "But, I hold myself instructed by the lesson of to-night; and, in all ways that Providence may indicate, through the teaching of events, will endeavor to do my duty, either in actual deeds, or a cheerful acceptance of whatever may come as my share of the common burden. Better give up all, than lose our country; for, in losing that we suffer the greatest possible calamity."

A Chapter of Life.

BY ELSIE VAUGHN.

"Those who live true life, love true love."

Five years have passed, and I can look back to the old time, now, without a heart-griever, else this had never been told. The time has been, since the orange blossoms drooped against my cheek, when a familiar tone thrilling the chords of memory, would send the warm blood crimsoning into my cheeks; and a whispered name, once sacred to my lips, would throw a chill over me which only that of death can equal. But the spell is broken at last, and my grateful heart cries, "My Lord, I thank thee, that I have been preserved blameless."

It was not profanation when I took the marriage-vow upon me. I promised to love, honor and obey. I could not promise to let no thought of the past disturb my weary heart. I have kept my promise, as the loving eyes testify which are glancing along these lines, when they chance to meet mine; and the warm lips whisper,

"Poor little Elsie, is she happy now?"

When the sunlight of love first blessed my soul, then I learned what a beautiful thing is life; and when I knew that there was another heart which beat in symphony with mine, the world became a Paradise for me. The orphan ward of a maiden aunt, I prized this love the more from my former desolation. It seemed to me a boon direct from Heaven. I hope it was. My life had not been spent in solitude; dear good old aunty dates my bellehip back to the time when I wore pantalettes; but none other

had ever possessed power to waken a single note of gladness in my heart. So when I began to watch his coming, with eager eyes: when his voice would cause my heart to stop its beating, I was wildly glad that I had found something to love.

I remember, one day, when news of the death of a loved one was brought to one of our young friends, her faith was in God; she was not comfortless. Auntie said,

"How well she bears it; I hope you would be thus sustained."

All the rebellion in my passionate nature arose, and I said,

"If Paul should die, I should hate God."

Perhaps it was for this that our paths were separated. Then I thought death the greatest grief; but I have learned my mistake. If Paul had died, my beautiful dream would never have been shattered. I should love him still. Then the long hours of agony would have been spared me. The restless desolation which made life seem as though all the freshness had been swept out of it, would never have fallen on me. So much of my life's energy would not have been spent in useless spirit-groans, and wicked, painful prayers, which God never answered.

I look back with shuddering, to the time when my heart was "a drear Golgotha of passion; an arid waste of despair," made so through death of the love which I once bore Paul, all the more terrible from the passion, and pride, and strength of that love. I marvel that so much could die of my being, and the semblance of life remain. If I had died, he would have said my love was stronger than my soul; I despise the thought of being called weak. When I said to my love, "Down! I will press out the last breath of your life," and from its trembling and quiverings, I hushed it into death-like stillness; then he knew that I was strong—that my will would neither yield to him, nor to any passion.

Oh, the life we pictured to ourselves was fairer than any other ever found, I ween! There were to be no clouds, no dark days for us. We were to have a Heaven on earth, and in our sacrilege we thought either of us would be loth to leave it for the happiness which God could give us. I thought all the wild wretchedness was about to leave me, and I should be at rest. How I loved that word. I, who never knew rest, until I learned to obey God's command, "Be ye not idolaters."

Imperious, proud and exacting, neither of us could yield; neither could forgive. That is

why our idol was shattered—his as well as mine. If I had known that it was unpleasant for him to see gentlemen's names, old school-mates, signed to letters in my possession, they never should have been written. I would have humored even his whims. But when he said to me, his promised wife, who had told him a thousand times how well I loved him. "Elsie, you do not love me. You are a trifling coquette, and you shall not write;" then it was that the curtain dropped away from our future, and I saw plainly, as if in letters of fire, what awaited me as his wife. To have my love questioned, when I loved him more than life; to be told "you shall not!" I said, "No, I do not love you;" and it was true. As sudden as that my love died; it was only its memory that disturbed me afterwards. I tried to forgive him, tried to love him again. I forgive such words! Teach the lioness to forgive one who robs her of her whelps!

When we parted, he wished me a life of happiness. I said, "I shall have it." I did not believe my own words then, for I thought he had robbed me of my treasures, and desecrated the temple. He only taught me my strength; I thank him for it now.

When I married Earnest Malcolm, it was not to punish Paul, nor to gratify my pride. It was because with him I had found that true rest which comes to us so seldom, and I knew there was no man in the world that I could love but him. Yet when they robbed me for my bridal, in the clouds of lace and gauze, I trembled and felt faint at first; for, in my wardrobe hung a black velvet—a regal thing; a single diamond blazed upon its bosom—with gloves, and veil, and pearls. This should have been my wedding dress, and I thought of the one whose arms would have clasped me. One cruel pang; 'twas the dead love struggling for life, and I was calm again and happy. After the ceremony, I thanked God, in silent prayer, that he had given me a true heart to lean upon. When I received our congratulations, I grew pale a little, for the name was a new one, and not what I had thought to hear.

We came to our home at last; it is not the splendid mansion with its elegant appointments that Paul and I were to have had; it is a pleasant bird's nest of a cottage—we are happy here. One evening we were looking at the pictured faces of our friends. I opened the last one that I held; it was my own face with Paul's. We had had them taken so, but I did not know that it was in my possession. It came so suddenly, I suppose, that I fainted;

for when I opened my eyes, the pictures were all put away. As I lay there with my head resting on Earnest's heart, a throng of painful memories rushed over my soul. While he thought me in blissful insensibility, a terrible struggle was going on in my breast. Not between love and duty; they were not discordant, but between the memory of the past and the present. That picture revived the thought of the old time when I had trusted him so. It is terrible to suffer the tortures of misplaced confidence; it is hard to see our idols turn to clay. I thought of what he had been to me. I thought of him in his altered character, when I could see him as he was. Then my soul rose above all weakness, and I knew that never more the thought of Paul would pain me.

And so his wickedness had no power over me, when, the bride of a twelvemonth, I stood again by his side. Accident had placed us so, and in the glare of the lamp-light, and the flow of music, I knew not who was beside me, until the old words were spoken in my ear. Give back the love that he had starved, and I the wife of another! Were there no other dearer to me, I could not call the dead to life; but now I despised him for his baseness. Never again did his presence awaken a thrill in my soul; the spell was broken at last; and though my life has been troubled that I gave my love to one unworthy of it, I am happy now that I had strength to see my false divinity taken away, and a true one established in its place, where I may ever worship—and worshipping, be blest.

The Second Mother.

BY MRS. V. M'CONAUGHY.

A weary time had the three little birdlings in Mr. Helmes' cottage, when she, "the sweet mother dove," had folded her white wings in Paradise. A weary time, for, though their father was a kind-hearted man, his business called him away all day in the city, and when the latest evening train brought him to his home again, but little time was left for converse with his little ones. Their mother had been all the world to them.

"We are all utterly lost without her," said the father to his pastor. "I never had the faculty of arranging matters with the children, of drawing out their confidence, and harmonising all disquieting matters. I have often looked with astonishment on the ease with which she could accomplish all such things,

and felt they were safest in her hands; what can my motherless ones do without her?"

A widow lady, somewhat advanced in life, was warmly recommended by a friend, in whose good judgment Mr. Helmes confided, as a general superintendent of the children and household; and into her hands the little immortal spirits were entrusted. She possessed the commendable habits of economy and industry; but if ever a fair, sweet flower of feeling had blossomed by the doorway of her heart, it had long since withered, and the very root dried up for want of a single dewdrop to refresh it. The little ones soon learned to shrink from the decided tread of her creaking shoes, so different from the soft footfall which used to make their hearts bound with gladness. Soon they found the circle of their simple pleasures grow narrower and still narrower, until there seemed nothing left. She "should not have the floor littered up by all that trumpery;" so their pretty playthings were packed away in a closet, the key of which dangled at Mrs. Terry's side. Even Carrie's precious dolly, little Florence, with her auburn curls, whose dainty wardrobe mother's own sweet fingers had helped to fashion, was shut away, with all her pretty robes, in a broken band-box. Carrie cried a long morning over it, for which bad behaviour she was sharply reproved, and told "how grateful she ought to be, that some one was willing to take pity on her forlorn condition, with no mother to see to anything; and would even put up with so much for the sake of keeping every thing from going to wreck and ruin."

So poor Carrie was silenced, though in her secret heart she wished the disinterested stranger had kept away, and let things go to wreck and ruin. Yet she was the oldest of the flock, and sought as wisely as a child of eight summers could to comfort little Neddie and May. Dear little May, she suffered most, for she was a delicate, timid child, and the four years' gentle nursing on that loving bosom, had little fitted her for the chilling blast in which her spirit shivered now. Her nervous system was too finely strung for its frail casement, and it was plain to the discerning eyes of the new nurse that "the child had been *babied* too much and needed toughening."

Among other failings was an instinctive dread of darkness, and though much tender care had been taken to remove her groundless fears, as yet they had but partially succeeded. This was denounced at once as "a great piece of foolishness," and the little one was taken to

her bed, when kind Aunt Mary was obliged to return to her home again, with never a tender kiss nor a good night blessing.

"Please don't take away the light, nurse, I am so 'fraid of the dark," said the little one.

"Fudge," said the nurse, in a contemptuous tone. "You know just as well as I do, there is nothing in the dark to hurt you. It is all a pretence, and I shall take down the light just as soon as I have put these clothes away."

The child cried out in terror and dismay—

"Oh, I want my mamma to come home."

"Your mother has gone to Heaven, and it is very doubtful whether you will ever go there and see her again, if you are such a naughty girl," was the soothing reply.

The little one's sobs redoubled, and struck like an arrow to the heart of the bereaved father, who was passing through the hall to his own apartment.

"No mother to soothe her now," he thought, as he paused by the partly opened door.

"What is little May crying about?" he asked, kindly.

"I am 'fraid of the dark, papa, and nurse will take the light away. When will my mamma come back, papa?"

A deep, half-smothered sigh was her only answer, as he sat down on the edge of the little bed.

"Will baby go to sleep on the sofa in papa's room, while papa writes?" he asked. A glad cry, and an upreaching of the soft white arms, were a sufficient answer. He bore the little white-robed figure to his own apartment, placing a pillow for her head, and wrapping his shawl about her; then after a few gentle, loving words, he returned to his absorbing cares again. It was enough though, for the little heart beat happily, and soon forgot its troubles in peaceful slumbers. In mercy has "the good All-father" ordered it, that the griefs of childhood should be transient as

— "The dew-drop on the rose—

When next the summer breeze comes by
And waves the bush—the flower is dry."

The little one was not left alone in the dark again, as the father expressly forbade it, and Mrs. Terry was too politic to risk incurring his displeasure. Indeed, that lady daily furnished the few remaining charms she might have supposed herself to possess, with a secret hope in her heart that she might one day command where she now served.

Many months sped on, and little Carrie grew daily more unhappy, her little sister more

fragile, and sturdy Ned, who needed a steady, gentle, restraining hand, more boisterous and rebellious.

But a blessed day dawned on that household. The father brought to his fire-side a second mother for his little ones. The disappointed widow explained the matter to them beforehand, and encouraged them with the assurance, that "now they would find they had to 'stand around.' There would be no more running to father with complaints; if they did it would do no good. They would soon learn that their grumbling had been when they were well off."

It was with no very high anticipations that they watched for the afternoon train, which was to bring the stranger to them. The autumn leaves spread a carpet for the bride, as she walked up the shaded path which led to the door of her new home. The children glanced at her shyly as she entered the parlor. There was no enthusiastic demonstration; but she greeted each one quietly and tenderly, calling them by their respective names. There was no bustle or ceremony, and the children looked up curiously into that clear, frank eye, which met them full and fairly, yet with a quiet, kindly smile. It was only a common face, yet the eye was one which children quickly learn to respect, and on no other foundation can love rest securely.

"A little fire seems pleasant such a chilly day," she said, as she drew off her gloves, and warmed her fingers before the polished grate. "Will Carrie be kind enough to take my bonnet and shawl?" she added, pleasantly.

The little girl came forward with a light step, pleased with the idea that she could be useful, and Mrs. Helmes seated herself by the fire, taking up little May very quietly, and placing her on her knee.

"Can May warm my cold fingers?" she said, with a half smile, as she slipped one fair hand between the little one's small palms. With a bright smile the little one looked up, and there was a quick interchange of magnetic glances. It was a mere touch of a skilful player on that finest of all instruments, the human heart; yet little May was won. She wrapped up both hands, playfully, in her little white apron, and folded her arms above them, looking the picture of content and happiness.

Neddie was not much abashed, and gathering up his six year old courage, inquired, boldly, if "papa had brought them home any presents. Biddy said, he ought to."

"If I am not mistaken, he has not forgotten

you. We will look in the travelling-trunk after supper and see."

"I want my presents now," he persisted.

"I think we had better wait," said the same clear voice, and that calm, blue eye looked with the same steady smile into his. Ned felt that smile, and from that moment knew on which side the power lay.

It was not many days before the house began to wear a different aspect. "Old Shades," as saucy Cousin Will used to call the self-sacrificing Mrs. Terry, had taken her departure, and everything seemed to brighten up. The solemn stiffness which invested even the chairs by the walls, suddenly fled away. But no where was the change more apparent than in the little nursery. Fresh white curtains shaded the windows, looped back by tasteful pink ribbons and rosettes, which the children could never sufficiently admire; a simple chintz-covered lounge was added to its furniture; and above all, the old-time playthings were drawn forth from their hiding-places, to gladden the little hearts which had so often sighed for them.

The new mamma had a wonderful fund of ingenuity in contriving new amusements and playthings, often, by a half hour's skilful use of her bright scissors and shining needle, affording them a whole day's, and even week's enjoyment. Such marvellous cats and kittens as those little scissors could cut out of a bit of gray or black cloth. And then it was perfect witch-work the way those small fingers could fashion over a fragment of cotton flannel into a plump, white rabbit; a pair of red beads for eyes completing the enchantment. It was a unanimous verdict after this astonishing performance, that "mamma knew how to do everything." What a trifle it takes to amuse children, and home-made toys give far more pleasure than more expensive ones, as they exercise a child's talent in contriving and fashioning them. Any one may learn, with slight painstaking, many little arts for making home pleasant to the little ones; and no woman's education should be considered finished without these simple accomplishments. Alice Helmes had been for several years a teacher among children, and there can scarcely be a better preparation for woman's life mission. The minds and hearts of her children were carefully cultivated, and their physical education was not neglected. Little May's cheeks began to grow plump and rosy under the combined influence of abundant out-door exercise, wholesome, appetizing food, and above all, the sweet sunshine of love in which her life was passed.

All the children throve under her judicious guiding hand, as they never could if left to the care of mere hirelings. Indeed, I have scarcely ever seen a home that was not better off, with a step-mother at its head, than with no mother at all, even though that step-mother had many imperfections, and failed in many points of duty, as alas! what own mother does not?

God bless the noble step-mother, wherever in our fair land she may be, who is striving daily in her Heavenly Father's strength to discharge faithfully her arduous duties. Let her strive to cultivate a brave, resolute spirit, which can look the world fearlessly in the eye, with all its censoriousness. All the world makes way before a determined, fearless spirit; while a cringing, wavering nature, can never command respect.

Above all, let her live a daily life of faith and prayer, so that the sunlight of divine love may always shine within her breast, however dark the clouds without.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

Old Mrs. Palmer had had a "touch of the rheumatism" on her return from her last visit to her son's; and Grace had gone down to her grandmother's with a famous syrup, whose ingredients had been communicated to her mother by a sick Indian woman, whom she had received into her house, and nursed through several weeks of severe illness, during the first year of Mrs. Palmer's marriage; and the squaw had evinced her gratitude to her benefactress by embroidering her various ornamental cushions and slippers, in all those quaint and beautiful devices in which the æsthetic element discloses itself among her race; and had at last inducted her hostess into the mysteries of several syrups and decoctions, of wonderful medicinal properties, for which her tribe was famous among the Indians.

And Mrs. Comfort Palmer solemnly averred that the most skillful ointments and decoctions which civilization had produced, had not the power of eliminating the pain which crept with the autumn chills through her bones, like the magical syrup of the old Indian woman. Grace walked rapidly along, a smile loitering in and out of her lips, for that night she was to attend the singing school, and make her debut at the old mill tavern with the minister's nephew in her new dress; and she had an

agreeable consciousness that both would produce a strong sensation at the school-house and the tavern.

It was one of the last days of November. The earth had rolled up and laid by all her garments of praise; the trees stood desolate and bare without the "joy of leaves," and yet the day was beautiful, with the lost beauty of the summer.

Winds, soft as the May's, loitered among the barren branches, and the sunlight and the soddened earth lay under the warm, sweet sunshine; and the year, hanging on the skirts of winter, had forgotten her old age, and had lapsed into a dream of her youth. And walking, as I said, rapidly, and feeling amid the flutter of her pleasant thoughts—for Grace was dreaming, like the day—a gladness at her heart for the beauty about her, the young girl turned suddenly from the turnpike into the pasture, which considerably diminished the distance home. And treading along the short, faded grass, she suddenly espied, in a corner of the lot, a young oak, around which a wild grape-vine had clambered, and near the top of which hung a dozen clusters of frost grapes, gleaming in the sunlight like purple goblets veined with gold.

"How beautiful they *do* look!" murmured Grace. "They'll be the last I shall see for a year. I wonder if I can't get them now? I might mount those bars, and catch hold of the lower limb of that sapling. I'd climbed, before I was ten years old, taller trees than that, when the cherries were ripe in grandma's back yard; and there's nobody to see me here."

She was light of foot, and agile of limb; she mounted the round bars easily, and caught hold of one of the upper branches of the sapling.

It swayed to and fro, as the girl did, mounted on the bars, but she held her place and the twig firmly; and the next moment she had grasped the branch, and the great clusters were almost in her hands, when a voice close at hand sung out,

"Wait, Miss Grace, a minute. I'll get them for you."

She looked down in surprise and confusion, and recognized the speaker.

"If I had suspected anybody would see me, I shouldn't have been up here; but as you've had a good view of me, it's useless to excuse myself now."

There was a natural grace and fitness in this apology, which would have done honor to any high bred lady in any court.

The young man whom she addressed had

taste and sense enough to appreciate both the reply and the graceful attitude of the girl, as she stood poised on the bars. He gave her his hands, and she sprang lightly down on the grass; and the next moment he had resumed her place on the bars, and the clusters were tumbling at her feet.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jarvys. * You're entitled to half of them by right of conquest."

"But not by right of discovery, which is the prior one;" filling her basket with the clusters. "Do you know, Miss Grace, I was on my way to your house and have fortunately encountered you?"

With a woman's acuteness she divined the young man's errand. "I thought you were out of town."

"Yes. I only returned from Worcester last evening, where I'd gone on some business for father, which detained me. They've got the war fever high up there, Miss Grace."

"I'm glad to hear it. Every son of America should be true to his country now," said Grace, with energy; for her quick instincts divined a shade of disapproval, or contempt in this remark.

"Of course, he should," answered the young man, with an emphasis, in striking contrast with his last words. "I rejoice to see the spirit and unity of the colonies against the usurpations of the mother country. And now, if you'll allow me, I'll come to my errand at once?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jarvys," intently occupied at the moment, in arranging the grapes in her basket, in artistic fashion.

"I suppose you have heard of the singing to-night, and the gathering at the old mill tavern. If you are not engaged already, as is most likely, I should like the honor of your company. I didn't get back until to-day, or I should have made bold to ask it before."

"Thank you, Mr. Jarvys, I should be happy to accept your invitation, if I had not another's."

The young man's brow darkened a little, and a shadow of disappointed or bitter feeling entirely changed the character and expression of Richard Jarvys's face; he kept on silently by the side of Grace through the short, sodden grass, and his brow gradually cleared up, as he thought that he had no right to be disappointed; "of course, such a girl as Grace Palmer would be engaged for a frolic, by some fellow lucky enough to be on hand in time."

Grace was naturally kind-hearted, and thinking from her companion's silence that he was

wounded at her delicate refusal, she looked up with some playful sally, intended to atone for any wound that his pride had sustained.

The cloud was gone from Richard Jarvys's face now. He answered in the same bantering fashion, and they went jesting and chatting, after the manner of young men and women, through the long pasture.

Many persons called Richard Jarvys's face handsome; but, they were usually people not very acute in physiognomy, or profound in the knowledge of human nature. The more one penetrated the young man's face, I think, the less they liked it; yet, all the features were good, and the first glance certainly gave an agreeable impression. A florid complexion, with sharp, gray eyes, coarse, lustrous black hair, and a fine, muscular figure, with a jaunty, self-possessed air, struck one on a first meeting with Richard Jarvys. The mouth looked well enough in repose, except for a certain weakness, which every successive glance corroborated; but it had suggestions of meanness and obstinacy, which had not yet hardened themselves into a part of its character, and only occasional circumstances developed them; and which, once seen, would be keys opening into hidden corners and closets of the man's character, of which he had no suspicion.

He was the son of a wealthy ship-owner, who resided about a mile from Deacon Palmer's, and the young man had hardly a rival among the rustic beaux of the neighborhood. He was shrewd, lively, social; had seen a good deal of the world, having taken several voyages in his father's vessels, with that quick observation, and that faculty of making the most of his information, which always causes a man to be taken for quite all that he is worth.

The young people had reached the lane which turned up to Grace's home. On one side of this was a field, flanked by a low stone wall, and a tall old butternut tree grew close to the wall, a few rods from the pasture, and the knotty branches were shaking their tassels of faded leaves in the soft winds, as though it too was dreaming of the lost glory of May.

The long walk, and the pleasant talk, had deepened the blossoms in the cheek of Grace Palmer, and the sight of them stirred the soul of Richard Jarvys. A thought flashed over his mind that the present was the time to ask the question, which he had made up his mind to a year ago, as soon as he felt the ground secure enough.

"Where was the use of delay?" he mused; "somebody else might anticipate him in this

matter, as had been done in the smaller one; and he looked on the sweet beauty of Grace Palmer, with a greedy longing to feel that it belonged to him, and a selfish fear that another might rob him of it. Any higher feeling, was not in the nature of the man. No sense of self-sacrifice; no humiliating consciousness of unworthiness of the great gift which he was about to seek, and which would have impressed a noble nature at such a time, swayed the heart of Richard Jarvys. Still, there was a little quiver of doubt and agitation, in the tones which said—

"Grace, if you are not in too great a hurry, I wish you would sit down a few moments on the wall, here; I want to speak to you."

With a woman's quick instinct, Grace divined what was coming. She would gladly have seized any pretext to avoid it; but, none offered itself. So, she let her companion seat her under the butternut tree, saying, as unconcernedly as possible—

"I must be back before sundown, Mr. Jarvys, as I promised mother I'd get the biscuit into the oven before five o'clock."

This very practical rejoinder did not succeed in dampening the ardor of the young man. He looked in the girl's face; he drew close to her side, and, in the next few moments, Grace Palmer knew that the hand and the name which were considered the greatest prize in all her neighborhood, were at her disposal. She was not a flirt; she was a generous, sympathetic woman; and her heart fluttered with pain and embarrassment; for, Richard had plead his cause with all the art of which he was master.

"Mr. Jarvys, you do me a great honor; but—but—you will forgive me—I cannot accept it."

"Why not?" asked Richard Jarvys; and his voice was husky and greedy.

"Because, I cannot give you respect and friendship—that is all.

"No, Grace, don't say that;" and he clutched her hand. "You will learn to love me; for, there is nothing that I will not do to make you; and I shall be satisfied with what you can give me. Do not turn away from me, Grace. You shall be loved better than ever woman was loved before.

Passion gave to the tones of Richard Jarvys an almost magnetic intensity. A shadow of doubt and anxiety passed over the girl's face. She looked up at the young man, as though, for a moment, her own feelings wavered with a doubt whether he did not speak the truth,

and she might not, after all, learn to love him. But her heart was true to its own instinct. A shudder, too faint for Richard Jarvys to perceive, crept over the girl, with the thought of being his wife.

"Richard," she answered; for they had been playmates in their childhood, "if I could give you any hope, I would; but, you know it would be sin for me to say what my heart does not endorse—what I feel from its depths that it never can. I am grateful to you for the honor that your offer does me; and you will find some woman far worthier of it than I am, who will be proud of your love."

And, with these words, Grace rose up; for it was time to end this interview.

Richard Jarvys dropped her hand as though it burnt him, buried his face in his own; for he would not have Grace see the storm which went over him—a storm of passion, bitterness, and disappointment.

Grace walked a few rods down the lane, and then she turned back—

"Richard, forgive me for what I have said; and let us be friends—always;" and she gave him her hand. He took it, and said—

"We will be friends, Grace."

But his manner did not quite satisfy her, as she went on. And before Grace Palmer had reached the end of the lane, Richard Jarvys rose up, and looked after her. A sullen, baffled, malignant glance, darted after the girl, which proved that the wound which Richard Jarvys's pride had received, was one which would make him Grace Palmer's enemy forever; that all the gentleness of her refusal had not stirred his generosity; and that the memory of that afternoon, would always rankle in his soul.

"I hope Richard isn't angry with me," mused Grace, as her rapid feet went along the brown grass. "To think I've had an offer this afternoon—from Richard Jarvys, too. What would the girls say?" Well I'm really sorry, as I couldn't accept it."

"Are you truly sorry for it, Grace?" softly whispered the girl's conscience, at this stage of her cogitations.

She was too honest to attempt to evade the matter with any pretty sophistries; and Grace was a young girl, and it was not in the nature of things that she should feel otherwise than flattered at the compliment which she had received.

"Well, at all events, I *should* be sorry, if I thought it would give Richard any long pain or sorrow; and he did seem very much in

earnest," was the conclusion of her rumination as she opened the garden gate.

"Mother, what do you think has happened this afternoon?" asked Grace, as she hurried into the pantry, where her mother was busily engaged in preparing a pile of doughnuts for frying.

"I can't tell, child. You've been gone long enough. Grandma had a fresh attack of rheumatism?"

"Oh, no; she's pretty smart, considering. Don't you think, mother," drawing a little closer to her, and lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "I've had an offer of marriage, this afternoon!"

"Why, Grace! what do you mean?" holding still the long strip of dough she was convolving, in her amazement. "Who did it come from?"

"From Richard Jarvys, mother. He found me on the way home. You see he was coming up here to invite me to the singing-school, this evening."

"Well, I declare Grace!—what would your father say? Richard's a nice, likely young man, and I'll make his own way in the world."

"I know it, mother; but I couldn't have him, and I told him so;" and here Grace related to her much interested parent all that had transpired under the butternut tree.

Richard Jarvys's brisk, pleasant ways, had made an agreeable impression on Mrs. Palmer; moreover, his father was the richest man in the neighborhood; and, though Mrs. Palmer was a very good woman, she was not without a share of social ambition for her daughter.

"We're in no hurry to get rid of you, for the best man in the world, Grace; but there isn't a girl who'd have let such a chance slip, within a long distance of here. You know that Richard will inherit his father's property, for he's an only child?"

"I know it, mother; but you wouldn't have me accept a man for his money, when I didn't love him?"

"Oh, no; of course not, child;" hastening to reassure Grace, on a matter in which principle was involved. "I'm sure I didn't marry your father from any such motive; for there were those who could have laid down their hundreds, for every dollar of Daniel Palmer's, when I promised to be his wife."

"Well, mother, I am your own daughter; if ever I marry any man, it will be as you did my father—for love only;" slipping off her straw bonnet, as she spoke.

"That's the right way to talk, Grace. I've

never seen the hour that I regretted my choice;" and Mrs. Palmer returned to her intricate convolutions of dough, which she accomplished with wonderful dexterity.

"But after all, Grace," continued Mrs. Palmer, in a tone of solemn admonition, heaving a sigh, "it isn't best for young girls to have their minds too much set on gettin' married. They little imagine all the trials and troubles they've got to go through with. Men are very different bein's from angels; and though they're ready enough at making promises, it's another thing when it comes to keepin' 'em."

"But there's father, you know, mother?" interposed Grace, certain that no arguments in favor of the stronger sex, would be half so forcible as this allusion, which, at least, afforded one solitary refutation of her mother's theory.

"Your father, Grace, isn't to be named among most men.

Grace opened her lips to speak, but her mother's olfactories were at that moment assailed by an odor of burning fat.

"I'd forgot all about that shortnin'!" cried Mrs. Palmer, hurrying from the pantry to the kettle, which hung over the kitchen fire, all her reflections on the weakness and inconstancy of man, for the time, put to flight.

"Grace, Mr. Dudley's down stairs. My stars!—how spruce you do look!"

Robert Palmer made this exclamation, as he thrust his head into his sister's chamber; and she turned from the mirror, where she was putting the finishing touches to her hair, and confronted her brother. She seemed, in the candle-light, to be stepping out of a bright, pink cloud, as the folds of her new dress fell about her; for Grace's complexion required a background of warm, vivid colors. She was dressed very plainly; a small, snowy ruffle was crimped about her neck, and she had wound a few sprays of wintergreen in her hair; and the red berries flashed like rubies, among the green leaves.

"Will I do, Robert?" asked the girl, standing still a moment before her brother; for Grace had an unusual desire to look well this evening.

"Do!" said the boy, walking around his sister, and surveying her with evident admiration—why, Grace, I don't believe there'll be a girl there that can hold a candle to you."

"Oh, be still, now. I wanted to know if I did look decent." But a pleased smile on her

lips, told that the brother's genuine admiration had had its effect.

The old mill tavern presented a jubilant spectacle, for thirty-five couples gathered under its roof that night, hilarious with youth and spirits; and the long room, where two generations had so often danced into the dawn, shook once more under quick glancing feet; and as the hours waxed later, the violins poured out their liveliest jigs, and the dancers grew more and more intoxicated with the music and the motion. And to Grace Palmer it seemed one of the happiest evenings of her life—one whose bright and vivid coloring shone down warmly through the gray mists of the years; and amid whose scenes, and events, and feelings, her memory used to linger, when she went up to the east windows of her life, and looked off to the land of her youth.

How fair she looked with the sparkle in her eyes, and the glow on her cheeks; no wonder rustic hearts throbbed with envy as they saw the parson's graceful nephew, and yet they were all compelled to bestow a grudging admiration on the fine appearance he made when he danced with the deacon's daughter.

Grace was in constant demand that night; and she was too obliging to refuse to go through a single "reel" with any of her rustic admirers; for they were all either the playmates of her infancy, or the friends of her youth.

The minister's nephew entered into the spirit of the occasion with great enjoyment, and won the smiles and admiration of a score of bright eyes and rosy lips, with whom he danced and joked.

There was only one thing, which, for a moment, threw a slight shadow over Grace's enjoyment that night, and that was when she encountered a glance from Richard Jarvys's eyes. There was something in their expression which affected her like a chill; but he smiled, and bowed in his old, cordial fashion, and Grace shook off the feeling, thinking she must have been mistaken in his look.

But Edward Dudley, with his quiet observation, had seen more than Grace, the start with which the young man recognized them both; then the baleful, sinister glance which surveyed him rapidly from head to foot, and lighted on Grace in a manner which very plainly said that he had found the solution of some problem in which she was concerned.

"Who is that man to whom you just bowed, Miss Grace?" asked Edward Dudley, as soon as Richard was engrossed with his partner in the dance.

"Oh, that was Mr. Jarvys; his father lives in the old stone house, half a mile beyond ours, on the public road. You may have seen it?"

"Yes; is the young man a friend of yours?"

The question was so abrupt, that remembering what had transpired the afternoon before, Grace's cheeks brightened a little; and this too did not escape the penetrating eyes of Edward Dudley.

"Oh, yes; I have known Richard from a little boy, when he used to drag me on his sled to school!"

"How curious that he should ask me!" thought Grace. "I suppose it is because Richard Jarvys is decidedly the most gentleman-like person here."

And then she wondered to herself why she had not liked Richard Jarvys better! He was so superior to any of the neighborhood; she had had, for more than a year, a secret conviction that he was fond of her, and that the slight reserve in her manner alone prevented him from declaring it. And she could give no satisfactory reason why she had never been able to overcome this reserve in her manner towards Richard Jarvys, and why she had always been conscious of a slightly repellant feeling when in his society. Her father and mother both liked him, and would, she knew, have favored his suit beyond that of any young man in the vicinity of her home.

"It is strange!" said Grace, standing by the window, after the dance was over, and thinking on these things.

"What is strange?" asked Edward Dudley, who had been translating some of the thoughts from the fair face, with the key to them, which Richard Jarvys's glance had given him.

"Have I been talking to myself, Mr. Dudley? I beg your pardon!"

Just then, the door into the dining-hall opened wide, and Mrs. Trueman, the buxom hostess of old mill tavern, stood smiling on her guests from the head of the table, on which she had expended a more than usual amount of culinary skill and taste. In the centre of the table was a snowy obelisk of frosted cake, flanked on either side with broiled chickens, done to a dainty brown, and delicious slices of cold tongue, and ham rolled up into small brown hillocks; and at either end was the great wooden trenchers of apples, wearing the red, and russet, and gold, into which the kisses of a whole summer had warmed them; and by their side were the pyramids of nuts, and the great tankards of golden cider; and close

at hand was what Mrs. Trueman regarded as the crowning glory of the feast, the rows of pies and tarts, with the glow of Rhenish wine in their centres, pumpkins yellow as the golden rod that flamed along the turnpike road, every autumn, and mince pies, with crusts just the rich shade of cream in Mrs. Trueman's china pitcher.

The hostess of old mill tavern was a favorite with everybody for miles around. She was a small, plump, well-preserved little woman, whose life had slipped off at least forty-five of its birth-days. It did one good to see the bright, cheery smile of the widow; to hear her brisk, pleasant voice, that was like a draught of cool, fresh wind, clearing up and vitalizing the air.

Mrs. Trueman was a stirring, shrewd, sagacious little woman, with a marvellous amount of ingenuity, and "faculty" for turning her hand to anything, and a ready wit to meet any conjunction of circumstances. She was full of a magnetic, vitalizing sort of promptness and force, which every one felt who was brought in contact with her; and for nine years she had been the bustling, energetic successor of her husband, whose death was the heaviest blow that had ever fallen upon the warm, quick heart of Charity, the widow of Jonathan Trueman.

Two children had been born to them; Lucy, who was now nineteen, pretty and plump, with black eyes full of saucy laughter, and lips whose curves and dimples answered the eyes, and who was very much what her mother had been a score of years before her; and Nathaniel, who was two years younger than his sister, and took after his father, his mother said; a tall, slender, thoughtful youth, with a wonderful beauty, and sweetness, and spirituality of expression.

The thirty-five couples poured out into the dining-room, and for the hour that followed there was nothing to be heard but the hums of happy voices, the peals of merry laughter, and the sharp clatter of the dishes, for the appetites of Mrs. Trueman's guests, whetted by four hours of violent exercise, did full credit to her supper.

Mrs. Trueman, and Mrs. Palmer had been schoolmates in their youth, and although they lived two miles apart, a neighborly friendship and intimacy had always existed between them, and this had been perpetuated by their daughters; so, at the close of the supper, little Lucy Trueman, whose sparkling black eyes had been brimming over with fun and

enjoyment all the evening, made her way to Grace, and putting down her lips to her ear, whispered,

"Grace, I want to take the pattern of those sleeves of yours. They're just the prettiest things! Do come out into the kitchen. Ma'll want to see you, too."

"Mayn't I come too, Miss Lucy?" interposed Edward Dudley, who, standing by Grace's side, for they had risen from the table now, caught the last part of the girl's whisper.

Lucy had danced with the minister's nephew twice that evening, and any slight embarrassment which she might first have experienced in the gentleman's presence, combined with his antecedents, had now quite vanished.

"Yes; come on," she answered, with her bright twitter of a laugh, which disclosed the dimples at the corners of her mouth. "I'll risk a scolding from mother, if you'll promise to shut your eyes when you get there, for everything's at sixes and sevens now."

"Oh, I'll promise anything, so you'll give me a free ticket," laughed the gentleman, as he followed the bright head.

Mrs. Trueman had just come into the room to give some orders respecting the "chiny," when looking up she encountered her guests as they entered the kitchen, marshalled by her daughter.

"Grace, I'm glad to see you. Oh, Lucy, what are you up to, bringing gentlemen into such a place," was her somewhat ambiguous reception of the minister's nephew.

"He wanted to come, mother, and I told him I'd risk a scolding from you; so here he is."

"Yes, and I'm going to make myself at home, too, Mrs. Trueman," laughed the young man, as he took a seat by the girls in that off-hand fashion, which was the shortest road to

Mrs. Trueman's complaisance.

"There's no use in sending you back now, as I see," rejoined the hostess, with a glance round the wide old kitchen, which was in a state of general "topsy turvy." "You must take us as you find us. Grace, you are looking very scrumptious this evening."

"Yes, and I'm going to have the pattern of those sleeves for my new plaid," and Lucy bustled up with a paper and a pair of scissors. "It won't take you but a moment, will it Grace?"

"Oh no, Lucy," smoothing the paper on a corner of the table, while Mrs. Trueman informed her that she had just "got her chain-pattern quilt on, and wanted her mother to

come over and pass the afternoon day after to-morrow."

"Oh, Grace, I must show you my new present. Uncle Josiah brought it from London last week. You know that he's a sea captain."

"I locked it up in the old sideboard up stairs," said her mother, slipping a small key from a dozen which hung suspended about her waist by a black ribbon. "You're such a careless jade, Lucy. I didn't dare to trust with it."

"Well, grandpa says I'm just as like you as two peas in a pod," retorted the merry girl, as she received the key from her mother's hands, and hurried up stairs.

At this moment Nathaniel presented himself at the kitchen door.

"Come here," cried his mother, to the shy youth. "Where have you been keeping yourself for the last hour? I noticed that you slipped away from the table."

"Well, mother, the last stage brought in the Boston papers; and I wanted to see the news from there, now Governor Gage has been planting his field pieces on Boston Neck, and sent his troops up to the arsenal at Charlestown in the night, and got possession of the gunpowder there."

"Did I ever see such a boy!" exclaimed the mother, lifting up both hands; but a glance of pride and love flashed down on the pale, beautiful face of the youth; for Nathaniel was the idol of Mrs. Trueman's heart; and this love was mingled with an unutterable yearning and solicitude which almost amounted to pain, for Nathaniel had been delicate from his boyhood; and his mother had that tremulous anxiety about him which intense concentrated affection is apt to feel for its object.

As Edward Dudley looked on the pale face, the high forehead, with its delicate tracery of veins, and the dark blue eyes, full of thoughtful intelligence, he felt singularly drawn towards the youth.

"Matters look dark enough for the colonies just now. If his majesty's ministers are not frightened by our non-importation associations into opening the port of Boston once more, we shall all have to shoulder our muskets and go to her help."

"I'm ready to do it, sir, for one;" and the pale cheeks flushed, and the soft dark eyes flashed fire.

"No, no!" exclaimed the mother, and her heart leaped up into her tones and face. "I'll give up anything for my country; but I can't let my boy go to the war. He couldn't stand it."

"Yes, I could;" laughing up in her face.

"I'd show you, mother, that all your petting hadn't spoiled your boy for a soldier, when the time came."

"Wall, it musn't ever come for you. Nathaniel's sot his mind on goin' to college, Mr. Dudley;" certain that this topic would strike a chord which would vibrate quickly in her boy's heart. "As you're just from New Haven, it's likely you can give him some information, for he's bent on goin' to Yale?"

The youth's face kindled into a quick glow of enthusiasm; and, while Grace trimmed the corners of her sleeve pattern, and chatted about the "folks at home" with Mrs. Trueman, the young collegian and Nathaniel were occupied in discussing the amount of Greek and Latin necessary to enter the Freshman class, at Yale; and Nathaniel Trueman learned with unbounded delight, that three months more hard study, added to his present knowledge of the dead languages, was sufficient to insure his admission into college. The mother entered into her boy's pleasure.

"I knew that all his pourin' over his books ever since he was knee high to a grasshopper, ought to come to somethin'. As I told Mr. Nathan Hale, when I put him into the grammar school, I'd expected to make a good tavern-keeper on him; but Natur' had cut him out for a scholar, and there's no use goin' agin her."

It was beautiful to see the smile of mother-love and pride which hallowed the face of Mrs. Jonathan Trueman as she said this.

Just then Lucy returned, carrying under one arm a small haircloth trunk, thickly studded with brass nails. She placed this on the table, and unlocked it with an air of mysterious importance. She removed a stratum of snowy wool, and set out a couple of richly chased silver goblets, a tankard, a cream-jug, bowl, and small coffee-pot, all of the same material, the sides blossoming out in an exquisite chasing of vines, and flowers, and fruits.

"Haven't I got the best uncle in the world?" chatted the girl, as amid exclamations of admiration her guests took up the costly articles and examined them. "They must have cost at least five hundred dollars, but my uncle wrote that he wanted me to have something that I could keep for his sake, as long as I lived. He is an old bachelor, you see, and I was named for the lady he was to have married, but who died a week before the day when was set for the wedding; and for her sake Uncle Josiah has gone mourning all the days

of his life." And the bright face of Lucy Trueman looked grave for a moment.

"And as he never went to housekeeping himself, he thought he'd get our Lucy ready for it in time;" subjoined her brother, with quiet humor.

The pretty, restless head was bridled and tossed with unutterable disdain—

"Get ready for housekeeping? Catch me!" cried Lucy Trueman. "I'm going to keep old maid's hall, and Uncle Josiah has just given me a setting out. You must come and see me, Mr. Dudley, and I'll bring out all my plate for the occasion."

"And let me have a cup of tea, when the tax is taken off?" answered the young man.

"Certainly you shall. But see here, you haven't seen the whole yet;" and she drew a small box from one corner of the trunk, and opening it, disclosed a pair of ear-rings—two large carbuncles, quaintly set in gold, and which caught the light, and flashed it back in restless currents of flame, from their burning hearts.

"Oh Lucy, how beautiful!" exclaimed Grace, lost in admiration. "It's very hard to keep from envying you."

"It's the first and the last time you'll ever have a chance to do that, dear Grace," throwing her arm with a quick, affectionate impulse, around her friend; and as the two girls stood there, the fine delicate beauty of Grace's face and figure, brought into vivid contrast with the warmth and vitality of Lucy's, Edward Dudley thought that it was a great pity that the picture could not be perpetuated.

"Why didn't you wear your rings to-night, Lucy?" inquired Grace, still occupied in admiring scrutiny of the burning pendants.

Oh, didn't I want to, Grace! But you see I promised Uncle Josiah that I wouldn't put them on until my twentieth birthday, which is next New Year's; and I should as soon think of sewing on Saturday night, as breaking my word to Uncle Josiah."

"If you go on in your present ways, you'll come to that or something worse, Lucy," interposed her mother, half in jest, half in earnest.

"No I shant, mother. I'm going to settle down into a sober-minded, steady-going woman, after I've sown my wild oats."

At this moment, the old clock in the kitchen interpolated a couple of sharp strokes betwixt the buzz of voices.

"Dear me!—what will our folks say?" exclaimed Grace. And she only waited to

receive Mrs. Trueman's parting messages, and to promise Lucy that she would come over and pass the day with her next week, and then started for her bonnet.

"How I have enjoyed this frolic," she said, as she walked home under the November starlight, with Edward Dudley. "I was never at a dance before in my life."

"Is it possible, Miss Grace?"

"Yes; you know father is a deacon, and feels that his family ought to set an example in these things; not that he thinks there is any actual harm in dancing, only life is too solemn and earnest to pass much of it in light enjoyment and pleasure; and when a man occupies a conspicuous religious stand-point, he must sacrifice some amusements that he considers harmless for the sake of others, who will make them the chief aim and end of life."

"That is very good philosophy and religion," answered the young man, smiling down on the earnest face uplifted to his. "Your father is right and generous in his view, which is saying that he is ahead of his time; for our forefathers (praise to their memory!) certainly brought across the ocean something of the old asceticism of the middle ages, and we haven't quite got the chill and the shadow out of our lives yet; and we find its stark and frigid features in our religious, social, and domestic living. Self-denial, for self-denial's sake, is something that a loving God never desires of His children."

The gaze which drank in these words, told the young man that his listener caught the true scope and spirit of his sentiment.

"I see that you must be right," she said, "though I never thought of it in this light before"

"And how did you get your father's consent to your attending this party?" queried the young man.

"Oh, Mrs. Trueman is an old friend of mother's, and father does not like to refuse me any pleasure that I have set my heart on."

They had reached Deacon Palmer's front gate, now; Edward Dudley opened it, and then took Grace's hand.

"I must bid you good-by, now," he said, "for a long time—several months, at least; for I am going off on my surveying expedition, and it will be a long, perplexing business."

He was watching her face intently now, and he saw the look of surprise, and then the shadow of disappointment which fell over it.

"Good-by; I had no idea you were going so

suddenly, Mr. Dudley," answered the sweet voice.

It stirred the pulses away down in the heart of Edward Dudley.

"I am sorry to go, Grace, for one reason only;" and the little hand was tightened in his grasp. "But as I cannot see you, I shall want to know something about you all this long winter. Are you willing that I should write to you sometimes?—and if I do, may I be certain that my letter will have a reply?—or am I bold to ask this?"

"No," said Grace, answering the last part of the question first, in the flutter of conflicting feelings. "But—but, Mr. Dudley, I never corresponded with a gentleman in my life, and you are so learned—so far above me——"

His hand laid softly on her shoulder, checked her here.

"Don't say that, Grace; there is much which is highest and truest that I can learn of you."

She only shook her head; she had no words now.

"Well, if I write, you will let me know that my letters have reached you?"

"You shall know it, Mr. Dudley."

He loosed her hand.

"Good-by, dear Grace." He bent down here, and there was a second edition of a scene which had transpired under the old apple-tree in the orchard.

Grace did not answer this time—"You are a minister's nephew, Mr. Dudley;" and the stars were too far off to see the blushes in her cheeks as she went up to the house; but the key to the hall of purple and gold in the soul of Grace Palmer, was turning slow and silently in its lock.

CHAPTER IV.

The winter had passed, and March, with the sound of a trumpet, had rolled off from the face of the earth the white flannels of February, and the soft air of that day in the first week of April, was full of strange stir and expectation. The pulses of the earth had thrilled once more to the call of the sunshine. There was a faint puffing of light green on the lilac bushes, and a darker lining of grass by the sides of the farm fences, where the sunshine fell warmest at noons; and Grace Palmer stood a moment at the open window in the early morning, and listened to the song of the first robin in the peach-tree by her window, and her soul was glad, looking off, as the face of the year did to the summer.

"Grace," called her father, at the foot of the stairs—"I want you to put Robert and me up a lunch this morning; we're goin' to clear up the land over at the Head."

"What are you going to do with the land at the Head, father?" asked the young girl, as she cut great squares of gingerbread, and sliced the dried beef for her father's and brother's lunch.

"I'm goin' to turn it into a corn-field, daughter. God only knows how few of us'll be left to sow our seed next fall; for if times don't alter some, we'll have to turn our ploughshares and prunin' hooks into swords to beat the Philistines."

"Father," exclaimed Robert, who had just entered the kitchen, and caught the last part of this speech—"I've just got the white horse home, and while the blacksmith was shoeing her, Squire Walters came along and said that he'd returned from Springfield, and he met old Colonel Putnam in the Hartford stage, coming back from Boston. He's been off there on a visit."

"And what did the Colonel say, Robert?" asked Deacon Palmer, slipping his part of the lunch into his capacious coat-pocket.

"Oh he says the boys have got the true war spirit in them—that Boston's getting worse off every day; for it's so close blockaded that they can't get provisions by land, and the country folks wont furnish them by water. The Squire said the Colonel had got the old fire of the French war alive and glowing in him. He's going to enlist recruits as fast as possible, and he says that he shall start for Boston with the first gun that's fired there."

"I hope that God has raised him up a Samson to deliver us from the hand of the enemy," solemnly subjoined the deacon.

"I hope so. Here's your lunch, Robert. Don't forget to stop at the office after the stage gets in, there's a good boy."

This was added in an under-tone, and with a little self-consciousness.

"Is it time for *him* to write again?" asked the youth, with a flash of fun lurking in his brown eyes.

"Don't ask any saucy questions; only do what I say, and you shall have a nice mince turnover for supper to-night."

"I'll do it, Grace. You've bought me over now."

"Come, come, Robert; be spry, boy;" called the voice of the deacon, and the boy followed his father out of the house.

Grace watched her father and brother with

an absorbed expression for a few moments, and then she went up stairs to her studies; for Grace Palmer had devoted all her spare moments during the winter to her books. A quiet change had been passing over the girl—one which was more easily felt than described. She was more self-sustained, thoughtful—there was a new softness and graciousness of movement, and speech, and manner, which would have made the deacon's little daughter accepted in any social position to which circumstances might elevate her.

But these things were only the outward manifestation of inward growth and development; for Grace Palmer's being had been silently expanding and intensifying through all these months. The long letters which the weekly mail brought to her from the western part of the State, had been full of stimulation and suggestion to the quick, responsive soul of Grace Palmer. She had pursued with eager avidity the studies those letters recommended; she had drunk and refreshed her soul at the great fountains which the authors of the Elizabethan era opened for succeeding generations; she had fed her thoughts with Shakespeares, Bacon—with Dante and Tasso; and enriched her mind with the great authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Locke, and Boyle, and Addison, and Swift. And these letters, in that broad, bold, running hand, which Grace had learned so well, opening new avenues of thought, and clearer and truer estimates of life, and men, and things. became in a little while the one great interest of her life, around which all minor ones revolved, in the eyes of the deacon's daughter. Not that they were pedantic or homiletic letters. They were full of vivid pictures, dashed off with rapid strokes of the writer's pen; they were vital with youth and health, and a keen relish of humor—though this latter always flashed and played over a deep, strong background of grave and earnest thought and purpose; for Edward Dudley while in college, and after two or three years of skeptical doubt, and struggle, and indecision, had at last settled the great aim of his life, and bowed his heart in deep and loving consecration to the Master whose Name he saw now was the one Hope and Help of a world lost in darkness and sin.

Edward Dudley was a resolute, self-sustained character, full of deep, though not demonstrative enthusiasm; and with him there was no indecision or fluctuations after his heart was once settled in its Christian faith and hope.

Of course, he had all those high tides and ebbs of emotion which every consecrated heart undergoes amid the pressure and friction of life; but his faith and trust in the Love and Wisdom of the Father, who had given His dearly beloved son that the world through Him might be saved, never wavered or grew dim; for religion with him was not an emotion, but a principle. And this religion of course modified and softened the man. The great and solemn realities of human guilt and responsibility—of suffering and of death and eternity, gave a certain undercurrent of thoughtfulness and gravity to his gayest moments, though he was by nature and cultivation the very antithesis of an ascetic.

He was liberal and broad-minded beyond his time, and respecting every man's individuality, desired for himself and others a liberty of thought and action which would be likely to come into strong antagonism with those rigid features of Puritan religion and life which, as we gaze off on them from a different era, and through the long perspective of years, obscure for us much of their warmth, and truth, and beauty.

And such was Edward Dudley—the man into the fair and stately chambers of whose heart the sweet face of the deacon's daughter had shined oftener than ever woman's did before, though the young man was accustomed to the society of the most accomplished and high-bred women of his age.

And that morning, while Grace Palmer sat in the sweet April sunshine absorbed in her studies, a scene was transpiring less than a mile from her home, which was to throw a sudden darkness over it, and overshadow several of the brightest years of her youth.

“Richard,” said Mr. Jarvys the elder, looking up from some old documents which he had been intently investigating for the last hour—“your bones are spryer than mine; I wish you'd go up stairs and find that old deed of the South Meadow and land adjoining, which belonged to your Great-Uncle Increase, and which he left to me; I haven't seen it for years. Open the big drawer of the secretary in my room, and there are several small ones on the right hand; you'll find the deed in one of those.”

“I'll go for it, father, if you'll put it in your will for me,” laughed the young man, as he laid down his paper.

“Ah, Dick, you're a lucky dog!” added the elder man, as his son went towards the door.

"An only son, with a father that's scraped and toiled all his life to leave you a fortin' made to hand." And the old man settled the bows of his silver spectacles on his wide nose, and resumed his scrutiny of the documents.

A flash of exultation went over the young man's face, as he heard these words. Then he remembered that all this wealth could not purchase the heart and hand of the one woman that he courted, and the exultation vanished into one of sullen bitterness.

Mr. Jarvys, the elder, had a shrewd, keen pair of eyes, under shaggy, gray eyebrows, and these keen, sharp eyes were endorsed by the character and expression of his whole face. His thin locks of iron-gray hair, curled tightly about his head, and his forehead wore the deep wrinkles of four score years. Mr. Ralph Jarvys had the reputation of being a peculiarly sharp business man, one who could not be over-reached in a bargain; and an acute observer would have penetrated the man's true quality at once; the grand aim of his whole life was to make money and to increase what he had; and he valued himself solely, not for what he was, but for what he had got.

Still, Ralph Jarvys did not present the most repellant features of a miser to those with whom he was brought in daily contact. He was liberal enough in his own household, and indeed, took no small degree of pride in its appointments, and his general style of living, feeling that these illustrated his wealth and importance.

He was fond of a rough joke, too, and not utterly indifferent in his love of gain to the opinions of his fellow men; but, for all this, he was a hard, grasping, selfish man, one who, though he never transgressed the laws, pressed them to their utmost limits in his own favor, and exacted the last dollar from those who were in his power.

Richard was absent so long that his father glanced up impatiently several times towards the door, before his son presented himself. When he did it was with a look full of eagerness and wonder.

"Father," he commenced, "I've come across something up stairs, whose existence I fancy that you didn't suspect. It's an old title deed of my great grandfather's."

"Where did you find it, Dick?" said the old man, peering at the yellow sheet of paper which his son held before him.

"Why, you see, I searched among all the small drawers for that old deed of my great uncle's. I found it in the top one at last, and as I

drew it out, I struck the knob of another small drawer just at the side of this. I opened it out of curiosity, and drew forth this musty old paper. You can tell better than I, whether it's good for a sixpence."

Ralph Jarvys seized the paper as his son laid it on the table. He read it over three times carefully, without speaking. Then he looked up to his son, and brought down his clenched hand on the table. His hardest, greediest look was on his face, now; a look which made it repellant.

"Dick," he said, "you've put a new fortin' into my hands this mornin'?"

"Is that so?" asked Dick, with an eagerness which duplicated his father's. "Don't you think they can produce a bill of sale?"

"There's the rub. If old Mrs. Comfort Palmer hasn't got any proofs in her possession that the land was sold to her husband's father, every rod of the deacon's farm is my own—here it is, in black and white," and he slapped the yellow document defiantly.

A flash of malicious triumph went over Dick's face.

"I always knew," pursued Ralph Jarvys, taking off his spectacles, and wiping his eyes, that there was a hitch somewhere, in the sale of that acre land, for it was never recorded; and it belonged to my grandfather. He, and the deacon's grandfather, died about the same time; and the farm went into the Palmer family.

"But how did the land fall into the Palmers' hands anyhow?" asked Dick, who was shrewd enough to perceive that his father's indefinite statement must have left out some very important facts.

"There was always a mystery hanging about that," hitching his chair round a little uneasily. "I remember hearing my father say, that in the last talk which his father had with him afore he died, he told him that his land adjoining South Farm was all fair and square made over to old David Palmer. That must have been nigh upon sixty-five years ago."

"But I'm sure I've heard you say that this David Palmer rendered your grandfather a great service—saved his life somehow?"

"Wall, he did; though that's nothin' to do with the case in hand, as I see. The old gentleman was comin' home one night, and crossin' the river with his ox team, when the ice broke, and he fell in, and would have drowned if old David Palmer hadn't heard his shrieks from the shore, and made his way over the ice to him, and dragged him out."

"And perilled his own life to do it, I 'spose?" still further interrogated Richard, who was determined to penetrate the facts of the case.

"Likely enough—likely enough," answered the old man concisely, as though it was not a very agreeable admission.

"Well, did your father believe that his father had sold the land fair and square to this old David Palmer?" pursued Dick, in a species of cross questioning, which was becoming more and more annoying to his father.

"Wall, what if he did, boy—what if he did! Law has nothing to do with 'supposings,' and 'maybes,' and a man must look out for the side his own bread is buttered on. I've only, like the law, to deal with the hard facts in the case; and if this 'ere document says that are land is mine—I'll have it, that's all, spite of any man," and he concluded this speech, as one who expressed its sentiment would be likely to, with an oath.

Richard Jarvys had no solid principles of life or conduct; and like the mass of men of this kind, he could easily be persuaded by the boldest sophistry into a mean, craven, base action. But he was in his youth still; and his instincts for truth, and right, and honor, had not been wholly indurated by a long life of greed and selfishness.

His better impulses could, for the moment, be stimulated into admiration of a generous or noble act; and, at first, they revolted at the dishonor and dishonesty which his father's course of procedure would involve in the matter under discussion; for the young man entertained no doubt in his own mind, that the land whose title deed his father held, justly belonged to David Palmer and his heirs, however the proofs of possession might be wanting on their part; and his answer was in accordance with this belief.

"But you see, father, if your grandfather actually stated on his death bed, that the land belonged to the Palmers, and this David saved him from drowning, at the peril of his own life, it wouldn't look quite like the right thing, to make them any trouble at this late time."

"You talk like a very young man, Dick," answered his father, with a great deal of condescension in his manner. "When you've lived to be as old as I am, you'll be a little wiser, and you'll have more faith in a little money than anything else in the world. Every man must look out for himself, or he'll soon be kicked under; and I've studied human natur'

a good deal in the course of my experience; and I've found that I'm no worse than the rest of men in this thing, though there's plenty that make great professions; but come to sound 'em they're all alike—selfish at the bottom!"

Richard Jarvys had no deep moral consciousness to rise up and refute this sweeping condemnation of humanity; so he put in a lame, wavering sort of objection, which was virtually coming over to his father's position.

"Well, I don't know but you're more than half right in all you've said; but it has a sort of hard, mean look, to make the Palmers trouble under the circumstances."

"We musn't be too squeamish about 'looks' in this world, Richard, if we expect to make our way in it. As for the 'trouble,' that's something we can't help. Folks never'd get their rights if they al'ays stopped for the 'trouble' it was goin' to bring on others."

"How soon shall you make this matter known to the Palmers?" pursued Richard, for he evidently felt a keen interest in the subject, though his parent had no suspicion of the cause.

"This very morning, Dick, I shall go and have a talk with Deacon Palmer afore noon. It'll take him mightily by surprise."

"Yes, it'll take down the pride of the whole family a peg," and the younger Jarvys rubbed his hands as he pictured to himself the distress and consternation of the young girl who had so lately refused his hand, and there was an expression on his face which one finds on a man's when he is rejoicing in something he feels is mean and contemptible.

—
"Why, father, what is the matter?"

"Don't be scared, child; I've had a poor turn to-day!"

Grace Palmer was "clapping" an embroidered collar, which she had just immersed in a bowl of fine starch on the table. She dropped the collar, and ran towards her father, for she seen at once something had happened to him, and the rose-buds were quite frightened out of her cheeks, as she assisted him to his arm-chair by the fire-side, and the old man leaned his stalwart frame on the young girl, as he moved slow and feebly across the kitchen.

"Dear father—do tell me how it happened! Is it anything serious? What can I do for you?"

"Don't be frightened, daughter. Run down and draw me a glass of cider; that'll kind of set me up, like."

Mrs. Palmer was with her husband when Grace returned with the cider, for she had met her mother on the way to the cellar, and paused to say, "Father's got back. He's had a dreadful poor turn to-day," and this laconic information had sent Mrs. Palmer to the kitchen in a tumult of apprehension.

"How did it come on, father. I never knew you to have such an attack since you was a young man and had the sun stroke, that hot day you was rakin' hay in the east meadow."

"This wasn't like that are, Patience. It didn't come on of a sudden," and he took the glass of cider, and the great brown hand shook like a little child's as he carried it to his lips.

"You must have a mug of hot pepper tea, and a mustard paste on your back. They're the best things for a chill or a faint turn," subjoined Mrs. Palmer, for her sympathies always took a practical form.

"Never mind that now, Patience. I shall get over it in a minute," and the deacon put his hand to his head, as though there was some pain or trouble there.

Mrs. Palmer's womanly intuitions could not be at fault long. She bent a searching gaze on the white face of her husband, and then exclaimed,

"Daniel, you've heard some bad news!"

"Don't speak on it now, mother," and he moved uneasily, and there was a groan which he tried to suppress in his voice.

Mrs. Palmer's suspicions were confirmed. The tremulous, shrinking heart of the little woman rose at once strong and brave to share whatsoever evil had fallen to the lot of her husband.

"Tell me what has come upon you, father?" she said, and her voice was one that would not easily be put off.

"I can't speak of it, wife—I can't," and now there was sharp agony in the tones of Deacon Palmer, and he buried his face in his hands, before his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Palmer took hold of her husband's arm, and the woman's heart fired her lips with unwonted eloquence; and she kept her voice brave and steady through the tumult of feeling which overswept her soul.

"Daniel," said the little woman, "I was a young inexperienced thing, with only eighteen years over my head when you brought me under this roof, for the first time, your lovin' wife, to share your heart and home. We've walked close together, Daniel, through the dark days and the bright ones, for more than a score of years. We've borne together our

great heart aches, when we laid down five of our children in the grave yard yonder, and thanked the Lord that if they was few on earth they was more in Heaven! And in all this time we've never had more than a moment's hard feelin' towards each other, or a trouble that both didn't share. And now, Daniel Palmer, haven't I been all this twenty years, and more too, a true and faithful wife to you; too good a mother to your children for you to hold back from lettin' me bear my share of the trouble that's fallen upon you!"

Deacon Palmer was greatly moved; he looked up into the faded face of the brave little woman by his side, and as the remembrance of all her thoughtful love and self-sacrifice swept over him, he felt that he still owned something which no lands or gold could buy in that one true heart. He put his arm around his wife.

"Patience," he said, "you've been the best and truest wife that ever God gave to a man. I wanted for your sake and the children's to bear the burden alone as long as I could; but the time must come for you to know, sooner or later; and maybe it's as well now as ever."

"Oh, father, let us know." It was Grace's voice that pleaded now. And the deacon yielded; and his family soon knew the whole truth.

It appeared that Ralph Jarvys had gone out to the Head, had an interview with the deacon that morning, showed his title deed to the land on which the Palmer homestead stood, and the fields and orchards adjoining it, and signified his intention of taking possession of the whole as soon as the law permitted. The deacon was thoroughly appalled. As soon as he comprehended the matter, he asserted his legal ownership of the Palmer lands, and their lawful purchase sixty years before, by his grandfather, David Palmer.

Richard Jarvys felt in his heart that he was committing a dishonest deed, and the only way was to carry it through with a high hand; he grew angry and insolent, defied the deacon to produce any proofs of the sale of the Palmer farm by his grandfather; affirmed that the purchase had never been recorded, and was never made in good faith; and that he was the rightful owner of the lands, had the proofs in his possession, and the law would be obliged to give them to him; and left in a great heat, after some insulting threats.

Deacon Palmer, moreover, averred that several weeks before he had had a singular dream, which had made a deep impression on his mind; he seemed to be standing one evening

in the front door of his dwelling, and looking off on his goodly acres, as they waved golden and white for the harvest, when his father suddenly appeared by his side.

"It is a fine old place," he said, "and you've taken good care of it, Daniel; but look out that your title's secure, for it's all yours, as it was your father's and grandfather's before you."

This dream had recurred to the deacon several times with such force that on his last visit to his mother, he had had a long talk with her respecting the sale of the Palmer farm.

She recalled all the circumstances vividly, having been married about two years when the sale transpired. It took place, one evening, in her own house, some two weeks subsequent to the time when her husband's father had rescued Samuel Jarvys from drowning, for he must certainly have perished had he remained three minutes longer under the ice, and the cold which David Palmer took at this time, cost him his life two months later. Mrs. Palmer recalled the conversation which passed between the two men before the sale was consummated; though this had previously been contemplated by the two parties.

"There is no time like the present," said Samuel Jarvys, "as you and I knew two weeks ago this very night, and as you've saved my life friend Palmer, you shall have the two hundred acres, lying between Mullen Hill and Roaring Brook, for three hundred dollars, and it'll stand for a remembrance of what you did for me to our children after us."

David Palmer had objected to the price of the land, saying it would bring double that sum; though Mrs. Palmer could remember it was at that time a tract of uncleared land.

Mr. Jarvys had checked her father-in-law. "Don't offer another word there, neighbor Palmer. If I was a rich man you should have every rood of it, in remembrance of the great debt that I owe you. But I can save myself for three hundred, and for that sum you shall have it."

"It's a bargain, neighbor," said David Palmer.

Mr. Jarvys seemed for some reason anxious to conclude the matter that night, and after the bill of sale was drawn up, Mrs. Comfort Palmer had summoned from the kitchen a couple of neighbors, who put their names as witnesses to the paper. She had herself been called from the house at this time by the illness of a neighbor, and when she returned, a couple of hours later, Mr. Jarvys was on the point of leaving.

"Well, neighbor," he said, shaking the hand of his friend, "the land is yours and your heirs forever, now, and to-morrow I will call for you, and we'll go up to the centre, and have it recorded."

Mr. Jarvys showed the bill of sale to his daughter-in-law after he returned from the hall, whither he had gone with his guest, and said he should proceed at once to clear the land, and lay it out in pastures and wheat fields, and if his life was spared, he might build a house, selecting for its site the very ground on which the homestead now stood.

That night, however, David Jarvys went to the bed from which he never again rose, and the bill of sale was not recorded. His entire property fell to his son, the father of Daniel, for the old man died without making a will.

Mrs. Palmer recollected having seen the bill of sale in her husband's possession, twenty years later, only a few weeks previous to his death, and promised the deacon that she would at once institute a search for it.

As soon as Richard Jarvys had left the deacon, he had started for his mother's, foreseeing that if the bill of sale could not be produced, it was in the power of Richard Jarvys to occasion him great trouble, and perhaps eject him from the old homestead and the soil on which he had expended the strength and toil of his life.

The deacon's heart failed him when he learned from his mother that a most thorough search had failed to produce the bill of sale, and he had started off in a terrible tumult of feeling, when he was suddenly seized with a strange dizziness and chilliness, and could only with difficulty stagger home.

"If it had come years ago, when I was fresh and strong," said the old man, "I could have made headway against it; but it's fallen heavily on my old age. I can't stand the thought of leaving the old home where I was born and brought up, and which has grown to be a part of my life;" and he glanced around the old kitchen with a kind of sorrowful tenderness which it was pitiful to see.

"Oh, father!" interposed Grace, who had eagerly drunk in every word of her father's story—"you won't have to leave the old homestead; Ralph Jarvys can't get it away from you."

"I don't know, my child. He is an unprincipled, selfish man, and there is no doubt that he will push matters to the utmost extremity of the law."

"And all of this trouble might have been saved if the bill of sale had been recorded?"

"All of it, Grace; or, if either of the two men who witnessed the sale were alive now; but they are both dead, and we have only strong circumstantial evidence to oppose to Ralph Jarvys's title deed. It was a great oversight in my father that the matter was left so; but you know, Patience, he was an easy sort of man, and believed all men as honest as himself."

"We must trust the Lord with this whole matter, Daniel. He isn't goin' to desert us in our old age."

"That's well put in, wife; I must cast the burden of all this care upon Him. But it's hard—it's hard to bear now." And the deacon buried his face in his hands. His wife and daughter had never seen him so broken down before.

The two women did all they could to comfort the old man with kind and loving words and tender ministrations; but the hearts of both were heavy as they looked off to the future, and feared the wrong and suffering which it might have in store for them; and the fair April day closed around the home of Deacon Palmer as no April day had ever done before.

Then Robert, who knew nothing of what had happened, broke into his sister's chamber, sure that he was the messenger of good tidings, and with a boyish love of sport, whirled a letter above her head, crying—

"Guess what I've got here!"

A rift of light pierced the shadows that lay heavily on the young heart at that sight. The brother and sister had a merry chase and struggle after the letter, and Grace read it over twice in the fading light, and when she laid it down there was a new brightness on her face.

"He is coming next week," she said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Old Bridge.

BY MYSTIC.

It is only a bridge of logs, I know,
Built in the days of the long ago,
Over the waters, that ran away
Into the forest dark, from the day;
Frightened, fled from the ardent eye,
Flashing down from the glowing sky,
Darting its beams through the tremulous trees,
Turned aside by the whispering breeze;
Only a bridge of logs, that they made,
Down in the gloaming of forest shade—
Down where the night and the sunlight stood,
Clasping hands, by the slumbering wood.

Long ago, had the quivering beam
Looked in the laughing eyes of the stream;
Long ago, had the moss grown gray,
Over the old bridge crumbling away;
Striving to hide from the curious gaze
The mouldering relic of olden days.
Long ago, were the hands at rest,
Folded peacefully over the breast;
The hardy hands, whose vigorous strokes
Won from the forest her proudest oaks;
The rough, brown hands, that deep in the shade
The old log bridge of the dingle made.

Long ago—yet to-day, again
I went down to the woodland glen;
Deep in the hush of the twilight stood,
Touching the hem of the tangled wood,
Not with the step of childhood free,
Bounding along in its careless glee,
Down the path where briars grow rank,
And brakes press close to the brooklet's bank,
Over the bridge they have left to decay,
Slowly and sadly, I went to-day;
Over the stream with whispering flow,
Back to the years of the long ago.

One who passed in his boyish pride
Over the bridge by the dingle side,
Down where the surges of ocean sweep,
Down on the treacherous breast of the deep,
Pillowed his head in the dreamless sleep,
One, with eyes like the depths of blue,
Life's bright summer of June-time knew;
One, with eyes like the shadowy gleam
Of moonlit seas in their midnight dream,
Gazed with me, in the brook that gave
Faces three in its picturing wave,
Painted soft by a straying beam,
Wandering lost in the crystal stream.

Once when the snows of the winter chill
Lay in the valley and over the hill,
Solemn and slow, with a muffled tread,
Over the bridge they carried the dead.
Once when the leaves of the autumn fall,
Hiding the bridge in the quiet dell,
Strangers' hands, with a gentle care,
Gathered a garland of lilies fair,
Wreathing a white brow, left them there.
Only sorrowful eyes of gray
Looked at me from the stream to-day.

THIS WORLD.

This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it.

For if we fret and scold all day
From dewy morn till even,
This world will ne'er afford a man
A foretaste here of Heaven.

The Old Dress,

AND WHAT CAME OF WEARING IT.

BY R. L. YOUNG.

"Oh, little Jamie!—how I wish you would go to sleep.

"Sister wants to finish her dress; sister wants to look pretty, and clean, and fresh in somebody's eyes at the party to-night; and how can she if you hinder her so, unkind baby?"

"You don't care a snap of your little dimpled fingers, indifferent baby, if she does have to wear her old merino dress, which is dingy, and dim, and unsuitable for May, and which you know has a little patch on the front breadth, an inch from the bottom, where she burnt it waiting on you, unreciprocating baby.

"Don't you suppose somebody will compare your sister with the dainty city ladies that have been proud to dance with him? And how will she look among the village girls, in their fresh roses and airy dresses—your poor sister, all crushed with holding you, ponderous baby!—hoarse with lulling you, wide-awake baby!—jaded with serving you, imperial baby! that must needs be attended to, if all else goes to ruin.

"What will somebody's beautiful Boston cousin say about your sister? *She* wouldn't think of wearing such a dress anywhere, much less to Judge Thayerton's. She would prefer not to go out at all, unless she could appear in a dress more suitable to the occasion; and so would your sister Milly very much, persistently exigent baby, if she could have her own way, which, as a general thing, nobody can have in this world without hurting some one else somewhere—a truth which I advise you to make a note of, ignorant baby, and reduce to practice, and your sister will go, so as not to mortify her little escort, Charley Ford; he'll think she isn't proud of his company if she don't go; her mother will think she is disappointed not to finish her dress; and she is as anxious not to make her mother unhappy as you will be ten, or twenty, or thirty years hence, undeveloped protector!

"Oh, you little rogue! there isn't a wink of sleep in you!" And Milly, who, with a perfectly serious face had been murmuring this quaint soliloquy in place of the lullaby long since exhausted, suddenly changed her tone, and coaxed the restless child into a high carnival of fun and frolic. But he would not be put down from her arms. Any device which

himself, he steadily resisted as an encroachment on rights, that knowing he "dared maintain."

Milly glanced from the clock to the airy folds of unfinished muslin. "It is too late to finish it now, any way," she said with an effort of courage, and folding all the work together, she laid it away and brushed the shreds from the carpet, gathered a heterogeneous collection of playthings into their appropriate basket, and did those hundred and one little things which must be done ever so many times in a day, to keep a room pleasant and comfortable, all the while supporting Jamie, who was well content to be carried about on one arm. Then she threw a mantle over the baby's head, and went out among her flowers.

"Don't you think it's almost time for mother to be coming home, little Dixie? The sewing circle must be over, for the Conways and the Hilliards drove by some time ago; and there comes Mrs. Ford and—oh, they have brought mother in their carriage. Well done, Charley Ford, to get down and hand her out like a gentleman, as you are. We'll run down to the gate and meet her; how nice and pleasant she looks!—she shall find no clouds here."

However, while Nelly brushed her glossy hair, her mother said—

"I have seen Laura Clemans's dress that she made on purpose for the party at Judge Thayerton's, and it is not near as pretty as yours."

"Then how fortunate for her that mine will not be there to put it out of countenance."

"Why?—aint you going, Milly?" cried her mother.

"Oh yes, I'm going; I don't intend to miss the party; but I didn't get my dress done. I shall have to wear the merino one; it has short sleeves, you know; it will not be too warm."

"But the other would be so much more becoming. Can't it be finished now? Why didn't you tell me sooner, that I might go about it?"

"Oh no, dear mother; there's full two hours' work to be done. Besides, you don't know how to set on the trimming. Never mind, it will be new for next time."

"But I thought you was sure of finishing it, or I would have staid home to help you."

"When you stay home, mother, that I may go out, I'll—well, 'there's no use talking,' as Mr. Holland's clerk says. I *was* sure, I thought; but I happened to be hindered one

way and another. Baby—I see you have charmed him to sleep—has required a great deal of entertaining. Freddy came home from school in tears and trouble. He had slipped into the brook. You should have seen him, all green with slime and weeds, from head to foot; and that malicious Kit Conway had told him that it never could wash off—that his clothes were ruined. The poor child thought it was a serious matter, till he saw me laugh. I haven't laughed so much in a week. Well, it took some time to get him clothed, and in his right mind."

"I should think it might," said her mother. You had to mend some pants for him. I know he hadn't a whole pair in the world, except them he had on. I've had his others cut out these three weeks, and ought to have staid at home and made 'em to-day. I don't mean to sew any more for the heathen; I always do find that I've neglected my duty to my own family."

"Then the family—my share in it—will begin to make a fuss about one of its duties to you, mother."

"What is that, pray?"

"To see that you don't drudge and slave for us every minute of your life; to give you a half-holiday once in a while, even if it's to work for somebody else. Then think how disappointed Mrs. Clemans would be, after all her trouble in getting up the society, if the members should stay away. And poor Mrs. Conway, who never goes anywhere else, could have no recreation at all. I guess you won't give it up yet."

"Well, Milly, I must say you have wonderful patience. Any other girl, disappointed as you have been, would make everything blue."

"I should think I had," she answered gayly. "Don't you see the ribbon in my hair? and these about my wrists are like my dress—all blue."

Nevertheless, poor Millicent shrank from entering the dressing-room at Judge Thayer-ton's, as she stood unseen outside the door, and thought she had never seen her young friends look so handsome or so elegantly dressed. In the middle of the room stood a fair stranger. Oh, how fair! That, she knew at once, must be Theodore Duquesne's cousin from Boston. Miss Thayer-ton was introducing the rest with some pride.

"She won't be proud of me," thought poor Milly. "How Miss Duquesne's eyes sparkle. She looks as if she could make all the fun in the world of a body. Oh, I don't want to go in; I wish I could run away home."

But just then Miss Clemans arriving, met her with a warm greeting, and putting one arm about her waist, drew her into the dreaded circle, where Milly, somewhat relieved to have been presented while partially concealed by her wrappings, and to find herself comparatively unnoticed in the general interest excited by the stranger, quietly prepared herself to go down, but noticed with a sinking heart that no one else wore a thick dress like hers, and thought how light it would be in the parlor, where Theodore and everybody could see her.

Farther up the room, and just behind the laughing and chatting girls in the centre, Kitty Conway—careless little butterfly as she was—had set a light upon the floor that she might see to unknot a tangled gaiter lace. Absorbed in this perplexing business, she never noticed that every movement of the unconscious group brought their light robes in dangerous proximity to the lamp, till a flash of flame, and a simultaneous cry of horror from every part of the room, aroused her. Miss Duquesne, turning quickly round, swept the rest of her dress past the lamp, and the snowy muslin lit in twenty places.

All was confusion and dismay; for the same terrible danger menaced every one whose inflammable drapery should receive a touch or even a spark from the cruel flame. One who was laving her hands at the moment of the catastrophe, immediately threw all the water towards the middle of the room, but with such haste and agitation that it availed nothing.

Such of the young men as had come in from seeing their horses secured, had been shown into a room at the opposite end of the long hall; among them was Theodore Duquesne. The instant he saw the awful peril of his cousin, he shouted to her to lie down. "Lie down instantly, Ada!" he cried, with thrilling earnestness, as he sprang towards her; but the frightened and agonized girl neither heeded nor heard. With some wild hope of finding water and throwing herself into it, she ran towards the stairs. They descended from that end of the hall nearest her, and he remembered—with an anguish that chilled his blood—her wonderful fleetness, that had distanced him in many a sportive race. What miracle could save her now! Once in the draught of the stairway, and how rapidly the flames would rise above her head, till she was beyond all human help, or dreadfully disfigured for life.

But there was one on whom his voice had more effect. Millicent—who had long uncon-

sciously, but with a woman's implicit faith, made him her oracle—sprang forward, and, with no other thought than that whatever he directed was for the best, and must be done, clasped the flying girl in her arms, and resolutely drew her to the floor.

She would have risen again immediately, but the important moment was gained, and at the same instant the carpet of the hall was torn from its fastening, turned over and closely wrapped about them by the strong and ready hands of young Duquesne.

"Both safe! Thank God! thank God!" he cried, fervently, as he lifted the struggling, half suffocated girls, and relieved them of the dusty covering, "and Milly, dear girl! brave, generous girl! what terrible sorrow you have saved us all! By this time, but for you—" his voice failed him, he grasped the balustrade for support, entirely overcome by the imminence of the danger just escaped.

It was soon ascertained that Ada was severely burned about the ankles, while Milly's arms and hands had suffered nearly as much. There were scarlet marks of flame across her face, and a startling blank where long meek lashes, and prettily arched eyebrows, had been; but no damage here, thank God! that time could not soon amend.

While some hurried about for dressings and bandages, and others satisfied the alarmed neighbors who came pouring in, Ada's mother, who had come with her from Boston, and was visiting at the Duquesnes, rushed in, with ashen face and eyes wild with a terrible anxiety, followed by her sister, scarcely less appalled. "Where—?" she cried, breathlessly.

"Dear aunt! she is saved. The danger is over!" cried Theodore, embracing her and his mother with joy. "One of the girls was brave enough to clasp flame and all in her arms, and drew her down before the blaze could reach her face at all. She is not even disfigured. Oh! but for that, she would have outran me; she would have run till she was burned to death!"

"That they mostly do," said one of the neighbors. "It's natural, I suppose, when they get afire. How often we read of poor wretches that run blazing out into the streets, and before they can be reached, are burned past all hope."

"But I never should have expected," said another, "that shy and quiet little Milly Herrick would have had courage to do as she did. If it had been one of those high, strong Hilliards, or Victoria Conway now, 'twouldn't seem so

strange; but it seems they did nothing but scream, even after every spark was out."

"Quiet people are the ones to rely on," said Judge Thayerton. "Millicent has a great deal of character; she is a sweet girl, as well as a brave one. I wish my own little flyaway darling was more like her."

"And if Theodore Duquesne hadn't known exactly what to do, at the right minute, we should have a much sadder story to tell, I'm thinking. That's generally the trouble, nobody knows or thinks till it's too late, what ought to be done."

But the anxious mother had not waited all this time; she had hurried in to embrace her darling, who seemed like one restored from the grave—so terrible had been her dread, since a hasty and imperfect report of the accident had reached her—and to bless with thankful tears the dear girl, whose timely aid had saved her only child from a death so horrible.

The next morning—as Millicent sat on the floor amusing Jamie with one slipped foot, or by playing "bo-peep" through her diminished curls, while he evidently wondered at the unwonted abridgment of her resources—Theodore came with his mother and aunt to renew their thanks, and to express them to her parents, who were very proud of her, and not the less so that she had won the kindness of the Duquesnes, who were much looked up to in that little community.

"But," Milly said, "I do not deserve your praise at all. Ada owes her life entirely to Mr. Duquesne. If he had not been so quick, we should both have suffered dreadfully. As for the little I did, any of the other girls could have done it; only their dresses made it dangerous for them to go near her. I knew that my woollen dress would not blaze up 'round me; so you see I did not need any great courage."

"But what did you think could save your poor beautiful arms, when you thrust them into the flame, Milly?" said the young man.

"Oh, I didn't think of them at all," she confessed. "I only thought how the fire would scar her face if it got up to it."

"So you took the scars yourself, dear child!" said Ada's mother, tearfully, kissing her. "Ada said this morning, that she wished she could take your burns on herself, she feels so sorry that you should have the worst of it in saving her."

"Not the worst, I'm sure, madam."

"True, her injuries are deeper, but the marks will do little harm there, you know, while yours—"

"I can always wear long sleeves; and then, if I put on gloves I shall do very well. Oh, tell her I do not mind scars. I am so thankful that it is no worse, when I think what might have happened."

"And how did you happen to know, or to think, that a person should lie down? I can see now how much it would save them; but I never should have thought of it myself."

"There again," Milly said, glancing towards Theodore, "you give me credit that is due to another. I didn't know—I never thought anything about it. I heard Mr. Duquesne tell his cousin to lie down, and I saw that she did not notice. Poor young lady! how should she? so I drew her down, thinking that whatever he said must be right."

Theodore's mother looked quickly at him; but perceiving that he was as far from suspecting the whole meaning of this naive confession, as the artless girl who made it, she wisely kept her own counsel; only her eyes dwelt on the young girl with a new and tender interest, as on one who might become her daughter, and not an unwelcome one, either; for since her son's success in Boston, she had often been afraid he would marry a city wife, who would despise his country home and friends.

"Well," cried Miss Conway, to some of her mates, a few weeks after this, "if I'd only known, I would have been willing to get burnt a little at Judge Thayerton's. Just see what a heroine it has made of little Herrick! Alfred Duquesne has sent her an exquisite gold watch from Boston. They say he's ever so proud of his daughter's beauty; and there is Theo. going down almost every day to read to her; to take her riding; or to carry her mother something, (for nobody need court Milly that forgets her mother,) or to take out Ada, who cannot walk yet. Such attention is worth some risk. And to have secured the most elegant beau about, when we were all dying for a chance to fascinate him."

"Now Victoria Conway, there's no use in pretending that you want him," said Miss Clemans, good naturedly, "for to my certain knowledge you have refused as good men as he, and you might as well let him make love where it wont be wasted."

"Let him! Nobody can help it, and that's what I rave about," rejoined the lively girl. "If I didn't want him 'for keeps,' and don't you be too sure of that, either; wouldn't it have been delightful to have such a splendid fellow devoted to a body even for a little while, giving

one such bouquets as I saw on Milly's table yesterday, riding out with one, and all that? And you know some one of us might have enjoyed it, in the natural course of events; for Milly never would have put herself forward, and Duquesne is enough like the rest of mankind never to see her without; but it's spilt milk now. I resign myself. He'll marry her, and take her off to Boston, and 'dress her in silks and laces so fine,' as the old song says, and the Boston Duquesnes will make everything of her, and then Theodore will bring her down here to Thanksgivings and such, and we shall all be convened at the Duquesne mansion to do her honor, and shall say we're so glad to see her."

"And say it honestly, at least I know you will," replied Laura Clemans, "and so shall I, for I always knew she deserved as much, though I own I never expected she'd get it. Providence is so apt to use that sort of women for missionaries, and give them some heathen of a husband to exercise their gifts of grace and goodness on."

Stray Thoughts.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Wait patiently.

The longer you wait, the greater the blessing which will be yours. The thrifty husbandman plants his ground in faith that the summer's sunshine and rain will give him a bountiful reward for his care and toil. He does not ask for his ripened harvest in midsummer; he is content to wait God's own appointed time; and the mellow days of autumn perfect his fruit, and tinge his grain fields with pale gold. And so from patient waiting much good cometh.

Even like him, be content to wait. Every just deed shall certainly have its full remuneration; and though it may not come this week, or this year, or in this life, rest assured that the Hereafter holds the recompense.

* * * * *

Joy and grief walk hand in hand beside us all the way through.

There will come times when we look upon life, clad in a new glory; when all the earth will be redolent with a beauty and gladness of which, hitherto, we had not dreamed. The skies will gleam with a purer azure—the sunshine be more celestial in its splendor—the songs of the birds more like the imagined songs of angels, and the winds, that sweep down from the clover fields, will be sweet as though they had passed over the stormy heights of Heaven!

The heart will swell with ineffable love to every living thing—the lips burst forth into song—the spirit leap up from its casket of mortality, to soar after the Immortal!

All who have lived and loved, have known this ecstasy.

* * * * *

Again—there will come a time to all of us when the grave will look pleasant. When we shall long for its quiet shelter, and pray for its peaceful embrace.

This beautiful earth, with its skies of amber gold, flushed with roses of a crimson rarer than those which bloom in Sicilian gardens—with its airs of balm, and its breaths of ravishing music; with its sacred friendships, and its blessed human loves—will look to us a desert! Its green spots will be waste and desolate; its atmosphere the atmosphere of a tomb; its sunset glories will be like the sculptured cover of a mausoleum—magnificent only to divert the mind from the sadness of decay and death beneath!

There will be times when our weary feet must wander in loneliness and sorrow in the cold and darkness of despair! And the heart will lose its faith, and the soul its confidence in the God of our salvation!

All who have loved and *lost*, have felt this, aye, thrice of this; and who shall comfort them?

* * * * *

Did you ever think how beautiful a thing it is to make some one happier?

The remembrance of a day passed pleasantly, may sweeten a whole after life of suffering. To have enjoyed one day, fully and entirely, is worth untold gold to the recipient!

Happiness softens the heart, and renders it susceptible to holy influences.

Love wins a thousand where hatred conquers a score. Not one in an hundred can be ruled by fear; but every human heart, however depraved, can, in some measure, be swayed by love.

And you have this potent alchemist always with you—always at hand, to be employed, or not, as you see fit. Then is it a light thing to mingle with your fellows, when you remember that you have the power to influence their whole future for good or evil? Is your trust a trifling one?

Try to regard it with due importance. God has confidence in you, inasmuch as He continues your life—confidence that it is well for you to live on still.

Then why not show Him that you are worthy of your trust? Why not labor to secure some-

one's happiness? Why not cast out self, and think of the hearts you might soothe; of the wounds you might heal; of the sad eyes you might light up with joy, and the pale cheeks that you might make to flush with gladness?

And in the end you shall find that it is, indeed, "more blessed to give than to receive."

* * * * *

Let us not pass an opinion too hastily, on the actions of others.

It is better to judge a man too leniently than too harshly. If we must err, it is better to err on mercy's side. Better that ten deadly injuries should go unrevenged, than one innocent person should be made to suffer.

We can never accurately judge of a man's heart by his outward conduct—because we cannot place ourselves precisely in his situation, to look upon life and its affairs with his own particular estimate. We can never be surrounded with the same influences that surround him, or be acted upon by the identical impulses which act upon him. We cannot see life from his individual stand point, and therefore we do not know but that if we were placed in his circumstances we should do even as he has done.

Let us, therefore, be charitable one to another, for we know not how soon we, ourselves, may require charity and forgiveness at the hands of our neighbor.

Love.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Come again before long, Lizzie, we are always glad to see thee; mamma is glad, sister is glad, and baby is glad."

"And I'm glad too," said little laughing, jumping three years old Eddy.

"Oh, I *shall* come," replied Lizzie, and a bright smile grew up all over her face, to show how her heart was laughing too; and the generally staid and quiet little girl bounded off as though her feet had really caught the happy feeling.

What was it made Lizzie so happy just then? Oh, it was only because Aunt Sarah had spoken so kindly, and she felt that she was really loved. Love, which begets kindness, has great power over our hearts. Wise King Solomon says, "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." We all desire to be loved, and it doesn't require great attentions to make us believe that we *are* loved. A kind word, a pleasant smile, a look, very small loving things which the hands can

do. speak love in its loudest language. Then who would wish to let the world pass away from him, unloving and unloved, when so small efforts make ourselves and those about us glad and happy.

Questionings.

BY ERNEST ELTON.

Why should we sorrow for the days departed,
Why fear, and tremble for the days to come?
Why weep so wildly o'er the broken-hearted,
Who perished e'er life's goal was reached or won?
The sunshine surely is not all behind us,
It's brightness gilds the days that lie before;
There's rest in Heaven, then why not this remind
us,
The early dead shall faint and fall no more?

Why walk we blindly, all our lives unheeding
The care that noteth e'en a sparrow's fall?
Though strong hearts falter, and tired feet are
bleeding,
Is not His love and kindness over all?
Why shun the hill-top where the sun is shining,
To seek the valley's shadowed, gloomy way?
Alas! the darkness—no'er the Faith divining,
That guides believers to the perfect day.

Why sit we idly, where the storm-wreck showeth
Shattered idols, rare and beauteous things?
Why not remember that the father knoweth
Our lives have need of all these bitter things?
We may not hope, in drear and cold December,
The May-time freshness o'er the land to see,
Yet why not say we, "evermore remember
That as our days are, so our strength shall be?"

Ah mo! I fear we all are growing fearful,
We clog our lives with doubts, and fears, and
cares,
We're once deceived, and straightway grow too
careful
To entertain the Angel unawares!
We ever seek some blessed, bright Elysian,
In dear home places, and far foreign lands;
It never smiles upon our mortal vision,
So sit we idly down with folded hands.

But let us, friends, take courage, "Life is real,"
And still the sun shines in this world of ours.
The rose is lovely, but the thorns are cruel,
Then why not shun them, while we seek the
flowers?

We cling to life, e'en though its brightness reach
us,
Wavering and dim, through gates and dungeon
bars;
Even there, sweet Faith, and Hope, and Trust may
teach us,
The darkest night brings out the brightest stars.

COLLINGSVILLE, Ohio, Nov., 1861.

VOL. XIX.—9

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER II.

The house was small and poor. A dim light shone through one of the second story windows, and the Doctor could see, as he looked up, a shadow on the ceiling, as of some person walking in the room above. His knock at the door was almost immediately answered by a child, who held a candle elevated above her head.

"Does Mrs. Ewbank live here?"

"Oh, it's you, Doctor! Walk in, please."

Doctor Hofland recognized his visitor of the evening. The child stepped back, and he entered, closing the door. He was in a room instead of a hall, the door opening directly on the street.

"I'll call mother," said the child, as she set the candlestick on a table. "Please to take a chair, sir."

The few minutes that intervened before Mrs. Ewbank came down, gave Doctor Hofland an opportunity to make, by the feeble light of a single tallow candle, a running inventory of what was in the room. The floor had no carpet. Five old cane-seat chairs were against the walls, and a small mahogany table, dark and dim with age, stood under the window, which had neither shade nor blind. A papered fireboard concealed the hearth. Two small frames hung just over the mantel-piece, but the light was so feeble that the Doctor could not make out from where he sat, whether they contained miniature portraits or fancy pictures. An impulse of curiosity led him to cross the room for the purpose of examining them closely. They were evidently miniatures, one of a man, and the other of a woman, in the ripeness of early prime. The first impression was that of familiar faces; but not being able to make out the features distinctly, he was turning for the candle, when a woman entered the apartment. She had descended the stairs so noiselessly, that her coming was not observed.

Though scant and poor, the room was clean and orderly; a fact which the Doctor had not failed to observe. He was not surprised, therefore, to see in Mrs. Ewbank a neat, though plainly attired person. She wore a dark wrapper, carefully buttoned, and her hair was evenly parted, and brushed smoothly away over her temples. Though apparently some years past thirty, and showing signs of wasting sickness,

or of trouble that exhausts more than sickness, her eyes were large and bright, with something of youthful fire in them, that a mother's present anxieties could not extinguish. What most impressed the Doctor, was the refined aspect of her countenance, and the manner, which showed cultivation.

"Doctor Hofland," she said, in a low voice, yet fixing her eyes intently upon his face, and in a questioning manner. The tone struck him as familiar, and stirred for a moment old feelings, in a vague, uncertain way. But he failed to recognize in her features those of an acquaintance or friend.

"Mrs. Ewbank?" he responded.

"Yes sir."

"You have a sick child?"

"Yes, sir. Will you walk up and see him?"

She led the way, and Doctor Hofland ascended to one of the chambers above. He found the furniture almost as meagre as in the room below; but the same order and cleanliness prevailed. On the bed lay an emaciated child, a year old, in whose pinched features he saw at the first glance a sign of approaching death.

"How long has he been sick?" asked the Doctor, as he sat down, and laid his fingers on the wasted little hand, limp as a withered leaf.

"He's never been a well child since he was born, Doctor."

There was something so familiar in the answering voice that Doctor Hofland looked up curiously into the woman's face. She turned partly away, as if to avoid the scrutiny.

"What seems particularly to ail him? How is he affected?"

"I can hardly tell you, Doctor. He cries a great deal, and don't eat. There's something the matter inwardly."

A slight spasm went shuddering through the little frame, and a low cry cut the air. A moment, and it was gone, and the pinched features settled into quiet again. The Doctor bent down, and examined the face carefully. While doing so, a man in the next room coughed two or three times, at which he raised himself and listened, noting, with a professional ear, the sound.

"My husband," said the woman.

He turned to the sick child again, watching its face, and observing the respiration. He then wrote a prescription.

"Send for this, and give him one of the powders every hour through the night when not sleeping. If he sleeps, don't disturb him."

"Do you think him very ill?" asked the mother, in an anxious voice.

"He's a sick child." What less could the Doctor say, when he saw death written all over the ashen face?

"But you can help him, Doctor?" said Mrs. Ewbank, in a pleading voice.

"It would have been better if I had seen him earlier," remarked the Doctor. He wished to prepare her for what seemed inevitable.

"I know it was wrong in me not to send," the poor mother answered, in a distressed way. "But—" She checked herself, and left the words that were on her tongue unspoken.

"Why didn't you send before?" The Doctor's interest was still further awakened.

But Mrs. Ewbank did not reply immediately, and in the pause that followed, the sound of coughing was again heard in the next room.

"How long has your husband been coughing in that way?" asked Doctor Hofland.

"Only about a week, so badly. But, he's coughed for a long time."

"Has he taken medicine, or seen a physician, within a week?"

"We got some cough mixture from a druggist's; but that only relieved him for a little while. It kind of stupefies him."

"And leaves the cough harder afterwards?"

"Yes, sir. He's worse when the effect passes off."

The Doctor shook his head. There was a pause, and then he asked,

"Shall I not see your husband?"

"Oh, Doctor! If you will!" Hope and gratitude were in her face—and tears in her eyes. "Wait just a moment," she added; and then passed into the chamber where her husband lay, to prepare him for the Doctor's visit. She came back quickly, saying—"Now Doctor," and the physician entered. Though everything, as perceived by the feeble rays of a single poor candle, was clean as in the other rooms, and in order, yet the articles were scant; and the whole air of the apartment dreary. The remains of a wood fire smouldered on the hearth, but there was little pervading warmth in the atmosphere.

At a glance, Doctor Hofland saw that Mr. Ewbank was not a coarse or common man. His mouth and nose were cleanly cut; his eyes full of intelligence; and his purely white forehead of ample breadth. His hair was very dark and fine, and curled back from the transparent skin of his temples, through which was perceived the azure net work of veins.

"My husband, Mr. Ewbank: Doctor Hoffland." There was an air of refinement about Mrs. Ewbank, now more particularly observed. Not much change took place in the countenance of her husband; though, as the Doctor sat down, and laid his fingers on his pulse, he kept his large bright eyes fixed steadily on him.

"You have fever," remarked the Doctor.

"Yes, I've been feverish for some days."

A fit of coughing followed this reply.

"What excites this cough?" asked the Doctor.

"A creeping and tickling here in the throat pit. And he touched the spot.

"Does the coughing produce pain?"

"Now it does. The jarring seems to have hurt my chest."

"The pain is not lancinating or acute?"

"No—it is a sore pain, as if the lungs were bruised."

Still holding the patient's wrist, the Doctor bent his head thoughtfully for some moments. Then he asked—

"May I see the cough mixture you have been taking?"

Mrs. Ewbank went to a closet and brought out a large vial. After smelling and tasting the contents, the Doctor shook his head.

"Do you think it has done him any harm?" the wife asked, with much apparent anxiety.

"It has done him no good, at least. Don't give him any more of it."

"It contains opium," remarked the patient.

"Yes, and gave you a temporary relief. But, when the effect wore off, your cough was dryer and harder than before."

"That was just the effect."

"And you have grown more feverish?"

"Yes."

"I will give you something better." The Doctor spoke with cheerful confidence, and drawing a memorandum book from his pocket, in which were loose bits of paper, wrote a prescription.

"Take, according to directions accompanying the medicine, and I think, when I call to-morrow morning, that I shall find a decided improvement."

The Doctor noticed a gleam of hopeful light break over Mrs. Ewbank's face. He then retired, and, in passing through the next room, stopped to look at the sick child again.

"He is sleeping," said the mother, in a whisper, as she stooped over the bed.

The Doctor did not reply. After standing there a few moments, he turned and left the chamber; Mrs. Ewbank following him down stairs.

"You will come in the morning?" she said.

"O, yes. I'll be round early." There was something unspoken in her thought, and he paused that she might give it utterance. But she stood silent, and evidently in debate with herself. He was moving towards the door again, when she said—

"Doctor," apparently speaking under self-compulsion. He turned and looked at her with kind encouragement in his face.

"Is there a Dispensary in the neighborhood?" Her voice shook, and a flush came to her pale cheeks. Doctor Hoffland understood too well the meaning of this question. Moving back from the door, he regarded her, earnestly, for a moment or two, and read that in her wasted countenance, of which he had not guessed in the beginning—read of hunger, and the exhaustion of life through lack of food. Under the sharp inquiry of his eyes, she shrunk back, and held the candle so that her face would be more in shadow.

"Send your little girl with me," said the Doctor.

Mrs. Ewbank moved to the stairway and called—"Esther!"

"Yes, ma'am," was the child's response, and in a moment quick feet were heard in the chamber above.

"Bring your hood. The Doctor wants you to go with him."

"It is cold out, my dear," said Doctor Hoffland, looking narrowly at the child, as she came down stairs. "Haven't you a cloak, or a coat? That shawl is too thin."

"Oh, I'll be warm enough," was answered, in a brave, cheerful way. And so they went out together. The nearest drug store was at a distance of three squares. On the way, Doctor Hoffland asked a few leading questions, in order to gain, without drawing his companion into undue communicativeness, some idea of the condition of things at home.

"Have you always lived in Baltimore?" was one of his questions.

"Oh no, sir. We haven't lived here very long."

"How long?"

"Maybe about a year."

"Where did you live before you came to Baltimore?"

"In Albany."

"State of New York?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did your father keep a store in Albany?"

"Oh no, sir. He kept a school."

"Ah! A school?"

"Yes, sir. But he got sick, and lost it. And then we came here."

"Has your father taught since he has been in this city?"

"Yes, sir, for a little while; but not in his own school."

"He gave lessons in somebody else's school?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he teach?"

"Latin and Greek, sir. But he can teach anything."

"He doesn't give lessons now?"

"No, sir. They got another man in his place; and he's been too sick to teach for a good while."

"How long is it since they got another man in his place?"

The child thought for some moments, and then replied,

"Ever since August. I know it from my birth-day."

"That was in August?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old were you then?"

"I was eight years old, sir."

"Eight years. And your name is Esther?"

"That is my name."

"Called after your mother?"

"No, sir; after my grandmother. But she's dead."

They were now at the druggist's shop, and entering, Doctor Hoffland ordered the two prescriptions. While they were being prepared, he scanned the child's face closely. Some would have called it handsome; but he saw in its regular oval so many signs of endurance and suffering, that, as he gazed upon it, his heart was touched.

"Give me two packages of oat meal," he said, to the druggist, as he received the compounded medicines. "Now, Esther," turning to the child, "tell your mother to make a large bowl of gruel, and let your father drink as much of it as he can."

"Before he takes his medicine?" asked the child, lifting her earnest eyes to the Doctor's face.

"Yes. First the gruel, remember; and if his cough doesn't trouble him, he needn't take the medicine for an hour afterwards. Good night, dear. Run home as fast as you can; and tell your mother by no means to omit the gruel."

CHAPTER III.

When Doctor Hoffland came back to his office, he found a man awaiting his return—a young

man, with a hard, sensual face, and something of a dissolute air.

"Doctor Hoffland," said the visitor, rising, with a respectful manner, as the Doctor came in. The Doctor bowed, in assent.

"Can I have a few words with you, confidentially?"

"I presume so," replied the Doctor. "Be seated again."

The young man sat down. His manner was disturbed, and a little mysterious.

"I believe," he said, trying, though with only partial success, to assume a cool demeanor, "that you were acquainted with my father, the late Adam Guy."

"Yes, sir, I knew him."

"You attended him, in his last dreadful illness."

"I was not his physician," replied the Doctor.

"But you visited him, I know; for I saw you at our house."

"I was called in, as consulting physician, and saw him for a few times."

"Exactly. That is sufficient. Now, Doctor, you may not know it—but there was foul play with my father; and I'm bound to rip up the whole business. I'm going in to sift matters to the bottom."

"Foul play in what respect?" asked the Doctor.

"In all respects. That she-devil, his wife—excuse me! but I always lose myself when I think of her—managed to rob us children of nearly the whole of our father's property, by means of a will that, I am satisfied, could be broken in law. And I'm going to break it. Now, Doctor, you can help me. You attended my father, and know whether he was in condition to make a will. If it can be proved that he was *non compos* at the date of the will, then it is thrown overboard, and we come in, as heirs at law, for an equitable division of the estate. You see how it is, Doctor. What do you think? What is your opinion? Was the old gentleman sound or not? Fit to make a will or not?"

Disgust struggled with pity in Doctor Hoffland's mind, and kept him silent. Edwin Guy scanned him sharply, trying to read his thoughts.

"What is your opinion, Doctor?" The young man was impatient for a response.

"Of course, you have an opinion. You were with him. You saw exactly how it was. You know whether he was sane enough to make a will."

Doctor Hofland thought as rapidly as possible, before committing himself in a reply.

"You are Mr. Guy's youngest son?" he said, avoiding the answer that was expected.

"Yes sir, I am. Edwin Guy is my name."

"Your brother John is dead?"

"He is."

"What of Adam, your oldest brother? Is he going to move with you in this matter?"

There was a change in the young man's face—anger and contempt swept over it.

"No, sir! The will was adroitly made, giving him the full sum to which he would have been entitled in a legal division of my father's estate. That settled him. Pocketing his share, he turned his back upon the younger children, and left them a prey to robbers. Thus bribed to abandon us to our fate, I hold him as an accomplice with my step-mother and that precious scoundrel, her husband. But right is right, Doctor, and I'm going to see this matter through. If I can establish the fact that my father was not in a sane condition when the will was made, there will be a new distribution of property, to the advantage of myself and sisters."

"What of your sisters, Mr. Guy? Where are they?"

This question dashed the young man. He reddened, and then stammered an admission that he was not particularly advised in regard to them.

"What about Lydia? Is she in Baltimore?"

"Indeed, Doctor, I am unable to speak with any certainty in regard to her. She threw herself away, as you perhaps know, in a disgraceful marriage, and became separated from the family. Nothing has been heard of her, so far as I am advised, since our father's death. My step-mother may know something of her whereabouts; but as we have been strangers for years, no information that she possesses would be likely to reach me."

"She may be dead," said the Doctor.

"Possible." There was not even a pretence of feeling in the young man's voice.

"You have a younger sister?"

"Yes, sir, Frances."

"Is she living with your step-mother?"

"I think not."

"When did you see her?"

The young man lifted his eyes to the ceiling, and mused for some time.

"It's over two years since I saw Frances," he said, at length, with as much indifference as though not a drop of kindred blood were in their veins.

"Is she married?"

"I've never heard of such an event."

So thoroughly disgusted was Doctor Hofland with the unfeeling, almost brutal spirit shown by Edwin Guy, that he felt no inclination to aid him in any effort to break the will of his father.

"If called to give evidence," said the visitor, going back to the leading purpose in his thought, "how clearly could you state the case? In other words, if asked whether my father were sane or insane, what would be your answer?"

"There are degrees of insanity," replied the Doctor, "and it would be for the court to decide, on the particulars of evidence, its estimate of the degree in your father's case. There was certainly a temporary derangement of the faculties."

"Temporary! Anything but that, Doctor? It proved to be inveterate. You are aware that the family was compelled to send him to an asylum, where, in the violence of his insanity, he threw himself from a window, and was killed."

"Did it never cross your mind," asked the Doctor, dropping his voice to a more serious tone, "that in the precipitate removal of your father from our Maryland Hospital to a private mad house in another state, some wrong may have been involved?"

"Wrong? Wrong, sir? I am not sure that I take your meaning." There was a sudden knitting of the young man's brows.

"I never assented to his being taken from home in the first place."

"Ah?"

"No, sir. In my view, the case did not threaten the disaster that followed. Doctor L——, who is now dead, was your family physician, and I was called, I think, at your father's desire. But without advising with me, and certainly against my judgment, he was taken to the Hospital while under the influence of an opiate. In a few days, he was so much better, that the resident physician consented to his being removed by Doctor L—— and your step-mother. I learned this on personal inquiry at the Hospital. You may judge of my surprise when, not long afterwards, the fact came out that instead of being taken home, he was borne off to the private asylum where he died."

"Is that so?" exclaimed Edwin Guy, starting to his feet, with lowering brows, and eyes that had in them a strange glitter.

"That is so," replied the Doctor.

"Who took him to the Hospital?"

Without reflecting as to the prudence of his answer, Doctor Hoffland replied—

"Mr. Larobe and your step-mother."

"Ha! Larobe! Good! I begin to see light! Something wrong? Of course there was something wrong!"

And the young man stalked backwards and forwards across the office in a wild, excited manner. But suddenly composing himself, he sat down close to the Doctor, and bending towards him, said, while he rubbed his hands in suppressed excitement and expectation—

"What else? Mr. Larobe was with my step-mother—her accomplice in the matter. And they took him from the Hospital, and removed him to a distant asylum?"

"No; Doctor L—— accompanied your mother when your father was taken from the Hospital."

"Doctor L——, oh!" There was a tone of disappointment. "But no matter. The thing is plain as daylight. I'm much obliged to you for the hint. Something wrong? I believe you! I always said that woman was capable of anything; and I always said that her day would come. Murder will out, you know, Doctor; and it's coming out now."

"Don't take too much for granted," replied Doctor Hoffland; "I have only given you a fact or two, and must warn you against quoting or involving me in a single item beyond what I have said. My evidence will only serve in a limited degree; and if, through any eagerness to make out a case, you rely on me to prove a title more than my present language declares, you will damage instead of promoting the cause of justice. You have all that I know or think it advisable to suggest. In my view, your father's case was a simple one, and should not have led at so early a stage of aberration, to his removal from home. If the will dates prior to this removal, the question of his ability to devise property is an open one, and may be decided by the courts either way. Unless you have a cloud of witnesses to prove insanity as existing when the will was made, an attempt to break it may only involve you in years of costly and fruitless litigation."

"I'm obliged to you for the advice Doctor," said the young man, resuming a cool exterior. "You've set me to thinking in a new direction." And with half-closed eyes, and shut, protruding mouth, he sat musing, with an occasional satisfactory nod, as he followed the train of thought which had been awakened in

his mind. Then rising and drawing his cloak about his shoulders, he bade the Doctor good evening, and retired.

CHAPTER IV.

On leaving the office of Doctor Hoffland, Edwin Guy walked hastily for several blocks, until he came into the neighborhood of the Court House, when he turned down St. Paul's street. Near Fayette street he entered, without ringing, one of the houses, and groped his way along an unlighted passage, to the back room on the first floor. In this room, furnished as a lawyer's office, a man sat by a table, writing. He looked up as the door opened, showing a large face and head, and a pair of calm, cold, steady eyes. His age was about forty.

Guy, after shutting the door, took a chair at the table opposite to this man, and then they looked at each other for a few moments in silence.

"Did you see him?" The lawyer, for that was the man's profession, spoke first. His voice was firm and penetrating, yet not burdened with any special interest. A close observer, and one skilled in human nature, would however have detected beneath his unmoved exterior a wily, alert spirit.

"I saw him," replied the young man.

"To any good purpose?"

"You will think so, when you hear what I have learned."

"The Doctor's evidence will serve you in the case?"

"I'm not sure of that. He doesn't think my father was so very insane when taken to the hospital."

"What?" The lawyer betrayed a momentary impulse; for instantly his thought compassed the true significance of this answer.

"There's been foul play beyond anything I had imagined, Mr. Glastonberry. It makes my hair stand on end to think of it."

"Foul play in what respect?"

"In respect to my father."

"Doctor Hoffland is not satisfied that he was insane?"

"No sir. He was consulting physician at the time, and they removed my father to the Hospital while stupefied with opium, without a word of conference with him."

"Is that so?"

"It is, on the word of Doctor Hoffland; and I reckon he won't lie."

"If Doctor Hoffland says so, you may believe it."

"Of course I believe it. And who, think

you, were the accomplices in this thing? Who, think you, conveyed him to the Hospital?"

"I cannot guess."

"My step-mother, and——Justin Larobe?"

"No!"

"Yes, sir; on the word of Doctor Hofland, as declared to me this night. His information was obtained from the resident physician at the Hospital, of whom he made inquiry at the time. And I learn farther, that in the few days my father remained in the Hospital, he improved so rapidly, that the physician made no objection to his being taken home again at the request of my step-mother, who, in company with the late Doctor L——, then our family physician, called in a carriage, and removed him."

"Taking him home?"

"No, sir. He never saw home again!"

"What?"

"He never saw home again. A short time afterwards, Dr. Hofland learned to his amazement, that my father had been taken from our excellent institution, and placed in a private mad-house on Long Island, where the catastrophe occurred that ended his life."

"Grave matters are involved here, my young friend," said the lawyer. The case assumes an entirely new aspect."

"It does, Mr. Glastonberry. I saw that in a moment. I question now whether an attempt to set aside the will, under an allegation of insanity, would be successful. The testimony of Dr. Hofland, on which I mainly relied, would damage instead of helping the case. He does not think the mental disturbance of my father was at all serious in the beginning."

"The move, if now attempted, must be in some new direction," said Mr. Glastonberry, dropping his head, and partly closing his eyes.

"One thing is clear," remarked Guy——"Larobe and my step-mother plotted to get father out of the way, and plotted successfully. Their act was little less than murder. It can be proved that they drugged him while sick, and then carried him to the Hospital; and further proved that he was taken from thence in an improved condition, and sent to a distant asylum, kept by an irresponsible foreigner, where he met with a violent death. An ugly look all that would have, bruited to the world in a court of justice."

"Very ugly." Mr. Glastonberry spoke as if to himself.

"If successful in breaking this will," resumed Edwin Guy, "there will be so many to share

in the estate, that my proportion cannot be large."

"How many children are there?"

"Six or seven——six, if my sister Lydia is dead; and I guess, seeing that nothing has been heard from her in eight or ten years, that she is safely out of this troublesome world."

"She may have left children."

Guy shrugged his shoulders, and frowned, saying——

"I didn't think of that."

"Say seven children; and the law will give your step-mother one-third of the estate."

"And her three cursed imps nearly half of what remains, after that great slice is taken out," growled the young man.

Just so. The whole estate possessed by your father at the time of his decease, you estimate in round numbers at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Yes."

"Deduct your step-mother's one-third, and we have left about one hundred and sixty-seven thousand dollars, to divide between seven persons, or something over twenty-three thousand to each. It will be safe to call this twenty thousand. Now you have already received ten thousand dollars under the will.

As a fee for recovering the balance, you offer me one-half. The case may be on trial for half-a-dozen years. Larobe is a hard man to fight at law. Does this view look enticing?"

"No, sir, it does not;" was the strongly spoken answer.

"Our fox may prove too swift for us in the open field; we must hunt him under cover."

"Just my own conclusion. The fact is, Mr. Glastonberry, to speak outright and downright, I'm for getting my own in the surest and safest way. Larobe and his she-devil of a wife must disgorge; and from what I have learned this evening, there is a process by which that desirable result may be effected. A crime lies between them; I know it, and can ruin them with a word!"

Guy had been seated since he entered the lawyer's office; but in closing this sentence, he started up in an excited manner, and gesticulated with some violence.

"I can ruin them at a word," he repeated——"and what is more, I'll do it, unless——"

He did not complete the sentence, but Glastonberry understood him.

"One thing must not be forgotten," said the lawyer, in his cold, deliberate way. "You have a cunning fox to deal with in Larobe."

"A swift-footed hound, keen of scent, is

usually a match for the cunningest fox. I'll put you against Larobe, any day; and I'm not slow myself, when the game's on foot.

Glastonberry's upper lip was raised in a peculiar way—drawn back, as we sometimes see it in a dog—showing two or three of the teeth on one side. The movement seemed nervous, and passed in a moment. It did not appear, from all the signs in his face, whether he relished his client's compliment or not.

"What do you propose?" he asked.

"If the Doctor's story is true, there's been foul play towards my father."

"Unquestionably," replied Mr. Glastonberry.

"And Larobe is a party to the foul play."

"I take that for granted."

"Very well. A man with a crime on his conscience is always a coward. You can frighten him into anything, if he is fully assured that you know his secret."

"In some cases that is so."

"Will it not be so with Larobe?"

"His character, as a man of honorable dealing, does not stand very high, you are aware. Two or three estates of orphans have been queerly managed under his administration; and he has coolly braved the odium of legal inquiry into his conduct, suffering damage to his good name in consequence."

"I can shake the penitentiary, nay, the gallows, in his face," said Guy, fiercely.

"He will understand the value of all that to the tenth part of a scruple."

"Of course, he will," answered the young man, losing a portion of his excitement under the chilling composure of the lawyer. "And its value is not to be determined with feathers in the opposing scale."

"In this line of attack, Edwin," said Mr. Glastonberry, "great caution is needed. If Larobe were a merchant, of ordinary calibre; or, in any other profession except law, he might be advanced upon with the prospect of a certain victory. But he is wily, crafty, and well entrenched in any position he may have taken. He knows every inch of the ground he stands on; its weak and its impregnable side. If you approach him as an enemy, he will comprehend your strength and resources, as compared with his own, and by feints and covert movements, seek to betray you to destruction—and he will do it, if you are not wholly on your guard."

"How can he damage me?" asked Guy.

"Conspiracies to extort money are regarded as serious crimes; and, moreover, in our

courts, a lawyer, as party to a suit, has two chances to one in his favor."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Simply, that, from a certain *esprit de corps*, the Bench and the Bar generally sustain each other. It is a difficult thing to get one lawyer of standing to conduct a case against a brother in the profession, who holds a good position. If Larobe can trap you in any way, and then dispose of you under legal process, depend upon it, he will do so, and you may find yourself across the Falls, and under lock and key, before even conscious of danger. Instead of hurting him, you may ruin yourself."

"Then you advise an open and above-board suit to break the will?"

"No; I do not advise that."

"What then?"

"Simply, that you govern yourself in all things, as I direct. There is a safe way, and also an unsafe way, in this business."

"I am in your hands, Mr. Glastonberry."

"Hold yourself strictly to my suggestions," answered the lawyer, "and I think we may gain more by private arrangement with Larobe, than in a perplexing suit. I must, of course, be unknown in the affair. It will not do for you to come here for consultation in the day time; nor must we ever be seen talking together on the street. In fact, we should avoid recognizing each other on meeting. It will suggest itself to Larobe, that you are acting under advice; and he will be Argus-eyed in his efforts to learn by whom your well considered advances upon him are instigated. If I am known, my power will, in a great measure, be gone. You understand?"

"O yes. I see the bearing of all that. You can trust in my discretion. I know what is at stake."

"Very well. Now we understand each other clearly. See me again to-morrow evening. In the mean time, it may be well for you to call on Doctor Hoffand, and get from him a repetition of what he said to-night, and anything further he may feel inclined to communicate. But, I must particularly caution you against the utterance of threats towards Mr. Larobe, or the use of any expressions that may give the Doctor a hint of what you intend doing. Note his language exactly, in all he says about your father, so as to remember his very words. I think—" he added, encouragingly—"that we have a rich case, and one that will pay, if we manage our cards aright. We must not be precipitate; but move with stealthy circumspection. Larobe must not be

startled, too suddenly, by a threat. He must be toyed with, and entreated, as it were. Your first visit should be one of solicitation, rather than demand. An approach to get his ear, and open the way for other advances. But I will think out the programme minutely, and to-morrow evening speak by the card."

Mr. Glastonberry then arose, and going to a closet, brought forth a small waiter, on which were glasses and a bottle of wine.

"It is sharp out to-night," he said, "and you must warm yourself before going with Amontillado."

And he poured two full glasses of the pale, sunny liquor.

"You perceive the flavor," said Glastonberry, as Guy, after sipping at his glass, noted the taste on his palate.

"True Amontillado," was replied, and then the glass was emptied and set down, but held between the fingers, in dumb invitation to be refilled—an invitation that did not wait.

"You're a judge of wine, Mr. Glastonberry," remarked Guy, approvingly, as he smacked his lips, after emptying his second glass.

"I know a good article," answered the lawyer. "Try another glass. It is light," and he filled for his companion again.

When, half an hour afterwards, they parted, the bottle stood empty on the lawyer's table.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kings and Queens of England.

WILLIAM I.

William I., was crowned at Westminster, on Christmas day, 1066, by the Archbishop of York, and took the oath usual in the times of the Saxon and Danish kings, which was to protect and defend the church, to observe the laws of the realm, and to govern the people with impartiality. He was of middle height, stoutly made, and of great strength; his countenance was stern; he was shrewd, grave and thoughtful; he never indulged in gayeties or amusements, except hunting, of which he was very fond. He was exact in the performance of all religious observances, and generous to his friends; but ambition was his ruling passion.

He began his reign with so much prudence and moderation, that the English thought they had great reason to be satisfied; he treated them with friendship and confidence, but placed all real power in the hands of the Normans.

He professed great regard for the rights and laws of all his subjects, and so quieted the minds of the people.

But it was not from love that they submitted to his rule; they obeyed more from fear, as was evident from their improving the first opportunity to revolt, which was on the occasion of the king's visit to Normandy, about six months after he was crowned, where he wished to enjoy the triumph and congratulations of his friends and subjects. Some English nobles who accompanied him made such a display of wealth and magnificence as quite astonished the Normans.

The return of the king restored public peace for a time; but for many years the people struggled to throw off the Norman yoke, and their repeated revolts rendered him suspicious of them, and he began to consider them as secret enemies, and forced them to submit.

It was necessary to cherish and reward the Normans, whose valor had opened him a way to the throne, and whose fidelity was his only support. This could only be done at the expense of the English, on whom the king imposed intolerable taxes, and confiscated the estates of the nobles and presented them to his Norman followers. He was determined to depress everything English, and the clergy met with no better treatment than the nobility. He subjected the church lands, as well as others, to military service, from which they had been exempt under the Saxon kings. Many English bishops, priests and abbots were removed, and their places filled by Normans. This general transfer of the power and property of the English to the Normans was the most important transaction of his reign. From this period England became Normanized, the laws, the manners, and the language of Normandy began to prevail; a great number of Norman words were introduced, and at length a mixed language was formed, different from the Norman, and from that spoken by the English before the conquest. William reduced all the ancient and honorable families to poverty, and the whole country to submission; he set the pope at defiance, by refusing to do him homage, and was successful in opposing France and Scotland; and thinking all opposition to his power at an end, turned his attention to his revenues. He caused a survey of all estates in England to be made, and entered in a general register called the Domesday Book, which is of value now, and is preserved in the Tower. He built the town of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and laid the foundation of the Tower of

London. To make the New Forest in Hampshire, he demolished thirty-six churches; and thirty villages were destroyed, with all the houses in the adjacent country, and more than thirty miles in circuit was depopulated, to gratify his hunting propensities. In this, his favorite forest, where he had demolished the temples of the Deity, and violently seized the property of the people, two of his sons, and one of his grandsons, lost their lives. Richard, his second son, was killed by a stag, in his father's lifetime. During the wars in England, Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir to the throne, was with Malcolm, king of Scotland, who married Margaret, one of his sisters. He agreed with William to give up all claim to the throne, after which he was received by the king, and provided for at his expense.

William, early in life, married Matilda, daughter of Baldwin, earl of Flanders; she was a good and beautiful lady, beloved by all. They had four sons and a number of daughters. The oldest son, Robert, raised a rebellion in Normandy, and caused the king much trouble; soon after it was suppressed, queen Matilda died, which was a severe blow to the king; his next difficulty was with Philip I., king of France, whose dominions he laid waste; and was killed by a plunge of his horse at the burning of Mantes, on September 9, 1087, at the age of sixty-three, after a reign of fifty-two years over Normandy, and twenty-one over England.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Coming Down in the World.

BY P. A. C.

To come down in the world? What's the world?

Ah ye'll find no true ladder to Heaven

Until ye come down: for 'tis given

To ascend from no round of the world.

The grand earth;—God's dear, life-giving earth!

On this plant your spiritual ladder:

'Twill make as much wiser as sadder:

But your first step must be from dear earth.

From this you will rise to the height

Which He gives to your limited vision;

He may call you to regions Elysian;

He may hold these long, long, from dear earth.

But the world will enchain you no more:

You must struggle, perchance, with it, boldly:

You can never look on it all coldly:

For its votaries you'll work and implore.

Thus ye'll winnow the chaff from the world!

Thus the loaf will grow light from your leaven:

Thus to prophet and poet 'tis given

To give their earth-life for the world!

Evening Thoughts.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy."—Wordsworth.

Yon taper in the distance—

How far it throws its beams!

But no! it is the evening star,

Which through the forest gleams.

Far towards the Land of Morning,

Far in the mellow West,

The jewelled vault of Heaven seems

Upon the earth to rest.

Thus, o'er the Realm of Childhood

Bends down the yearning dome,

Sweet voices blend with tones of earth,

And forms angelic come.

No more we hear their music,

Nor see their forms; but, oh!

Through yonder gates of gold and pearl

How many angels go!

Behold, the Star of Evening

Has vanished in the West;

So sinks the man, whose life is done,

Serenely to his rest.

The heavens bend to meet him—

Earth dims upon his sight,

Till from the Western shore of Time

He launches into light.

He bends to pass the portal—

The narrow, darksome way,

Into that world whose faintest beams

Make glorious our day.

But we, the Heirs of Manhood,

Athirst for fame and gold—

Around our hearts the earth has thrown

Its dark and cheerless mould:

Or, if our vision wanders

Up where the angels are,

Some tiny ray awhile may gleam,

How bright—but oh, how far!

THE DEATH OF A WIFE.—"The death of a man's wife," says Lamartine, "is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground. His eyes are dimmed and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones which should have smoothed his passage to the grave."

LAY SERMONS.

Our Changing States.

The weather is not more variable than our states of mind. To-day the atmosphere is serene, the sky unclouded; to-morrow, an unquiet thrill runs pulsing through all the air, and our Heavens are overcast. We are shadowed and troubled.

These changes in our mental condition result often from unapparent causes; and often from disturbances of so light a character, that we look back at them in wonder, and question with ourselves whether something more serious, which we vainly endeavor to recall, does not exist. It is only an appearance, that the primary cause of these sudden, and almost uncontrollable changes, comes from without, jarring us from our tranquil self-possession. The elements of disquietude are all within, though the touch by which they are awakened, may reach us from the outside. If there was nothing within to be disturbed, the hand of discord might feel about our heart-strings in vain. The light step of a child will shake the uncertain bog; but the stamp of a giant moves not the solid earth.

Our states of mind are always affected by those with whom we come in contact. We cannot pass an hour, or even the tenth part of an hour, with any one, and not experience some change in our feelings. Sometimes the change is pleasant, sometimes disagreeable. A visitor drops in. We happen to be feeling dull. Something has gone wrong—we are under a cloud. But, sunshine comes in with our visitor, and at the very sound of his voice, the heart beats strong again. His conversation soothes us into tranquil peace, or lifts our thought into the world of pure ideas, beyond life's petty discords. He leaves us, and our mind is calmer for the day. Again—we are in a peaceful state. Not a cloud flecks the sky. To live is enjoyment. An acquaintance calls, and almost immediately an uneasy motion is felt. His sphere touches us unpleasantly, and we are instinctively on our guard. In less than ten minutes we feel a sense of disquietude. Evil and disturbing elements become active. Every word he utters comes as a challenge to some bad passion, or hurts some tender spot. He probes our sore places with the cool precision of a surgeon, and goes away, at length, leaving us miserable for the day.

As there is no gratuitous evil, the class of which this last-mentioned individual is a representative, has, no doubt, its use—no credit to the class, of course. It must needs be that offences come; but woe to him by whom they come. All disturbing elements that exist in our minds are evil elements, and as really hurtful to the spirit as morbid things are to the body; and it is just as important that

we be advised of their existence, as of corresponding things in the lower plane of animal life. But, while quiescent, their existence is not perceived. Stealthily their evil work may be going on. Like spiders in dark corners and shut chambers, these evil things are silently casting fibre after fibre, and loop after loop, around our souls, until threads of gossamer are spun into bonds no strength of ours may sunder. It is well for us, then, that some hand open a window occasionally, and let in the light upon these dark corners and shut chambers, disturbing the spiders at their work. There will be, of course, a sudden stir, a shaking along the filmy lines, a sense of bondage as the spirit rises to an easy movement. From repose and self-enjoyment—from false security, there will be an awakening into painful disquietude. We are offended, perhaps, because of this meddling with our individual life. We blame the officious hand that flung open a shut window—we call him a disturber of our peace who frightened the spiders at their evil work, and made us aware of their presence. And he may have intended to disturb us, not that he might help us to cast out these evil things, but that he might enjoy our pain and humiliation. But, let us remember, that if there be no unclean, no vile and hurtful things, in our minds, the opening of a window, and flashing in of light, cannot touch our tranquil states. If the chambers of our souls are always swept and garnished, sunbeams can only reveal order and beauty.

And so, if miserable for the day, after such a visitation, good must follow with those who aspire after good—with those who, once made conscious of disease, turn to the Great Physician. We may not be able to think well of him who discovered to us how weak, vain, selfish or mean-spirited we were, because he only sought to wound and humiliate. Nay, we will hold ourselves guarded at the next interview, lest he reveal to us other spider-filled corners, and humble us in his presence again.

Salutary as the influence of these disturbers of our peace may be, through the revelations they give us of ourselves, they only help us to discover evil, which they scent as the crow scents carrion. They are not physicians; have no ointment for the sores they uncover; no balm for the wounds made in sharp thrusts into our tender sides. They hurt us, and then go on their way rejoicing that they left us in pain. With us, if we are indeed of those who are striving to ascend to the higher regions of spiritual life, where the sky is clear, and the air serene, they leave, in their departure, the difficult but essential duty of forgiveness. Let us see to it that our hurt in the contact is less than was intended; nay, that good come, where evil was designed.

Of that other class to which we have referred,

the individuals come to us as angels come, beaching for good. They are of those who say to evil, be far from me. In their company the bad in us hides itself still farther away, or skulks to the dim exterior of our conscious life, shorn for the time of strength. All that is generous, and noble; all that is self-denying; all that gives us sympathy with our fellow man; all that invests goodness with beauty, is made alive and active in our souls. They come to us in light—they come to us in love—making truth clearer, and affection warmer. The peace that dwells with them, pervading their atmosphere, like the odorous sphere surrounding a flower, and penetrating to our life, is no slumberous calm. The sun is shining; the air is clear and vital; good seed in the ground has sprung up in thrifty stalks, and harvest nods hopefully in the swelling grain. And we feel, while with them, our own earth drinking the sun, and thank God for the signs of fruitfulness in our souls. All is not a barren waste, as we sometimes feared. They have made us more in love with goodness; strengthened our better purposes; taught us lessons of forgiveness, and shown us how to walk with Him, who, when upon earth, went about doing good. Blessings on all such! Their lives are in heaven. In the Golden Age, angels walked with men; not in natural bodies, but in bodies of spiritual substance, made

visible to the spiritual eyes of celestial men, living in primal innocence. Sin closed the inner senses, and though

“Myriads of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen, Whether we sleep or wake,”
our darkened vision perceives them not. And yet, in God’s mercy, angels still walk and talk with us, leading our thoughts upward, and these are they of whom we have just spoken. Their lives are in heaven; but they dwell in natural bodies, and talk with us face to face. Blessings on them, we repeat.

Our changes of state are all dependent on things within us. Disturbing influences may come from without; but, if there is nothing to disturb, the pressure is vain. The wind that lashes the sea into fury, sweeps scarcely heeded over the level earth. What a lesson in this—what a revelation! Every touch from the outside meets some response within, or dies unheeded. If to an evil allurements an evil desire starts up, what will you say? That the allurements created the desire? Not so. The magnet revealed the iron. The evil was there. And so of any and all responses made by the soul. Thus, our changes of state are our instructors. They show us the quality of our lives; admonish us of hidden diseases; and encourage us by revelations of progress in the right way, or triumphs in the good fight.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS’ DEPARTMENT.

Hang up a Picture.

BY J. E. M’C.

Mother, let your nursery wall abound in pictures, even though they are of the very humblest character, so they teach a useful or interesting lesson. Even the wood cut of an elephant, or a sketch of the most common scenery, is better than a dead blank wall. Children hunger for new ideas, and attend as eagerly while you describe their simple pictures, as when you prepare agreeable food to satisfy their physical needs. You can scarcely estimate the value of lessons thus inculcated, or of the aid they are in developing your child’s faculties. Let your pictures teach lessons of love and gentleness, of tender care and affection for even the humblest of God’s creatures, and guard well your collection from anything repulsive or degrading. Shun, as you would vipers, the coarse, comic caricatures, which a depraved public taste has caused to abound so extensively at the present day. Never suffer your child to pore over them, any more than you would permit him to listen and mingle with the coarse slang of the street. The tendency of both is precisely the same, though the pictures to the eye are, if any difference, more vivid and enduring.

Nothing makes a room brighter or cheerier for a child than an abundance of pictures he has been taught to think over and understand. And, mother, do not think any possible effort too great that makes the room pleasant, where your little one passes most of his hours. One has well said, “the child that does not love his nursery, is in danger when he goes out into the world.”

Teach him to observe all the various parts of a picture, the way-side flowers, the little birds nestling among the branches of the trees, the bent form of the aged wayfarer, the tender care of the little grandchild who leads him. Point out the little details of a happy domestic scene; awaken his sympathies for the shipwrecked mariners, in his sea piece; and teach him, from it, to be thoughtful of the poor sailors when the storm is raging without, and he is so snug and comfortable at home.

A writer has said, “a room with pictures and a room without, differs almost as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Pictures are windows to the imprisoned mind, leading it to look out on other scenes and spheres. They are books—histories and sermons which can be read without the trouble of turning over leaves.”

Letter from a Bereaved Mother.

Several months ago we received a letter from one of the Magazine's correspondents, a mother, to whose happy home the angel of death had come. She asked earnest questions about recognitions and reunions in heaven, and desired of us such views as we might have to give on a subject about which so many are seeking light. We could not, in any brief letter, make clear what to us seemed true, and so, for our correspondent, and for others in like states of mind, we wrote "In the Hereafter," which appeared in our October number. A response from our bereaved stranger friend has come; and it is so full of the right spirit—of patience that gives clearness of vision—of hopeful trust in Him who doeth all things well—that we copy a portion for the sake of other grieving ones, to whom her words may give comfort, hope and assurance. She says:—

"I wish that I could hope adequately to reply to the many deeply interesting thoughts suggested by your article, entitled 'In the Hereafter.' I cannot attempt it in a letter; the subject is too vast for such limited communication. Allow me, however, to thank you for the candid and explicit, yet gentle manner in which you led me into a broader and higher perception of the *whole of life*. It is true that these contemplations of the Divine economy do 'not satisfy our natural affections,' they do not assuage the almost agonizing longing for the *visible presence* of the beloved. This is a wound which must still bleed—a sorrow which must endure until the dawning of that not distant morning when all tears shall be wiped away. But it is blessed to know that the strongest tie that bound us together is still permitted to exist—the firm, sweet bond of love for all that is true, and merciful, and excellent, and just. To develop this vigorous germ of holy affection in the heart and life of our noble and gifted boy, was our highest ambition. God has, in his infinite wisdom, appointed that precious task to abler teachers, under more favorable surroundings, and in the companionship of more loving and congenial spirits. O, most blind and selfish must we indeed be, if in all this we discern not the love and pity as well as the sovereign power of our Heavenly Father, if from the grateful depths of our chastened hearts we do not say, 'He doeth all things well, blessed, forever blessed be his name!'

"Your view, which is certainly a most rational and not unscriptural one, touching the reunion of those in whom the spiritual aspirations and activities are alike, is full of comfort and encouragement. It makes the mourner's path to the lost one a plain and pleasant journey. It affords us a new and potent inducement to gird on the whole armor of God, to lay aside every weight, and run with patience through all the appointed way till our change come. This consolation is obviously only

for those whose friends were, at the time of their departure, prepared for the company of just men made perfect, as we cannot hope for recognition and mutual happiness except on the ground of mutual holiness.

"I would like to write many pages to show you what precious grounds of comfort we have in thinking of our little boy; but it would probably not interest you at this time. Sufficient to say that he seemed the embodiment of all that we ever aimed at, of gentleness, patience, benevolence, truth and obedience. The day you wrote me would have been his third birth-day. He was with us a little less than two and a half years; yet at that tender age he had been for many months our teacher in perfect integrity, forgiveness, contentment, and impartial philanthropy. Do not smile, sir, when I attribute such high qualities of character to so very young a child; it may have been remarkable, I think it was, but he certainly possessed them in a degree seldom seen in adult Christians. If you had known him I think you would not have wondered when I wrote you of the '*interior spiritual sympathy*' which made us feel that he was indeed our own." Well, I believe that the distance between us is growing less and less, and as I sit here to-day in this quiet room, where, last December, I did not stay alone—this room that was so pleasant then, but is so desolate now, my lonely heart grows warm with the thought that perhaps that darling angel-child is permitted still to linger near me; that perhaps it is his soul that is urging mine to a life of more entire consecration to the will of God, and to the loving service of His creatures. Whether this be so or not, I know that 'it is *well with the child*' in the higher and holier sphere to which he has attained, and by His gracious assistance, whose aid none ever sought in vain, I hope to be fitted for a blessed reunion—

"Beyond the flight of Time—beyond the reign of Death,
In that serene and happy clime, where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire."

Precocious Children.

LONG SERMONS.

BY MRS. J. STEPHENSON.

"Carrie," I said, "you can have the book yourself and learn the poem when your work is done; the children are now through with it."

"I don't believe I can learn it, ma'am," she said, rather mournfully, as she took up the volume.

"O yes, you can," I replied, "a poor memory only wants cultivation to become a good one."

"I didn't used to have a poor memory, ma'am; but the Sunday-School teacher said that whoever could learn the most verses could have the premium Bible; an I learn't three hundred and twenty-five

verses, and sed them all in one day. Me head ached dreadful after it; an I never learnt much since; for if I did learn I couldn't remember it."

"How long was this ago, Carrie?"

"Three or four years, ma'am."

Reader, this is but one story out of many such, if the facts were known, and I never read of a little boy or girl with a memory capable of retaining hundreds of verses, that I don't involuntarily think of Carrie. What sin has a child committed that we should, for the sake of gratifying our own ambition, ruin its intellect? Some children take to books just as others do to pies, and cake, and sweetmeats. We punish the latter, but pet and fondle the former, and say they will be the pride of the family. A three year old little boy, with a sister a year older, go past my door to school, and I sigh as I see the spectacle. They should double their years before a book is seen in their hands; never to speak of the cramping of their infant limbs during the long tedious school hours. An eminent writer has said, that if he wanted to make a scholar,

he would take the boy at ten years old who did not know his letters, in preference to the boy who could parse, write and cipher at the same age.

I had nearly entered my teens, when, on a visit to an excellent Presbyterian aunt, I went in the family buggy to meeting. We went after breakfast, my little cousins and I, with the grown-up people—two sermons, and not a word for children—were the order of the day, with a little recess between. I am a woman now, a grown-up woman, with children of my own, but to this day I have the most dismal recollections of those monotonous, long, wearisome sermons. I got to dread Sunday, and was afraid of its coming, while I staid at my aunt's. How my poor cousins stood it all their lives I never knew; nor was I surprised that after all the money spent on Ike's collegiate course, they never could make a minister of him. Mothers, make Sunday pleasant to your children, else they'll think the other world is all long sermons, and wearisome Sundays.

CARROL CO., ILLINOIS.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The "Nose Out of Joint."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Wall, Miss Maggie, you may expect your nose to be put out of joint, now."

"Why will my nose be put out of joint, Betty?" I said, looking up from the small bead pincushion I was making for my new Aunt Augusta, for we were expecting her and Uncle Fred the next day.

"Oh, because," answered Betty, sweeping her great dust brush over the table, "when he gets his new wife he wont have eyes nor ears for anything else. You musn't look for the old pettings, and kissings, and the chasings round the room, and the frolics every morning and night. His wife will have all those now; and you may as well make up your mind to it first as last, for it'll come. Men are all jest alike when they get married."

"I don't believe my dear Uncle Fred will change to me, anyhow," I said.

"Wall, you'll live to see!" and Betty left the room, shaking her head.

Betty's words went away down in my heart, and made a pain and burning there; and I grew angry at the thought of the strange lady whom my uncle was to bring to our home; and when I thought that perhaps he wouldn't call me his "Pet" and "Blossom" any more, or pull my curls for fun, I couldn't help crying all alone.

I had been real glad when he first told me that he was going to bring home a sweet aunt, who would love me very much, and whom I too must

learn to love, first for his sake, and then for her own. And I had a great many sweet and loving thoughts about this aunt; and dreams of putting my arms around her neck, and kissing her; and I had wondered how she would look, and what she would say; but now my heart grew hard and cold towards her. I wished that she would never come to us, and when I thought that she would take away my Uncle Fred from me that I had loved so long, and that he would never be to me the same dear, kind, fun-loving uncle, which he had been before; never take me on his knee and tell me pretty stories before I went to bed, and hold up something over my head done up in soft white paper, and tell me to "guess" what it was, which I never could do, although I was always certain that it was some pretty gift for me, my heart burned almost fiercely towards the strange lady, and "Aunt Augusta," which before had sounded so pretty, now seemed hateful to me!

I had nobody to whom I could tell this but grandma; and I don't know why, I couldn't make up my mind to let her know how I felt, so I just concluded that I would have nothing to do with Uncle Fred's wife. I would only speak to her when there was no help for it; and I laid the bead purse away in my basket. I wouldn't make presents for folks who had won my uncle's love away from me!

Uncle Fred came with his wife the next day, just before dinner. I was up stairs in the hall, listening,

and I heard grandma call her "My dear daughter!" after Uncle Fred had said, "This is my wife Augusta, mother!" and the lady said, "My dear mother!" in a sweet, soft-falling voice; and I knew they were kissing each other.

Then uncle said, as soon as he had given some directions about the trunks,

"Where's little Blossom? I thought she'd be the first on hand," and his loud call came up to me—"Maggie, Maggie, where are you, you little witch?" and then I knew it must come, so I just went down stairs as quietly as I could; and I know that there was no joy in my face, for there was none in my heart.

Uncle Fred caught me up in his arms. "Why, my little girl!" he said, "what makes you so slow? I want to show you your new aunt!" and he led me into the parlor.

The lady seated there rose up and came towards me. She was very, very pretty, with soft, dark brown hair, and deep blue eyes, and lips that parted with the sweetest smile.

"My dear little niece," she said, "I am very glad to see you," and she drew me to her, and kissed me in a way that I could not help but like; and some of the hardness and chill went out of my heart as I looked on the sweet face of my new aunt.

"Can't you tell her, Maggie, that you expect to love her very much?" asked my uncle.

I felt my face growing very red, for this would have been a story, and I did not dare to tell it; so I stammered out what was really true—

"I hope, Aunt Augusta, that you will like us all very much."

"Oh, I am certain of that, dear," she said, kissing me again; but Uncle Fred looked at me with a wondering, ominous look.

"What's come over the child, mother?" he said to grandma, in an undertone.

"I don't know, Fred; she's been unusually quiet for the last day or two. I thought it was because that she missed you."

Uncle Fred and Aunt Augusta talked with me at dinner a good deal, and I couldn't see that he was changed at all. After dinner, I went up into the sitting-room, and a little while later, Uncle Fred followed me softly. He took me right on his knee, and I nestled up closely to him.

"What is the matter with you, darling?" he asked.

"Why, Uncle Fred?"

"Because you don't seem bright and happy. Aren't you glad to see your new aunt?"

"I don't think I am, Uncle Fred."

"Why, Maggie!" and he put me away from him, and looked at me with a half-surprised, half-reproachful look.

"Well, you asked me uncle, and you know that I must tell the truth."

"That is right; but it grieves me to find that you are not glad to see this new aunt, whom I expected my little girl would love so much."

"Well, I don't like to have my nose put out of joint."

"What does that mean? Who has been putting such foolish thoughts into your little head?"

I nestled close up to my uncle, and told him what Betty had said, and all the sorrow, and hardness, and burning, which had been in my heart.

"Little goose," he said, when I had done, and he hugged me closer; and then his face suddenly grew serious. "Maggie, it was very wrong and foolish in Betty to make those remarks to you. If she had been a better or wiser person, she would never have done so. But there is an evil spirit which has its dwelling in some back closet of every human heart, and sooner or later, it comes out of its lurking place, and walks about, filling us with wrong and bitter thoughts and feelings; and Maggie, this evil spirit has been walking through your heart."

"It has?" in a great surprise and fear.

"Yes, and its name is *Jealousy*; and it has made you feel very hard and bitter towards the new aunt who has come here with a heart full of tenderness towards you; and I expected my little niece would be glad to have another to love her, and that we should all be happy together, and each love the other, for my heart and my conduct will not change towards you, Maggie."

I saw then how wrong and mistaken I had been, and I was very sorry that the evil spirit of Jealousy had come out of the back closet in my heart; and I told my uncle so, with the tears in my eyes.

"Well, darling, you must always try to send it back in the future," kissing me.

"I don't know how, uncle."

"Ask God to forgive and help you. And now, dear child, let us go down stairs together, and if your heart says it, tell your aunt that you are glad because she has come to us."

And I did, putting my arms around her neck, and feeling every word that I said. And I think now that my Aunt Augusta is the dearest, kindest aunt in the world, and it seems to me she must be like my own dear mother, who went to Heaven so long ago. Uncle Fred has not altered at all, only he seems happier than before, and I know that Aunt Augusta is the joy and comfort of his heart. We are all very happy together, and I am sorry and ashamed when I think of the time that I feared "my nose would be out of joint."

THE PET OF OUR HOME.

Sweet little Johnny! loved little one!
The brightest of sunbeams that ever has shone;
The best of earth's blessings that ever has come;
Sweet little Johnny, the pet of our home.

Eyes blue and sparkling, brow pure and white,
Feet ever dancing, smile ever bright;
Lips so inviting, that sure we must kiss,
Who would not cherish a treasure like this?

Hymn for Children.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

Oh God, our country calls
Loudly on thee!
Deign Thou to hear its prayer,
Grant liberty.

Let foes without, within,
Let discord's painful din,
And every darling sin,
Vanish away.

Oh, bless the dear ones, who
From us have gone;
Guide, guard, and keep them till
Our cause is won.
Then with the victor's crown,
Humbly and meekly worn,
Let them to us be borne,
Oh God, we pray.

And we, though young and small,
Have work to do;
Keep our hearts strong and brave,
Loyal and true.

Let us not idle here,
But with an earnest cheer,
Strive till the way is clear,
Till peace shall reign.

Alice, Golden-Haired Alice.

BY AUNT CASSIE.

Pleasant as morning is sweet little Alice,
As fleet is her step as the bounding gazelle;
The poor cottage-home is transformed to a palace,
Since sunny-souled Alice has come there to dwell.

Bright as the noonday is gay little Alice,
Her laugh is as clear as the carol of birds,
The soft summer wind, that with light harp-strings
dallies,
Is not half so sweet as her low-chiming words.

Tender as evening is dear little Alice,
Her eyes are like harebells all trembling with dew,
And pure as the breath floating up from the chalice
Of lilies, her heart is, so gentle and true.

LONGWOOD, DEC. 1861.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Good Bread.

BY J. E. M'C.

An old Theological Professor used to tell his students, to "be sure and have some one strong point. Something in which they excelled." So I would urge the young housekeeper to have some "strong point" about her housekeeping, something to fall back on when other resources prove a failure. There is no stand-by for the table equal to good bread and butter. Did you ever reflect that this is the only dish we never get tired of seeing on our tables three times a day, the year around? When the epicure has tried the whole round of curiously prepared dishes, the ingenuity of a practised cook can contrive, he turns at last from them all, tired and satiated, and comes back to plain bread and butter as the greatest luxury after all.

By a little devising and pains-taking, quite a variety of changes can be rung, even on so simple a thing as bread. Nearly every one likes nice corn short-cake, just from the oven, with his morning coffee, and I dare say your husband would like to see a few slices of good rye or Graham bread on his dinner and supper-table, along with the excellent white bread "my wife can beat anybody making." I scarcely ever knew a man, whose wife made excellent bread, who was not proud of it; and if you are, my good friend, be sure you say so. It will cheer and encourage your wife more than you can imagine.

Not only does the comfort of your family depend largely on having good, wholesome bread on your

table, but their health is still more seriously concerned. For my own household I have never found anything superior to good potato bread—made after the following receipt:—

Sift, or mash very fine, a half dozen hot, boiled potatoes. Mix with twice the quantity of flour, and add a teaspoonful of home brewed yeast, and a teaspoonful of salt. Add enough warm water to make the dough as stiff as for common flour bread. This bread keeps moist much better than any other, and is so simple servants can easily be taught to make it.

A little butter rubbed into the flour, and an egg beat into the yeast, and you can have most delicious breakfast rolls.

GOOD COFFEE AND TEA.—It is an old, but nevertheless true saying, that there is daily to be heard and seen something new. Good tea and coffee are beverages that all are fond of, and yet how few there are who know how to suit the tastes of those who keenly relish them. The *Scalpel* reverses the old practice and theory, and says that the true way to obtain good coffee and tea is to put them into cold water, and heat them up to the boiling point, and keep them at that point for a minute or so, in close vessels, so as to prevent any escape of steam. Then, while the flavor is diffused through the liquid, pour it out, sweeten and drink it. Few persons have ever tasted good tea or coffee.

In this country (it continues) ice water has become one of the established drinks, and must therefore be treated with some consideration. When

taken in quantities of from a teacupful to a tumblerful, in hot weather, it is a grateful tonic, and assists the stomach to have appetite, and perform digestion. If much of it is taken at meals, the digestion is stopped, or at least retarded. Free ice water drinkers are never well in their stomach, like other free drinkers.

CEMENTS.—Three parts ashes, three parts clay, and one part sand, is said to make a cement as hard as marble and impervious to water. Loose handles of knives and forks may be refastened by making cement of rosin and brick-dust. Heat the handle and pour in the cement very hot. Seal engravers use a cement made as follows: Melt a little isinglass in spirits of wine, adding one-fifth water, and using a gentle heat. When well melted and mixed, it will form a transparent glue, which will unite glass so firm that the fracture will hardly be seen.

PUMPKIN PIES.—My wife, says a correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker*, sends you a recipe for pumpkin pies which we consider a first rate substitute for apple. Take a raw pumpkin, cut it in small, thin pieces, (like sliced apples,) pour hot water on the pieces and let them partially cook. For a common round baking tin, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and three of sugar. Season and cover with crust, like apple pies.

TO REMOVE CLINKERS FROM STOVES.—Some kinds of coal are liable to form clinkers, which adhere to the fire brick lining of stoves, grates and furnaces, and become a source of great annoyance, as they cannot be removed by usual means without breaking the fire-brick. Persons who are thus annoyed will be glad to know that by putting a few oyster shells in the fire close to the clinkers, the latter will become so loose as to be readily removed without breaking the lining.

OIL FOR SEWING MACHINES.—The following is worthy of notice by ladies who have sewing machines. We take it from "*Field Notes*," published at Columbus, Ohio.

"I called at the house of a lady the other day who had a Wheeler & Wilson, which she said refused to do her bidding. It would skip stitches, and her brush pad seemed worn and unfit for its work. I found she was oiling her machine with Kerosene, or coal oil, having, as she thought, no other fit for use. I advised her to try sweet oil, when lo! Miss Wheeler & Wilson recovered at once from her fit of nervous irritability, and went off on a shirt bosom to perfection. At another time I found a machine running so heavily that the lady had given it up, saying that she could not stand it to turn it. I asked what oil she was using; she said sperm. I examined her can, and found it a mixture of linseed and probably lard oil. I advised a little coal oil, which at once cut through

the sticky gum, and away it went like a buzz. When thoroughly cleansed and lubricated with pure sweet oil, all was right. Don't say "I can't do a thing with it," till you have thoroughly tested the oils.

CLOTH MITTENS.—Mrs. Gage, of "*Field Notes*," says:—I have seen a half dozen notices of good methods for knitting and crocheting mittens; but there is a cheaper and easier way of getting up mittens than by the tedious process of knitting and crocheting, which is quite as warm and lasting. Take any soft, strong cloth, of all wool, and the same amount of Canton flannel, or partly worn wool flannel, if you have it; let the hand be laid flat on a piece of paper, marked round with a pencil, then cut out a pattern, allowing for seams; cut the lining bias so as to have a spring to it; stitch the flannel and lining separate, turn the seams together inside, bind the wrist, leaving the mitten open two inches on the under part of the hand, work a button hole on one side, sew a strong button on the other, and you will have a durable mitten. Old pieces of broadcloth, coat skirts and linings, backs of pantaloons, or old stocking legs, can be worked up well into these useful things for the hands of soldiers or farmers. I have tried them for years, and know of what I speak.

FURNISHING.—It is a great mistake to crowd a room, and it is also an extravagance which brings no good return. In Paris apartments appear to much more advantage at much less cost. Looking-glasses are usually fixtures in the *salons* of rooms, thus preventing dilapidations of the walls on removal. If in beginning life, the money often so disadvantageously spent in articles that encumber, rather than improve a dwelling, were deposited for accumulation, with such after-additions as were found practicable, the foundations of future independence would often be laid.

WASHING LACE.—I have lately used the following method of washing lace, lace collars, or crochet collars, and find that it not only makes them look well, but saves much of the wear and tear of other washing:—Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it for twenty minutes in soft water; let it all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. A long piece of lace must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above the last, and a few stitches to keep it firm at the beginning and end will be found sufficient, but a collar will require more tacking to keep it in its place.

TO TAKE MILK FROM CREAM.—Use a siphon, and draw of the milk from beneath the surface of the cream, and thus completely separate the two liquids by the simplest means and with the least trouble.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Hall's Journal of Health.

We copy, again, in this department, articles from the above *Journal*, which is published in the City of New York at \$1 a year. The Doctor's suggestions are practical, and full of sound sense, and his magazine will be worth ten times the subscription price, in any household.

RULES FOR WINTER.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

In going into a colder air, keep the mouth resolutely closed, that by compelling the air to pass circuitously through the nose and head, it may become warmed before it reaches the lungs, and thus prevent those shocks and sudden chills which frequently end in pleurisy, pneumonia, and other serious forms of disease.

Never sleep with the head in the draft of an open door or window.

Let more cover be on the lower limbs than on the body. Have an extra covering within easy reach in case of a sudden and great change of weather during the night.

Never stand still a moment out of doors, especially at street-corners, after having walked even a short distance.

Never ride near the open window of a vehicle for a single half-minute, especially if it has been preceded by a walk; valuable lives have thus been lost, or good health permanently destroyed.

Never put on a new boot or shoe in beginning a journey.

Never wear India-rubber in cold, dry weather.

If compelled to face a bitter cold wind, throw a silk handkerchief over the face; its agency is wonderful in modifying the cold.

Those who are easily chilled on going out of doors, should have some cotton batten attached to the vest or other garment, so as to protect the space between the shoulder-blades behind, the lungs being attached to the body at that point; a little there is worth five times the amount over the chest in front.

Never sit for more than five minutes at a time with the back against the fire or stove.

Avoid sitting against cushions in the backs of pews in churches; if the uncovered board feels cold, sit erect without touching it.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

After speaking, singing, or preaching in a warm room in winter, do not leave it for at least ten minutes, and even then close the mouth, put on the gloves, wrap up the neck, and put on cloak or overcoat before passing out of the door; the neglect of these has laid many a good and useful man in a premature grave.

Never speak under a hoarseness, especially if it requires an effort, or gives a hurting or a painful feeling, for it often results in permanent loss of voice, a life-long invalidism.

AN ERECT POSITION ADVERSE TO CONSUMPTION.

Who does not shrink with dread and fear at the simple mention of "*Consumption*?" It does not come suddenly. It begins in remote months and years ago, by imperfect breathing; by the want of frequent and full breaths, to keep the lungs in active operation. By this neglect, in time, the lungs swell out from a quarter to one third less than they ought to do; consequently, the breast flattens, the shoulders bend forward and inward, and we have the round or high shoulder, so ominous in the doctor's eye.

As consumptives *always* bend forward, and as men in high health, candidates for *aldermanic honors*, sit and walk and stand erect—*physically*! the erect position must be antagonistic to consumption, and consequently, such a position should be cultivated, sedulously cultivated, in every manner practicable; cultivated by all, not only by men, but by women and children.

No place is so well adapted to secure an erect locomotion as a large city; the necessity is ever present for holding up the head. Instead of giving all sorts of rules about turning out the toes, and straightening up the body, and holding the shoulders back, all of which are impracticable to the many, because soon forgotten, or of a feeling of awkwardness and discomfort which procures a willing omission; all that is necessary to secure the object, is to *hold up the head and move on*! letting the toes and shoulders take care of themselves. Walk with the chin but slightly above a horizontal line, or with your eyes directed to things a little higher than your head. In this way you walk properly, pleasantly, and without any feeling of restraint or awkwardness.

ATTENTION TO THE FEET.

It is utterly impossible to get well or keep well, unless the feet are kept dry and warm all the time. If they are for the most part cold, there is cough, or sore throat, or hoarseness, or sick headache, or some other annoyance.

If cold and dry, the feet should be soaked in hot water for ten minutes every night, and when wiped and dried, rub into them well, ten or fifteen drops of sweet oil; do this patiently with the hands, rubbing the oil into the soles of the feet particularly.

On getting up in the morning, dip both feet at once into water, as cold as the air of the room, half ankle deep, for a minute in Summer; half a minute or less in Winter, rubbing one foot with the other,

then wipe dry, and if convenient, hold them to the fire, rubbing them with the hand until perfectly dry and warm in every part.

If the feet are damp and cold, attend only to the morning washings, but always at night remove the stockings and hold the feet to the fire, rubbing them with the hands for fifteen minutes, and get immediately into bed.

Under any circumstances, as often as the feet are cold enough to attract attention, draw off the stockings, and hold them to the fire; if the feet are much inclined to dampness, put on a pair of dry stockings, leaving the damp ones before the fire to be ready for another change.

Some persons feet are more comfortable, even in Winter, in cotton, others in woollen stockings. Each must be guided by his own feelings. Sometimes two pairs of thin stockings keep the feet warmer, than one which is thicker than both. The

thin pair may be of the same or of different materials, and that which is best next the foot, should be determined by the feelings of the person.

Sometimes the feet are rendered more comfortable by basting half an inch thickness of curled hair on a piece of thick cloth, slipping this into the stocking, with the hair next the skin, to be removed at night, and placed before the fire to be perfectly dried by morning.

Persons who walk a great deal during the day, should, on coming home for the night, remove their shoes and stockings, hold the feet to the fire until perfectly dry; put on a dry pair, and wear slippers for the remainder of the evening.

Boots and gaiters keep the feet damp, cold and unclean, by preventing the escape of that insensible perspiration which is always escaping from a healthy foot, and condensing it; hence the old-fashioned low shoe is best for health.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Plain high dress of dark violet silk or poplin. Paletot of black velvet, fitting half-tight, the edges of front finished by *guipure* lace laid on flat, headed by a very narrow jet trimming; the lace is continued on the body forming *bêrthe*; a small velvet collar is edged with narrow jet trimming; a double row of six buttons attached by a fine cord closes the paletot on the chest; large sleeves, shaped at the elbow, with *revers* trimmed with lace; this *paletot* is lined with rose-colored silk. Bonnet of terry velvet, the curtain covered with black lace; it is ornamented by black velvet, roses, and small black feathers. Cap of fulléd *tulle* with tress of black lace with large rose in the centre; broad white strings.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Loose-fitting *paletot* of velvet pile cloth, trimmed with narrow *Astracan* fur; it is double breasted, and has two rows of black velvet buttons, three in each row. The sleeve is shaped at the elbow, and has a half *revers* imitated by a bow of fur, and three buttons; the bottom of sleeve is finished by a row of fur.

HOME COSTUME.—High dress of black silk, the skirt with one deep flounce, headed by a narrow plaiting of *cerise* ribbon: above the flounce a plaiting of broader ribbon is laid in large points, the lower points falling over the heading and giving the appearance of a second skirt. The plain high body closes with small *cerise* buttons, and down each front is a row of plaiting. The wide sleeves are shaped at the elbow and have *revers* trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

GORED WALKING DRESS.—Of reps; the seams covered by a thick silk cord.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is no want of variety in the materials suitable for out-door dress. Woollen textures, as well as those consisting of a mixture of wool and silk, may be either plain, and of one color, or they may be striped, checquered, sprigged with flowers, &c. Poplin continues to be as popular as ever.

Though corsages straight at the waist, and with *ceintures*, have become fixed in fashionable favor, they have by no means banished the point at the waist. For evening dress pointed corsages usually have the preference, and for ball costume corsages are made in folds and with a *bêrthe*.

A new form of jacket, or rather an old form revived, has just been adopted in Paris. It is called "La Hongroise." Jackets of this shape are very short, and descend no lower than the waist, so that they have no *basque*. They are composed of silk, velvet, or cloth. They have no sleeves, and are trimmed round with sable or *chinchilla*, a row of the fur being placed on the edge of the armholes. The first jacket made after this model was for the Empress, and was copied from a portrait of Queen Marie Leczinska at Versailles. In the picture the Queen wears a robe of garnet-color velvet, and the Hongroise is of the same material. The skirt of the robe is trimmed with three rows of sable, fixed here and there by bows of black ribbon. The front of the corsage, seen under the open jacket, is trimmed with bows of black ribbon, and the sleeves of the dress are long, and with *revers* trimmed with fur.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LESSONS IN LIFE. A Series of Familiar Essays. By Timothy Titecomb, author of "Letters to the Young," "Gold Foil," etc. New York: Charles Scribner.

Few authors have met with so hearty a welcome as that which greeted Dr. Holland on the appearance of his "Letters to Young People"—a book which has passed to its twenty-sixth edition; and his subsequent volumes, "Gold Foil," "Bitter Sweet," and "Miss Gilbert's Career," only increased the public favor. Now we have a fifth volume, comprising a series of essays on men, manners, and conduct in life, which bears the author's peculiar mark, and is distinguished by its healthiness of tone, its common sense, and close observation of human nature. It is a good and useful book, and we are pleased to observe, that in this time of limited demand for anything but war publications, edition after edition is being exhausted. The author has justly stated the character of these essays in his preface:—"He has endeavored, simply, to treat in a familiar and attractive way, a few of the more prominent questions which concern the life of every thoughtful man and woman. Indeed, he can hardly pretend to have done more than to organize and put into form, the average thinking of those who read his books—to place before the people the sum of their own choicer judgments—and he neither expects nor wishes for these essays higher praise than that which accords to them the quality of common sense."

Modestly said, yet giving the true value of "Lessons in Life;" for whoever reads will find his own thought responding continually to the writer, and his own experience corroborating his judgments.

SONGS IN MANY KEYS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Dr. Holmes is one of our most graceful writers, and remarkable for excellence in both prose and verse. The brilliant promise of his college days has been fully redeemed in later years, and after the public had come to believe that professional routine had dulled his fine wit, and obscured a most delicate fancy. But, he shone forth with sudden brilliancy in the "Autocrat," charming and surprising by his versatility, point, philosophy, and truth to human nature. He had been hiving his honey through many seasons, and at last gave us of its abundant sweetness.

Several volumes of prose have already appeared, and now we have, in Ticknor & Fields' almost faultless typography, one of poetry, in which the grave, the gay, the witty and philosophic are intermingled. Some of these have already appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly," and are familiar to the public. Others are new. "The Deacon's Master Piece, or the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay;" "The Chambered Nautilus;" "The Boys;" "The Open-

ing of the Piano," etc., are familiar to most readers, and worthy of an enduring form. We copy the following, for its simple truth. It is a sermon in itself:—

"THE CROOKED FOOTPATH.

"Ah, here it is! the sliding rail
That marks the old remembered spot,—
The gap that struck our school-boy trail,—
The crooked path across the lot.

"It left the road by school and church,
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,
That parted from the silver birch,
And ended at the farm-house door.

"No line or compass traced its plan;
With frequent bends to left or right,
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,
But always kept the door in sight.

"The gabled porch, with woodbine green,—
The broken millstone at the sill.—
Though many a rood might stretch between,
The truant child could see them still.

"No rocks across the pathway lie,—
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown,—
And yet it winds, we know not why,
And turns as if for tree or stone.

"Perhaps some lover trod the way
With shaking knees and leaping heart—
And so it often runs astray
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

"Or one, perchance, with clouded brain,
From some unholy banquet reeled,—
And since, our devious steps maintain
His track across the trodden field.

"Nay, deem not thus,—no earthborn will
Could ever trace a faultless line;
Our truest steps are human still,—
To walk unswerving were divine!

"Truants from love, we dream of wrath;—
O, rather let us trust the more!
Through all the wanderings of the path,
We still can see our Father's door."

NATIONAL HYMNS; How they are Written and how they are not Written. A Lyric and National Study for the Times. By Richard Grant White. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

We have in this handsome volume a selection from some of the poems sent in to the New York Committee that offered a prize for the best national hymn. Mr. White's comments are clever and amusing, though not unmixed with satire. The book is a literary novelty, in its way, and will be purchased and held by those who are curious in such matters. It is only proper to state, in speaking of this volume, that it does not contain the "most meritorious," and otherwise "noticeable," songs received by the Committee, and afterwards placed in the publisher's hands. The editor says:

"There were very few of these—not thirty, all told; and those which were remarkable for lyric excellence were gradually so reduced in number by the withdrawal of manuscript by their authors, that, after awhile, the original project was abandoned." Though thus deprived of his best material, Mr. White has managed to make a pleasant book.

LITTLELEAF: Being a Concluding Series of Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside. Written by herself. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

The large number of readers who were interested in *Passages from the Life of Margaret Maitland*, will receive with pleasure this announcement of a new volume from the same pen.

POEMS: With Autobiographic and other Notes. By T. H. Stockton, Chaplain to Congress. Philadelphia: Wm. S. & Alfred Martien.

For nearly a third of a century, the author of this volume has been a preacher of the Gospel—earnest, eloquent, and self-devoted; yet, for most of the time, in feeble health. Amid his ministerial duties, he has found time to court the muses, and we find in this volume of three hundred pages,

poems bearing date all along the years, from 1827 to 1861. They are, mostly, of a religious character, thus taking the hue of his leading thoughts; and are scholarly in their finish. His rich fancy is chastened by his correct taste in these productions of his closet hours. Take this single specimen, all that we can now find room to copy. It is called "Snow Similitude."

"I wonder not that from the earliest time,
Fancy hath found her fond similitude
Of all that's fair and innocent in snow.
Haply the bard who saw it first descend,
At once forgot the lily of the vale;
And all the stainless blossoms of the spring;
And ocean's clearest pearls; and spotless down,
Soft on the cygnet's fountain-rippled breast;—
And sung of manly troth as undefiled,
And virgin virtue pure as falling snow."

FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A story from "Temple Bar," which attracted some attention while appearing in that magazine. Two editions have been published in this country—one as above, and one by T. O. H. P. Burnham Boston. Both are in cheap form; price twenty-five cents.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

THE "LOGIC OF EVIL."

This is the way it always argues: "I'm on the wrong track—but, of course, it's too late now to turn back. I wish I'd never taken this road; but that first wrong step led to another—and here I am, and I must keep on. There's no use attempting to sail against wind and tide now. The force of circumstances presses too hard on me, and there is no possibility of my going up hill to the place whence I started. So, I'm sorry for it, but I must take my destiny now!"

And how many a soul have sophisms like this ruined! How many have yielded to that mighty constraint of evil, which seemed to compel them to "pass from the lesser sin to the greater!"

But that there is no such unconquerable, invincible "constraints of evil," God, the loving Father, and Christ, the living Redeemer of the world, have borne their solemn, eternal witness.

There is no absolute necessity to do another wrong, because that we have already done many! The one thing which redeems and sanctifies life, and gives it strength and beauty, in the midst of its pain and sorrow, is that grand and glorious truth, that it is in the power of every human soul, with the help of God, to *grow better*, to "cease to do evil, and learn to do well."

We know that the road which leads from "bad to worse" is a very easy one—that the feet seem to slip smoothly on the down-hill course, and that the

way upward looks so hard, and steep, and toilsome, that it seems as though the feet could never clamber up the frowning heights; but the firm resolve once made, the toilsome ascent begun, and the way will grow easier and smoother!

There must be times in every human life, when it is easier to do wrong than right. It is not a light and careless task to attempt to improve one's character, to grow not simply in act, but in thought and in deed—in all that is good, and pure, and true. Reformations in individuals, as well as in nations, are not easily and lazily accomplished. There is an eternal antithesis of good and evil; and there must be many a hard struggle, many a fierce battle and upheaving, before right shall get the mastery, and the bitter springs which lie deep in every heart shall yield sweet and healing waters.

There are very few people, who, during the course of a long and evil life, have not had periods of resistance and remorse, when the evil spirits have hidden themselves in the back closets and deep dungeons of their habitation, and the voice of the good angel has been heard calling with a still small call in their hearts.

And in such crises, evil, and the consequences of evil-doing, have stood out in something of their real coloring—one gets a faint glimpse of their hateful and repulsive features, and longs to turn away and be free from them forever. But, in these moments of "choosing," these great, awful crises

of life, over which angels and fiends watch with breathless eagerness, the soul sees the right way, but has not the courage to take it; it seems as if there was no use in attempting to scale those heights which are inaccessible now; the wrong has been done, it cannot be recalled; the moral force of the will is weakened, the return looks so hard, so slow, so impossible, that the soul gives up, and sinks down, saying, "there is no use! Alas! I cannot do it!" Dear reader, do not take this lie to your heart; do not let the voice of the syren, singing you to the slumber of death, lure you to eternal downfall.

No matter what you have done, no matter how far those erring feet of yours may have strayed from the way of truth and right, no matter what shame and disgrace may have come of your sin, there are still depths and abysses of evil of which you do not dream!

Stop right where you are—not another moment—not another movement in that downward course of yours! Turn straight about, and make a deadly resolve, that, with the help of God, come what may, you have gone just as far "down hill" as you ever will, and whatever obstacles obstruct your way, whatever forces are mightily impelling you downward, you will still set your face and your feet steadily upward. And it may be, that the voice of my pen shall call to some one still in the dew of their youth—some one who, having entered the forbidden country, is yet very far from confirmed in evil.

Oh reader, I beseech you, do not plunge from the precipice where you stand now! If you have committed sin or crime, which causes your cheek to kindle, and your heart to throb for shame—if the knowledge of it would stain you in the sight of all others, do not, for one moment, give yourself up as lost. God and his ministering angels stand ready to help you—take up your marred and wasted life, and set bravely, humbly, with solemn determination about the work of reformation. Is not repentance the greatest "grace" of human life, to purchase which so fearful a price was once paid in the Garden of Gethsemane—at the cross of Calvary.

Set out on the upward road, and unseen hands shall guide you, and you shall creep where you cannot clamber. In sinking down, in "giving up," is your ruin; and with one shuddering glance at the awful abysses of iniquity which lie before you, and which your thoughts cannot even fathom, turn straight about; quit once and forever the way of evil, and "God give you the victory." V. F. T.

Natural antipathies, or idiosyncracies as they are sometimes called, are curious:—It is said that Lord Bacon swooned at each eclipse of the moon; Ariosto shuddered at the sight of a bath; Carden at the breaking of an egg; Cæsar at the crowing of a cock; Erasmus took a fever whenever he smelled fish; and Mary of Medicis from the odor of a rose.

FEBRUARY.

The last of the winter! How quick the loom of the year, working day and night, and never growing weary, weaves out the pale, cold pattern of the month. There is no warmth about it, there are no bright, vivid colors in its woof; it stands white, and pure, and bare, betwixt January, first-born of the year, and March, the wild, stormy prophet of the Spring.

And towards that spring is set steadily the calm, still face of February. There comes over it at the sunset a pale tinge and a golden light, caught from the land which her watching eyes see afar off—the land of the spring.

And she knows that its voice shall call her away—that its strong young arm shall lead her out from the march of the months, and lay her fair limbs out tenderly, and place her to sleep sweetly in her grave—the last child of the winter. V. F. T.

"JOSIE."

Addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Sprague.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I cannot make thee dead! The golden locks
Thro' which the sunlight drifts like mellow wine,
Flutter before me now. I seem to hear
The gurgle of thy laughter, that was sweet
As the birds' songs which woke thee, and I hark
For the swift patter of thy restless feet.
And broken words, like blossoms drooping o'er
The red vine of thy lips:

What light and joy
Thy coming always made! What magic grace
And charm were in thee, that the heart brimmed o'er
With blessing and caress, or hushed itself
In still prayers for thy future!

E'er the dawn
Built her gray staircase where the day must pass,
The little heart grew silent, and the life
Which had not rounded to its third birthday,
Passed out to God who gave it.

Thou shalt sleep
Upon that pillow which no mother's hand
Hath softly spread for thee, o'er which at night
The sweet chaunt of her "lullaby" shall float
Never amid thy dreams!

That small cold hand
Doth clasp most tenderly the little bird
Which came to die with thee: * its voice of song
That filled the summer morning with such joy,
Is hushed forever!

But we thank God, dear,
That thine hath found new sweetness: that it holds
Its silver path amid the angel's psalm.
Thy life hath climbed the hillsides which our feet
Must weary struggle up. Oh child, 'twas well
With thee on earth: with thee 'tis better now,
Walking beneath the cedars and the palms,
Among the white lambs of the flock of God!

* After the child's death his mother opened the window, and a little bird lay dead on the balcony. It was buried with him.

PUBLIC VIRTUE.

Without virtue in a people, there is no safety. This is one of the lessons we must take to heart. Virtue does not wrong the individual, nor plot treason against the state; but looks to the common good. If we would have national safety, we must entrust political affairs to honest men. Let the good character—tried and proved in the eyes of the people—be the first pre-requisite for office; capacity for service next; and both essential. Nothing less will do. Just in the degree that these are waived will be the degree of danger.

How has it been with us? Does not the heart of every honest citizen swell, and his cheek burn with indignation, as he remembers, that, for years past, the word politician (which signifies one who is "sagacious in devising and executing measures for the public welfare"—) has been almost synonymous with trickster; and that the men selected to make and execute our laws, have been, with few exceptions, of those who sought in politics the easiest means of preying upon the people. We confess, that, at any time within the last ten years, our faith in the stability of this nation was, in view of so discouraging a fact, weaker than it is to-day, though we are struggling amid the perils of a gigantic rebellion. It is from the enemy in our own household that we have most to fear.

Look at the disgraceful fact as it stands. Why are we in the national agony of to-day? Simply, because the men to whom the people gave the highest and most sacred of all trusts, were false to duty. While some of them were plotting to dismember a nation whose integrity they had sworn, in taking office, to maintain, others were sleeping at their posts, or engaged in schemes of plunder. A few vigilant sentinels were on the walls, and saw the coming danger; but their cry of warning was not heeded—and so an enemy passed the gate, and well nigh gained the citadel.

Shall we longer trust this class of men—self-seeking politicians by trade? Is not one betrayal enough? The people must demand virtue in their representatives; for only in public virtue is there public safety. When we come out of this trial as by fire, let us see to it, that we entrust our highest interests only to the best of men. Let us make the word "politician" again honorable.

MISCARRIAGE OF LETTERS.

The following facts in regard to the accumulation of letters at the Dead Letter Office are worthy the attention of every one. Nearly half of the dead letters last year were directed to the wrong offices. Nearly one-third had no postage stamps, when every one knows, or ought to know, that a stamp is absolutely necessary to secure the transmission of a letter. Only about one letter in thirty-six, of all that went to the dead letter office, failed, on account of any fault in the department, to reach its destination. A great many persons neglect to add the name of the State to that of the town, when

towns of the same name exist in several States. It is better, too, not to trust to the abbreviations of the name of a State, where other abbreviations resemble it. Me. for Maine, and Mo. for Missouri, for instance, are very likely to be confounded, especially as people generally write so much more indistinctly than our fathers did.

A DIRGE.

Affectionately inscribed to the friends of W. M. Graham.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LINDOR.

The bannered stars exultingly
Waved o'er his dear, devoted head,
As on, to meet and conquer wrong,
His dauntless band he led.

The strife was brief, but at its close
He lay upon that bloody ground—
His lovely limbs and bosom torn
With many a gaping wound;

Yet life's sweet warmth was in his veins—
We clasped Hope's garments wildly there,
But Hope and he are dead, and we
Are left to our despair.

Gone! Dead! O, must it, can it be
That he so young, and fair, and brave,
Must lie in utter loneliness
Within the silent grave?

Gone, with his wealth of lofty thought—
With all his manly, gentle grace,
And the great soul that glorified
The beauty of his face!

Dear native land! poor native land!
For thee his young life's blood was spilt,
To wash thy soiled and tattered robes
From stains of traitor-guilt;

And legions of thy faithful sons—
The loyal-hearted and the great,
For thee will gladly follow him
And share his honored fate.

Not ours the only household band
Whose joy is hushed—whose light is fled,
Nor ours alone the flowers of hope
Whose leaves lie crushed and dead.

On other homes such blight must fall,
Elsewhere such sorrow darkly rest,
But ne'er was folded martial shroud
Above a nobler breast.


He dared to suffer for the Right,
Nor vainly, since to him is given
The victor's palm—the martyr's crown,
On the fair fields of Heaven.

He is at rest; but ah, so far
Appear those bright supernal spheres,
Our Faith looks up with tremulous eyes
Bedimmed with bitter tears.

Oh Christ, whose great heart bled for us,
See how our quivering heartstrings bleed,
Pity and strengthen us in this
Our time of sorest need!

Death revels o'er the true and brave—
The powers of ill wax high and strong,
And fettered Truth, with white lips, cries
How long, O Lord, how long!

Lowwood, Mo., December, 1861.

 We do not know the origin of this picture poem, which we find in the newspapers with the credit omitted :—

THE SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

By the low west window dreaming,
With the lingering sunlight gleaming,
Softly on her saintly brow—
Of her boy to battle marching,
Heat and thirst the loved lips parching,
Dreams she in the twilight now.

Yet with rapid fingers knitting,
In the ancient arm-chair sitting,
Musing of her soldier son—
Pausing in her thoughts of sorrow,
Wond'ring if upon the morrow
She can have the blue socks done.

Thinking of the soldiers standing
As she saw them on the landing,
Thinking how they sternly drill them—
Back and forth the needles going
From the socks, God only knowing
If or not his feet shall fill them.

But a sound her quick ear greeting,
Starts her frightened heart to beating
With a troubled throb and surge,
For she hears the church-bells tolling,
And the solemn, muffled rolling
Of slow music, like a dirge.

Heeds she not the stitches falling,
As with eager accents calling
Some one passing by the door,
All her wild forebodings masking,
And with lips unfaltering asking
Whom this mournful dirge is for?

But she strives her grief to smother,
'Tis not meet a soldier's mother
Thus should yield to sorrow vain.
Are there not a hundred others,
Stricken, desolated mothers,
Weeping for their brave ones slain?

For their country still are bleeding
Soldiers brave, who will be needing
Warm socks for their valiant feet—
Feet which ne'er before the traitors,
Like the feet of some bold praters,
Beat a cowardly retreat.

Other days have waned to twilight
Since the eve when such sad heart-bligh
Came down on that lonely one;
Yet beside the window sitting,
With her aged fingers knitting,
Dreams she still at set of sun


On her brow a shadow resting,
And the sunset glory cresting
Like a crown the silver hair.
Back and forth the needles going,
Inch by inch the socks are growing,
And the tears her eyes overflowing
Are inwrought with silent prayer.


Could men see as see the angels,
These dumb socks, like sweet evangelists,
Would a wond'rous tale unfold;
Every stitch would tell its story,
And each seam would wear a glory
Fairer than refiner's gold.


MOODS OF MIND.


Dr. Holland, in his last admirable volume, speaking of moods and frames of mind, says, that he regards them as very poor tests of character. "Having," he remarks, "cut through the crust of a most forbidding mood, produced by bodily derangement or constant and pressing labor of the brain, I have often found a heart full of all the sweetest and richest traits of humanity. I have found, too, that some natures know the door that leads through the moods of other natures. There are men who never present their moody side to me. My neighbor enters their presence, and finds them severe in aspect, hard in feeling and abrupt in speech. I go in immediately after, and open the door right through that mood, into the genial good heart that sits behind it, and the door always flies open when I come. I know men whose mood is usually exceedingly pleasant. There is a glow of health upon their faces. Their words are musical to women and children. They are cheerful, and chipper, and sunshiny, and not easily moved to anger; and yet I know them to be liars and full of selfishness. Under their sweet mood, which sound health and a not over sensitive conscience, and the satisfactions of sense engender, they conceal hearts that are as false and foul as any that illustrate the reign of sin in human nature."


In providing periodicals for 1862, don't forget Grace Greenwood's "Little Pilgrim," published in this city by Leander K. Lippincott, at fifty cents a year. It is the best of the juveniles.

 "The New Scholar," and "The Unwelcome Intruder," in this number, are, both in subject and execution, charming pictures. They tell their own story in a manner at once spirited and agreeable. We have others, in the same admirable style, ready, or in preparation, for future numbers. To Mr. Jas. Lauderbach, of this city, we are indebted for these fine specimens of the engraver's art.

 The slowness with which photographic impressions are obtained, and the large demand on us for our beautiful premiums, have kept us a little behind in the supply of "A Glimpse of an English Homestead." But, all who are entitled to receive copies, will have them forwarded, in turn, with the least possible delay.

 A new engraving, on steel, "Washington and his Mother," has been published by Mr. J. C. McRea of New York. The subject is one of rare interest, and the picture cannot fail to become popular.

 Every one who sends a club is entitled to a premium; but the stamps for pre-payment of postage must not be omitted.

 All who have seen our elegant photographic premiums are surprised at their perfection and beauty. They are works of art, and worthy a place in the choicest collection.





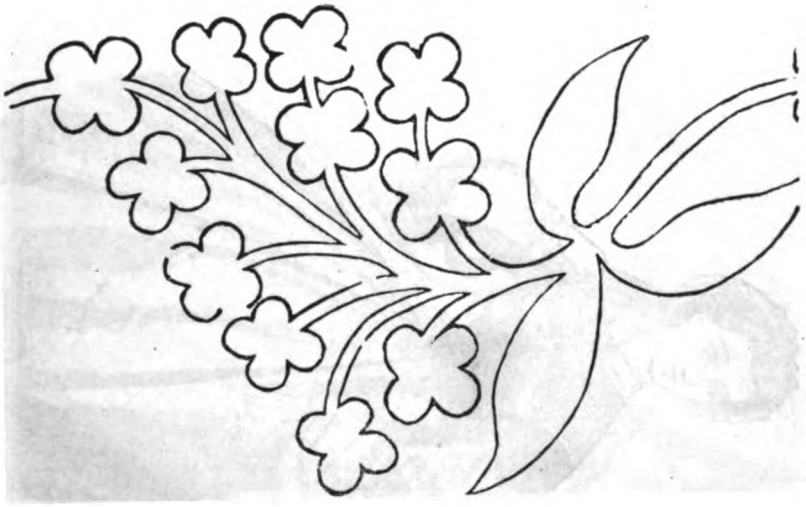
THE DOCTOR'S VISIT.



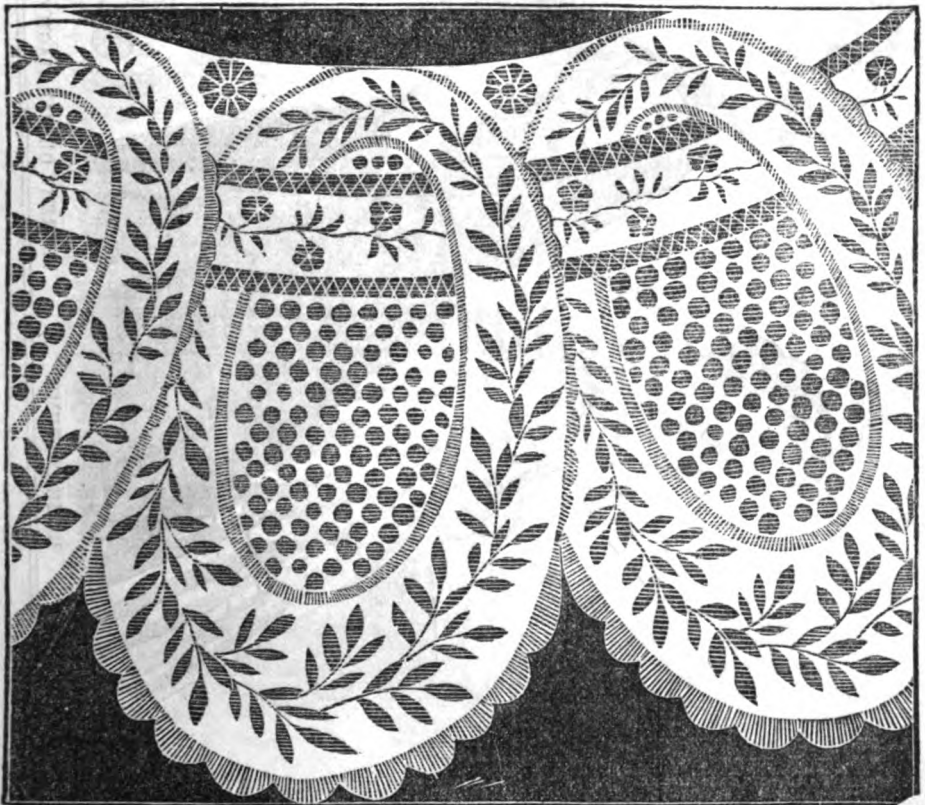








BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



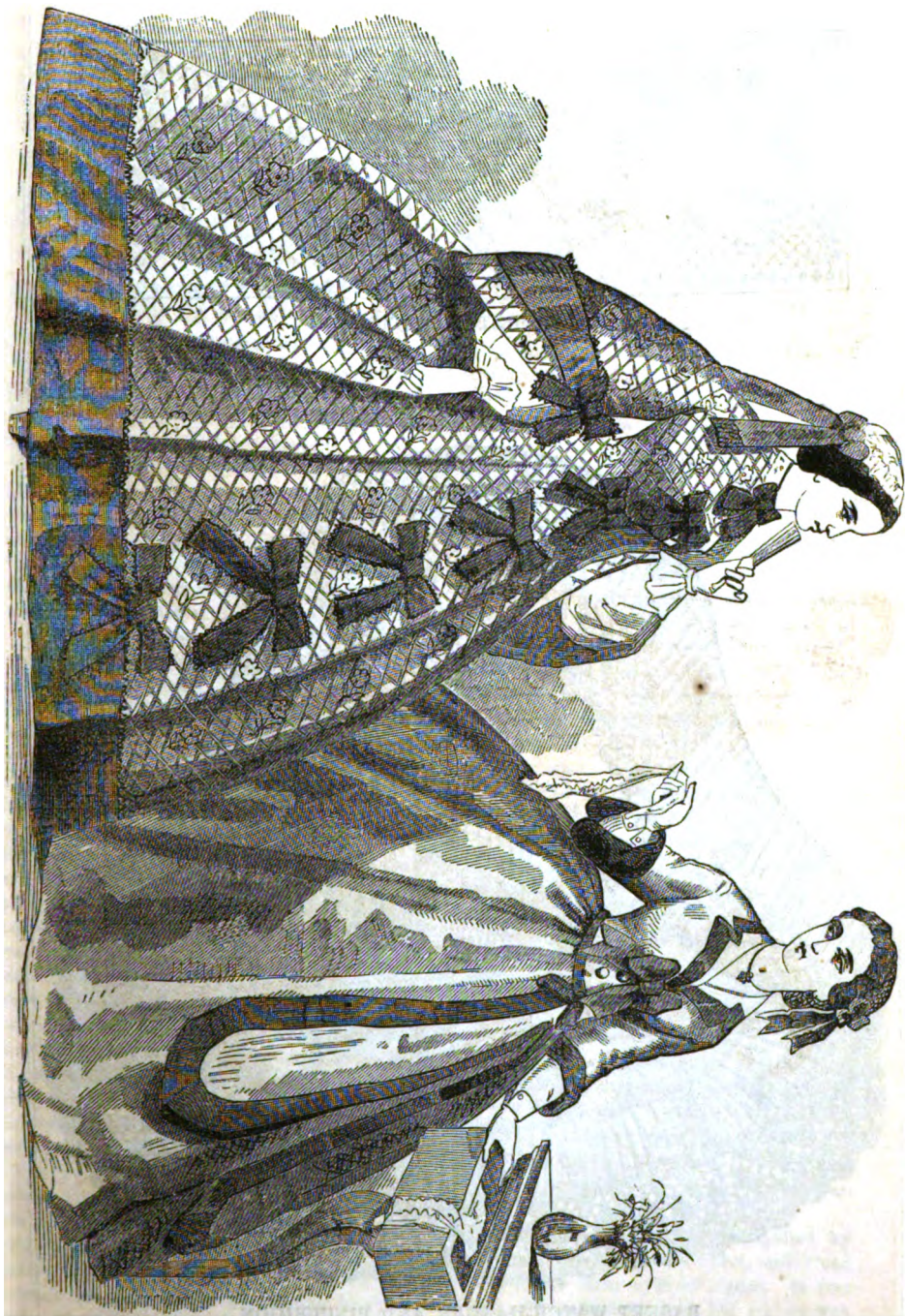
HOME COSTUME.

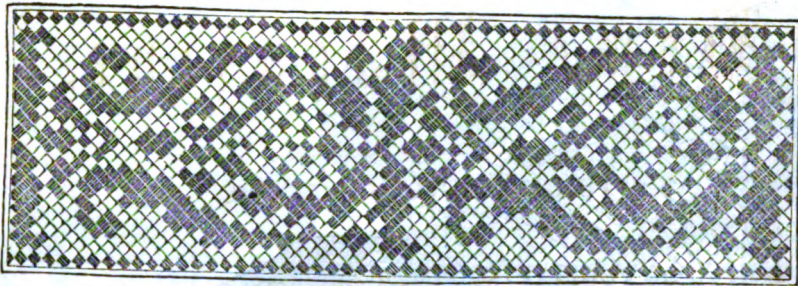
STREET OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.

HOME COSTUME.

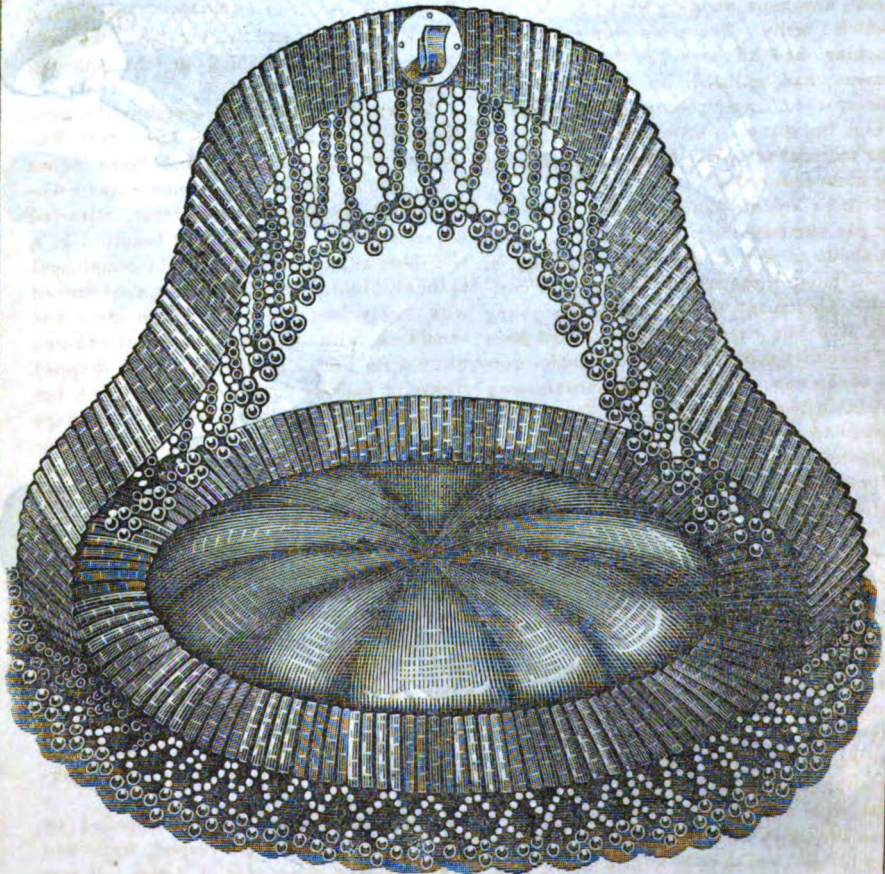
EVENING DRESS.

DINNER DRESS.





CROCHET INSERTION.



BASKET WATCH-HANGER AND PINCUSHION.

A R T H U R ' S
H o m e M a g a z i n e .

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1862.

The Story of a Ribbon Bow.

BY "MADEMOISELLE CAPRICORN."

The Mexican war was the absorbing theme of every tongue; its conquests or failures, the first thought of every mind; its ultimate success the first hope of every heart, at the time of which I write. The crisis was rapidly approaching, and all over the Union the excitement had enlisted, in their country's cause, troops of eager volunteers, who hurried to reach the scene of action, before the glory of the national arms was forever tarnished by some disastrous defeat.

Of these volunteer corps, none was more strong in numbers or courage than that which was about to depart from the little city of H——, in one of the central States. Its commander, Lieutenant Wilton, was a fine young officer from the regular army, who had been sent home disabled soon after the commencement of the war; but being once more restored to tolerable health by the tender care of his friends, had obtained leave to raise and equip a company, and return again to battle. Still pale and thin, from recent illness, he was untiring in energy and action till his command was completed, and better drilled than could have been expected in so short a time. They were mostly picked men, sons of good families, gentlemen by birth and education, who had caught the "war fever," and hastened to gratify it, by enlisting as privates, in an army where all could not be officers, as in the present one, and regardless of the loss that would be so deeply felt by the hearts they left at home.

The evening before their departure, the gallant volunteers were complimented by the citizens with a ball, which everything contributed to make a most brilliant affair. The sighing belles, so soon to lose their lovers, saw at least an opportunity of bidding them a tender farewell; and the brave wives, mothers

and sisters, of the band, lent their presence to reanimate and strengthen each other for the trying scenes of the morrow; while the devoted volunteers, divided between admiration of their own courage and uniforms, and the sorrow of parting, were glad of an occasion to display the one, and stifle the other. Thus, with heavy hearts and smiling faces, the brilliant company assembled in the splendid rooms.

Perhaps the handsomest, certainly the most admired couple present, were Lieutenant Wilton and his partner in the first dance, Agnes Clair, who in right of her acknowledged belle-ship, and his constant preference, attracted universal attention. She was beautiful in a rich blue silk, evidently worn in compliment to the blue uniforms of the soldiers, and trimmed with costly lace about the white arms and shoulders, with floating ribbons elsewhere; while from her shining brown hair, dropped sprays of delicate flowers of the same hue, but not half so lovely as were her eyes. Perhaps some such whispered hint as this from her partner, colored her clear cheeks and made her long lashes droop as she listened; or perhaps it was the more than admiration she read in the dark eyes of Frank Wilton—called "handsome Frank," by his regiment—whose tall, fine figure, black curls, Spanish complexion, and good gifts in the way of whiskers and moustache, to say nothing of his fascinating qualities, made him the despair of his rivals and the envy of his friends. Withal, his nature was too frank and free for vanity or self-love, and his fine social powers made him as attractive to gentlemen, as his elegant personage to ladies.

He was apparently, as yet, unspoiled by this position, save in one respect, unnoticed by any but the clear eyes of Agnes. It was she only, who observed how his society was sought by the most reckless and convivial of

his acquaintances, how at all wine parties he was sure to be present, how his sinking energies and overtasked strength, were sustained by stimulants, how with a blush of shame he had once checked an associate for speaking in her presence of some revel, which he said was not a story-fit for her ears; and how, after a ball supper, she dreaded to see his dark eyes brighten, and his pale cheeks glow, with the inspiration and warmth of wine. All these things Agnes kept and pondered in her heart, for he had grown very dear to her, and she mourned in secret, not only for the danger of death to which he would be exposed in returning, but for the temptation sure to assail him there, which might bring what was worse—disgrace. In this sad parting hour, therefore, her heart was very heavy, and she was glad when the changes in the quadrille allowed them to remain idle and interchange a few words.

"I am glad to see that you wear our color, Agnes," he said; "was it in imitation of the ladies of olden time, who wore their knights' colors, when they sent them forth to battle?"

She could almost have fancied it, as she noted the chivalrous grace and noble bearing of her partner; but replied—

"O no, nothing so romantic; it was only a caprice of mine."

"A very charming caprice," he answered, "and a prettily paid compliment; you will see that it is gratefully received by us all."

"Oh pray, don't say so," she hastily interrupted, "indeed I hope no one but you will notice it. I thought only you—" she stopped and blushed, embarrassed at the unguarded half admission.

The soldier smiled, well pleased; but a graver shade came upon his face as he marked her painful confusion, and he hastened to relieve her, by saying,

"I am sorry you will not allow me to fancy that we are indeed true knights, taking leave of our liege ladies, whose beauty and interest shall secure victory to our banners, in battle. Really, this scene and occasion almost make me realize it, and I don't like to lose the idea in spite of your disclaimer."

"Believe it then," said Agnes, laughing at his earnestness, "and I will not attempt any further to prevent you."

"There needs only one thing to complete the illusion."

"And what is that?"

"The knight received a token from his lady-love, which he wore like a charm against the

perils of battle; and also she laid upon him some behest which he devoted his life to fulfil. I have neither token nor mission, shall I receive them from you?"

She blushed slightly, for his gravity and the expression of his eyes as they sought hers gave his words far more importance than the trifling request warranted; but she skilfully concealed her agitation by bending to detach from her corsage one of the bows of blue ribbon with which it was ornamented. He kissed it, as he took it from her hand, and hid it in his breast. "And now for the command?" he said, in a low voice.

Agnes grew grave with the remembrance of her solicitude for him, and its cause, and her oft-repeated wish for opportunity and courage to say what she ought. But now that the moment was come she faltered and wavered, fearful of losing what his eyes so sweetly told her she had won; hesitating before the risk of offending him, now, when he might thereby bear a bitter memory of her to his death. She flushed and paled alternately, under his searching, earnest look.

"If I might ask anything of you," she said, at last, "it would be, I am afraid, what would put to a heavy trial, not your courage and endurance, for those, I do not doubt, but your patience with me, and your friendship for me."

"Oh, Agnes, do you fear that anything you could say would lose them? Do not speak of requests, but believe that your lightest word is my law; and command me to do what you may, I will perform it; if only my life could be spent in serving you, how gladly would I lay it down!"

"Preserve it for my sake, then," she could have answered, and her beautiful eyes were bright with tears; but glancing about the circle to see if their romance of the ball-room was unheard, she perceived that a temporary pause in the music had been improved by others besides herself, and that the call to resume their places had broken up many an eager tête à tête like her own. Much relieved, she returned to the business of the quadrille, and when her partner relinquished her to his successor, could reply to him with tolerable self-possession as he murmured in her ear,

"Remember that I vow to obey you in everything you ask."

"No, no," she returned, interrupting him, "wait till you hear it, and don't pledge yourself to grant my first request."

He promised, looking anxiously into her face, and wondering that she dared not ask

anything from him; then her hand being claimed by some one else, she left him, again the brilliant belle, whose soft eyes drooped, and whose sweet voice trembled only for him. Yet she could see that though her actual presence was removed he seemed still under the influence of her words, and moved dreamily through his part in the pageant of the evening, while his looks wandered constantly to that place in the room which was lighted by her presence; and where, surrounded by attentive admirers, or lightly dancing, she was equally the cynosure of all eyes as of his. They did not meet again till he came to claim the privilege of taking her in to supper, and a murmur of admiration followed the handsome pair as they passed.

Their place was near that of the most important citizens, the grave and reverend seignors who had given the compliment of the ball, and who, when their elderly appetite was somewhat appeased, began to call for wine, and settled themselves for a giving of toasts and other formulas. And now for Agnes the time of trial drew near, for the glasses blushed ruby-red, and the Mayor cleared his throat for that speech, in which, as all H— knew, he would propose success to the gallant young officer of the tenth volunteers, Lieutenant, now Captain Frank Wilton, and thereby inaugurate a series of toasts and glasses, to follow *ad infinitum*.

A negro waiter quietly filled the empty glass at Wilton's elbow, like a black, tempting demon, and Agnes, his white angel on the other side, laid her detaining hand lightly on his arm and made him bend his proud head to listen—

"Frank," she whispered, in a trembling voice, "would you obey me, if I asked you not to touch that wine?"

There was no answer, and she remained overwhelmed at her own audacity, silent and with downcast eyes, while the Mayor made his speech, which was shorter than could have been expected, and ended with the anticipated flourish. But if she could have looked up, she would have seen that Frank Wilton's regards were bent on her, instead of on his eulogizer, while his right hand was thrust in his breast where the ribbon lay.

The Mayor's speech met with great applause, and Captain Wilton's health was drunk with all the honors; it behoved him next to return thanks, which he did in a few well-chosen words, while Agnes dared not look up to read anger or aversion towards herself in that face, which had always been turned to her with an

expression so different. "In conclusion," he said, "allow me to propose the health of the Mayor, whom I shall pledge, if he will permit me, in a glass of water, that being the beverage with which I intend to supply the place of wine in this campaign, as the best mode of securing the success he so kindly wishes me."

The company stared, and many young men, his boon companions, smiled, but the young Captain remained unmoved even when the jolly Mayor addressed him—

"What, no more wine, Frank?" said he.

"No more for me, sir," answered the young man, with a smile. "It is quite clear that if wine is too much for me, Mexicans will be. and I propose to do the country better service this time than before. I made my last disastrous campaign upon Madeira, and intend to try now what my success will be without it."

"Three cheers for Frank Wilton *without* the wine!" called out an enthusiastic youth in the back-ground, and the walls soon echoed to the "three-times-three" of the volunteers.

The long list of prepared toasts was quickly despatched, for the wine drinking was broken up for the evening; the soldiers followed the new example of their commander, and the old men were ashamed to be behind the young in temperance and sobriety. A few moments more of speech-making, mingled with sincere good wishes and touching farewells, and the company dispersed to return to the ball-room. One couple lingered last in the dark corridors on the way back, as the gentleman reverently lifted the little hand that lay on his arm to his lips, and said,

"Agnes, my life is likely to be a short one, but I wish it were long, that I might show you a long gratitude for this, the first token of a woman's interest in my course for good or evil, that I have had since my mother died."

His voice trembled and faltered as if tears were very near it, and there was an agitated pause, which she first broke.

"I thought you would be angry," she whispered.

"Angry with *you*? I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness; your words have opened my eyes; they showed me all at once, the dangerous path I was pursuing, which with heaven's help and yours, I will tread no more. For you will remember me in your prayers sometimes, Agnes?"

"Always, always," she answered, weeping.

"Tears for *me*, sweet guardian angel? I

am not worthy them; but every drop, to my fancy, washes a stain away, so weep my memory clear! You can never know—heaven forbid that you should—the dangers, the temptations, the difficulties that beset a man in my place, from which there is no safeguard save the love of some pure woman, and how dare I ask for that? How dare I propose to a mind unstained with evil and a heart unconscious of guile, the task of guiding and guarding mine, so far different, so erring and so wrong? I dare not do so, Agnes, and I dare not peril your friendship by another word unless you give me leave."

There was a moment's silence, in which both hearts beat almost audibly.

"My follies have forfeited your esteem, I feel," he continued, after a brief struggle with the emotion that his voice betrayed, "but it shall be my future care to win it back, and then if I live I will strive for something dearer still; if I die I will bless you for your kindness till my death; I am a poor fellow, I know, to need such a reproof, yet from you I receive it gladly, since you could inflict no wound my love could not heal; and your words had but one pang for me, that they came in the name of friendship, and only that sweet womanly instinct of pity prompted you to save me."

"It was not friendship," she murmured.

"Not even friendship, but a common philanthropy," he muttered, in a sad and bitter tone; "you are right, and I deserve no such blessing; but it is the last drop in my cup of humiliation, and I never felt humility till I knew you, Agnes—to hear that just distinction drawn. Yet I beseech you by the love of my whole heart, and the devotion of my whole life, which are yours forever, valueless as they are, to recall the word, and let me carry that name of comfort with me when I go. Do not at least deny me your friendship!"

"Listen!" she said, looking up with wet eyes, but with a lovely smile that made her face brilliant through its tears, "listen, oh self-deceiver, and blind! it was not friendship, for I love you!"

He caught her in his arms and kissed the mouth that uttered those sweet words; then kneeling down, he vowed, "by that kiss whose touch upon my lips has made them sacred, I swear no wine shall ever pass them more! Now Agnes I may dare to love you!" and then they were happy.

They returned to the ball-room together in that sweet dream of happiness, to the music

of which, not less than the Strauss Waltzes, they slowly moved, and parted in the gray light of morning beneath the elms which shaded her father's house. That was an hour of anguish indeed, when they sundered so quickly their newly-found ties, and at the command of fate, separated till years or death should reunite them. Yet that hour passed, as even the bitterest hours will, and the young officer marched away; the seal upon his lips, the token in his breast, to the battle grounds where his gallantry and courage won him so high a name in many a bloody action, while Agnes was left at home, like so many others, to wait, and watch, and weep, to tremble, fear, and rejoice alternately as the chances of war exposed or favored her beloved; but not like many others whose hearts and homes were desolate, alas! when the war was over—received him back into her arms one summer day, not unwounded or unchanged, but truer than steel to her and to his vow. And when, not long after, and as soon as the wounded bridegroom was able to go to church, a splendid wedding was celebrated there—the bride, in strange contrast to her rich and costly dress, her silvery silk and frostwork veil, and gleaming jewels, wore on her breast, all stained with the brave blood which made it now dearer to her than ever to her noble husband, in token of the love that had won him to virtue and to her, a faded ribbon bow!

Dead Doves.

BY MABEL ST. CLAIR.

From out this low west window,
'Gainst which the vine tassels wave,
Like a flock of birds my thoughts have flown
To a host of tiny graves:—

A mirror is held before me,
And I see my child-life there;
But the winding path that led me up,
Has dead doves on every stair.

O'er some the turf is lightly thrown,
And no tears have fallen there;
But some are marked with a wee white stone,
And visited with prayer.

Ah, little May! when we broke the ring
Our lips both kissed, and threw
The glittering fragments in the spring,
Down by the deadened yew:

Vowing that till it rose again,
A circlet whole and bright,
No link should rust in our friendship's chain:
Oh! we did not see this night!

I know that your footsteps wildly stray,
And my lips turn white in prayer
For little May, misguided May!
Oh, we buried a dead dove there!

And Harry: can he forget the day
When, kneeling hand in hand,
Our child-lips colder than ocean's spray,
Or billow that washed the strand,

We braided together the soft brown tress,
And golden, then watched the sea
Open to lay on its icy heart
Our pledge of fidelity.

They say that yours is a princely home,
That yours is a queenly bride;
But my thoughts go back to that summer eve,
And that scene by the river side.

Ah, Harry! the moan of the sounding sea
Has haunted you everywhere!
For it is with you as it is with me,
Both buried a dead dove there.

Oh! the many, many, snow-white doves,
That have come with their shining wings
To nestle down close to my girlish heart,
Giving strength to its thousand strings!

Oh! that loving them dearer day by day,
And folding them closer there;
My heart must turn from the past away,
Leaving them dead on the stair.

You too have buried doves I know!
White doves you have hid from storm
In your childish heart, and vainly hoped,
Your love might keep them warm.

Slowly at first from their shelt'ring fold,
They taught their wings to soar;
But theirs was a wildering flight, they came
To the port of your love no more.

We leave them all along our way,
White doves with folded wings;
Their graves, the milestones that may mark
Our steps to maturer things.

Yet fondly now, as in days of old,
Our hearts unfold their loves,
Casting a fond remembrance back
To their doves, their buried doves.

SPRING HILL, OHIO.

EVERY-DAY ABSURDITIES.—To make yourself generally disagreeable, and then wonder that nobody will visit you. To sit shivering in the cold, because you won't have a fire till November. Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because it is not bed-time. To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves. To tell your own secrets, and believe other men will keep them.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER V.

As intimated by Doctor Hoffman, there had been a separation between Justin Larobe and his wife; though not in legal form. In each mind was a deathless impulse to rule, and the antagonisms born of this impulse were too violent for the restraint of any mere external bond; and so they were driven asunder. The parting had been in such hot blood, that no recognition of mutual rights had taken place. As enemies they drew apart, each hating, yet fearing the other; for, they held between them a deadly secret. The household was not broken up. That remained with Mrs. Larobe; and as issue had failed in the marriage, no irritating questions in regard to the disposition of children were involved. Mr. Larobe, in separating from his wife, had taken a suite of rooms at the City Hotel, where he was living at the period of which we are now writing.

On the night after the interview between Edwin Guy and Mr. Glastonberry, as described in the last chapter, Larobe sat alone in his chamber. He was a man rather below, than up to the medium stature, but stoutly and squarely built. The lower part of his face was narrow, but the upper portion broad and high. A pair of small, tawny gray eyes, looked at you, warily, from beneath heavy and projecting brows; and a peculiarity in them was, that their color came so near to that of the deep orbital cavity, that you did not, at first, detect their sinister expression. His head was thickly covered with short, coarse hair, that was beginning to turn gray. Mr. Larobe was reading, and sat very still, apparently absorbed in his book. The time wore on until nearly ten o'clock, when two knocks came upon the door; not by a servant's hand—his ear told him that. Rising, he crossed the room, and opened the door.

"Edwin Guy!" Larobe uttered the name in no simulated surprise; his heavy brows falling, as he spoke.

"Mr. Larobe," said the young man, stepping into the apartment. The lawyer moved back, and Guy advanced, shutting the door behind him. In the middle of the room, half way to the glowing grate, he faced around, and planted himself squarely before his visitor, who, naturally, stood still, confronting him. Both frowned—both looked defiant. Each

recognized an enemy, who would inflict harm if possible.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" asked Larobe, coldly.

"I have several things to say," replied Edwin, speaking with as much coolness as possible, and at the same time taking, though uninvited, a chair. It was plain, by the lawyer's manner, that something in his visitor puzzled him. He did not consent to this freedom of conduct in his own apartment, by taking a chair also, but stood even more erect and solid, with his arms thrown behind him.

"Say on," Larobe, in tone, at least, feigned indifference well.

"As you are aware, sir, I have never been satisfied with my father's will." Guy looked at him, keenly, as he said this. It was a simple feeler. The only change noted, was a warier expression in the deep set, brownish gray eyes, that were fixed on him, snakily.

"And you are aware, sir, that I have no power to change it," was answered, evenly and coldly.

"I think its conditions will have to be changed," said Guy.

There was a meaning in his voice, more than in his words, that caused Larobe to move from his solid balance, with just the slightest sign of uneasiness.

"All parties are bound by the terms of a legal instrument," said the lawyer, slowly, distinctly, and without apparent feeling. "A will, to an executor, is a letter of instructions, from which he cannot depart. In regard to your father's will, every provision has been carried out to the letter. If you question this, demand an investigation. You will be patiently heard in the Orphan's Court. But if, as I infer from your remark, it is against the will itself that your complaint lies, then you must go past the executor, and test its binding force in law."

"An insane man cannot make a will," remarked Edwin Guy, in dead level tones, while he kept his eyes watchfully on Larobe's countenance.

"True; but your father's will bears date anterior to the loss of reason."

"I am not sure of that."

"You surprise me, Edwin! How long have you entertained this view?"

"For a long time."

"It can at least be said," remarked the lawyer, with manifest irony, "that you have been exceedingly patient under this impression of fraud and wrong. Had the case been

mine, I would have seen to the bottom of it years ago."

"Some men act hastily, while others bide their time. I was only a boy when my father died, and ignorant of the dark things passing around me. The thought of crime and violence never entered my young brain, and when, long ago, the suggestions were made, I turned away from them as too horrible for belief. But, one fact after another came to light, until the accumulated evidence forced an almost unwilling conviction. I did not act hastily; but went on searching, inquiring, pondering, willing to bide my time; and it has come, Mr. Larobe!"

Guy threw a quick, strong emphasis into his voice, in closing this sentence, which gave the lawyer's nerves, self-poised as he was, a sudden start. Turning himself, by an almost imperceptible movement, he withdrew his face from under the direct scrutiny of a pair of eyes that seemed looking right down into his heart. Before answering, he took a chair, placing it in a line parallel to the one in which Guy was sitting, so that he might look towards, or away from his companion, as suited him best. He did not speak immediately. Guy waited for him, struggling to repress the mounting excitement, which made every pulsation of his heart audible in his ears.

"If you know of anything wrong, Edwin," he said, at length, in the manner of one who offers disinterested advice, in the hope of serving another—"bring it to the light. I was simply executor under your father's will, the purpose of which I have carried out faithfully. You received, at my hands, on the day you were twenty-one years of age, all that it gave you. I could do no more. If there was anything wrong in the execution of this will; if, as you seem to think, dark and criminal things are involved; in Heaven's name, drag them forth to view! Count on me for giving you all aid that may lie in my power."

This, though understood by Edwin, was unexpected, and he pondered it, before answering. When he spoke, his words were—

"I have learned that my father was drugged before his removal to the Hospital."

"Drugged!" exclaimed Larobe, in feigned astonishment.

"Yes, sir, drugged!"

"By whom?"

"Ah, there's the pinch! The fact is ascertained beyond question. He was heavily under the influence of opium when received at the Hospital."

"That may be satisfactorily accounted for, I think," said Larobe. "Your father's derangement was preceded by days and nights of sleeplessness, and morphia was administered, under the advice of his physician, as the only means of tranquillizing his nerves; and he may have been more or less under its influence when taken to the Hospital. To my mind this view is reasonable."

"If that fact stood solitary, your inference would be reasonable enough. Unhappily, it does not," replied the young man.

"What other facts have you learned?" asked Larobe.

"He was removed from home without the knowledge or consent, and against the judgment, of at least one of his attendant physicians, and in the absence of both."

"Is that so?" The lawyer did not turn his face towards his companion, but sat, with his chin drawn down, and his eyes looking inwards.

"Without question, that is so. And it farther appears, that my step-mother, with a male accomplice—of whose identity I am not yet clearly advised—accompanied him to the Hospital, delivering him, in person, to the officials of the Institution."

"That may all be satisfactorily explained," answered Mr. Larobe. "It is the same with actions as with natural objects; a different point of view, gives a different appearance. I don't see a case in this."

"And it still farther appears," resumed Guy. "that my father showed immediate signs of improvement; and these were so marked, that the Resident Physician consented, after a few days, to his being taken home again, and with that view permitted him to leave the Institution, in company with his wife and another person. Now, sir, in tracing the case thus far, judge of my surprise and horror, when I learned, that, instead of being taken home, a sane man as he was, his wife and her accomplice spirited him off to a private mad-house on Long Island, where he met, not long after, with a violent death. Sir! there is a murder at the bottom of this dark transaction! Yes, sir! A murder! And by all the solemn obligations of a son to his father, I will drag the foul transgressors into open day, and have them punished!"

Starting to his feet, in excitement, the young man took a position in front of Larobe, and gazed upon him, with stern accusation in his eyes. The lawyer, cool and wary as he was, found himself, unexpectedly, in so perilous a

strait, that entire self-composure was almost impossible. To betray weakness or fear, would be to give his enemy a power over him that might be used with terrible effect. So he waited, before answering, to collect himself. He then remarked, with a thoughtful air, as if pondering what Guy had said—

"That has a dark look, certainly."

"A dark and devilish look!" ejaculated the young man, fiercely.

"From whom did you gain this information, Edwin?"

"I am not yet at liberty to give names; but witnesses ready to prove all, and more than all, I have said, will be forthcoming. Among these is a man who held the place of keeper in the mad-house where my father was taken. He has already given me some shocking particulars in regard to his treatment there."

"What?" The lawyer was off his guard, and gave a sign of alarm that Edwin Guy did not fail to note.

"He was no more insane than you are now, when he came to our place; these are the man's very words, Mr. Larobe. Just think of it! Do you wonder that I am excited and in earnest? That I have sworn to uncover this great iniquity?"

"What did he say about your father's death?" asked Larobe. Guy perceived, by the lawyer's tone and manner—by the holding of his breath for an answer—that, in his reply to this question, he felt a deep and personal interest. And so, he withheld the answer until he could think for a little while.

"There was some mystery about that," he remarked, at length, as if unwilling to communicate what was in his thoughts.

"Mystery?"

"Yes. The man evidently knows more than he cares, just now, to communicate. But I understand the kind of influence needed, and shall bring it to bear."

"In attempting to escape from a window, your father fell to the ground, and was killed. I never heard, or suspected, anything more," said Larobe.

"That was the story, I know. Beyond this simple casualty, as it was called, nothing reached the public. All the actors in this infernal business were cunning and secretive; but it happened, as it usually does in all hellish schemes, that Satan left one or two points unguarded, through means of which he might betray to ruin the easy fools who trusted him. The devil, Mr. Larobe, is a false friend; and all who swear by him are equally false, and

as ready to betray each other. Doctor Du Pontz, if I remember aright, is the name by which the keeper of the asylum on Long Island is known?"

"Something like that," replied the lawyer.

"A Frenchman?"

"Probably."

"You have seen him?"

"No, I believe not." Larobe seemed trying to recall the man's identity.

"Then I have been misinformed. I understood that you were, several times, on Long Island, during the time of my father's imprisonment."

Larobe shook his head, slowly, as he answered—

"I was never on Long Island in my life."

"A simple question of evidence," said Guy, in an undertone, as if to himself.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Larobe, forgetting himself.

"By what?" coolly asked Guy.

"By your remark, that it was a simple question of evidence."

"Whether you were ever at Du Pontz's mad-house on Long Island, or not?"

Larobe was losing ground in this passage at arms with the young man, and he felt it bitterly. How should he regain the failing advantage? Not, surely, through any betrayal of passion; though he felt the intimations of Guy as a biting insult. Fear, however, was stronger than anger, and admitted as the safer counsellor.

"I think, Edwin," said he, after a hurried repression of feeling, facing round, and looking steadily at Guy—his voice had now a velvety softness, and a friendship of tone not exhibited before—"that we had best clearly understand each other. You have come here with a certain purpose in your mind; and I am of opinion, that through a frank statement of that purpose, you will more readily attain to it, than by any covert movements. I cannot understand your drift in this seeming effort to involve me in transactions of a dozen years back to which I was in no way participant. You contemplate some legal action, I infer?"

"I do," was promptly answered.

"Before commencing, let me suggest a careful consideration of the question, whether, in this action, you will have me as a friend or an enemy."

"Thank you, for the suggestion," said Guy, in a conciliatory manner. "Enemies are never to be desired. Of course, I desire to

have you as a friend; but it may happen, that interest will come in the way of friendship. If, as appears from all I can learn, you were an active abettor in my father's ruin of mind, and subsequent death, I don't see how, in any legal or personal sense, you can stand to me in any other relation than that of an enemy. Understand me, Mr. Larobe. I am in possession of evidence in regard to my father's treatment that will astound the community when it comes to light, and I shall prosecute to conviction all parties who were in the conspiracy against him."

"To what end?" calmly inquired the lawyer.

"That wrong may be punished, and justice established," said Guy, in a firm voice.

"Justice?" queried Larobe. "To whom? Your father is dead, and no legal decision can affect him."

"It can affect his children, wrongfully despoiled of their interest in his estate."

"What was your interest?"

Edwin dropped his eyes and seemed to be thinking.

"Not above twenty thousand dollars, in equitable division under the law, if your father had died intestate. Are you aware of that?"

Edwin did not reply, and the lawyer added,

"Ten thousand were devised and paid. If you succeed to the utmost, you cannot get beyond an additional ten thousand, subject to fees and legal claims, which, under the law's delays and requirements, will amount to half that sum. I am speaking as your friend, and showing you the best that lies beyond."

"You forget interest," said Edwin. "Interest on ten thousand dollars from the date of my father's will. Six or seven thousand dollars must cover the most liberal estimate of expenses; and I can find half-a-dozen prominent lawyers in an hour, any one of whom will engage to conduct the suit for that fee in prospect."

He was watching Larobe closely, to see the effect of this last sentence. It went home. Some minutes passed in silence; a silence that Larobe felt to be telling against him more and more, the longer it was continued, for it showed his perplexity and indecision. Guy could afford to wait his companion's response; and he did wait.

"You are aware," said the lawyer, in a deliberate way, breaking the pause, "that your step-mother and I are not on friendly terms."

"I have heard as much," answered the young man.

"I cannot, therefore, speak for her. Perhaps—"

But he left the sentence unfinished.

"There has been no divorce?" said Guy.

"No—no; nothing of that kind."

Larobe understood the remark. As husband, under the State laws, he had control of his wife's property, nearly the whole of which was personal, and not freehold. And so he was still in perplexity of mind.

"Edwin," he said, after another period of silence, "this is too grave a matter to admit of hasty decision. Everything depends on your knowing where you stand. A false step may be ruinous. As intimated a little while ago, I can be your friend, and serve you—or, if you elect, I can be your enemy. It is for you to say in which attitude I am to stand."

As if deliberating on the lawyer's suggestion, Guy walked the floor for some time, his hands behind him and his head bent down. Pausing at length, and lifting his eyes, he remarked—

"I think you understand the case, Mr. Larobe?"

"Perhaps I do," was answered.

"And you wish to be my friend?"

"I have said so."

"Turn the subject over in your mind. Look at it upon all sides, and determine for me, if you can, what course will be the wisest. I will see you again to-morrow evening."

"Whatever is done, Edwin, should be well considered in advance," said the lawyer, with cautious reserve.

"No one understands that better than I do, Mr. Larobe, and therefore I suggest twenty-four hours' deliberation. To-morrow evening I will be here again. Good night."

And he went out abruptly. There was a covert threat in his good night tone which the lawyer's wary ear did not fail to notice. For nearly an hour after Guy's departure, he sat so motionless before the fire, that an observer would have thought him sleeping. But sleep was a stranger to his pillow through all the watches of that troubled night.

CHAPTER VI.

From the City Hotel, Edwin Guy walked leisurely down Monument Square to Lexington street, where he stopped and waited several minutes on the corner, narrowly scrutinizing every one who approached from the direction of the Hotel. Satisfied, at length, that Larobe was not following him, he started up Lexington street at a quick pace, and passing the Court

House, dropped down St. Paul street to the neighborhood of Glastonberry's office, into which he disappeared. The cold, still face of the lawyer looked at him inquiringly, as he took a chair opposite to where he sat at the office table. It was one of those unreadable faces that we sometimes see in men, which, like a turbid stream, hides everything beneath—smooth, sluggish, mysterious.

"You have seen him?"

"Yes."

"Give me the interview as accurately as possible; word for word if you can—and the effect produced on Larobe."

Guy related, with minute particularity, all that had passed between him and his father's executor.

"He's frightened—so much is clear," said Glastonberry, in his imperturbable way.

"Frightened out of his boots," returned Guy.

"No, not so badly as that. He's an old fox, my friend, and will double on his track and throw you off the scent."

"He'll never throw me off; make yourself easy on that head," answered Guy, confidently.

"He betrayed enough to-night, to show that he believes me in possession of facts which may be used to his harm. He intends to avoid all legal issues if possible."

"No doubt of that. But none knows better than he, the questionable policy of secret compromise with an enemy. If he can hold himself clear from that perilous necessity, he will do so."

"Do you think he can, Mr. Glastonberry?"

"There is a way—"

"How?—Where?"

"It would take too much time to explain to-night. Besides, I am not fully posted; I only know that there is a way—difficult to be sure; but one along which he may choose to venture as a means of escaping the trap you have laid for his feet. Let me, once more, enjoin upon you the greatest prudence. Keep your own counsel. Above all, remain strictly silent, even to your nearest friend, touching the matter now in progress, so that no one may have it in his power to report a sentence from your lips. Suspect all who approach you with a word about family affairs; and on no account suffer a remark on the subject of Mr. Larobe's relation to your father's estate to drop from your lips. You will be watched with un-sleeping vigilance from this hour. Larobe will surround you with men under pay and instructions, whose business it will be to lure you into

imprudences of speech, that may be tortured into evidence to prove an attempt on your part to extort money. Forewarned, forearmed, my young friend. You are embarking on a dangerous venture."

"But with a good pilot at the helm," replied Edwin, in compliment to the lawyer.

"If my ship obeys the helm, the passage will be safe. If not, the peril is imminent."

"She will obey the helm, Mr. Glastonberry. Trust my word for that."

The only response to this, was in that peculiar lifting of the upper lip, before mentioned, as if a portion of it were drawn back by a cord, showing the canine teeth.

"I shall see him, as per appointment, again on to-morrow night," said Guy. "What programme is to be followed?"

"Be, for one thing, more reserved and more mysterious," replied Glastonberry, "as if you were conscious of having said too much during the first interview. Seem more inclined to legal measures than any other. If he intimates any confidential adjustment—any further division of your father's estate in your favor—show little favor towards the proposition. If he argues the case, listen with owl like gravity, and put on the appearance of a man who carefully weighs two nearly equal advantages. You must play him as an angler plays his trout, and give line so long as he drags firmly on the bait. He will thus weary, weaken, and entangle himself, while you remain alert for the moment of advantage."

"Suppose he makes an out and out offer of the full sum due me from my father's estate, throwing the will aside?"

"Draw back from the offer. Don't seem in the least moved by it. Speak of the wrong to other heirs as well as the wrong to yourself. But, it is not at all likely that any such offer will come. If it should come, however, it will show him to be more frightened than now appears, and, of course, deeply involved in crime against your father and his children."

"He will never permit an investigation, Mr. Glastonberry, if in his power to prevent it. You may set your mind at rest on that. I saw enough, last night, to remove all doubts on this head."

For half an hour the conference went on. Then came the bottle of wine, over which the subject was continued until it stood empty on the table between them, when they parted.

On the next evening Guy went to the City Hotel and called at Larobe's rooms. To his knock at the door no answer came. He stood

awhile, and then knocked again. But all was silent within.

"Mr. Larobe is not in the city," said one of the waiters, who happened to pass at the moment.

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did he leave?"

"This morning."

"Where has he gone?"

"I do not know, sir. Perhaps they can tell you at the office."

To the office Guy went, but the clerk answered his questions with an indifference of manner that was irritating. He did not appear to know or care anything about Larobe.

"You are certain that he's not in the city," said Guy.

"I haven't seen anything of him, to-day. Probably he's gone out of town."

Nothing more definite than this was obtained, and Guy left the Hotel in some perplexity of mind.

"What does it mean?" he asked of Glastonberry, to whose office he went, hastily, on leaving the Hotel, speaking with evident concern.

"Something, or nothing, so far as we are concerned," answered the lawyer. "Business, wholly unconnected with this affair, may have taken him from the city."

"I'm afraid," said Guy, "that I went a little too far."

"In what respect?"

"That story about information received through a former attendant in the insane Asylum, may have led him to visit Du Pontz, in order to ascertain just how much it is worth."

"Not at all improbable. I'd give something to know if that were the meaning of his absence from the city."

"Would you regard such visit as a good omen?"

"Yes. It would prove, what we suspect, that he is seriously involved, and in alarm. To-morrow we must set inquiry afoot in a dozen directions, in order to ascertain the precise facts. If he has really gone to Long Island, our game is safe. I'd give five hundred dollars to be well assured of the fact."

"Do you know the exact location of this Asylum?" asked Guy.

"I never heard of its existence until the present time."

"It is somewhere on Long Island."

"So you have informed me."

"And the proprietor's name is Du Ponts."

"So you say."

"Suppose I make an effort to find the place, and if successful, see what I can get out of this Frenchman?"

Glastonberry shook his head, saying, "Not yet, my young friend. We must make haste slowly in this business. That may be one of our moves in order to get the vantage ground; but there's time enough."

The result of this conference was limited to the one purpose of finding out the meaning of Larobe's absence from the city, and tracing its connection, if any existed, to the business on hand.

And now let us return to Doctor Hofland's new patients in Green street—to Mrs. Ewbank, and her sick child and husband. The Doctor's suspicions were not at fault. There was neither food nor money in the house, and the two packages of oat meal which he had sent with the medicine, served the purpose intended—quieting the "hunger-pain" in more than one stomach that night. Tearful sorrow came with the morning. One lonely watcher sat through the waning hours, from midnight until cock crow, sleepless, while all slept; and as the day dawned faintly along the dark horizon, laid her wet face down in helpless, almost despairing sorrow, against the chilled face of her unconscious child, thanking God, even in the bitterness of her bereavement, for death.

It was all over with little Theo—all over in this world; and he had passed into the company of angels. How cold it was! Mrs. Ewbank had not observed it before. Shuddering, she drew about her the shawl which had lain loosely over her shoulders. There was no fire in the room. Long ago it had gone out, for lack of fuel. But the cold shudder was not felt until it ran along her nerves from contact with that strange iciness, which is the sign of death.

Covering the face of her departed, after a long, long yearning look, Mrs. Ewbank went silently into the next room, where her husband, Esther, and another child, five years old, were sleeping. Moving a chair to the bed, on which her husband lay, she leaned forward, burying her face in a pillow. There had not been in all her life, so dark, so hopeless an hour as this. Literally, they were without money, food, or fuel. Death had come in, as if to snap the last fibre of endurance; and for the time, Mrs. Ewbank gave up in despair, and asked that she might die. Even as the

prayer went up her husband awoke, and, partly rising in bed, saw her positon.

"Lydia." He spoke to her in a voice of tenderest concern.

She did not move, nor answer.

"Lydia." He called her again, reaching forth an arm from beneath the bed-covering, and touching her. As he did so, the cold air of the room penetrated his thin night-garment, chilling the blood, and producing an almost instantaneous fit of coughing.

"Oh, Henry!" exclaimed Mrs. Ewbank, starting up in a hurried manner, and pressing her husband back upon the bed, while she drew the covering around his shoulders and neck. "The room is wintry cold. Such imprudence may cost you your life."

As warmth returned, the coughing subsided.

"How is Theo?"

Mrs. Ewbank did not answer in words. She only laid her face, all wet with tears, close against her husband's, and sobbed uncontrollably. He understood the meaning of this, and lay very still, with shut lids.

"The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away." Mr. Ewbank tried to speak firmly, but his tones were weak and tremulous, and he could not finish the sentence. His wife understood what was in his heart—knew how far the pain had reached—how bitter the loss; for that child had been as the apple of his eye.

"Safe in Heaven," he whispered, a little while afterwards. But his wife did not make any response. "The night will not always last." He tried to lift her out of the depth into which she had fallen. "This may be that darkest of all dark hours, Lydia, which gathers its thickest gloom just before the coming of daylight. It can't be darker than it is now, darling; and God still lives and is merciful."

How tenderly—how hopefully, in tone, as if to inspire hope—was this said. But there came no response.

Coldly, drearily, the winter light stole in, as the morning advanced; dusky gray yielding to the purer crystalline, until white and yellow beams poured through the windows. And still the heart-stricken, despairing wife and mother, sat motionless by the bed-side, her face hidden.

"Mother!" It was Esther's voice. The sunbeams had awakened her with their morning kiss, given as tenderly as to the happiest child in all the land.

"Mother!" she called again, for Mrs. Ewbank neither moved nor answered. "How is Theo?"

The child was now sitting up in bed, and bending forward, her serious face turned towards her father and mother. The truth seemed, all at once, to flash upon her mind, for she slipped quickly out of bed, and without stopping to dress herself, pushed open the door that led into the next chamber. She remained there only for a moment; then came back sobbing bitterly, and crept into bed again, where she lay weeping and grieving.

"Esther!" At the call of her father, the child started up.

"Wont you dress yourself, dear?"

"Yes, father." She was out of bed in a moment.

Slowly Mrs. Ewbank raised herself, as by strong internal compulsion. The light fell over a face so ashen pale, so exhausted, so hopeless, that Esther, child as she was, lost all sense of individual suffering, in pity and alarm for her mother.

"God has taken Theo," said Mr. Ewbank, to Esther, as she came near the bed. He spoke calmly. The bitterness with him had already passed; for his thought had gone up from the child on earth, to the child in Heaven. "God has taken little Theo, and given him to the angels. He will never be sick any more, nor have pain."

Esther covered her face with her hands, and leaning over on to the bed, sobbed aloud. Waiting until he could command his voice again, Mr. Ewbank said—

"It is best, my dear, that he should go. We couldn't cure his sickness, nor ease his distress, and so God took him to the heavenly land where there is neither sickness nor suffering."

As Mr. Ewbank said this, his wife passed to the next room where her dead child lay, closing the door behind her. Uncovering the white face, already restored to calmness and beauty, for a moment it seemed to her that he was only in tranquil sleep; but the chill striking down to her heart, as she laid her lips on his icy forehead, swept this illusion aside.

"God has taken little Theo," she repeated, in thought, her husband's words, trying to find comfort in them.

Not long she remained standing by her dead, but, drawing the sheet over his face again, went down stairs, continuing into the cellar, where she groped about trying to find pieces of wood and chips with which to make a fire. The effort was only partially successful. A washing tub stood in one corner. She took hold of it, and turned it over; seemed to be

in debate—then, as if acting from a hurried resolution, caught up an axe, and at a single stroke laid the vessel a wreck at her feet. Gathering a portion of the short, dry staves in her arms, and taking up a basket partly filled with chips and splinters, she returned to the chamber where she had left her husband and children, and kindled a fire on the hearth. While engaged in doing this, a knock was heard on the street door.

"I will go down," said Esther, starting away.

"Mother! Mother!" she called, at the bottom of the stairway, in a few moments. "Come here, wont you."

Mrs. Ewbank hurried down. A black man stood at the door, with a large basket in his hand.

"Are you Mrs. Ewbank?" he asked.

"Yes. I am Mrs. Ewbank," she replied.

"Then this basket is for you."

"For me? Who sent it?" she asked.

"I was told to leave it, ma'am," answered the negro, showing his white teeth. "And here is a letter."

Breaking the seal, she found a five dollar bill enclosed, and these lines, pencilled—

"Use this as you have need; and if you are in want of fuel, say so to the bearer."

The black man lingered, while Mrs. Ewbank read the note. She was so bewildered that she did not, at first, comprehend the truth as a reality.

"Shall I bring a load of wood, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes."

The man bowed, saying—"It shall be here right away," and went out.

In the basket were loaves of bread, tea, ground coffee, sugar, butter, a bottle of milk and a bottle of wine; some eggs, fresh meat, and dried beef nicely chipped. As Mrs. Ewbank laid these articles out, one after another on the kitchen table, a few rays of light came in through the dark clouds that encompassed her mind, and her heart, which had been lying, for hours, almost like a stone in her bosom, moved with a few living pulsations. Not for herself, but for those who were dearer to her than life, went up an emotion of gratitude. Brief thanks formed themselves on her lips. A thought of her dead child, lying in one of the rooms above, stayed her feet, as she was going to the cellar for the remainder of the shattered tub, with which to kindle a fire in the kitchen stove—a thought of the living gave them motion again.

"Go up and dress Jasper, and see that the fire burns while I get some breakfast. As soon as the room begins to feel warm, let in just a little air through the back window. Open it about an inch at the top and bottom, and see that it doesn't blow on your father, and set him to coughing."

"Shall I tell him?" asked Esther, light playing in the large, sad eyes, that were lifted to her mother's face.

"Yes, you may tell him." The mother caught her breath to repress a sob, and Esther went up stairs. It was nearly half an hour before Mrs Ewbank followed with a cup of tea, a soft boiled egg, and some toast, on a waiter, for her husband.

"Take Jasper down. You'll find some breakfast there," she said to Esther. The two children went out, and Mrs. Ewbank, after placing the waiter on a stand, shut the back window, which had remained open a small space at the top and bottom, as directed, to air the room. Then getting a shawl to throw over the arms and shoulders of her husband, she brought the stand to the bed-side, saying, in an encouraging voice—

"Now, Henry, you must eat every mouthful of this."

"Have you eaten anything?" he asked, looking with tender concern into her wan face.

"Never mind me. I'll do well enough. Come! Eat some of this nice toast, while I break and prepare an egg."

Mr. Ewbank, with a forced effort, raised the cup of tea and swallowed a few mouthfuls. As he was removing it from his lips, he saw tears falling, in large drops, silently, over the cheeks of his wife. Her hands, busy with the egg, moved in an uncertain way—the tears were blinding her. Sinking down into the bed, Mr. Ewbank drew the covering over his face to hide a sudden rush of feeling which he had, for the moment, no power to subdue. How could he eat with his dead darling in the next room; dead, and he in such extremity, that even for the commonest burial rites he must be indebted to charity. A thought of the Potter's Field for that precious clay, wrung an involuntary groan from his heart.

"Oh, Henry! Don't give way now," sobbed Mrs. Ewbank, turning to the bed, and stooping down over her husband. "It seems as if light and help were coming. You said the darkness would not always last; and I leaned, in my feebleness, on your confidence in God, and did not utterly fall. If you had given way—if your trust had failed, Henry, I should have

died. Bear up a little longer, my husband. Our Father in Heaven has not forgotten us. You said that we were in His remembrance, and that, when suffering had done its work, the light of His countenance would shine upon us. Is it not beginning to shine, Henry? Is it not a little lighter than it was. Who sent us food in this last extremity? Oh, Henry! take courage."

Mr. Ewbank drew the covering from his face, and looked at his wife in wonder. It was the first time he had heard from her lips a sentence that expressed confidence in God. Her mind had always been very dark in this direction; the windows looking skyward, shut. Now she talked of hope—of faith in God's providence—of the dawning day; and tried, in this his moment of weakness, to impart strength.

"You have spoken truth, dear wife!" he answered. Self-possession restored. "In all the circumstances of our lives, even to the minutest particulars, God is present. I confidently believe this. He is present to us now in loving kindness—not in anger. I see it—I feel it."

"Take, then, what He has sent." And Mrs. Ewbank turned from the bed to the stand on which she had placed the food prepared for her husband. "It is for the preservation of your life."

She took the plate of toast and held it for him to eat.

"Will you not eat, also? It is for you as well as for me. Both of us have work to do, and we must take food in order to gain strength. Let us walk side by side, Lydia; step for step; in the way that opens for our feet—leaning upon each other, in our weakness, for mutual support. I think, with you, that the darkest hour is past—that light is in the east. Let us prepare, thankfully and hopefully, for the coming day. It will show us our work, and we must have strength to perform it."

It was hard for either the husband or wife to keep back the tears that were almost flooding their eyes, as they compelled themselves to share the food which had come, heaven-sent, in their extremity. It refreshed, revived and strengthened them both. But, higher strength had Mrs. Ewbank gained—strength of soul—in that moment of despair, when she saw her husband's heart fail, and sprang to his aid, pointing him to the Strong for strength—to the God in whom he had trusted. Then were opened the long shut windows of her darkened mind, and light from heaven streamed in. She

felt new confidence in the future; and a calmness of spirit that gave a serener aspect to her countenance than it had worn for months.

In this state, she shut herself up with her dead child, and alone, performed the last tender, tearful services its pure body would ever receive at her hands. Then, in its white robes, she bore it in her arms to the chamber of her sick husband, and held it for him to look upon. As he laid his lips to the snowy forehead, he murmured, tremulously—

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

There were many tears on the baby's face when the mother carried it back. She was on her knees, by the bed-side, as Doctor Hofland entered the chamber; not having heard him in the room below, nor on the stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Blessing of the New Year.

BY NINA H.

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Squire Thornton sat in his easy chair before a glowing fire one night in December, the last in fact of that month, and of another year.

Cold and crystal clear, the atmosphere without gave back in sharp, keen echoes every tone striking it; the silvery chime of joyous bells, the hurried tread of pedestrians hastening homeward; and more distant, the confused murmur of the city's jarring life, swelling and sinking, but never long subdued. Within this quiet, old-fashioned parlor, the wood-fire roared and crackled, cutting with sword-like flames the huge fantastic shadows, which wandered over floor and ceiling, like the restless ghosts of a whole generation dead. Something substantial and friendly gave to the antique furniture a peculiar grace; and from the walls family portraits looked down, stern or smiling as the case might be, a weird, silent company, whose lips neither love or sympathy ever won from their mocking repose.

Harold Thornton sat alone, and though little given to dreaming, the spell of the dying year was on him, and he listened to its voice. A lonely, isolated being, to his gaze the past opened no brightening vista of years which affection had crowned and sanctified; round him centered no sweet home ties. In his father's house, and his own boyhood's shelter, Squire Thornton existed with no more companionable shapes about his way than the phantom memories of youth, and now he was no longer young.

Many times of late, this man had questioned soberly, the wisdom of his life's aims and fulfilment. The world crowned his career as a success; in the depths of his heart Harold Thornton knew it to be a failure. Age was creeping over him, stirring in his breast the yearning for something deeper than he had known—Love, which should greet him with smiles at his own threshold, and follow him with tears to the shadows of another leading outward and Beyond.

To-night, as he reviewed page after page of that unwritten history which every soul contains, his mother's face seemed bent on him with sad, reproachful tenderness, as if rebuking some sin still unrepented of. Full well Harold Thornton knew the shape of that early wrong, which had pained him sorely, and now returned again.

In the wide world there was but one person with whom he claimed any kindred, and with that one he had exchanged no token for sixteen years. Each returning season brought with it some softening of regret, but an iron will and pride had reared the barrier, and still it rose sternly between Harold Thornton and his only sister. Family quarrels often originate in "trifles light as air;" the root of bitterness alluded to was planted in this wise—

A college classmate and rival, for whom Thornton had conceived a violent prejudice, saw and loved his sister Marian, then a young and beautiful girl. Ordinarily the matter would not have come under his special jurisdiction, but since their early orphanhood, Harold had felt himself to be the natural advisor of his sister's movements, although another guardian had been appointed her by law. Violently, and therefore unwisely, he opposed the connection, still unable to urge anything beyond a personal pique against the successful wooer. This utterly failed; and Marian Thornton became eventually the wife of Richard Wyld. But in the heat of his indignation, the brother declared he would have no more dealings with so wilful a sister, and up to this hour had kept his evil vow.

It was a sad weight upon the warm heart of the woman, when, for the first time separated, there sprang up between herself and brother no letters or tokens to speak of a chasm filled by hourly remembrances. Year by year, as new ties entwined her life, and the circle of home widened, she sighed and wept over the animosity which no effort on her part had power to quench; gradually these attempts ceased, and silence far worse than of death

reigned between them. For him, a man's life of eager activity was in store, and into this gulf he had plunged, whirling with the tide. But when the busy day was ended, and the hour for repose and memory returned, there came with it reflections which forbade rest, which the smiles and prosperity of the world could not destroy. Yet long after time had dissipated the boyish prejudice against his brother-in-law, an affectionate yearning went out towards the sister he had ignored, and the children he had never seen; pride still dominant checked the kindlier impulse, and nerved his heart to stouter resistance.

Upon the night alluded to, the solitary occupant of the spacious and lonely old drawing-room; more lonely by far for the silver voiced memories which sang by its hearth; had striven vainly to shake off the dull weight of thought to which the hour naturally gave rise. The New Year can scarcely commence its mission, in the most thoughtless human soul, with no warning to renewed vigor of purpose; more pungent regret for error committed; and the angel whose tears are said to efface the dark stain of sin repented, stood unseen by Squire Thornton's chair, waiting to perform its heavenly mission.

"Heigh-ho!" with a sudden start he rose from his seat, and began pacing to and fro with steady, monotonous tread; glancing up now and then from the darkened floor to the windows, which, with shades still undrawn, framed the white, frosty splendor of the winter's night. The clock upon the mantel ticked dreamily as the moments rounded and fell, and still the fire light wavered and the shadows grew denser. Suddenly the room became flooded with the rich, soft harmony of a familiar air, every note of which, thrilled with its perfect melody like the most exquisite human voice. Such, however, it was not, but the tiny Swiss clock, which was a music box as well. Mournfully, sweetly it sang on, and on, passing from one air to another with the slow gliding motion of its invisible fingers. Up from the Past it seemed to bring the music of early departing days. So many friends and hopes, so much of life itself gone! how soon might his own place become vacant; yet where would the void be felt?

It was long since the language of prayer had passed his lips; now it seemed the only channel into which feeling could flow. The few and simple petitions within whose circle all vast and eternal meanings congregate—learned at his mother's knee, he now repeated,

"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us!" Like a sudden ray of light, there darted in upon his soul a perception of the self-condemnation which the words implied. Again and again, with still deepening power, the sentence echoed through his mind, and the veil of self-deceit fell from his clearer vision. The departing year rolled its dark current to his feet, and upon that tide was flung the burden of a proud and long sinning nature. There was no sound of departing wings, as the recording angel hastened with his sweet story heavenward; but in that hour of struggling emotion the man was not alone, though his witnesses came and went upon steps of air.

* * * * *

"Come away Grace, and let William close the shutters!"

"Not just yet mother, please?"

"But it is so chilly! how can you be comfortable in the window?"

As she spoke, the lady drew nearer the cheery, glowing grate; and then with a glance over the bright and tasteful drawing-room, settled herself more snugly in her easy chair. It was the evening of New Year's day, and busied with friendly callers, and the interchange of greetings and good wishes, there had really been no half hour which could be given to more serious, perhaps sadder reflections. "Between the dark and the day light" the time had come, and with eager and rapid survey she reviewed the life she had lived and finished.

So rich and full of blessing, the shadows were almost too few as the grateful heart acknowledged. Home and family ties, wealth which gave power to bless, and influence ever increasing. Save the one trial which every such anniversary quickened into stinging remembrance, there seemed more of sunshine in Marian Wyld's existence than is often allotted to mortals.

In the deep bay window the young girl still lingered, watching with curious eyes of interest the moving figures of the broad, bright square. Passing and repassing out of darkness into light, and from light to shade again, one loiterer, who paused upon the opposite side walk, caught the picture of a bright young face framed in the gold of its dancing curls, standing in a rich and well-lighted room. At the same instant Grace Wyld exclaimed,

"Mamma! do come here, and see this man looking in so earnestly; what is it for?"

"Probably because you are so conspicuous,

my dear; unless you wish to hold a street levee you had best leave the window." Laughingly the girl obeyed, and drew the shutters closely, turning to the open piano, the gift of that day, and with practised touch woke the music that slept in its wiry keys.

The quick stroke of the door bell was unheard, and the servant who attended it ushered a gentleman into the library, lit the gas, and drew a chair; but Harold Thornton would not sit. Leaning upon the nearest support, he awaited his sister's approach, till the soft rustle of woman's garments announced her coming.

With habitual grace, tempered by the natural reserve which one displays towards a stranger, she advanced towards him; but the words died upon her lips, as in the old light of the eyes raised to hers there flashed back a flood of early memories, young and warm, though the faces and forms of both bore evidence to the flight of time.

"Harold!"

"I have come back, Marian, come home again to you; will you forgive and receive me?"

It seemed too like a dream, when Richard Wylde entered his library that evening, and beheld his wife with face glad yet tearful, still holding the hand of a gray-haired man, whom, in broken speech, she presented as the long absent brother; but the hearty welcome, reiterated again and again, left no room to doubt his gladness.

"Isn't it strange, Gracie," said little Dick Wylde, as he crept to his sister's side, "that our uncle should come back to day? What nice things New Year brings!"

From her nook in the recess Grace looked out upon the three who sat together before the fire, conversing as if there had lain between them no dark valley of estrangement. In the chastened and subdued expression of the stranger's face shone the revealing of a wordless experience, even to the child thought not utterly dim; and more to herself than in reply to the query, she whispered, "Ah, this is the blessing of the New Year!"

APPEARANCES seldom ought to determine our judgment. When the honor, probity, or reputation of some one is the matter in question, it ought not to be pronounced without a thorough investigation of the subject; and in that case, suspicions are never certainties.

THERE is no friend to man so true, so real, and so good as woman.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER V.

This morning of which I write, Grace Palmer had gone into the barn to search for new-laid eggs. She had found a dozen in the warm, dry bay, and with that fine insight which makes all beauty tributary to it, she gazed admiringly on the eggs, as they lay in her small basket, like large, oval buds, waiting for the sunshine to unloose them into great white cups of blossoms. During the week which lies between the close of the last chapter and the opening of this, the spring had been very busy, doing great work with sunshine and south winds. The lilacs and the apple trees were puffed thick with tender green leaves, the seams of grass by the fences had developed into dark breadths, and the pulses of the earth were throbbing with new hope and strength, for life had overcome death, and spring had vanquished the winter. The sunshine of that April morning burnished the rafters of the old barn, and kindled the pile of hay into a golden pyramid, and was like a poet, inspiring with beauty every homely object which it touched and glorified.

Grace Palmer's heart opened all its doors to these sweet influences, and the shadow which had been, like a winter chill, on all its youth and gladness for the last week, was exorcised by the spring morning.

She stood in the side door of the old barn, and the face of the earth, and the face of the girl, answered each other as a poem sometimes does the air it is set to. In each was light, and joy, and expectation. The year looked off to its future as Grace looked off to hers, and read alike the prophecy and its fulfilment. The sweet mouth was touched with a light which just escaped, pronouncing itself in a smile, and gave a subtle brightness to the whole face, like the sunset atmosphere which suffuses a painting, and inspired the sweet blue eyes, looking off to the hills.

And as Grace stood in the barn door, with her basket of eggs, a rider on horseback drew up before the gate of Deacon Palmer's dwelling. He alighted hastily, and walked up to the front door; but there was no response to his summons, for Mrs. Palmer had gone over to her nearest neighbor's, after some new recipe for cake, and the visitor was evidently somewhat impatient, for at last he ventured cautiously round to the back door. The footpath

to the kitchen brought him in full view of the barn, and he caught a glimpse of the burnished head in the door. He stole softly round to the front of the barn, and stood a moment where he could get a full view of Grace's profile, standing out soft and clear from its brown back-ground.

"Grace!" he said, softly.

She turned her head.

"Mr. Dudley!" Her face spoke a radiant welcome, after the first shock of surprise, and the deep crimson of the cheeks had to say all the lips could not.

"I didn't intend to steal a march on you, and went up to the front door in orthodox visiting fashion, and knocked three times, and getting no answer, started round for the kitchen, and caught the first glimpse of my hostess in the barn door."

Grace's laugh combined with her guest's, the silvery jets flashing in and out of his, like a bright thread round a strong root.

"I came out here to search for eggs. It seems to be my fate, Mr. Dudley, that you shall come upon me in just the circumstances where I should never think of expecting you."

"And those are just the places where I like to see you. But it is not my fault if I have encountered you at the churn and after the chickens."

"No; Benny's shoulders must bear the first blame; and I ought to have been in the house when you knocked, but the day spoke to me, and I paused a moment to listen."

They were going slowly up to the house, now, and Grace looked up timidly into the face by her side. It was a potent face, a little sun-browned by exposure, but well cut, with a subtle harmony of feature and expression. It was a thoughtful, pleasant, manly face—one to believe in, that met you with frank, clear, steady eyes, whose gaze told you that their owner would be true to himself, and being that, would be true to all men beside.

Mrs. Palmer's look of astonishment was amusing, when she saw Grace enter the kitchen with her guest.

"Where did you come from?" she asked, before recovering herself sufficiently to shake hands with her guest.

"From the barn, where I found your daughter, beguiled by this spring day. Mrs. Palmer, I have ridden thirty miles since the sun rose, to take dinner with you, if I have an invitation."

"Of course you have, Mr. Dudley. Take him right into the front room, Grace;" and

slipping a skein of blue yarn from the backs of a couple of chairs, which occupied the centre of the kitchen, and already seeing in her imagination a couple of denuded and dismembered chickens broiling above the bright red coals on the hearth.

"Have you had a happy winter and spring?" asked the young man, as soon as he was seated in the parlor.

A shadow stole into the girl's face.

"Yes, mostly," she said. "And you, Mr. Dudley?"

"Oh, I've had a capital time. This living out doors, and turning into a savage, is just what I needed after seven years' devotion to Greek, Latin, philosophy, and mathematics. I've gained twenty pounds since I last saw you; and can offer some good tough muscle to my country when she needs it, as I believe she will before May fills your lilacs out here with blossoms."

"Oh, Mr. Dudley, do you really think it must come to that so soon?"

"I don't see now how it can be avoided. Every time the stage comes in I look for the tidings that the first blow has been struck at Boston, for the freedom of our Colonies, and that blow will sound like the voice of a trumpet throughout the land, calling upon every man to set his face valiantly towards the camp, and do good service for his country; and Grace, when the first man falls, it will be my summons to go!"

"Oh, I hope, even at this late hour, that God will interpose and avert this terrible war from our land! 'The time of the singing of birds has come,' and I have taken these fair spring days as the year's olive branches of peace, and hoped that every ship which comes in from England will bring us tidings of a change wrought in the hearts of her king and her parliament; just as the south winds bring us tidings from the summer."

"God grant it may be so, oh fair interpreters of times and seasons. But what if you have read the vision wrongly, and God sends us the sunshine and the singing of birds as a token of His love, while the darkness and the storms fill our moral atmosphere?"

"Then we will accept the sign still, and follow it through the wilderness, knowing that the people whose 'God is the Lord' must triumph sooner or later, because that good is greater than evil, and God stronger than Satan."

The young man slipped his hand over and covered the hand of Grace Palmer. It was a

small, soft hand, though it was skilful in all the range of housewifery, and had been familiar with every kind of domestic labor.

"I like to hear you talk so," said Edward Dudley. "I know now, Grace, that you have laid the foundations of your principles broad and deep; that truth and justice must be the solemn, unalterable answer to all questions and all trials which will ever assail you. And when man or woman choose these, they have settled the great question of life—they are at rest; the atmosphere clears itself up about them; their judgment is sound, and they do not see things through a cloud of misapprehension, and are not governed by fitful impulses and imaginations."

Their conversation did not go on altogether after this grave fashion, as they sat by the open window, that April morning, Grace with some embroidery in her hand, for industry was become a habit with her. Their talk went right and left, touching a thousand subjects, and was sprinkled all over with keen jests, and clashes of mirth and of humor, though Edward Dudley's character was "drawn on a grave reserve." Grace's reading and studies formed a prominent topic of the conversation; and Mrs. Palmer interpolated herself occasionally during the time, for courtesy's sake; now bringing her skein of yarn to wind; now putting her anxious face inside the door to consult Grace about the dinner; and whether mince pie or baked Indian pudding had better succeed the broiled chicken.

"It's lucky enough that I saved that last bottle of currant wine," murmured the busy woman, as she turned the various members of two chickens on the gridiron. "What a nice brown that chicken is coming to. Dear me! To think I'm to have the minister's nephew here to dinner and father away, and there's no knowin' whether he's used to askin' a blessin'. How he did come in, too; jist like one of the family. It's evident enough he's struck; I've felt this ever since them letters began to come; but Grace has been shy as a young colt about speakin'. But there's no use in placin' any dependence on anything in this world, now-a-days. There's that business of Jarvys'!" and Mrs. Palmer concluded her monologue with a sigh, and a solemn shake of the head, and proceeded to lay the table-cloth for dinner.

Mrs. Palmer told her husband afterwards, that Edward Dudley almost beat his uncle at the blessing he invoked at the dinner, that day.

The trio lingered long around that dinner

table in the old kitchen; and the broiled chicken floating in a golden sea of gravy; the mince pie, with its white ruffling rising like small hillocks around the white lake of crust; the Indian pudding whose mellow head Mrs. Palmer cleft with the merciless skill of a surgeon, would have allayed any appetite, sharpened by a ride of twenty-five miles; and Grace and her mother were entertained with such droll accounts of the young traveller's first experience in the wilderness, that they were several times fairly overcome with laughter. And that dinner became afterwards to each one like a light shining down through storm, and darkness, and their memories went back and sat again in sweet visions around the old cherry table in the kitchen, at Deacon Palmer's.

They had just arisen, and Grace was about returning to the parlor with her guest, when Robert burst into the kitchen. The boy's face was white, and he panted for breath, as though some sudden, evil tidings had fairly swept speech and sense away from him.

"Have you heard?" gasped the boy.

"No; anything happened to your father, or Benny?" exclaimed his mother, her heart instantly taking alarm.

"No, it isn't that. They've just got word that we've had a battle!"

"Who was victor? Speak quick, Robert!" cried Edward Dudley, with a sharp ring in his voice, which told one how much lay behind the words.

"The first blood was spilt at Lexington. Eight of our men fell there, and the rest were put to flight. But when the British set out for Boston, our men had the best of it. The yeomanry hurried in from all around the country, and hid themselves behind the trees, and the fences, and took good aim; and made the red-coats pay a round price for them eight men that lay dead on the field at Lexington!" and a flash of joy went over the boy's face, and it was answered by three others.

"Go on, boy, go on!" cried Edward Dudley, making a strong effort at self-control.

"Well, Lord Percy came up at last with a brigade, for he had been sent from Boston in the morning by General Gage to aid the British. He went through Roxbury gay enough, marching to the tune of Yankee Doodle, to incense our men. But he was taken down when he got up with the troops, and found they'd almost given up. They had hot work both sides on the retreat. Our men kept up a sharp firing, and the British revenged

themselves by burning and plundering houses, and making all the havoc that they could along the road. Lord Percy came near being killed himself, and near Prospect Hill our men did their best work, and didn't bring up till they got to Charlestown Common."

"What was their loss?"

"Seventy-three killed of theirs, and ours forty-nine."

"The first blow has been struck," said Edward Dudley. "Every true patriot has but one way straight before him, and that leads to the Continental army at Boston. I shall take it to-night."

"Our men are hurrying up. There's a company going to start before sundown. Oh, mother, I must go with them!"

"Wait, Robert, until you've got a little stouter muscles, and stronger arms to give to your country," interposed Edward Dudley. "We shall want you in good time; only have patience."

"Shall you really go to-night, Mr. Dudley?" Grace tried to keep her voice steady along the words, but it played her traitor, and sank, and failed her before she got through.

"Where else should I go, Grace? when my country calls like this. You will give me your 'God speed' before I start?"

She looked up in his face, and tried to fashion the words, but her lips played her false again; for a great sob palpitated in her throat, and trying to swallow it back the tears strained into her eyes. The sight of them moved the soul of Edward Dudley, as it had never been moved before. He led his hostess into the parlor, and sitting down on the old-fashioned lounge, mounted with brass-headed nails, he said to her,

"Grace, it is a strange time to speak the words which I have carried in my heart for you through all the winter; but now, that I am going away to offer my life for my country, I have but one gift left, and that is for the woman that I love—Grace Palmer, will you take the heart that I give you?"

The gift had come in too trying an hour. No shrinking of natural timidity moved the soul of the listening girl. The hand which Edward Dudley held lay still in his, and long, slow sobs only answered him.

"Grace, you will not let me go like this—you will let me know whether I have a right to carry you tender and beloved, through whatever of weal or woe lies before me in this war, whose end no man can foresee?"

There was a wild throb of joy in the heart

of Edward Dudley, for the fingers he grasped tightened on his, when he next ceased to speak.

"Dear Grace!" he drew his arm about the sobbing girl, "look up with your steady eyes, and your brave heart, and give me courage. Let me hear you say, 'For life, or for death!'"

"For life, or for death!" It came underneath her breath, but steady, clear, and strong; and then her sobs grew quiet, as the significance of that solemn betrothal came over her.

It lifted them both out of all ordinary range of feeling and emotion into a fine exaltation of sacrifice. They looked out of the east windows to no land of love and promise, such as youth loves to dwell on—no fair home shone a sweet picture down the long, flowery perspective of the visions of Edward Dudley and Grace Palmer.

This betrothal was sanctified by a deep and mighty sorrow, for each felt that a separation was close at hand, which might be eternal; and they sat together for an hour in solemn joy and sorrow, and their souls were before God! At the end of this time the deacon and his wife entered the room. The face of the former had grown half a score of years older, since Edward Dudley saw it in the autumn. The old man and the young one shook hands almost in silence, for the tidings they had heard overwhelmed for a time the strongest.

There was a flash of joy through the hearts of the aged couple, when they understood the true state of things; but the congratulations and blessings struggled up through hearts heavy with doubt and fears. Then came the leave taking, and the deacon and his wife judiciously left their daughter alone at this trying crisis with the man into whose keeping she had committed her sweet womanhood.

"I must go now. Be a brave girl, my darling!"

He saw she would be, when he looked at her face, exalted with enthusiasm and self-sacrifice, until it seemed to Edward Dudley that the face of Grace Palmer was the face of an angel.

They stood together in the front door. He looked down on the hand which he held, and he slipped his fingers over the soft palm in a mute caress.

"It's a little hand, Grace," he said, "delicate and responsive."

"But it can hold fast for life, or for death!" she said.

"And if, darling—if I should never come back to you, but find my grave off there on

some battle field, doing my duty, you would not let the storm blight your whole life; you would remember, when the first sharp grief had passed away, that I had only gone first, and every night would bring you nearer to me."

The storm went over and shook her for a moment; how could it be otherwise, for her heart was the heart of a woman!

Then she lifted up her face. "I would remember it, Edward—living or dead we shall never be apart!"

"Never apart!" he repeated, and they both slipped in solemn exultation at that thought.

A small ringlet, through which shifted a subtle tinge of gold, had drifted over Grace's ear. The young man seized a pair of shears which lay on the window sill, and severed the ringlet, with its lights and shadows. "I must take so much of you with me, Grace!"

Her eyes said that he would take more than that.

"Good bye, Grace, my beloved! With the one Love greater than mine, leave I thee!"

"Good bye, Edward, my soldier. God go with you; and oh! God bring you back to me!"

These last words slid up in a groan from the girl's heart; and she knew it found a deep echo in another's. Deep, though silent, for there was no more words here, only a long, silent gaze, which drank in each face, and so they went apart; he, as man always has, for the stir and bustle of the camp, for the wild excitement and fierce charge of the battle field; and she, for the slow, weary days in the silence of her home, for bitter tears, and wasting heart-aches, and prayers that have worn away the long, silent nights.

The path which Edward Dudley took, after leaving the deacon's, led through a half mile of dense woods out into the turnpike, and past the old mill tavern. As he drew near this, he suddenly encountered Nathaniel Trueman, who was hurrying towards the house. The two young men shook hands, and each read the thought which filled the heart of the other.

"Are you going?" asked Nathaniel.

"In two hours I shall start."

"So shall I," said Nathaniel, a look of deadly resolve on the young, beautiful face.

"Can you stand it?" asked his friend, solicitously. "You look so young and slender, and we shall have a hard life, and hot fighting."

"The harder and the hotter, the greater reason I should be in the midst of it. No, Mr. Dudley, I know I'm young and not very stout yet, but what I am that I give to my country."

Edward Dudley looked on the young face; this was no glow of boyish enthusiasm, which would vanish before the severe ordeals to which it must soon be subjected. The youth's voice had the true ring about it; and his face spoke for him.

Edward Dudley's soul was moved towards Nathaniel Trueman; he grasped his hand vehemently. "Brother soldier," he said, "we will go together. We will share one fate, whatever it be."

The face of Nathaniel was radiant.

"When shall I meet you?" he said.

"In two hours, at my uncle's gate." And the two young men grasped each other's hands, and parted in silence.

Nearly two hours later, Nathaniel Trueman stood at the kitchen door of the old tavern, with a small bundle slung across his shoulder; and his mother was crowding down into the pocket of his great-coat, something carefully tied up in thick brown paper.

"I mustn't wait another minute—come, mother—Lucy, give me a last kiss, and your blessing," said the youth, and his tones answered to his face; there was a little unsteadiness and pain in both; and in both a fixed and rooted purpose which nothing could shake.

Lucy came out of the pantry, the sweet roses all frightened out of her cheeks; she laid her face up softly against her brother's. "Oh, Nathaniel!" and the rest was lost in a sob.

"Come, now, this won't do for a soldier's sister, Lucy. I want a smile instead of a sob, and a God speed, instead of a groan. Wait until I come back with a plume in my cap, and epaulettes on my shoulders, and you'll be proud then of your soldier brother."

And Lucy tried to smile, but it was a poor, faint result, little better than failure. "God take care of you, Nathaniel, little brother." It was the old pet name, when the boy and girl used to go hand in hand through the low pastures to school; no wonder it faltered and fell in a groan, heavy with all its burden of old, sweet memories. Nathaniel was obliged to put up with it. He kissed the round cheeks fervently, half a dozen of times, and then turned to his mother.

Mrs. Trueman had been mostly silent for the last hour, saying only what was absolutely necessary in the way of making preparations for her son's departure; and going about quietly, and seeing that everything was done for his comfort that the brief time allowed. It is true, that she came very near dropping on

the floor, when he first entered and briefly announced his resolve to start for the camp in less than two hours.

And she had met this determination of her son's with settled but brief opposition. She had tried argument and entreaty, but she had been borne down by a will stronger than her own, and Mrs. Trueman was quite too sensible a woman to pursue her opposition where she saw that it would be of no avail; and she at once set herself to work, the pale face and compressed lips only telling of the struggle going on within her heart.

"Mother, wont you say what Lucy has?" asked the youth.

Mrs. Trueman put her arms about her boy's neck—

"Oh, my boy, if anything should happen to you, your mother never would lift up her head again in this world! Remember, you're all she's got, and she loves you better than life, a thousand times, and there wont be a minute of the day or night in which her thoughts wont go after you; and sometimes she'll wake up in the night, darlin', and see her pretty boy lyin' white and cold on the battle field; and the little shinin' rings of hair she used to twine round her fingers, all tangled up, and red with blood, and there wont be anybody to tell her it isn't true. Oh, Nathaniel!—what will your mother do then?" and she clung to him, shuddering.

No wonder the heart of the boy of seventeen failed him for a moment. A sob came up in his throat, and there flashed across him a doubt whether his duty to his mother was not greater than his duty to his country; and his answer, when he could speak, revealed the conflict in his thoughts.

"Mother," said Nathaniel Trueman, "don't talk of that; God can take care of me on the battle-field, as well as under your roof; but if you can't give me your blessing, and if you believe that my father, who has left me to take his place to you, would say to me, 'Nathaniel, stay with your mother, for you're all she's got in my stead,' I wont go this day."

Mrs. Trueman looked up, and her heart smote her; for she knew the struggle these words must have cost her son, and she felt that if his father had been alive that day, he would have done just what Nathaniel was doing. She did not dare to speak the one word which would have kept him, and when the short, sharp struggle of the mother-heart was over, she answered—

"No, Nathaniel; it's givin' up more than

my life; but I see your heart's bent on goin', and God go with you, and cover your head in the day of battle, my boy—my sweet, pretty boy, Nathaniel!"

There was no time for more words. She put her arms about the young neck again; she hugged the slender form to her heart with a long, greedy strain, and then the mother and sister were alone.

Mrs. Trueman sat down and covered her face with her hands. There was no word spoken, and the sobs of Lucy were low and deep, shaking the little plump figure to and fro like a storm. But suddenly her mother bounded from her chair, and rushed out of the door, and down to the garden gate. She saw the light, rapid figure, some distance up the turnpike, and in a moment, a bend in the road would have hid it from view.

"Nathaniel, Nathaniel!"

The loud, eager call, swept down the road, and caught the youth.

"You'll find the mince-pie, and the ginger-bread, and the crullers, in your hinder pocket, under the blue woollen stockings; mind, now."

"I'll remember, mother."

The voice came back clear and cheerful on the soft April winds; but as Nathaniel turned, he brushed something from his eye which no soft April winds had persuaded there.

CHAPTER VI.

"Richard," said Jarvys the elder, throwing his square, burly figure into a heavy arm-chair one evening in the opening of June, while his gray eyes snapped triumphantly—"I've got that matter of Palmer's well under way."

Richard Jarvys sat in a small recess by the window. He laid down the paper which he was reading with a little exultant whistle—

"That's good," he said. "I hadn't heard anything about it for so long, that I'd about concluded you thought the thing wouldn't pay, and was going to let her slide."

Jarvys the elder snapped his fingers.

"Trust me for that. I don't let a bird stay in the bushes long, when there's a chance of trapping it. But this confounded war has got everything out of shape, and I've had business on hand that's drove all other matters out of mind for a time; but now I've got them ships fitted out for privateerin', and hope good luck'll fetch me in some rich hauls, I've turned my attention to the Palmers."

"What have you done, anyhow?" asked the son and heir, crossing one limb over the other, with an appearance of deep interest.

"I've put the whole thing in lawyer Wyman's hands—capital fellow, that Wyman. If there's a hitch in a bill of sale, or a will, or a title-deed, he's sure to snuff it out; and he's sent a document to the Deacon that'll give him somethin' beside his Bible to chaw on;" and the man rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction at this abortive attempt at a joke.

The June winds, with their sweet breath of spices, came in softly at the open window, for the roses, like clusters of carbuncles, had opened their great red vases on the bush by the front door, and mingling with their sweet scent was the faint seasoning of the sea breeze, for the tide was coming in. The sunset, too, lay upon the carpet in great furrows of golden light. Suddenly, in the midst of this conversation betwixt father and son, there came a soft, light tap at the door.

"Come in!" The gruff tones of Mr. Jarvys raised themselves slightly in answer to the timid summons, which he fancied came from the hand of a little child.

Great was the surprise of the old man and the young, when the door opened, and revealed Grace Palmer, the damask buds falling and rising in her cheeks; and yet a steady purpose sat in the dark blue eyes, and controlled the sweet, unbent mouth.

"Walk in, Miss Palmer;" said the elder man, rising, while the younger one sank back farther in the recess, his whole face crimsoned with surprise, and—several other feelings, of which he was not distinctly conscious.

"I am glad to find you alone, Mr. Jarvys," chimed the silvery voice which suited the face, and which yet had a timid tremor throbbing in and out of it; and Grace Palmer took her seat.

The man glanced towards the recess in the corner, but his son had shrunk farther back, and evidently did not wish to be discovered.

Mr. Jarvys certainly felt awkward under the gaze of those large, soft eyes, so he determined to put a bold face on the matter; and he put his hands in his pockets, and bowed.

"Can I serve you in any way, Miss Palmer?"

The blue, steady eyes were on his face, and Grace's courage was evidently gaining the ascendancy over her first embarrassment.

"I hope that you can and will; but I wish first to inform you, Mr. Jarvys, that I have sought this interview without the knowledge of a human being—that none of my family have the remotest suspicion of it."

"Exactly," interposed Mr. Jarvys, not knowing precisely what else to say.

"And it is for my father's sake I have come;" the silvery voice gaining poise and earnestness as it proceeded. "Mr. Jarvys, I thought that you might be induced to listen to his daughter; that you would not turn a deaf ear and a hard heart to what I have come to say to you."

Mr. Jarvys began now to forestall the purpose of the young lady's visit. A dogged expression of resistance began to steal over his face, and supplant its slight self-conscious smirk.

"Certainly, Miss Palmer; I'm ready enough to hear all that you've got to say, only business is business, and it aint quite so agreeable to do that with a young woman, and a pretty one;" with a feeble attempt at flattery.

Grace was too intent on the object of her visit, to notice or feel this. This time her words went direct to the point.

"Sir, you know that my father is an old man; and I have come here to beg you not to break his heart and my mother's—not to take away our home from us, if the law puts the power into your hands."

"I'm sorry to hear that," answered the man with a smile which touched a little on a smirk, and a little on a sneer, and yet attempted to be polite. "But business is business, you know."

"Oh, sir! do not say that."

In her eagerness, she leaned her head forward, and the sweet, wistful face, was brought full into the surreptitious gaze of Richard Jarvys. He saw the tears blurring the blue eyes, he heard the entreating voice.

"You will not break the hearts of my poor father and mother; you will not turn us all helpless into the street; you will not take away the house which shelters us, when you know in your heart that it honestly belongs to us!"

"I never know anything except what the law tells me, Miss Palmer," answered Mr. Jarvys, curtly; for these last words had stung the man, and his face settled down into a sullen determination, which gave to Grace Palmer no ray of hope.

"Oh, sir! do not say that! Have pity upon us, if we are in your power, and leave us our home. You have money enough to last you all the years of your life, and when you come to lie down on your death-bed, it will not be any comfort to remember that you turned a poor old man and his helpless family out from the home which had sheltered them all of their lives."

The brave girl kept her voice steady, but the tears had overleaped the blue eyes now,

and lay on the fair young cheeks beneath them. It seemed as if it could not be in the heart of man to resist that sweet, pleading face of Grace Palmer's—pleading for more than her life.

Perhaps for the moment as he gazed, the heart of the man was touched; perhaps the angels who watched him at that hour, saw that a feeling of relenting and regret stirred his soul. His face seemed slowly to relax; but it hardened the next moment; the old greed and the old avarice overcame it, and the moment of grace was passed for Jarvys the elder.

"Miss Palmer," he said, and his voice was harsher and harder than ever, "it is no use to talk to me after this fashion. When a thing's mine, I'll have it, spire of God, man, or the devil, if I can get hold of it; and there's an end on't. The old Palmer homestead belongs to me by law, and because your folks have held it wrongfully this three-score of years, it's no sign that I shouldn't have my rights at last; and I am not to be frightened out of gettin' them by any talk on religion; and I reckon my last day'll be able to take care of itself. At any rate, I aint goin' to be cheated out of my rights now, for any fears of that."

The ship-owner finished his speech with an angry flush mounting all over his face: for the words of Grace Palmer had stung him more than he would have liked to own, and he sat looking at her in a hard, defiant way, with a lurid flash in his gray eyes.

It was worth considerable to see Grace Palmer at that moment. She rose up, and looked her host in the face with her calm, dauntless eyes. The last tinge of color had fled from her cheeks, but there was no tremor on the lips set in those new, stern lines, nor in the clear ring of the voice that answered, steadfast as the eyes—

"Very well, Mr. Jarvys; I shall not urge you farther. The God whose name you have just defied, be witness betwixt us this hour, that I did not come for myself; that I came only to plead for the gray hairs of my father and mother, because I longed to see their last years go down in peace under their own roof. And remember, sir! I have asked this of the man whose grandfather my own risked his life to save, and who said, when he sold him the land where our house now stands—'You have paid for it a thousand times more than this gold;' and remember that at the day of reckoning, which is surely coming for you, there shall rise up in witness against you one man—your own grandfather!"

And she went out of the door, carrying her fair white face steadily; and looking at the two then, one would never have thought that it was Grace Palmer who had been the suppliant; for the ship-owner, cowed under the words of the girl, and the clear, incisive tones, were like blows which struck home on his soul, and staggered it for a moment. His face was white, and had a scared, coward look, as he turned it towards his son. Then he tried to shake off the whole thing with sneer and bravado. Mr. Jarvys put his hands in his pockets.

"Well, Dick, that girl was cut out either for a tragedy actress or a methodist preacher. By King George, she beats her father all hollow. She's handsome as a picture, too! It was worth takin' a smart blessin' to look at them eyes, and that face o' hern."

Richard Jarvys came out of the recess, where he had hidden himself, his face pale and agitated.

"Father, I think you was quite too hard on her."

"Likely it seems so to you. When I was of your age, my heart wasn't as tough as it is now, and I should have yielded at once to the pleadin' and the preachin'; but years do to a man what they do to an oak, Dick; they toughen him—they toughen him, I say."

"Well, father, there's such a thing as carrying the toughening process too far. I'd rather never have owned a rod of the Palmer homestead, than had that girl go out of our house in that fashion."

Jarvys the elder glanced up furtively at his son. The young man's whole face held a variety of feelings, which he could not well have expressed; but mortification, regret, agitation, each in turn replaced the other.

"Dick," said his father, while a flash of conviction crossed the keen eyes, "if you've taken a fancy to that girl, that's just given your father such a blessin', now's your time to strike. I'll throw in the homestead for a marriage portion, and you'll get a pretty face, and a sharp tongue to match it."

It was very doubtful whether the elder man was in earnest, for there was a sneer in his tones which somewhat qualified his promise; but Richard was too much under the influence of conflicting feelings to observe this. The sight of Grace Palmer's face, kindled out of its usual grave sweetness, had roused the passion which had been smothered in wounded pride, and jealousy, and bitterness, for a season. A sudden impulse seized the young man to

follow Grace, and act upon his father's suggestion. He caught his hat, and hurried out of the house, and the sweet, pale face, went like a vision before the thoughts of Richard Jarvys.

"Grace!—Grace Palmer!"

She was turning into the lane which led up to her father's house, when the voice of Richard Jarvys stole up to her. Grace turned quickly. The courage which had upheld her in the interview with the ship-owner was gone now, and a great revulsion of feeling had swept over her. The tears were flowing stilly down her cheeks. Richard saw them in the soft evening light; for the sun had by this time gone beyond the hills, and a great lake of burnished gold lay in the west. The apple-blossoms fed the winds with their sweet myrrh, and the year was scattering the beauty, and joy, and praise of June on every object.

Grace tried to shield her tear-stained face, after the first start of surprise.

"Grace," exclaimed Richard, panting up to her, "I heard all that you said to my father just now."

"You did?—well?"

She said it softly, and without much surprise, for the intense emotion of the last hour had left her in a state of nervous prostration.

"Yes, and I was sorry for you, Grace. I wish that I could help you."

She looked up at him, and the unbent lines of the lips told of sharp struggle and suffering. They fashioned a weak, sorrowful smile. "Thank you, Richard. I hoped I could do something for my poor father; but I couldn't."

Richard was certainly touched, and he looked on that pale face with the old greedy longing to possess it; and then a triumphant thought shot across him, that this hour of sore trial was just the one to best promote his wishes, and in his selfish heart the man was glad that that old title deed of the Palmer homestead had come to light.

"Grace," said Richard Jarvys, coming to the point, and feeling in his eagerness tolerably secure of his ground, little suspecting the true quality of the woman with whom he had to do. "Grace, there is but one way in which I can serve you, and I'm ready to do it, if you'll only give me the liberty."

The blue eyes were turned full of intense eagerness towards him. "How can you serve me—what can I do, Richard?"

"Only give me the right to say the Palmer homestead shall belong to you and yours forever. Oh, Grace," he went on rapid and eager, "only say that you will give me the

right to protect you, and there is nothing I will not do for your happiness. Your father and mother shall live and die in their old homestead; everything shall be adjusted; and for you, Grace Palmer, you shall have, as I told you once before, the truest heart, the tenderest love, that man ever gave to woman."

Two damask roses had blown wide in the cheeks of Grace Palmer, while Richard was talking. Then they died out suddenly, and when he ceased, she answered with a sweet, settled gravity, which was absolute to any one who understood—

"It is useless to ask me to do this, for I could only give the answer that I did before, and you would not want my hand or my heart, if it was bought in this way."

"Yes, I would want it so, Grace," eagerly answered Richard, "and in time, I have faith, that you would learn to love me."

The damask roses widened until their bloom touched her forehead; but Grace felt that she owed Richard's generosity the confession; and after a brief struggle, the poor girl stammered out—

"Richard, it is impossible for me to think of this one moment. There are reasons which render it so. I have given my promise to another."

Grace's timid glance grazed Richard's face as she made this avowal; and she caught the expression made up of anger, mortification, and jealousy, which darkened it. He was silent a moment, struggling to regain the mastery over himself and his voice. Then he commenced, vehemently—

"It's easy enough to recall a promise, Grace, under some circumstances; and your situation certainly exonerates you from fulfilling yours. Remember, it is only as you belong to me, that I can serve you; and I plead not for myself alone, but for the sake of your father and mother."

A look of ineffable disgust went over the face of the listening girl. One moment it was dyed with crimson; and then grew white, as the spray which fluted the sands, for the tide was now coming in.

She turned upon the son, as a half hour before she had turned upon the father, those large, dauntless eyes, and it was no wonder that the face of Richard Jarvys quailed beneath the silvery scorn of her tones, when they came.

"Richard Jarvys, do you suppose my father and mother would not sooner lay me in the grave by their other children, than have me commit such a sin—do you suppose they would

shelter their old age under a roof bought at such a price? And shame upon you, that you would take advantage of my necessity and affections to urge me to the commission of such a deed! No, Richard Jarvys, you and your father may do the worst that is in your hearts to do; you may succeed in driving us from the home which you know is rightfully ours, but you can never drive the heart of Grace Palmer to perjure itself; and oh! are you fallen so low, that you could have a woman who was base enough to be bought in such a way!"

The calm, resolute eyes did not shrink or falter. They stood looking with reproachful scorn on Richard's face, after the lips had ceased speaking. An angry flush rose slowly over his cheeks, until they touched the roots of his hair; he felt that the deacon's daughter had baffled him again; and for the last time his whole expression darkened into sullen rage, and his eyes flashed fiercely when at last he raised them to Grace.

"You have scorned my love twice, Grace Palmer," and the girl could not recognize the changed tones; "and you will never have a chance to do it again. I would have been your friend; but the woman who makes an enemy of Richard Jarvys, sooner or later has reason to repent of it!" And with this dastardly threat the baffled, disappointed man went on his way, to brood over schemes of revenge on the Palmer family.

A gnarled old apple tree grew close to the foot-path in the lane, and the black, knotted branches were now thickly covered with blossoms, like clusters of pearls. Grace Palmer sat down under the tree, and all the unnatural strength which had sustained her in the last hour gave way, in one long, slow sigh, followed by a great sob. Then the storm went over her. The future looked dark and desolate enough to the young girl, sitting under that lonely apple tree.

She felt keenly—the delicate, high spirited woman—the insults to which the coarseness of the elder Jarvys had subjected her; and the threats with which the younger had left her, had not been calculated to compose her. There was no earthly help, look wherever she would. Robert was too young to render any practical advice or sympathy in this emergency. Edward Dudley, suspecting nothing of all this, was on the battle field, and every moment of her life was burdened with trembling anxiety for him.

"Oh God, what shall I do? Have pity upon

me!" murmured the young girl, as she sat on a low stone under the apple tree full of blossoms, where the birds would sing sweetly the next dawn.

And with that prayer there came a slow calm over the storm in the soul of Grace Palmer; and if there trembled for a moment over her heart the shadow which fell upon the royal poet's, when the cry was wrung from him, "Lord, how long shall the wicked—how long shall the wicked triumph?" the question and the shadow were both swept away in the great river of light which poured over her soul, as she remembered with David: "But the Lord is my defence; and my God is the rock of my refuge!"

Grace Palmer laid down at the feet of these words all doubts, and all fears. Her soul rose up to strength and calm, as she thought of the Love which would not leave nor forsake her; whose yearning tenderness was greater than her mother's, when she sang over her cradle the lullabies of her first born; and which was wiser than all earthly wisdom and strength.

She sat very still, and the great white chalice of apple blossoms waved its sweet spices about her, the soft lights and brown shadows of the June evening were sparkling and shifting over the young leaves and buds; the deep blue above—the tender green below—all the beauty and fragrance of the summer night were living witnesses of her Father's love and care.

A sweet, solemn light shone over all the young face; a sweet, childlike smile sat now in the midst of it; and when Grace Palmer rose up and went slowly on her way home she was strong in the courage and faith which God gives to those who love Him.

The days wore into the summer heats, and nothing transpired to ruffle the still current of outward life at the farm-house. Deacon Palmer had not yet availed himself of any legal counsel in the matter which lay so heavy on his heart. The court did not hold its next session until late in the ensuing autumn, and the deacon still entertained a hope that the bill of sale, of whose existence he entertained no shadow of doubt, might still be discovered, although old Mrs. Palmer's strict search seemed to have exhausted every spot where there was the remotest possibility of concealment.

Grace Palmer's greatest pleasure at this season was in her letters, which the stage brought regularly twice a week. Blessed draughts to the heart of the deacon's daughter

were those letters, with their strong courage, their calm faith, and the tenderness which wound its golden thread through every line, and suffused the whole letter as the sunlight did the summer. Grace leaned her heart up against them next to her God.

It was evident the writer found time, in the midst of his new military life, to think of all which concerned her; to interest himself in her daily studies, her work, her needs, and feelings. Pictures of camp life the letters held, set in such warm, vivid colors, that sitting in the quiet of her own room, Grace seemed to be mingling in the stir and din of the camp at Cambridge, sitting under the shadows of the low tents, sprinkled over the grass, or springing up to the call of the drum in the summer dawn.

The writer always wrote brave and calm, not as one who puts the truth out of sight, as too painful to think of; but as one who had realized and sounded it; and then left it with God, certain that there, and there only, it must be well! Stray flashes of humor, a keen appreciation of all that was quaint and novel in his present life, and the men with whom he was brought into such close contact, always stirred the round, full laugh of Grace Palmer, which it was a joyful thing to hear, with its little merry interludes, and quick catchings of her breath, for her life was young, and though the man she loved better than life, had gone to offer his for his country, and though it was very doubtful whether the roof over her head would shelter her for another summer; still, youth and health would assert itself; she could not be always grave.

At last there was a hiatus in Grace's letters, and then came the tidings of the battle of Bunker Hill, rousing the whole country to new hope and courage; and above all, to mightier work and sacrifice.

The next mail brought Grace a letter, the bold, broad hand on the envelope telling that the writer thereof was not numbered with the dead; but in those twenty-four hours of suspense and fear which she had endured, Grace Palmer seemed to have grown ten years older.

Two weeks later, Edward Dudley's letter read:—

"Yesterday, Grace, the new Commander in Chief, appointed by Congress, entered Cambridge, escorted thither by a committee of the Congress of Massachusetts. What an hour was that in which he rode into camp. Every eye of the vast multitude assembled to witness his entré was turned breathless towards him;

then what wild acclamations rent the air as he rode in, the head of the army, the hope of his country, the stately, and fair-haired Virginian, George Washington. I had a fine stand-point, and a good view of him; oh, Grace! dearly beloved, I liked this man's face; I searched it eagerly. It is a calm, strong, good one; the face of a man whom I could follow to the death in love and faith; the face of a man who will, under all circumstances, be true to himself, and of course this involves being true to all else besides. I fancied—no, I felt somewhat of all which was going on in his soul, as the calm gray eyes moved over the motley assemblage of troops of which he has been appointed leader. There was a look of sublime self-sacrifice on the noble face, which lifted it into inspiration. It was the look of a man who had given up all for his country, whom no motives of ambition could sway, no love of power could move; who had accepted the great honor conferred on him as a trust direct from God. And looking on that calm, grand face, it seemed to me that this man had been consecrated, appointed of God, like Joshua of old, to lead our armies on to victory; for of the final result of this war I never have had a doubt. I do not disguise from myself the fearful odds against us. I know that my country is still in the early dawn of that long day of honor and praise which I see before her. I know that her troops, made up of raw militia, are to meet an army before whose pride and whose strength all the nations of the world have trembled; but I know, too, that we have on our side, 'Him who giveth the victory.'

"I do not disguise from myself—I will not from you, oh, dear heart—that it must be a long battle and a bloody one. The strongest and the bravest must be brought low; but oh! Grace, there is sweetness, and glory, and joy in the death one dies for his native land; and oh! when I look out from the night of her present, to the morning of her future, my heart stands still for its rush and swell of joy. Dear land of America! When she shall strike off the awful yoke of her oppressors, and stand up in her young strength, and each one of her Colonies united together shall lay the foundations of her broad, deep nationality, and take her fair place among the nations of the earth; her constitution founded in justice and righteousness, her shores a refuge for the oppressed and the needy, herself a light to those who sit in darkness, the joy and praise of the earth; when I look off and see her future in visions like these, my heart stands still and blesses

God that for her it is to live and die, my country!

"Do not let those blue eyes of yours grow into shadow reading that last word; oh, Grace, sweeter than the lilies, fairer than the sunrise of the summer morning! Sing sweet at your spinning wheel, my bird! Smile with the joy of happy and trusting thoughts over your churn or your books, my sunbeam!

"Be sure that I am always with you—that I carry you so close and so precious—that no smoke of battle field, nor sound of war trumpet, nor thunder of cannon, can for one moment blur my vision, or drown my thoughts of you. Oh, life of my life; oh! angel face, shining by day and by night before me! God be light and strength about thee, beloved!

"Great is my joy! Such a country, to live or to die for; such a *man* as this George Washington to lead me to battle; and oh! such a woman as Grace Palmer, mine, my own 'for life or for death.' Rejoice in my joy, oh, little heart, which I feel throbbing against my own; there is nothing to which to compare thee in flower or jewel. In all things that are most precious and beautiful, in the solemn words of our betrothal, am I yours, *for life or for death*,

EDWARD DUDLEY."

CHAPTER VII.

The day after Grace had read this letter, and while the fragrance of its tenderness lingered fresh and sweet around her heart, her mother had company. Two neighbors happened in to pass the afternoon, and a greater antithesis could hardly be conceived of, than that which the persons of Mrs. Peter Street and Mrs. Thankful Strong presented.

Mrs. Street was small, dark, angular, wiry, with a little pair of keen black eyes, which snapped and sparkled, and had a habit of diving and piercing into everything, as though they would pluck some evil out of every object they lighted on. She had a small, wintry pair of lips, with a smile which came and went habitually, as though it was intended to qualify the snapping of the eyes, but didn't succeed. Mrs. Peter Street was one of that large class of people who take a benevolent interest in their neighbors' concerns, who are well posted respecting all the social and domestic relations of those with whom they are brought in contact; especially if there be anything wrong or unfortunate in these relations; and she had a peculiar faculty, developed by long experience, of hunting out and holding up to view the worst possible side of character,

conduct, and motive; indeed, her imagination was never at a loss to supply the latter, which was certain to be the worst possible.

Mrs. Thankful Strong was of a different type, physically and morally, at least; mentally, there was little to choose between the two. She was tall, thin, with large bones, light skin, light hair, and light eyes, lymphatic, and lackadaisical; there was a certain harmony of physique and expression about her; and all the forces of her life were what some author calls "centripetal," for her whole being revolved in a very small orbit of selfishness.

She never could take a broad, generous view of any subject; she never could see any matter—social, political, religious—except in its relations to her own comfort or welfare, and her absolute unsuspiciousness of being swayed by any such motives was really refreshing; she would have been amazed and indignant at their suggestion. Mrs. Thankful Strong was of a timid, anxious, depressed temperament. But the two ladies shall sit for their own portraits, and you, reader, may recognize the pictures if you can. They are not uncommon or remarkable!

Both ladies had brought their knitting. Both took out their knitting sheaths, after receiving a cordial reception from Mrs. Palmer, which reception would have been somewhat qualified if she had overheard the conversation which took place a few rods from the house where the two ladies happened to overtake each other.

Mrs. Street and Mrs. Strong pinned their green and red knitting sheaths simultaneously to their waists, and after a brief excursion of her eyes about the room, which seemed to dive into every corner and let nothing escape them, Mrs. Street, who was the more loquacious of the two ladies, commenced.

"I told Ebenezer I wouldn't let another sun set without comin' over and seein', in a neighborly way, how matters stood with you and the deacon. We've jist heard about the trouble you've got into."

"Yes," interpolated Mrs. Strong, whose voice always had a little despondent, disheartened tone, as though she regarded herself as the most wronged and afflicted of mortals, "Abijah says it's a burnin' shame in that are Jarvys. To think of you and the deacon's bein' turned out of house and home jist now, as you're droppin' into your old age!"

Mrs. Palmer moved uneasily at this condolence of her neighbors. She was ripping a

coat of Robert's, which she intended transforming into one for Benjamin, and her shears dropped with a sharp sound on the kitchen floor at this crisis; but all necessity for a reply was superseded by Grace's sudden entrance.

She came in, in her quiet, graceful way, with a bit of ruffling in her hand. There was a light and peace on the sweet face, which flowed from deep springs in her soul that neither of the guests could fathom. Both surveyed her intently as she shook hands with them in a quiet, neighborly sort of fashion, and then took her seat.

Somehow the bright face resting in a light which flowed from some inward spring was not to the taste of Mrs. Street. Then the quiet grace of the girl's words and manner excited that petty feeling of envy and antagonism which ignorance and malice are apt to feel for real superiority of mind and character.

"I'll take her pride down a bit," mentally resolved Mrs. Street; but this did not prevent her making very cordial and minute inquiries after Grace's health, which were answered in a frank, ladylike fashion, although it was apparent that Grace's heart was not in them.

Mrs. Street returned to the subject which had been interrupted as soon as she thought the way sufficiently opened.

"I'm glad, Grace, to see you aint any more down in the mouth with this trouble that's come on you all. I declare I couldn't sleep a wink the night I heard of it. To think of Deacon Palmer—such a good, prayin' man as he is, bein' turned out of the house and home that's been his'n, and his father's afore him, for nigh upon seventy year, and a young family on his hands."

"That's jist what I said to Abijah," sighed the dolorous tones of Mrs. Strong; and the blue and white yarn flowed in a variegated stream over her fingers.

There was a little silence. Mrs. Palmer nervously tore down a seam which required the strength of both hands to separate; but she did not speak a word. Grace bent over her ruffling, with quick flushes deepening and rising on her cheeks until they touched her forehead. The lips sat for a moment in a bent, disturbed line; then she looked up—her soft, steady eyes bent full on her guests.

"We are grateful to you both," said the steadfast voice, which did not break nor ripple from beginning to close, "for any sympathy you may feel for us in our troubles. But it is one of which we prefer not to speak at present;

and you will therefore excuse both mother and me if we ask you not to pursue the subject."

Mrs. Street was, as she afterwards expressed herself, thoroughly taken back. She looked at Grace, who answered her with a bright, clear, steady look, and in mingled confusion and surprise, managed to stammer out,

"I didn't 'spose you'd feel bad at old friends expressing their sorrow for your trouble."

"We appreciate all true sympathy, Mrs. Street, only just now, we want it given as we must receive it—silently."

There was, of course, no more to be said, after this. Mrs. Street devoted herself assiduously to her knitting for a few moments, as did her neighbor, whose perceptions were in a somewhat nascent condition; and when the dark little woman opened again, it was on a topic she took care should be very remote from her last one.

She launched out into her neighbors' affairs, personal and private, with a relish, which the keen snap of the black eyes bore witness to; and her tongue and her knitting needles seemed each to add fresh impetus to the other. There was no painful fact in the past history of those who came within the range of her remarks, that Mrs. Street did not drag out, and hold up in its worst light; her speech slurred over every character that she touched; wheresoever there were especial motives for silence and charity, there did the evil imagination of Mrs. Street delight to flout; where there was any room for doubt respecting the motives which induced any line of action, she was sure to supply the wrong one, and her speech was interpolated by nods and mysterious shakes of her head, calculated to give it force and emphasis in the eyes of her listeners, although she took care to interfuse her gossip with various sanctimonious expressions of regret and dismay at the evil of mankind in general, and of the subject of her discourse in particular.

Tick! tick! had gone an hour; click, click! had gone Mrs. Street's needles; clack, clack! had gone her tongue, when at last she paused, with a dim consciousness that she had had the ground mostly to herself. Grace and her mother had each seemed intent on her work, though any keen observer might have read various signs of displeasure in the face of the former. The flushes went and came rapidly in her face; sometimes the look of indignation alternated with one of amusement, or she flashed up a glance of curiosity at the speaker; but she was very quiet, and Mrs. Strong only intruded an occasional "Dear me! I can't

believe my own ears. What is the world a comin' to?" in the most lugubrious of tones.

"Of course, I don't *know* as it's true;" Mrs. Street resumed again, somewhat qualifying in her tones. She had been indulging in various uncharitable surmises respecting a friend of Mrs. Palmer's and herself, which surmises she had endeavored to fortify with proofs that would have shrivelled to nothing before the slightest investigation of candor and good sense.

"I don't believe that there *is* a word of truth in the whole matter, Mrs. Street," said Grace, to whom the last remark had been addressed; and she quietly turned down the corner of her ruffle. "It's always so much pleasanter to believe good than evil of people, and in this case, it's safer."

This reasoning did not quite gratify Mrs. Street.

"But where there's so much smoke, there's sure to be some fire. Still, as you say, I al'ays like to think the best thing of my neighbors that I can;" with a dim feeling that she might have gone too far.

Grace's clear eyes were raised once more to her guests; the peach-bloom sat still in her cheeks.

"I think, Mrs. Street," said the steadfast voice, answering the steadfast eyes, "that it is our duty not only to think, but to speak well of them; to hide any wrong which they may have done as we would hide our own, and never speak of their failings if we can avoid it, and see always only what is pleasant and good in them. I think also, that is what Christ meant, among other things, when He said—'Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you.'"

The silvery voice stopped. Mrs. Street's face showed that the rebuke had struck home; and she was not a woman of very acute sensibilities. For once, she was at a loss what to say, and when she spoke again, her words did not touch the last subject.

"Grace, may I ask, how long it was since you joined the church?"

"About two years, Mrs. Street." The face and tones bright and quiet.

"Wall, I must say, Grace," with a triumphant sparkle of her eyes, feeling that now she was going to annihilate the girl, "you're well fit now to go right into any minister's family."

Grace looked up with the smallest possible smile, unbending the red line of her lip; she was perfectly clear and calm. There was not the faintest shade of embarrassment about her.

"I hope that I shall be, Mrs. Street, if I am ever fortunate enough, as you say, to enter one."

Mrs. Street was effectually silenced.

Mrs. Strong now found that her turn had come.

"Isn't it a dreadful thing to think on, *Miss* Palmer, this horrid war that we've got into? I don't know what's to become on us all. There's Abijah's completely thrown out of business by this horrid war."

"I know it falls very heavy on us all," answered the Deacon's wife; "but you know, *Miss* Strong, it's a war undertaken for our rights and liberties; for our children and our children's, and we must bear the burden as we can, and leave the rest to God."

"But then there's my husband's business, *Miss* Palmer; if it hadn't been for this war, he'd a made a very comfortable year on't; and now I don't see what's to become of us and the children."

"I sympathize with you, *Miss* Strong," answered her hostess; "but, don't it comfort you to think that you're sufferin' in a good cause, and that this war is a righteous war?—for you know, all that we hold dear or precious is at stake."

"I can't find any comfort in that," answered Mrs. Strong, in the same tone of doleful obstinacy—"I'm sure I'd rather that the Britishers had had all that they wanted, than that my husband's business should have been ruined."

"But, Mrs. Strong, would you rather your country should have been ruined?—your children have been slaves, than suffered the evils which this war will bring upon us?" inquired Grace, earnestly, as she rolled up her band of muslin; for the afternoon was growing low.

"We got along well enough afore the war, and I'm sure it couldn't be much worse for us to have the country go to ruin, and the children slaves, than to have Abijah's business broke up. Jest think of that!"

Mrs. Strong did not fathom the thought which flashed through Grace's mind at that moment. She saw the large, intent look, bent on her with a peculiar expression, and the lips open; but on second thought—a thought which certainly involved no compliment to Mrs. Strong, Grace closed them, and set about getting tea, while Mrs. Street, who had remained quiet for an unprecedented length of time, went deep into the mysteries of a new recipe for dyin' blue, which she had obtained from Mrs. Palmer.

The supper passed off pleasantly enough, as suppers usually did at Deacon Palmer's. Even Mrs. Street's eyes seemed to soften somewhat as she praised the light, snowy biscuit and the blackberry jelly, which "relished" with it so nicely, and the raised cake, in which she averred Mrs. Palmer "always had the luck." But, though she seemed unusually quiet, Mrs. Street was gathering up her forces for a last attack on Grace; for it *did* require some courage to meet those steadfast, intent eyes, which Mrs. Street felt, looked beyond her face, at something she did not feel quite assured about. With the last cup of tea, however, her courage rose, and with a little spiteful twinkle of her black eyes, she turned on Grace, saying—

"I've heard a story about you, Grace, from a thousand different quarters, which I've denied to every one, co's I didn't believe a word on't; it aint like you."

"Isn't it?" asked the girl, quietly breaking off a corner of her cake. "Then it probably isn't true."

"No; but folks will have it that you're engaged to Parson Willetts's nephew, for all you aint seen him more than half-a-dozen times, and that you wrote him letters regularly, all last winter, though you'd hardly had time to scrape acquaintance with him. I only mention this to let you know how folks talk, for I know you're too right-minded a girl to do such things; only, I'd like to be able to say that I had your word for't that there wasn't a letter off a corner of her cake. "Then it probably isn't true."

The rose-buds had hardly deepened in Grace's cheek; the face was not turned from its bright quiet.

"You can give people a better answer than that, if you desire to oblige me, Mrs. Street," she said, with sweet gravity.

"Can I, now? Wall, I shall be glad to serve you, Grace, if you'll only tell me how;" the black eyes snapping sharply.

"Will you please to tell anybody who asks you about my affairs, that as they are none of your business, you have not meddled with them, and are consequently unable to give them any information."

Mrs. Peter Street was effectually silenced.

Soon after tea, Mrs. Palmer's guests found that imperative duties summoned them home. Something of their feelings may be surmised from a brief conversation which they had together soon after they had left the front gate.

"I haven't enjoyed myself particularly,"

said Mrs. Street, in a confidential tone, to her neighbor. "That are Grace is a dreadful uppish thing—dreadful! I al'ays said her mother'd spile her."

"And to think," added Mrs. Strong, in a very much injured tone, "she wanted me to say that this war was all right, when it's ruined Abijah's business; and he isn't very forehanded, either."

"Grace," said Mrs. Palmer, as she assisted her daughter in gathering up the tea dishes, "I *was* beat at the way you answered *Miss* Street, this afternoon."

"What did you think of it on the whole, mother?" asked Grace, with a dainty smile just showing itself around the corners of her lips.

"Wall, it was cool, child; but I must say, it was to the pint."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Song for Me.

BY LULU HOLMES.

Is there no song for me?

Still from high harps is poured the "deathless singing,"

Joy sweet and precious to earth's children bringing,
Still from rapt lips is breathed soft melody—

Is there no song for me?

I listen to the voice

Of the swift winds, on some grand mission flying,
The summer boughs, in their full gladness sighing,

These all have made my listening soul rejoice

With their deep, thrilling voice.

For me, have passed the gleams

Of the rich sunlight on gay billows shining,
And glistening dews, with wreaths of foliage twining,

When glance the cool stars on the lingering streams—

Oh, purest midnight gleams!

For me, has walked the moon,

In the clear depths of Heaven, her lone way keeping,
Smiling a blessing o'er low flowerets sleeping,

Lulled on the breast of the fresh, leafy June—

Fair, silver-mantled moon!

And I have known the night—

The spirit's night, of tossed and saddened feeling;
Yet 'mid its shades new wonders kind revealing,

Till I have knelt to bless his loving might,

Who giveth "Songs at night."

Oh, is it not for me

To twine the trembling lyre my God hath given?

To lift its chords—to catch the notes of Heaven,

Kneeling in rapture, that there still may be

A song for me?

MOSSGIEL, PA.

Letters to the Girls.

NO. XV.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

How natural to the human heart, after receiving favor upon favor from a dear friend, to almost accept them as a right, forgetful of the burst of gratitude with which the first kindness was received. That phase of fallen human nature is the only explanation to me, of the strange indifference a daughter often manifests towards her mother, whose life, from the moment she first clasped her babe in her arms, until the present time, has been one long act of self-abnegation and denial. But that this is so, does not prove that the response of gratitude is any the less acceptable to the mother, only that she can walk her path in life cheerful to the end because of the great, super-abounding love God has given her, making her willing to sacrifice cherished plans, and hopeful desires, implanted when her own eyes looked out into a bright, unclouded future, that her child may be happy; neither does it excuse, in the least, the neglect on the daughter's side, or make it the less reprehensible.

To this, as to other rules, there are exceptions, and it affords us much pleasure now and then to note them. In these happy cases the mother is not a mere household drudge, laboring on from Christmas till Christmas again, with scarcely a thought of rest or recreation, ministering to the appetites and wants of all around her. She is not always the one to stay at home from the picnic and concert, or the mental feast. Her seat in the carriage for the pleasant afternoon drive is not always vacant, nor the perusal of the latest extra, or the welcome monthly the last for her eyes. From one of those favored mothers, whose daughter now rests beneath the tree of life, by the river of God, I heard this high encomium—"When I was tired, she would not even let me bathe my face or brush my hair, but as tenderly as if I were a babe, she would cool my forehead with her soft touch, and smooth my hair. Oh! you cannot think how I miss her!" She had all your gifts, girls! She was sweet and beautiful, with graceful form and ease of manners, and mind that showed no mediocre attainments, and yet she was not above any humble office for her mother, who often wearied amid the cares and duties which no other shoulder but her own could bear.

I believe no one passes beyond the state to feel pleasure at a respectful word, or deferential action, or deed prompted by kindly

thought; but pause a moment, girls, and see if you cannot recall some day that passed without giving either of these to her, who by ties of relationship deserves them above all others. You, perhaps, did not take the trouble to go out and ask her into the parlor to see a caller, whose companionship would have afforded her almost as much pleasure as to yourself. You chatted merrily with your brothers and sisters over the little items of news gathered in your morning walk down town, but did not think of recapitulating it to her, when she came into the sitting-room, to enliven up her dull hours. Possibly you gave a little smile to your fun-loving sister, when your mother asked a question about our Southern fleet, that betrayed the geographical locations of the seceded States, were not quite as definitely defined in her mind as the arrangement of her spices and sugars. Did it ever occur to you, as a very probable case, that when your mother's mind reached maturity, and every day brought stray yearnings for draughts of knowledge, the fountain was sealed by little hands that choked it up with care and anxiety never more to run clear to her lips. If such was the truth, then how, like the ghost of ingratitude, will rise up before you that smile when memory spreads out, as in an open panorama, all your mother's love and self-denial; and giving up of her mental life that you might be perfect in all knowledge and learning, and possess the joy that springs from a well cultivated intellect.

BEREA, OHIO.

Solitude.

BY MRS. H.

The clock has struck—the house is still—

The children slumbering lie,
And none are left to break the spell,
Save one poor cricket and I.

The knitting is carelessly thrown aside,
The books neglected lie,
And lonely as in a haunted house
Are that one poor cricket and I.

I hear a step on the turfy walk,
I know it as it draws nigh;
The latch is lifted—no more alone
Watch one poor cricket and I.

It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him.

Mary's Comforter.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Oh dear, dear! must I lose faith in every body—is the whole world cold and selfish? caring little for its friends and nothing for its enemies." Thus mused poor Mary Parker, as she prepared her husband's simple morning meal. Her little Georgie had just returned from Susan Wing's to say, "Mrs. Wing says she cannot pay you till next week."

This little sum Mary had toiled with aching eyes and weary fingers to earn, upon

"Seam and gusset and band,
Band and gusset and seam,
Till over the buttons she fell asleep,
To sew them on in her dream."

and now, to hear again, as repeatedly before, "next week she shall have it," made her heart feel really distrustful and rebellious.

"She can dress and take journeys, sit at a bountiful table and have servants to wait upon her, whether she earn it or not; and I—well, it is just the same thing as helping to support her—I can't do it, or bear it. That money was for my new dress and to take me to my mother's home for the first time since John and I were married—ten long years—and mother sick too."

Sickness and many unlooked-for disappointments had made repeated visits at Mary's humble home, so that although she and her husband earned their bread by the sweat of their brow, they were unable to gain more than a moderate subsistence. Mary herself had just risen from a bed of sickness, and weary, weak and almost crushed by the cold-heartedness of those well-to-do in this life, no wonder that her sensitive spirit thus pondered, forgetting, for the time, the "silver lining" to her cloud. Hers was usually a quiet, patient trust in the care of her Heavenly Father; but repinings would sometimes, as now, steal into her heart. Something whispered within her,

"Trust and try, and God will care for thee; these vexations, patiently borne, will bless thy soul."

"But," she said, "I must tell John all about it first; if my heart is relieved, my soul shall be patient."

Thus vexed and unwilling to trust God alone, she sat at breakfast. At the conclusion of the meal, John, as usual, took the Bible; he opened at the sixth chapter of Luke. Mary was so absorbed with herself that she scarcely took note of the precious words, but as the command, "Love ye your enemies," was

slowly and solemnly read, her attention was arrested. Then she heard, "Do good and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged—condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven." Was that on purpose for her? The impatient and trustless nature was subdued. She did not tell John, but she told the best of friends, her Father in Heaven, and He strengthened all her weak efforts for good. He blessed her temporally too, so that she could believe it was truly said to her and her household, "Ye shall lack for nothing."

The Closet in the Garret.

BY BENCOTT.

Up in the garret there is a closet, rudely partitioned off from the rest of the space. It is a store place of things past their days of usefulness; yet because of their connection with the past, too precious to be thrown away. There are such closets in every house; and looking through them we may find, worn into the dulllest and most common place histories, threads of gold, which flash and gleam when touched by rays of memory. There are garments in every house which death has made sacred; trinkets whose gilding time cannot tarnish; frocks and aprons full of sweet, sunny memories; playthings written over with prints of little children's fingers.

It soothes and softens us sometimes, to go to these old closets, and give ourselves up to musings. By the memory of days and scenes forever gone we may be saddened; yet it will be with a deeper sense of our responsibility, and a more earnest purpose—since we see so plainly written on all things: Passing away—to so live that we shall "redeem the time," that we shall turn the key in the door behind us, and retrace our footsteps down the crooked staircase, to take up again our accustomed burdens.

Here hangs an old bonnet, equally marvelous in form and fineness. A young bride's face looked out from under that "scow of a front;" and one, at least, thought never prettier bonnet shaded a sweeter face. Ah, bonnet! Your delicate straw-color has worn to tawny yellow. There are wrinkles on the face you shaded. The dark hair is being twined with silver, and the blue eyes grown dim.

There lies another relic of those earlier days. More than once, or twice, or thrice has this old-fashioned straw bag traversed across the

Bay State to the red house on the Farmington. What stores of pleasant and comfortable things it carried for the tedious journey, before the days of railroads! Bottles of milk for babies; picture books for restless Willies; gingerbread for hungry Amies; books, parting presents from kind friends left behind; a note, full of things too precious to be spoken from one whose last pressure lingers yet on the plump, white hand that carries the travelling bag; a key, ah, what a storehouse of pleasant things can we unlock with that key! Turn it in the door! Was ever a place like home? Go in with the young mother, and look through the quiet rooms. No matter for the dust! it always gathers in a closed house. See the cosy sitting-room, just as it was left two months ago. There is the work-basket on the shelf; here is the sewing chair beside the large stand; there are the little high chairs standing back against the wall. It was forethought to get the fire all ready to kindle against this return. Light it up, and the cheery blaze makes a new room of it. Let the children wander around, renewing old acquaintance with chairs, and table, and curtains. Peep into the snug kitchen! Here is the study—"papa's room," where, through long days he sits writing. If the owner of the travelling bag chances to be "making calls," here play the children, or sit by turn on father's left knee. He says they do not disturb him; and ever *did* children disturb their father? Over the study is a chamber, before which the mother pauses in her round, and she opens it as if it were a sacred place. The children look up wonderingly at the tears that fall as she turns away. "A good man died there, Willie;" and as she descends the stairs she repeats over and over to herself, "The places that knew him shall know him no more, forever." The sitting-room again—the bag! We had almost forgotten it! Well, it hangs there now, unused; its purple strap all faded. Thrown away, or burnt with old rubbish by and by. Then, good bye to thee, bag!

A bathing dress, spotted and soiled with use. How the waves curled over us then, so lightly and so constantly. Other waves now, as constantly, but not as lightly.

Here is a flute stand, of home manufacture. Good service it did, though, to the little flute player. How clearly still the sounds come floating up the winding stairs, across the dusty garret, through the open door. It is Sabbath evening, and the family is gathered on the long piazza. Now voices join in, and the chords rise full and sweet. No, no! I am alone, and

the house is still; the flute has gone and the voices are hushed. There is one that I shall never hear again, until it welcomes me through the gates of the Heavenly city. Oh Time, thou dost pass thy relentless hands over us all, and *we are changed!*

Behind an old threadbare overcoat hangs a dressing gown—a "Joseph's coat" of many colors—new, when Will started for college. Those elbows have seen service—"grubbing" till far into the "wee, sma' hours." Long talks over Junior fires, when David and Jonathan's hearts were bound together in firm, unalterable bonds. Long, long looks into the future from that study-coat, when lights from other windows had given place to darkness. College life and the dressing gown put away together: one to be remembered, the other forgotten.

By itself, in the corner, hangs a worn carpet bag, on which the dust has gathered for long months. Its owner came home from a journey, laid it down, and left us for that "bourn from whence no traveller returns." In it is the roll of handbills on which are printed the appointments for lectures never delivered. "Let me die fighting!" was his petition, and God suffered him. The sword was not unbuckled till the soldier was ready for the grave. The carpet bag hangs here; he has no need of further changes of raiment, for God has clothed him in the white robes of immortality.

So, one by one, we are putting off the wrappings: One by one earthly things fail us. By and by we shall drop the last—these bodies, God in mercy grant it, that then we may find a dwelling in that city which hath foundations!

THE ADORNMENT OF HOME.—Sweet is it to the woman whose privilege it is to keep silence in the church and to speak only by her life, so to arrange her home scenery that it may whisper in gentle and holy, but unmistakable accents to the understanding heart and cultured mind; and amidst an ~~adorning~~ veil of flowers may be traced the under-current of living water vivifying them; so that, wearied, she may drink of the brook by the way, and hold up the head, or, in sweet communion with God, may rest and be still. If any will take the trouble to examine into the causes of the impression made by the aspect of any of the homes they visit, I believe they will find that the modification which, in various proportions, Christian holiness, love, and cheerful activity may have given to the dressing of every room, is, in fact, that which imparts the sensibly felt, but nameless charm to domestic scenery.

The Store Girl.

A week at the sea-shore gives large opportunity for the study of human nature. Its phases, as there seen, are curious and instructive. What people really are, comes out on exhibition. Individuality is thrown, with great distinctness, on a common background, and each reads the other's character almost as plainly as if it were written in a book. Ask your friend what she thinks of Mrs. or Miss So-and-So. If she have met her at the sea-shore, she will answer without hesitation, and offer you a leading trait, favorable or unfavorable, but very near the exact truth. It is remarkable how entirely some people are off their guard at the sea-shore—how completely they act themselves out. You see the true lady and gentleman there—limited to no class, grade, or set; the snobbish pretenders, whose every act gives the lie to their pretence; the jaunty vulgar, who obtrude their lack of culture and common-sense in the faces of all; and the consciously inferior, or over-modest, who move about straight-laced, weakly imagining that they are the observed of all observers.

Sitting on the piazza of the Surf House at Atlantic City, enjoying the cool sea breezes, this conversation reached me. I could not help hearing it, for the speakers were close by, and talked in loud tones.

"Who is that girl?" was asked in a curious voice, as if the person indicated had, from some cause, awakened an interest in the speaker's mind.

The individual referred to was a young lady of fair complexion, whom I had noticed several times. There was something about her that attracted all eyes; and yet she was neither richly nor gayly attired, and evidently shrunk from observation. The style of her face was a regular oval; complexion, as I have said, fair; eyes, a soft bluish-gray, large and calm; height, medium; carriage, easy and unconscious; dress plain, and not costly, but of the finest quality, and in perfect taste. No wonder that in the flaunting, obtrusive, overdressed mass of her sex, she stood individualized, nor that the question which had just come to my ear was frequently asked. I listened for the answer.

"Don't you know her?" I noticed a tone of contempt in the voice.

"There's something familiar in the face, but for the life of me I can't make her out;" returned the first speaker.

"One of Levy's store girls."

"No!"

"Yes; I've bought many a dress from her."

"Now, you don't say so! Well, it does beat all! Oh, yes; now I recognize her. One of Levy's girls! Isn't it about time we were going home, Kate?"

"I rather think it is. When it comes to being mixed up with this sort of cattle, I'm for retiring. A store girl! Well, well!"

Naturally, after such a revelation of themselves, I observed more narrowly the speakers. How remarkably they contrasted with the young lady about whom they talked so depreciatingly. They were dressed in gay grenadines, and exhibited a profusion of costly laces and jewelry. At first sight, their faces indicated gentle blood; a second and closer inspection, revealed the essential taint of commonality. I speak of blood in the truer sense, as representing mental and moral qualities. The refined and the vulgar are in all social grades. Blood flows not in obedience to conventionalities. It may be as pure in the veins of a peasant, as in those of a titled nobleman.

A tall lady passed, leaning on the arm of a short, stout gentleman. She was pale and thin, with a refined and gentle face—he bluff and hearty. The two girls looked at each other, drew down the corners of their mouths, snickered—I use the right word—and then stuffed their handkerchiefs in their mouths to keep from laughing outright.

"They'll kill me, Em, if they stay here much longer," said one of them, shaking with laughter as the couple disappeared in the house. "I never saw anything so funny."

"Hush, Kate," was rejoined, "here's Father Time."

I looked in the direction of their eyes, and observed a thin, white-haired man, with bent form and slow steps, coming along the piazza. His figure was striking, and gave the impression of a once strong man, who had yielded under protest, step by step, as age advanced, and now stooped, half sadly, in conscious weakness, under the weight of many years. I was touched by his aspect. Not so my young ladies. He was game for them. Already they had designated him as "Father Time;" and now, as he came towards us, they stared at him rudely, casting sly looks at, or nudging each other.

"A scythe and hour glass would make the figure complete."

He was close upon us. I felt shocked. Unless very dull of hearing, the rude sentence must

have reached him. There was a second crowding of handkerchiefs into the young ladies' mouths, to keep from laughing. The old man stood close to them for a little while, then remarked, in a pleasant, familiar way, so beautiful in aged persons who have grown old wisely and gracefully, and which all the truly refined accept as a compliment instead of an intrusion, though the person be a stranger—

"A charming day, young ladies."

But, instead of meeting this salutation with the instinct of gentle blood, these vulgar misses bridled and frowned, and tried to look haughty and dignified. The old man regarded them in momentary surprise, and then moved on again.

"What do you think of that?" asked one of the other.

"Did you ever hear of anything so rude!" was the almost angry response.

"Never in my life. The old brute!"

For a short time, they expatiated on the old man's brutality and want of breeding in mistaking them for ladies, and then resumed their amusement of remarking upon and caricaturing the various individuals who passed before them. Nothing escaped their searching eyes. Every peculiarity was magnified, and even beauties and virtues turned into deformities and vices. They were witty at times, and showed familiarity with Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer, and the leading novelists, and applied with some skill the characters in books to the living personalities of the hour. But, in all this, they showed an ingrained coarseness, selfishness and vulgarity that was really shocking, taking into consideration the social place they assumed to fill.

It was my turn to make inquiry, and in due time I learned that my young ladies were daughters of two Philadelphia merchants, who had grown rich in trade, and now lived in splendid suburban residences. I further learned, that their fathers had once been poor clerks, and their mothers poor girls—one of the latter having actually been employed in a dry goods store at four dollars a week, occupying that position at the time of her marriage. Their fathers were known in the community as shrewd merchants and honorable men; not very refined nor well educated—early culture having been denied them; but sensible men in the main, and good citizens; men in no way ashamed of their humble origin; but, rather, proud of the fact that they were architects of their own fortunes, and thence inclined to an ostentatious display of wealth. The weaker

vessels were the mothers, whose heads turned a little with the elevation to which they had risen through no strength of their own, and who, looking down from that elevation, were disposed to think meanly of everything below. False pride, and false estimates of things, were naturally imbibed by the daughters, and mingled with every thread, as the shuttle flew backwards and forwards, weaving the fabric of character. And so, they were less than their mothers to blame for what they were: though, taking the natural stock, it would have required much budding and grafting to get pleasant fruit.

In the evening, there was music and dancing in one of the parlors. Em and Kate, whom I noticed as almost inseparable, were there. They had taken a sofa to themselves, spreading out their wide skirts, so as to fill the space which four persons might have conveniently occupied. The tall, pale lady, evidently an invalid, came in, leaning on the arm of her stout, hearty-looking companion. Nearly every seat in the room was occupied. They came and stood near the sofa filled by my fine young ladies, Em and Kate. I saw the tall lady shrink a little in stature, and lean hard upon the stout gentleman's arm, evidently from weakness. He looked concerned, and glanced around, to find a seat. Observing that only these two girls occupied the large sofa, he said to one of them, in a polite way—

"Will you be kind enough to let this lady have a seat with you on the sofa?"

But neither of them moved an inch.

"Take my seat," I heard a low, gentle voice say, and turning my eyes from the two misses, I saw the "store girl's" hand on the invalid's arm, to whom she was offering her chair in that kind, persuasive way, that takes no denial.

"Thank you!—thank you!" answered the tall lady, in one of the sweetest of voices; "but I cannot deprive you of a seat."

"No deprivation at all. I can stand for hours without being weary. So, don't hesitate; your acceptance will give me pleasure." And she gently drew the invalid to her chair.

Now, there was nothing intrusive—nothing for effect, in the girl's manner; but a spontaneous acting out of the true lady, that was really beautiful. A native refinement gave grace to every movement. Several of those standing near observed the little scene, and I saw by their faces a common sentiment of admiration. The stout gentleman added his

thanks to those of the lady, and the girl drew back from observation.

The music and the dancing went on. My two refined young ladies held their places on the sofa, their heavily flounced, gay silk dresses covering the entire surface, from end to end. Presently, one of them received an invitation to dance, and was led to the floor. Instantly, I saw the stout gentleman look round from where he stood by his invalid companion, and seeing the girl who had given up her seat, took her half resisting hand, and led her to the vacant place on the sofa. She did not resist, although I saw by her countenance that she would have preferred standing unobtrusively where she was; but, the instinct of good breeding kept her from objecting to an act so kindly meant. Silk and jewelry was shocked by this sudden propinquity of the store girl. I saw her shrink, frown, and sweep the ample range of her dress closer to her person. Then she looked about uneasily; and then, unable to endure so close a contact with vulgarity, left her seat, and crossed the parlor with an air of affected dignity, that caused many lips near me to curve in amusement or contempt.

Three ladies now found room on the sofa, in the space just occupied by one. Among these, I recognized Mrs. H——, wife of an eminent lawyer, and known as one of the most cultivated, refined and excellent women in the city. She had been standing for ten or fifteen minutes, while my pinks of gentility, who could hardly endure to breathe the air in which one of "Levy's store girls" respired, sat in forced occupation of twice the room to which they were entitled. It so happened, that Mrs. H—— came next on the sofa to the interesting young lady, whose humble position was held by Misses Pride and Pretension as a sign of inferiority. I noticed her turn and recognize her with a brightening face, at the same time offering her hand in a cordial manner, and saying—

"Why Gertrude! Is this you?"

She smiled in an easy, quiet way, answering—

"Yes, ma'am; I'm here for a few days."

"I'm right glad of it," returned Mrs. H——.

"If any one needs sea air, change, and recreation, it is you. When did you come down?"

"Day before yesterday."

"You must remain as long as possible."

"I shall have to return day after to-morrow."

"No, no, Gertrude; you must stay the week

out, at least. I shall be here until Saturday—"

She did not finish the sentence, for at that moment, the stout, bluff gentleman came up to the sofa, and said, in a hearty, familiar way—

"Why bless me, Mrs. H——! How glad I am to meet you!"

"Captain G——!" Surprise was in the voice of Mrs. H——, as she stood up and warmly pressed the hand that was grasping her own. "This is indeed a pleasure! Where is Mrs. G——?"

The stout gentleman turned quickly to where the tall, pale lady was sitting, and leading her forward, said—

"Here is Alice."

The greeting between the two ladies was of the most cordial nature, for they were old friends, warmly attached to each other from their earliest years, as I learned from what passed between them.

Already, the girl who had been talking, a moment before, with Mrs. H——, was on her feet, and moving away, so that her place might be taken by the invalid; thus giving the two friends an opportunity to sit side by side. Observing that she was about to withdraw, Mrs. H—— called to her, saying—

"Don't leave us, Gertrude."

"No—no—keep your seat. I will not disturb you a second time," said the pale lady, in remonstrance.

The stout gentleman bustled past the trio, and bringing the chair just vacated by his wife, arranged the three ladies to suit himself; Mrs. H—— and Gertrude on the sofa, and his wife in the comfortable chair she had been occupying, right in front of them.

"That's Captain G——, of the Navy," I heard a gentleman near me remark.

"And who is his wife?"

"The daughter of Senator ——," was replied.

The country knew them well, the Captain and the Senator, and held them both in honorable regard. I advanced a few steps nearer, for my interest was increasing.

"Let me introduce Miss Gertrude T——," said Mrs. H——, presenting the young lady to both Captain G—— and his wife. Gertrude met this introduction with a modest, retiring manner, yet with no appearance of conscious inferiority.

"Miss T——?" The Captain looked at her curiously. "Not the daughter of our old friend Hermann T——?"

"The same," replied Mrs. H——.

"Born a lady, as he was a gentleman, every inch, from head to foot." And the bluff, warm-hearted Captain, looked at her with a brightening face. "The daughter of my old friend Hermann! I'm right glad to meet you, for your father's sake. Does she belong to your family?" He turned to Mrs. H—.

"No; Gertrude stands alone in the world."

"Alone?" The Captain did not comprehend this remark. He seemed perplexed.

"She is a believer, Captain, in the nobility of self-dependence. Like you, and my husband, she serves society to the best of her ability; taking what she earns as her own, and asking favor of no one."

I heard nothing further. Loud voices in another group drowned, for my ears, what passed among these old friends. Looking up, I saw among the listeners who had been attracted by the little stir of recognitions and introduction, a face rather blank with surprise; it was the face of one of my young ladies of such immaculate quality, that plebeian usefulness could not touch it without leaving a soil.

Every day after that, until the week closed, I saw Gertrude T— in the company of Mrs. H— and Mrs. Captain G—, and their deportment towards her was always that of friends and equals.

Since then, I have looked in at Levy's a few times, and noticed this young lady at her place behind one of the counters, and the sight awakened sentiments of respect; and since then, I have seen the two immaculates on the street, and at public places, dressed in "rich attire," bold, pretentious, flaunting, and my soul despised them.

So you have the contrast—the sensible, refined, independent "store girl," as the elegant Misses Em and Kate called her; and the proud, vain, coarse-minded parvenus, who mistake money for merit, and obtrude their want of good breeding in the faces of all, and to the astonishment and disgust of all. Is it too sharply drawn, observant reader? We leave it with you to decide.

VALUE OF APPLICATION.—Genius is a good thing, but industry is better. Smiles, in his *Self-Help*, takes a correct view:

"Accident does very little towards the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called 'a happy hit' be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel."

Sunset Reverie.

BY NETTIE VERNON.

"Live well—and then, when thou art called to die, thou art of age to claim eternity."

How much real beauty and worth lies hidden in this sentiment. Pious lips uttered it—lowly hearts received and cherished it as a precept of undoubted truth. It dispelled darkness from many a mind, cheered many a weary and fainting one, and gave new hope and courage to the disheartened and sad.

"Live well"—*not* in cherishing every dream of ambition, and being forgetful of life's daily duties—*not* in worshipping gold, and being unmindful of Him "who formed the heavens and the earth"—*not* in hoarding unconsecrated wealth, but in constant communion with the great All-Father—in a sweet confidence and trust in His protecting care—in the performance of every duty which he hath laid upon us—in an earnest desire and effort to benefit those with whom we mingle in life's busy throng; in *this* way we may indeed "*live well*;" and when the little tenement which is called "the spirit's earthly boundary" may mingle with its kindred dust, our name may long remain stainless, a rich legacy to those who, like ourselves, may practise the art of living well.

And then, how sweet the promise, how rich the reward! "Live well, and then how soon soe'er thou'rt called to die, thou art of age to claim eternity." Thousands have lived until age has laid a frosty mantle around their brows, and pointed with trembling finger down to the narrow tomb.

Life has been to them a long, long scene of light and shade, while Time, on busy mission, has borne his faithful record of their ill-spent hours up to the heavenly court. No loving angel, with benignant smile, has bent above their pillow at death, with the sweet whisper, "thou art of age to claim eternity."

But, from shorter lives, from those whose day had been scarcely woven into a chain of years, *brighter* histories may be written. *They have lived well*. Virtue has sealed her signet on their brows; faith has firmly clasped their souls, twining tendrils around the throne of Deity; love has gilded their morning sky; hope has beautified each opening hour; and when life's realities seemed merging into death's uncertainty, may we not well suppose that seraph spirits from the unseen shore sweetly echoed the gladsome message, "Thou may'st claim eternity!"

Mattie Covert's Letter.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

GROVE HILL SEMINARY, JULY 10, 18—.

DEAR FRIEND H—Your letter came an hour ago; the words that spring to my lips are these: "How sweet is love itself possessed, when but love's tokens are so rich in joy." "Katy," the letter-girl, said to me as I answered her knock at the door, "it's one of them same as ye gets so frequently—thim as has so much swate reading; shure, an' if me own Pether would write so often—" Here a deep sigh came in, which almost threatened to demolish her ponderous body. My sympathies were aroused, and forgetting our rules which forbid conversation at certain hours, I asked, "Where is Pether?"

"Och, an' he's not yet come from the old counthree—the blissed boy—the land has not another like him—he's the bravest and the thurst of all her sons—the bouldest, the best, and the aisiest to love." Here the tears began to flow, for she hasn't heard from him in three months; my own eyes were getting dim with moisture, and I don't know but I should have forgotten the "swate" missive in my hand, had it not been for the appearance of our monitress; she marked me "imperfect," but I was too happy over the contents of your letter to remember it.

Fun, grammatically speaking, is an inseparable adjunct of boarding-school life, so is friendship, so is happiness. My room-mate, Maggie Gardner, is a dear little Quaker girl; her character is crowned and clustered with the brightest graces, the sweetest and the noblest virtues. Such a happy blending of the beautiful and the good brings to mind the masterpiece of the old Grecian artist, whose associated beauties exhibited the pride of all models and the perfections of every master.

Jennie Ray is a wild, spirited girl from the city, but withal generous, fascinating and affectionate. Last night we went out walking and came across a poor Dutch woman, who was returning from her day's washing, and attempting to drive an unruly pig; the animal, by a vigorous effort ran past her, and putting down her bundle she followed after him.

"Now," said Jennie, "let's hide her bundle, and then scramble upon the hill and watch her confusion when she finds that it has taken legs and run away.

Maggie's brown eyes spake her disapproval. "Thee is rich, Jennie Ray," said she; "put a

silver dollar in her budget and then we'll hide; wilt thou?"

"Yes," said Jennie, and taking from her pocket a pencil and paper she printed thereon, in large capitals, "THIS IS FOR YOU!" Then we all disappeared to watch the effect. Very soon the woman came up heated and tired; with a look of surprise she saw the white paper on her bundle, and opening it, said, oh so fervently, "*Gott be thanked—Gott be thanked*; now poor leetle Friedrich shall have some orange." The look of thanksgiving which overspread her countenance was a doxology which must have reached the Throne. Jennie's bright, sparkling eyes were misty, and as they met Maggie's, she said understandingly, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And dear H., is it not strange that we deprive ourselves so much of this peculiar blessing; that every day we thereby rob ourselves of happiness that is Christ-like and satisfying.

Maggie was so urgent that we all descended the hill, and she told the woman who had given her the dollar. A shower of thanks and tears followed; the next morning a small boy appeared in the entrance hall and asked for "Mish Ray." Our new friend had sent her a beautiful bouquet and a basket of ripe cherries, with the promise of some golden pears as soon as they were ripe.

I had a letter from home yesterday, and am tempted not to repeat a word of it to you—for the more I think of it, you've no need to bury yourself in the far away out West, for an n term of years, (according to Davies Bourdon.) But my usual magnanimity prevails. In two months, Cousin Sue is going to marry a gentleman from B—, a man of letters—don't mistake that for a postmaster.

Brother Georgy is resolved to be a scholar; looking into the arcanum of the future he beholds only the fulfilment of those hopes and prophecies which crowd his horizon and burn with the lustre of the brightest stars. The voices that call after and sway him, are from heights in the far-away distance; the chorus of their songs is, "come up hither," and in his heart he has purposed to go. Strange as it may sound, I pity the boy; life's upward tending paths are so toilsome; the prizes of the world are won at so great expense—its crowns are of mingled curses and blessings, and are oftener worn with pain than pleasure. However, it all matters but little if God's grace be found in the heart. You think that the greatest of all requisites, do you not, dear H?

In your next please tell me how your busi-

ness prospers, when you'll come home, and if you like your new boarding-place; how large a family is it? what are their names, ages and pursuits?—not that I'm commissioned to take the census of your village—I only catechise you for personal benefit, and you'll need the material to make your letters a decent length.

In reply to your question, I am doing as well as I can in school, and stand tolerably well in my classes. Our teachers tell us that if recitations abound in failures and mistakes, our lives also will. I believe intellectual capacity is transmitted, and that the children of educated parents lack application and perseverance oftener than talent, but the former may be more potent in determining success.

Dearest H., two weeks have passed, and Maggie Gardner has gone to dwell with the angels. She was ill but a week—but oh, so very sick; every attempt to baffle her disease was fruitless. Her mind, at the last was clear. She heard the sobbings that could not be suppressed of the girls in adjoining rooms, and said, "my dear friends, don't weep—thee'll all come soon—I am so happy—so happy—Blessed Saviour! let me come." 'Tis fearful, "that love and death may dwell in the same world."

The girls gather in groups, speaking in hushed tones, and with countenances which say unmistakably, "there is a death in the house." To-morrow the dear remains are to be conveyed home; to-morrow, we say farewell, forever! to the broken casket. Adieu—write soon to your afflicted *Mattie*.

Sometime.

BY ERNEST ELDON.

There are sweet, sweet songs that ever fall
With a low, soft musical rhyme,
Of the far away land, that the hopeful call
The beautiful, glad sometime;
They sing of the clime that is hidden afar
'Neath the veil of the coming years,
They tell of the joys that are treasured there,
But never of doubts or fears.

The warm blood flushes the cheek of youth
As he sings of the fair sometime,
He'll be noble and good, for the halo of truth
Reaches over that beautiful clime.
And the hills, and the valleys, in faith he can see,
And the flowers by the soft winds stirred,
And his mate and his home, how dear they shall be,
The cage and the singing bird.

In the maiden's eye there's a beaming light,
As she murmurs a low, love tune,
And the glow on her cheek flushes warm and bright,
As a rose in its richest bloom;
She'll be loved sometime by a warm, true heart,
And he shall be strong and brave.
And naught in this life shall their footsteps part,
Till one goeth down to the grave.

The mother sings by her cradled boy
A tender, soft lullaby,
In her heart there flutters a new-born joy,
And trembles a tear in her eye;
For by and by will her boy be a man,
In the future that time shall be,
Oh the care and the love he will have for her then,
Oh the joys that *her* sometime shall see.

Then comfort thee, heart; for the glad sometime
Shall come to us all at last,
When the hopes, and the fears, and the cares of
time,
And the labors of life are past;
When the tired feet rest and the eye is cold,
And the heart is freed from its sin,
In the City whose streets are of shining gold,
To thy rest shalt thou enter in.
COLLINSVILLE, Ohio, Nov., 1861.

To My Brother.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

Oh, brother! sad will be,
The parting day with thee,
Yet go thou still,
With thy strong arm and true,
Loyal and noble too,
Thou manly work canst do,
With hand and will.
Our hearts in sadness bow,—
Thou art our eldest now,
Since he hath gone.
Yet stronger needs than ours
Call for thy active powers,
As danger threat'ning lowers,—
So press thou on!

The God of right shall be
Thy firm security,
Where'er thou art.
Then onward bravely go,
Doing thy work below,
Be it with friend or foe,
With all thy heart!

If prayers of ours avail,
If right and truth prevail,
Peace will descend.
In courage this we'll wait,—
At early morn and late,
Praying God save the State,
And those we send!

Kings and Queens of England.

WILLIAM II.

William II. was crowned September 27, 1087. His father left the throne of England to him in his will. To Robert, the eldest son, Normandy had been devised; and to Henry, the youngest, the possessions of his mother. The Normans in England preferred Robert for their king; but the English, who were the most numerous part of the population, favored the decision of William I. Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, having received letters from the late king, naming William for his successor, soon placed him on the throne. Odo, bishop of Bayeux, a brother of William I., immediately planned and headed a conspiracy, and induced most of the Norman lords to favor it, after which he communicated the affair to Robert, and urged him to come to England with an army sufficient to dethrone William. The indolence of that prince caused the rebellion to fail, and formed a striking contrast to the activity of his brother, who with promises of reward gained the English to his party, and took Odo a prisoner, and banished his adherents from the kingdom before the army of Robert arrived in England.

The English had assisted William in his necessity, and expected a reward in proportion to their services; but he forgot all the promises he had made, as soon as he saw himself secure on the throne. His government was not less despotic than that of his father; and, like him, his countenance was severe, and he had great bodily strength. He had a rudely complexion and red hair, on which account he was surnamed Rufus. He stammered in his speech, and his voice was strong, but not eloquent. He was very passionate, and was neither honorable nor honest. He was not punctual in his religious duties; and avarice, extortion, and extravagant expenditure, were among his vices. He was brave in war, and was praised for his courage and activity. He never married. Under various pretences he daily levied new taxes, and corruption was universal. To be a favorite at court, every principle of honor and conscience was discarded, and every kind of vice and excess prevailed among both the nobility and the clergy. He was severe towards his English subjects, and increased their humiliation. He set Pope Urban II. at defiance, and took the prelate into his own hands for five years; and he expelled the Danes from the island of

Anglesæa, and they, or any other northern nation, have never since invaded England. He built the Tower of London, Westminster Hall, and London Bridge. He restored the crown of Scotland to Malcolm III., the rightful heir. He obtained many victories, but oppressed his subjects by every mode of extortion, and was continually finding pretexts for new impositions, when suddenly he was attacked with a dangerous sickness, and his people hoped soon to be delivered from his tyranny. The king himself expected death, and considering it rapidly approaching, began to make serious promises of reform if the Divine Providence would restore him to health. But the repentance extorted by fear is seldom sincere or lasting, and when William recovered, all his good resolutions vanished, and his love of rule and self returned.

About this time, a great enterprise engaged the attention of the Christian world; it was the Crusades. An interest is natural to view those places that have been the residences of great men, or the scenes of celebrated transactions; and Christians, from an early period, entertained a peculiar veneration for a city which had been the theatre of the actions and sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind, and considered a pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Christ a compensation for almost any crime. While the Arabian caliphs retained possession of Jerusalem, they considered the constant resort of so many strangers, many of whom were persons of rank and distinction, a source of wealth to their dominions, and encouraged these religious visits, and the pilgrims found protection, and were treated with respect. But when the Turks became masters of Syria, they not only laid heavy impositions on the Christians who visited Jerusalem, but to extortion added outrage and insult, which excited throughout Europe a general sentiment of indignation. Robert, Duke of Normandy, and many others of illustrious rank, embarked in the enterprise against the Turks. Robert mortgaged his dominions to William for ten thousand marks, and the two brothers concluded a treaty. So William got easy possession of Normandy; but the sum paid to Robert, increased the taxes of the English. William was hunting in the new forest, when an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel, at a deer, glanced from a tree, and struck the king to the heart. He died August 2, 1100. He was forty-three years old, and had reigned thirteen years. He was buried the day after his death, at Winchester, without pomp. He lived unbeloved, and died unlamented.

Cedar Point;

OR, THE LOST CHILD.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"Mother, mother, please come here!" came in through the open door, in tones of such childish delight and earnestness, that Mrs. Lawton hastily laid down the dish of dew-berries she was preparing to dry, and passed out into the yard.

"What is it, child?—some more of those ground-nuts you found yesterday?"

"No, no. Oh, the sweetest flower you ever saw! You know I planted the seeds Mrs. Slade gave me, by this stump; and every one came up; and I have weeded them; and when it was dry, and they wilted a bit, I watered them; but I did not think they would be half so pretty! But, mother, what are you crying about?" and the eyes of the sympathetic child, which a moment before were dancing with delight, now filled with tears, as she leaned her cheek against her mother's form, which shook with sobs.

At last, came brokenly, as Mrs. Lawton with an effort crushed back the tears—

"It grew at home, in the garden, close by the spring; and sister and I never went for water in the summer without twining some in our hair, or bringing up a handful for the tumbler on the stand. Mother loved it so! She said it looked pert and cheerful, and blossomed without a bit of care; and when she died, we put a cluster in her hand; for Esther said it seemed as if she must love still to have them about her."

"Shall I pull them up, mother?—it makes you feel so bad!" queried Susie, as her little plump hand closed around one of the thriest stalks.

"No, no, child; I couldn't tell how many times I have dreamed about them the first year after we moved here; and then I used to wake up and cry, till it actually seemed sometimes as if I would give everything we owned, if I could go back and see mother's grave once more, and get a slip of this plant to set out here. I started with a good root in a tin-cup, when we moved, but we had only two ox-carts to bring everything for three families to keep house with, and you were so small that I had to carry you in my arms most of the journey; and one day the cup got broken, and before I knew it, the teamster threw it out into the road. These are so thick that we can transplant some around the door, and then I can see them every time I look out."

"Did you feel very bad to come clear off to Ohio, mother?"

"Not then, Susie, for we had to work hard, and could just get a living; and there was so much said about the rich lands in Ohio, and how young married people, who had not a hundred dollars, in a few years could own a good farm; but I hope, child, you will never see as many dark hours as I saw for a couple of years! We were six weeks on the road. The oxen were so slow, and from Cleveland out, most of the way, there was nothing but blazed trees to show the road. But your father says it is so changed now! In the worst places, they have laid down a causeway of logs, and the roads are quite comfortable; and after the wheat is thrashed, he has promised to take us out and see the place, and trade some. But how loud Ellen sings! She will wake up the baby if I don't hurry. You drive some good strong stakes around your plants, so that the wolves will not get in and trample them down. It will be next to a sight of the old home to look at them."

Mrs. Lawton took up her dish of dewberries, and with one foot on the cradle, fashioned out of a log, as nice as a father's loving hand could make it, and a hushing voice to Ellen, resumed her work. Old memories were busy. She could see the homestead, with the apple trees almost circling it, and the grim mountain looming up at its back, with its sombre drapery of pines, and hemlocks, and bare gray rocks, that jutted out into forbidding precipices. A little stream, like a fluttering ribbon in the air, danced down its side, and with a gurgling laugh and carol went singing off almost by their door. The robins were busy in the elm, and the sparrows went fluttering under the eaves of the old barn, and her mother spun at the little wheel, long shining threads, as silver gray as the hair that escaped from her snowy cap. She was so absorbed that she did not notice a step, till a broad shadow fell across the sunshine on the floor, and she started up to see the dusky form of an Indian squaw, with a papoose on her back, standing in the doorway. Mrs. Lawton was so accustomed to seeing the Indians ride by on their little ponies, and meeting them in the woods, when picking berries, that she felt no fear, and only pointed out a seat, and waited for her visitor to make known her errand. The squaw, without a word, unfolded the piece of faded chintz, wrapped around her babe, then held up the emaciated hands and arms, and with a few expressive

gestures and some broken English, made Mrs. Lawton understand that this was the last child left of a family of four, and she must make it well from a medicine bottle, which stood near on a shelf. Mrs. Lawton's father had been a physician, and the knowledge she gained from him, joined with the natural capabilities of a good nurse, made her almost invaluable in that sparsely settled country, where often, it was impossible to procure a doctor, and her fame had not been slow to reach the Indian camp which stood below their house.

Mrs. Lawton took the sickly, attenuated child into her arms, felt his languid pulse, and dry, husky skin, and telling Susie to fill a basin with tepid water, she bathed the little face and body, then wrapped him in a cool linen garment of her baby's, and poured some simple anodyne into his mouth. Mrs. Lawton really loved babies, and as the dusky lids unfolded after the refreshing bath, and two staring eyes gazed up into hers, and the little mouth grew tremulous with fear, she gathered him to her with caresses, rocking to and fro, and soothed him to sleep with a sweet nursery song. By signs and gestures, she made known to the delighted mother that she must come every day and get good milk for her child; that she would give it more medicine; and that soon it would be well, skipping around like Ellen, who was jumping up and down the steps. Four weeks of very dry, pleasant weather passed; the brush-heaps were all burnt nicely off the east lot, and the blackened logs rolled up in huge piles ready for firing. The corn was tasselled out, and the grain so high that it peeped into the six-paned side-window, and nodded its yellow heads ready for the reaper. The potato patch resembled a flower bed, it was so full of blossoms. It looked cheerful, even pleasant, to Mrs. Lawton, as she stood in the front door, gazing out into the yard, fenced in by woven branches, and beautified by some morning glories clambering over the disfiguring stumps, and clinging to the bark of the unhewn log-house. The little clearing in front, where their only cow quietly cropped the wild grass, and then the wide stretch of the forest, solemn, weird, mysterious, with only now and then an opening in the foliage, where the sunshine could sift down its pearls amid the unchanging gloom. She had begun to love it—to love the low moaning voice of the wind, that sometimes rose to a triumphant shout, then sunk to a faint whisper, yet breathing still the life God gave it when He held it in His hand at Creation's dawn. The prostrate

moss-grown log, whose birth had been with the birth of centuries before, gave her a feeling almost akin to worship; and the interstices of the rocks, and each crumbling root, sending forth some plant rich in bud and blossom, loved and watched over by a Father's care, gave her trust and peace that no crowded haunts of men could have given.

A few moments Mrs. Lawton stood in this mood, and then she smote her hand to her head, as if in sudden pain. "Where was Susie?" She had let her go out to seek for late berries three hours before, and she must be lost! How could she have forgotten her, and taken so much time to scour the cradle to the color of the white-wood blossom, and lingered over the puncheons of the floor, while her darling was out in the pathless forest, perhaps wringing her hands, and crying "Mamma!" with quivering lips. The thought was agony. Only two years before, little Justin Hays had wandered away after a tame rabbit, and lost his path, and was not found; and his mother never smiled afterwards, but wasted away, and actually died of a broken heart. With one look, to see that Ellen was so busy as to be trusted alone, she ran down the path to the opening in the brush fence, and out among the blackened logs to where the briars grew the thickest. She could find now and then little stems with fresh white ends, where the berries had been picked off that morning, but no child near them; and she made the woods resound, with the cry of "Susie! Susie!" It was of no use; she felt it even while calling; and she turned back, with a feeling in her heart almost as if death was deadening its beatings, to fix the children safe, ere she called the neighbors to assist. Her husband had started early that morning for the Newburgh Mills, and so there was no one to depend upon but herself, and not a person to leave with the children. She laid the baby on the back-side of the bed, where he could not roll off, tied Ellen to the bed-post, then throwing her a rag-baby and a basket of playthings, she fastened the back door, shut and pushed through the leather latch-string of the front one, then ran down the rough path towards the nearest neighbor's. It was a full mile, and the way was choked with logs and roots, that more than once tripped her up; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, except that her child was lost, as she mechanically brushed the blood from a bruised finger, hurt against a protruding root, and hurried on.

The road lay within speaking distance of the

Indian camp, and just as Mrs. Lawton was hastening by, the mother of the sick child met her, and held up her little boy, to show how plump and pretty he was growing. Observing, with the quickness of a child of the forest, that Mrs. Lawton was in trouble, she questioned, and found Susie was lost. It was but the work of a moment to call her dog and Menomee, a little adopted captive girl, and assure the afflicted mother that she would go with her and find her child.

Mrs. Lawton knew too much of the sagacity of the Indians and their dogs to hesitate a moment; so she turned abruptly around, and returned to her house, taking Menomee, to watch over Ellen and her baby while absent.

The dog seemed to understand that something unusual was the trouble, and stood patiently awaiting orders in the doorway, while his mistress gathered up some of Susie's shoes and stockings, and an apron fresh from her neck that morning, and with gesticulations, and low guttural sounds, made the intelligent brute to understand that he must find their owner. He was a long, slim dog, with a head like a fox, and as Mrs. Lawton saw that he started off with his nose down to the ground, round by the stump of morning glories, then out to a watermelon-vine, just as she had seen her little daughter do, instead of taking the direct path to the gate, she began to take heart again, and hope she could clasp Susie in her arms before the dreaded night. The dog hunted around among the bushes, then across the clearing to another clump, then passed down the hill to a bed of violets, out of sight of the house, then along a little brook, that went meandering off into the dark forest. A flower scattered here and there, and a bare spot on a moss-covered rock, where a little foot-step must have displaced it, gave Mrs. Lawton so much confidence in her guide, that she passed on with a more cheerful step, and even cast her eyes around to see the beautiful scenery, which was becoming wilder every moment. The smooth, level ground, that they had been traversing, had broken up into ravines and long, sloping hills, to the bottom lands, where a river flowed on, bright as the sky above it, when the interstices in the leaves let the sunshine through, and lit up the shaded waters. After a long distance, it glided almost beneath them, and Mrs. Lawton could hardly suppress a scream when she saw their faithful guide go along on some crumbling earth that almost overhung the fretting rocks

in the bed of the stream, then creep around a narrow parapet, where only a child's careless feet would dare tread.

The group walked silently on, the dog with his nose to the ground, running around as if in a maze when he missed the track, then wagging his tail, and hurrying on, when again successful; the squaw silent and glum, yet noting with her quicker observation every broken twig, and dented sand; the mother hopeful, then tearful, anxiously peering ahead to catch a glimpse of her child amid the bushes, then casting side glances into the dark woods, and even down into the river, when a curve again brought it near them. The child must have walked fast, though she had two or three hours the start, for the sun was far past the meridian, and the thought "if darkness should come upon them before they found her," made the poor mother feel as if she must fly; but there was no alternative but to follow their guide, and be patient, and with tears in her eyes, and a prayer on her lips, she threaded her way over the logs, and around the bushes, and now and then out into some smooth grassy glade, where the sunshine looked up as cheerful and smiling as if no aching heart was passing above it, feeling as if it was mocking.

Their way at last lay entirely beside the river; and the declivity in some places was so steep, that she could touch with her hands the branches of the trees that grew at the base, and then it all ended in a rough earthy bank, that shelved down, without bush or tree, to the water that swept its side. A short time they traversed this, and then came a glad bark from the dog, a suppressed exclamation from the squaw, and Mrs. Lawton was laughing and sobbing hysterically over Susie, who was staring open her eyes, just roused from sleep, with bewildered gaze.

After the first paroxysm of joy was over, Mrs. Lawton, with a reverential feeling, as if the very ground was holy, stood up and took in the whole scene—the jutting point with its steep sides, descending without shrub or vine over a hundred feet to the water. At the left hand, a calm, still river steadily gliding over a rocky bed; and at the right, another stream pouring in and flowing off peacefully to the north, a narrow stretch of thickly wooded bottom land, and then opposite, a second bold point that jutted out forbiddingly, as if scowling defiance to the one she stood upon. It was a grand, but fearful view to that mother, as she looked at the prints of Susie's head in the soft moss, not more than five feet from the edge,

and nothing but a cedar bush between her and the frightful declivity.

"God watched over my darling," she exclaimed, with streaming eyes, as she gave a last look, then gathered the little one to her side, and with a branch of the protecting shrub, to keep as a grateful memento through life, she with her companions started on their homeward way.

BEREA, OHIO,

Formation of Pearls.

FROM "STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE."

One of the pretty fables Pliny repeats is, that pearls are formed by drops of dew falling into the gaping valves of the oyster. It never occurred to him to ask whether oysters were ever exposed to the dew? whether the drops *could* fall into their valves? whether oysters kept their valves open except when under water? or, finally, whether, if the dew *did* fall in, it would *remain* a rounded drop? The drop of dew had a certain superficial resemblance to the pearl, and that was enough. Ælian's hypothesis was somewhat better: he supposed that the pearls were produced by lightning flashing into the open shells.

Turning from these ancient sages, you will ask how pearls are formed? And almost any ingenious modern, not a zoologist, will tell you (and tell you falsely) that the pearl is a disease of the oyster. One is somewhat fatigued at the merciless frequency with which this notion has been dragged in, as an illustration of genius issuing out of sorrow and adversity, and it is time to stop that "iteration" by discrediting the notion. Know then, that if

"Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong,

They learn in suffering what they teach in song"—it is not true that oysters secrete in suffering what women wear as necklaces. Disease would be the very worst cradle for pearls. The idea of disease originated in the fanciful supposition of pearls being to the oyster and mussel what gall-stones and urinary calculi are to higher and more suffering animals. Réaumur, to whom we owe so many good observations and suggestive ideas, came near the truth when, in 1717, he showed that the structure of pearls was identical with the structure of the shells in which they grow. He attributed their formation to the morbid effusion of coagulating shell-material.

I presume you know that shells are formed by a secretion from the *mantle*? The mantle

is that delicate semi-transparent membrane which you observe on opening a mussel, lining the whole interior of the shells, and having at its free margins a sort of fringe of delicate tentacles which are sensitive and retractile. A microscopic examination of these fringes shows them to be glandular in structure—that is, they are secreting organs. The whole mantle, indeed, is a secreting organ, and its secretion is the shell material; the fringes secrete the coloring matters of the shell, and enlarge its *circumference*; the rest of the mantle secretes the *nacre*, or mother of pearl, and increases the *thickness* of the shell.

Now it is obvious that the formation of pearl nacre and of pearls, depends on the *healthy* condition of the mantle, not on its diseases. If the mantle be injured, the nacre is not secreted at all or in less quantities.

But, although pearls depend upon the healthy, not the diseased activity of the mantle, it is clear that there must be some unusual condition present for their formation, since the secretion of nacre does not spontaneously assume the form of pearls. What is the unusual condition? Naturalists are at present divided into two camps, fighting vigorously for victory. The one side maintains that the origin of the pearl is this: an egg of the oyster has escaped and strayed under the mantle, or the egg of a parasite has been *deposited* there; this egg forms the nucleus, round which the nacre forms, and thus we have the pearl. The other side maintains with great positiveness that *anything* will form a nucleus, a grain of sand no less than the egg of a parasite. 'Tis a pretty quarrel, which we may leave them to settle. Some aver that grains of sand are more numerous than anything else; but Möbius says that of forty-four sea pearls and fifteen fresh-water pearls examined by him, not one contained a grain of sand; and Filippi, who has extensively investigated this subject, denies that a grain of sand ever forms the nucleus of a true pearl. Both Filippi and Küchenmeister declare that a parasite gets into a mussel or oyster, and its presence there stimulates an active secretion of nacre.

There are pearls, according to Möbius, which consist of three different systems of layers, like the shells in which they are formed; with this difference, that these layers are *reversed*; in the shell, the nacre forms the innermost layer; in the pearl, it forms the outermost. Hence the qualities of the pearl depend on the shell, and on the different proportions of nacre and carbonate of lime.

LAY SERMONS.

Under a Cloud.

"What a joyous creature!" said a friend, glancing, as he spoke, towards an attractive girl, whose laugh rang out at the moment, and went musically fluttering through the rooms. "It always does me good to meet the outflowing life of such a being. She is like a ruddy blossom in a bed of sombre-hued plants, catching the sunbeams, and throwing them, by reflection, all around her."

"She is a fair, human flower," I answered, "with rich stores of perfume in her heart; only, I have thought, sometimes, a little too gay and joyous. She seems to live in perpetual sunshine."

"I see no objection in that. Flowers grow in the sunshine. It is their life-imparting element," was returned. "Give me the radiant natures; souls that dwell beneath unclouded skies; hearts that know no shadows."

"The sky is not always sunny," I remarked.

My friend looked at me, as one who did not clearly see the drift of this sentence.

"There are intervals, in which clouds obscure the heavens—intervals of rain."

He looked at me still; a slight change passing over his face, as if some unpleasant thoughts were coming into his mind; but did not reply.

"Are not clouded skies, and falling rains, also good for the flowers? Would their richest beauty—their sweetest odors—come out, if they dwelt only in the sunshine? Nay, more than this, would the fruit-germ perfect itself fully in the flower-heart, if there were given only hot, untempered and over stimulating beams of light from opening bud to falling petal?"

My friend was yet silent. The illustration brought doubts and queries not easily set aside.

"The soul is not a flower," he said, at length. "Because plants need the alternations of rain and sunshine, does it follow that the same is true of our souls?"

"There is a perfect correspondence between the soul and nature," I returned; "for was not the world of nature created for man? And, if created for him, must it not in all things correspond to what is in him? If it were not so, how would it be possible for him ever to be at one with nature? Granting this perfect correspondence, then, as to objects and their relations in the phenomenal world, with the inner world of mind, will not growths, processes, and developments in the latter, advance by corresponding laws to final results? So, nature becomes, in a higher degree, our teacher."

The merry laugh rang out again. It was near us—the maiden had crossed the room, her arm stood within that of another maiden, and now stood the centre of a little group. The laugh was musical as before; and yet, something of its sweet-

ness to the ear was gone. We paused to observe her, and could not help but hear the sentences that dropped from her lips. Flippant trifles first—then a thoughtless personality, that must have hurt the one at whom it was thrown—and then a witty sarcasm, at the expense of an excellent, but peculiar lady, who made one of the company.

"Too much sunshine," I remarked, leaning to my friend, as the group separated, and our merry maiden passed beyond the range of our voices. "The life blood is too abundant—the growth too lusty. She needs the tempering of clouds and rain."

"Trouble—sorrow—or sickness. Is that what you mean?"

"Whatever God sees best," was my answer. "He knoweth the heart, and understandeth what discipline is needed. She is with Him, and He will not suffer the good in her to be lost."

Again the bird-like, warbling laugh, went through the rooms. A sigh, almost at the same moment, parted my friend's lips. Either my suggestions, or the want of harmony between the beautiful and glad exterior of the maiden and the glimpses she had given of her inner state, had changed his feeling towards her. He was disappointed, as we so often are in plucking a beautiful but unfamiliar flower, to find the odor unpleasant.

"Perhaps you are right," he said, in a changed voice. "There may be need of clouds and rain."

"There is always need of them," I remarked; "just as much need of them for the perfection of a human soul, as for the perfection of a plant or a tree. When the poet said—

'Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary,'

he was not playing with figures of speech, but uttering a truth of universal application."

"It may be so," the friend remarked, with increasing sobriety of manner—"but, I cannot see why the soul, of necessity, must have dark days and rainy seasons for the perfection of its life. I cannot see why one like Miss Saroni, for instance, may not grow into a true, loving, and perfect womanhood, and yet dwell always in sunshine. I know that our higher nature must be developed; that we must rise above the natural into the spiritual, and become heavenly-minded. But, I am of those who do not believe in a gloomy, self-tormenting religion. Why should doing right, and being right, according to God's precepts, shadow a man's soul?"

"It is right living that breaks the clouds which darken our sky," was my answer. "Religion is life—a life in harmony with divine precepts. The natural life into which we are born is below this, and responsive to the world of nature—unhappily, through inherited evils, always, in its development,

turning itself away from good. Did you not observe that tendency in Miss Saroni? Bright, happy, lovely as she is, a contempt for others has already found a place in her mind. Will not that feeling, under the strong stimulant of sunshine, grow vigorously? Depend upon it, there must be dark days, winter and rain for her, as for all. A new ground must be prepared in her mind; new seeds sown—even spiritual seeds, which are divine truths—and these must be sheltered from scorching heats, and receive dews and rains. So, of necessity, in order that the first life, which is by nature evil and selfish, may recede, and permit a new life to be born, states of trouble, of sorrow, or affliction, must come. If man had not fallen from his first estate, all would have been different. His natural life, developed in just order, would have been as a garden ready for spiritual seed, which being cast into the earth, would have germinated and grown into goodly plants bearing spiritual fruit. But it is different now. The natural mind is filled with evil seeds, and the growth of evil plants is rank and rapid. It follows, that unless these be removed, hurt, or hindered in some way, no good seed can find a lodgment or grow. The hurting, the hindering, and the removing, take place for the most part, through misfortunes, afflictions, sickness, or troubles, by which natural things recede from the affections, and the soul is led to aspire after heavenly and eternal things. We must all pass under the cloud; we must all have gloomy days; we must all suffer, that life from heaven may be born within us."

A few years of sunshine followed, in which our young friend did not grow more lovely in spirit, though richly endowed both in mind and person. Beauty made her vain; mental superiority, caused her to think with contempt of those with feeble endowments; wealth, instead of being thankfully accepted, created a feeling of superiority. Vanity, pride, self-estimation, contempt for inferiors—such were the evil plants fast attaining to a full growth in her mind. It was needful, in the wise provisions of a good Providence, that, to save her and

others from the sad fruitage of these, she must pass under a cloud. And so, dark days came—angry skies and swift driving tempests.

I did not see her during these dark days; but afterwards, I met her frequently. What a beauty there was in her life! She had been long under the cloud, and the shadows it left still lingered about her face; but, as thought and feeling stirred in her, responsive to your touch, how sweetly the quiet smiles broke through! There remained in her lower tones, a memory of past suffering, that touched you at times; but her words were ever cheerful. Of others, she spoke with considerate kindness; dwelling on the good in them—rarely touching the evil. Never a complaint passed her lips; but she often referred to the wise and good dealings of God to the children of men. Once she said to me, "I am only happy when useful." What a volume of meaning the sentence contains! Let not its triteness take from its just significance.

"Was it not best?" I said, to the friend with whom I had talked years before—"best for her that the sun was hidden and the rain fell?"

"Perhaps," he answered, thoughtfully.

"Do you question it?" I asked.

"No, I will not say that. Doubtless it was best. One thing is certain, the sphere of her life is sweet. You cannot pass an hour in her company without being more in love with right principles—without feeling an inspiration to good deeds."

And it was even so. In the winter of her adversity "much wheat had grown;" in the night of sorrow she had been still, and gathered strength; while under the cloud, holy truths had dropped into her mind and germinated, the cloud still shadowing her sky, and tempering both light and heat, until the springing seeds gathered strength at the root, and lifted up green blades into the caressing air. She was coming into the light and heat again; but now, the sun whose rays poured down upon her life with blessing, was spiritual and divine.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Attractions of Home.

"HOME!" "MOTHER!" What a world of pleasant associations clusters around these two little words! Were the fables of Alchemy true, and letters, those arbitrary signs of a written language, held, as they used to be by the unlearned, for tokens of cabalistic art, how many "spirits from the vasty deep" of Memory would not these characters evoke.

It has been often complainingly remarked, that some of the modern languages are destitute of the familiar and precious name of Home. The French

imply, by their *chez lui* or *chez elle*, a man or woman's place of business, equally with their private dwelling houses. And it not unfrequently happens, that by their cheap *restaurant* system, whole families are enabled to dispense with the routine of housekeeping, and a daily attention to the mysteries of the *cuisine*, and go out to dine or sup at a *table d'hôte*, instead of enjoying those social meals at their own firesides. How sensibly the want of these daily reunions of the home circle would be felt by us, let any one answer, who has experienced the comfort of a well cooked repast, when surrounded by those he loves.

Then by our truly English word "Home," we mean a place that we may call our own;—a resting point, where we may stand apart from the cares and anxieties of the busy world;—a shelter from the storms that are without, and where we are sure to meet with sympathy and love, however cold and callous and hollow-hearted may have been our experience of the stranger crowd, with whom we have unavoidably mingled in the business of life. From the poet, whose familiar melodies have made sacred the name of "Home, sweet Home," to the school-boy who memorializes past delights in the more classic strains of "Dulce Domum," the same idea is presented, that home is a place to look forward to with delight, and ever to be regretted when separated from its enjoyments. Then, too, the sailor as he climbs the tempest-tossed mast to strain his eyes for a welcome speck of land, dreams of home as a haven of rest; while the wanderer in the arid wilderness, beholds in it the oasis, the one green spot in the burning sands of the desert; and even our aspirations after a better and higher sphere of existence, are characterized by the endearing epithets of "a rest above"—"a home in the heavens."

With all these hallowed associations the name of "mother" is closely united. Just as the woof and weft combine in the texture of some richly adorned tapestry, so intimate is the connection between "Home" and "Mother." We can scarcely imagine what the one would be without the other. Truly in such desolate households the web must have lost the one golden thread that brightened every part it touched, when the sacred name of "mother" is laid down as a relic of the past. Happy they who may use this endearing title until they claim it as their own, and in their turn bring sunshine to other households.

But it cannot be denied that in some families "Home" is almost if not quite a misnomer. Not to speak of the haunts of misery or vice, so destitute of comfort and convenience that it appears almost an insult to the name to term them homes, there is a gloom, a chilly atmosphere pervading some dwelling houses, which makes the word equally misapplied to them. Why is it that some children and youth would rather be anywhere than at home? Why is the family circle so frequently broken by the absence of its junior members, in search of that amusement or recreation, which might be so much more judiciously carried on beneath the approving eye of a parent? Is it your fault, mother? Father, is it yours?—for I hope even fathers may find something interesting in our "MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT," and will not despise a hint or two for their coöperation in the glorious work of training future men and women to be ornaments of society, and a blessing to the world. Have you forgotten the halcyon days of your own buoyant youth, and have the cares of the world and the dignity of age chilled your heart strings, until they fail to respond to the yearnings of your

boy and girl for something "ever charming, ever new?" Rest awhile from the busy strife of the outside world, and try some of the many attractions of home life to make you feel young again.

We Americans are said to be a very busy people. It may be that we are too much engrossed with the stern realities of life, to unbend ourselves for moments of leisure and enjoyment. Certain it is that the vast majority live in a perpetual whirl, as if they were bent on rushing through the term of their mortal existence, with the speed of a steam engine. The man of business carries the ledger lines too frequently drawn in the furrows of his sombre countenance, when he seeks the threshold of home; the mother too often feels the reaction of the petty cares she has battled with through the morning, to be able heartily to join in the recreations of the younger members of the family, when they gather together at the close of the day's employments. So we grow prematurely old, and our children spring up with the same grovelling dispositions, and look on life as a commerce of dollars and cents, with few aspirations after a higher and more intellectual culture.

Let it not be so. Nature with her open volume teaches us other lessons. In the flowers, the bird songs, the dew, the changing foliage in its autumnal glory, the variety of leaves in the forest, the wonders of the starry heavens, we read the beneficence as well as the wisdom of a Divine Being. These are for our pleasure, although they may seem to profit us but little, while the granite boulder, the fruits and abundance of the well tilled fields, the treasures of the mine, the fossil that has been hid for ages in the vast storehouses of the earth, yield both comfort and luxury. So in life must the useful and ornamental blend. We should not always plod earthward, but look up, and look brightly.

The young are perhaps inclined to wish for too much amusement; the middle aged for too little. Let there be a judicious mingling of the *utile* and the *dulce* in both, and in particular tempered by the kind advice and assistance of the older members of the family. Little ones may soon be engaged and amused by simple recreations. These ought not always to be of a quiet character. Open, out of door exercise, is needful to strengthen and develop the delicate muscles of the child; too much fresh air cannot be afforded to its growing limbs, its little heaving lungs. Our fields and woods give fine opportunities for active sport to the country reared youth; in the cities we must seek for the arena of health and exercise in the beautiful parks, with which taste and elegance have adorned their somewhat sombre features. But a word on this subject. Do not let these moments of pure childish enjoyment be sullied by a love of display, a close attention to the fashion. How often has the heart ached to see the delicate arms and chest of an infant uncovered to the chilling air, its little limbs blue beneath the lace that just tipped so gracefully above them.

Where flowers can be cultivated, this is a pure and simple enjoyment. There is nothing that makes even a lowly home more beautiful than to adorn it with these unwritten poems; and they open for the most prosaic and care-worn of earth a field for the exercise of some of the sweetest emotions of the heart. A blossom—even the scent of one that is associated with memories of home and beloved friends—what a thrill of delight it brings to the wanderer, when time and distance have separated him from them! Some of these long winter evenings, spent in acquiring a little useful knowledge about the nature and use of the plants we may meet with in our summer rambles, would not be misspent time. It is pleasant to be able to claim an acquaintance in the woods and meadows, and to learn to classify and arrange our flowers, as well as admire their beauty.

And now about these same long winter evenings. What shall we do with them?—How shall we make them attractive? They are golden opportunities for linking the imagination to home as its centre; and once drawn there, it will be true to its early love as the needle to the pole of the magnet. It is impossible, within the limits of a magazine article, to give more than a rough outline of the subject; but once taken up, the field is an exceeding broad and fertile one, and may be improved as opportunities offer.

To the very young child its toys and picture blocks should be granted, even if they for the time disarrange the symmetry and order of the parlor surroundings; they will not disfigure but adorn the family *tableau*. The older ones should be taught to give up a portion of their leisure to amuse and delight the little ones; and then when rosy slumber has sealed their happy eyelids, they will return with a new zest to their own enjoyments. Geographical games, dissected maps or puzzles, the changing views of the stereoscope, the wonders of the microscope, and, if practicable, a good telescope, whether applied to earth or sky, afford rational and instructive recreation. Where circumstances permit, instrumental music, or in any

circumstances, the natural music of the voice should be cultivated. The great Creator has placed within the human throat such a curious mechanism to emit sweet sounds, that it is almost a sin against nature not to make use of it. Children soon learn to sing, and those are charming concerts, where they unite with the mellowed tones of maturity their

"Bird-like voices, sweet and clear."

The old German reformer, Luther, quaintly observed, that "the devil did not like singing;" and it is most certainly true, that the demons of ill will and ill temper cannot exist within the pure, healthful influence of song. There is something hallowed in the remembrance of old family tunes.

But above all, a well selected supply of reading matter will make home an attractive place. Good books, both instructive and amusing—for we must have sweetmeats as well as solid food, and use both with judgment,—the standard periodicals of the day, the family newspaper, ought all, if possible, to find a place on our table. If we cannot afford many, we can choose the best; but by all means do not let our children suffer for want of mental food. They must have recreation. If you deny that which is healthful, they may seek it in more questionable forms, and less wholesome channels. Better to minister less to a morbid taste for dress and fashion, and procure, with the sum economized, some good magazine or entertaining volume to delight their leisure.

Many a youth has been lost, because this early taste for reading was not fostered, nor its proper food supplied. Home seemed to him a dull and gloomy place; he had cravings after something to occupy his heavy moments, and so he gave heed to the tempter who stands so near to all our thresholds. O that those who have the privilege and responsibility of training up the youth of our land, would study by all means in their power to make Home attractive, so that its instructions and quiet enjoyments may follow through life the beloved ones who have been committed to their care!

M. D. R. B.

PARKSBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY

"Keeping a Look Out."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Mother," I said, going up to her this morning, while she sat at the sewing machine finishing off some collars for papa, "I should like to do something good to-day—to feel when night comes that I had made somebody better, or happier, you know. I've been thinking about it this morning, but I don't see anything that I can do."

"My little girl," said mamma, drawing me to

her, "God will accept the desire, if you do not find the opportunity to fulfil it. All you have to do is to keep a 'look out,' and sooner or later the time will come to do the good deed. Just be quiet now, and go about your books, and your play, just as you have always done, and see if my prophecy doesn't prove true."

I thought that it would be a long time first, but I was mistaken. That very day, mamma's prophecy was fulfilled!

"Whew!" said Uncle Lucius, as he came into the

front hall, stamping his boots, and shaking off the snow from his great-coat, "what a miserable snow squall this is! Just in the right time, too, to spoil a fellow's fun!"

"Oh, Lucius, you shouldn't talk so," said mamma, as he entered the sitting-room, and hurried up to the register to dry himself. "Remember *who* it is that appoints the weather."

My Uncle, Lucius Morgan, is my mother's youngest brother, and he is in the junior class at college. I love him very dearly. We have capital times together. He is *just* as full of mischief and frolic, of all sorts of funny ways and sayings! The very sight of his black, sparkling eyes, makes me laugh, and he never keeps his hands off from me two seconds when he is in the house.

"Well, Augusta!" exclaimed Lucius, settling himself down before the register, "we fellows had just made up our minds to go out on Saltonstall Lake this afternoon. It's glorious skating; and we'd all got ready, and were going to start right after dinner, and this miserable snow squall must go and knock it all in the head."

"I'm sorry for your disappointment, I'm sure," answered mamma. "But you must let it teach you a little patience, and then"—looking up at the low, gray clouds—"I don't really think this snow is anything but what will be over in an hour."

"Thank you for the latter half of your remark, Augusta. I won't express any opinion regarding the former. Where are you, chickadee?" hunting all around the room with his eyes.

"Where I don't intend you shall get hold of me," I said, hiding farther within the shadow of the book-case.

"And you are just where I intend to catch you!" exclaimed my uncle, jumping up, and before I could spring away he had caught my curls, and we had a scamper and a chase all about the room, mamma watching us all the time with her sweet, half grave smile.

"There goes the bell!" she said, just as I had grown quite breathless with running. "Come, you big and little romp; I hope that your dinner will sober you down!"

"Our romp is just what we needed, sis, to sharpen up our appetites," said Uncle Lucius, for he always has something ready.

Just as we got through dinner, the clouds broke away, and between their gray edges there lay a still bright lake of blue.

"Hurrah for Lake Saltonstall!" exclaimed Uncle Lucius, as he swung his goblet about his head, and the side caught a sunbeam and broke it into purple and gold, like a prism.

Then he struck it down on the table, and looked at his watch. "Not a minute's time for it," he said, in very much the tone in which he had spoken about the snow.

"Not a minute's time for what, Lucius?" asked mamma.

"Why, I promised to settle with my washer-

woman this afternoon. She sent up my clothes last night, but she couldn't make the change, so to save her the trouble of coming up again, I told her I'd step around myself this afternoon."

"I don't like to have such people wait for their money. They may need it very much," replied mamma.

"I know it Augusta. But here I am in a dilemma. The fellows start in fifteen minutes; and there isn't one to spare; for I've got to buy a pair of skates."

"Betty'll have to take the money round after she gets through with her dishes," answered mamma. "Give me the woman's address and the money."

"That hits the nail—here's two dollars, Augusta," and kissing us both, and pulling my curls as a parting remembrance, Uncle Lucius hurried off, humming a tune.

"Shure, ma'am," said Betty, "I've had word that my brother's broken his arm! He works on the railroad. Can I run down and see him as soon as I get the dishes off?"

"Of course, Betty. I'm very sorry for you." Mamma saw, as I did, that the girl was very white, and trembling from head to foot.

"It's too bad the washerwoman wont have her money," said mamma, after Betty had closed the door. "But there seems to be no help for it."

And then I thought of keeping a "look out," and went up to mamma. "The poor woman may need the money very much; mayn't I take it to her?"

Mamma looked up in my face with her own, doubtful and solicitous—

"You're a little girl, Annie," she said, "and the walk is a very long one."

"Long walks and fresh air are the best medicines in the world for little girls," papa said.

Mamma smiled. "Well, then, run and get your bonnet and cloak and furs, you must bundle up warm."

I had followed mamma's careful directions, *very* carefully, and came at last to the little brown, one story house in the lane. I knocked several times at the front door, when at last a little boy presented himself, and said Mrs. Gwin lived in the front room on one side. I knocked but once at *that* door, and then there came to it a little faded, sad-faced woman, whom my heart ached for, as soon as I set my eyes on her.

"I've brought you the money for Uncle Lucius's clothes," I said, "as he was called another way."

"I'm very much obliged," she answered, the sad face brightening a little. "Do come in and get warm by the fire—my little girl has been *so* sick all day, I didn't dare to leave her for a minute—not even to go for the money, which I wanted to buy her some medicine with."

I went up to the small stove. The room was neat, but very poor. On the bed, at one side, lay

a little girl, younger than I. She was very white, and something seemed to choke her breath; and she groaned softly, now and then, as though she was suffering.

The sight of that little girl touched me very much. "What is the matter with her?" I asked.

"I don't know," answered the mother; with a troubled, grieved look on her face, as she went up to the bed-side, and stroked the brown hair on the pillow. "She's complained of her throat for two or three days, and said that she couldn't swallow easy; and to-day she's been struck down like this."

"You ought to have a doctor, Mrs. Gwin," I said.

"I 'spose I had," she answered, with a deep sigh. "But I don't know where to go for one, and I don't like to leave Mary a minute."

"Well, if you like, I'll stop for Doctor Adams on my way home. We always have him when we're sick."

"Blessings on your bright face," said the woman, with tears in her eyes. "I'll thank you to the last day of my life!"

So I hurried off, for that sick little face haunted me. Doctor Adams happened to be at home. He seemed a little surprised at first; asked me if mamma knew anything about the sick child; then smiled at me and patted my head.

"You'll go round there right off, wont you, Doctor Adams?"

"Yes, my child. I was going right past there, and I will stop on my way."

I waited until I had seen the Doctor jump into his sleigh, and then I started for home. I told mamma all that had happened. She listened with great interest, and said that I did quite right.

"I was only keeping a look out as you told me, mamma!"

She looked at me and smiled. Something pleasant was in her thoughts; but she did not speak. Two days after, she was out, and stopped at Doctor Adams's to inquire about Mrs. Gwin's sick little girl.

When she came home she said to me, "Annie, you were the means of saving that poor little girl's life! She had an attack of *diphtheria*, and the Doctor says if he had been called three hours later, it would have done no good. As it is, she is out of danger!"

"Oh mother!" I was too much overwhelmed to say another word.

Mamma seemed to understand just how I felt. She drew me very close to her. "We will go together to see this little girl to-morrow, dear."

After this the first words that I said, looking up into her face, were, "It was well that I kept a 'look out,' mamma. Your prophecy was fulfilled!"

Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Taking an Inventory.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I was spending an afternoon last summer with a friend. While seated at the parlor window, inhaling the perfume of flowers, and watching the birds, as they flitted in and out among the shrubbery in the yard, my attention was arrested by the angry voices of children. Changing my position, I had a fair view of the scene.

A little boy, about five years of age, was pumping water from the cistern. He was flooding the yard, and no doubt had often been forbidden to meddle with the pump; but the temptation to work the handle was not to be resisted.

His brother, aged about ten years, was angrily vociferating, and struggling to loosen the little fellow's hands. The latter clung tenaciously to the satisfaction he derived from his wrong-doing. He retained his hand on the pump-handle, as well as his determinedness of purpose. His brother tugged and pulled at him—his face flushed with anger, and his lips breathing out rather a naughty tirade of abuse.

At this juncture a little girl came up, and saying in a low, sweet voice, "Charlie should not play with the pump," led him unresistingly down the walk towards the farther end of the yard.

Shortly afterwards, I saw "Charlie" with a wreath of flowers on his head, and a patriotic apron on, fashioned out of red, white and blue tissue paper. He was a veritable warrior in his own estimation, and the pump and every other thing was forgotten in the absorbing personification of the hour.

Now, two things (among many others) were suggested to my mind by this incident, to which I want to draw the attention of my young readers.

First: The power of kindness, as exercised in the control of your brothers and sisters, who are younger than you are. Why did that little child so quietly accompany his sister, and give up the strife? Partly for the reason that she had not directly opposed his wishes, and partly because he loved her, and knew, from the experience of the past, that she had something in store for him superior to the forbidden amusement. And so he found it in this instance. A few spare moments fashioned a wreath of roses richer than the crown of a king, and an armor of gauze impenetrable as steel, and as bright as gold, in his childish eyes.

The angriest of strife had been swept from his soul by the magic hand of love, and the dawn of a new happiness was there. Ah! there is much in kindness. Kind words and deeds do not impoverish us, but, on the contrary, make ourselves and others unspeakably rich.

Secondly: My young friends should remember that older folks are continually taking an inventory of their character. An inventory means a detailed estimate of value. You have heard of them taking an inventory of the stock in a store. The quantity

and value of every article is put down, in order to attain a correct aggregate. I had taken my inventory of that little group, and the young girl stood highest in my favor. While you are playing, or loitering on the streets, or engaged in good or bad actions, older heads are observing you—are making an inventory of your ability, intelligence, disposition, and character; and many instances might be given, in which such observations affected the opinions and prejudices of the observing party in after years.

In conclusion—be kind to your younger brothers and sisters—remember that the eyes of older people are upon you: but, above all, that God is cognizant of every thought you think, word you say, and act you do, and will hold you to a strict accountability therefor.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Don't Scold.

BY J. E. M'C.

Were you ever tried quite beyond the point of endurance by a heedless servant, when circumstances did not admit of your discharging her, and taking your chance of finding another? Then is the time to offer an earnest prayer that God would "keep the door of your lips." Besides the sinfulness of indulging in a bad temper, your influence over her is gone, as surely as she sees you in a passion, and hears angry, unlady-like words from your lips. Besides losing her respect for you, her own temper will be aroused, and the bad will be made tenfold worse. Your reproofs must be given with a quiet dignity, or they will be worse than wasted. I have known many professedly Christian women, who seemed to regard getting angry with servants as quite an excusable matter, if not indeed rather meritorious.

Oh, if our Heavenly master were as "strict to mark iniquity" against us, as we are against others, "who could stand." Reflect how day by day you neglect the work he has given you to do, how often you perform the very things he has forbidden, and yet how infinitely greater are your obligations. Surely such considerations are sufficient to make one humble even in the presence of the most unfaithful domestic.

There are many things to be extenuated in the case of inexperienced help, and a really vigorous minded woman can make even the crudest materials into something quite useful, if she will only set to work patiently and cheerily. The stimulus of a kindly voice, a bright smile, and an occasional helping hand, can work wonders. Ladies may complain as they will, even a poor domestic is better than none, though where better can be obtained it is the poorest economy to employ inefficient and inexperienced help, for the matter of a trifling difference in the month's wages. The loss by the inexperience or carelessness of a young girl, will more than overbalance the difference, not to mention the constant care and anxiety of the housekeeper, who is compelled in such a case to oversee everything. But whatever the provocation—don't scold—but kindly and patiently point

out "a more excellent way." Let your servant see you have an interest in her improvement, for her own sake as well as your own. Spend a little time every day in teaching her, especially if she should not know how to read and write. Some simple instruction in common fancy work, plain crocheting, or easy embroidering, to be taken up only when the work is all well done, will often prove a more powerful stimulus to a young girl's energies than any number of sharp reproofs. The hands work a great deal faster when the heart is light.

It is scarcely needful to mention to any reader of the "Home Magazine," that there are underbred people who seem to imagine it adds to their importance to treat domestics with rudeness and incivility, especially in the presence of others. But the truly genteel lady would ask no higher proof of one's vulgarity and low origin than such a display. The lady of true refinement would discharge even the most worthless domestic in terms of politeness.

HOW TO MAKE A CHICKEN PIE.

In answer to an inquiry in the Rural New Yorker, the following recipes for making a chicken pie were furnished:—

No. 1. I take two common-sized chickens—old ones will answer, which are not good to roast—put them in a pot with plenty of water, some salt, and boil until tender, but not too much. Then make a crust as you would for biscuit. I use cream, and think it best. Roll about one-fourth inch thick, and line the sides of a six quart pan with the crust, then dip in a layer of chicken, season with butter, pepper and salt, to suit the taste. Then another layer of crust, and again a layer of chicken, and so on until the pan is full. Then roll a top crust large enough to cover the pan, put into the oven, bake moderately one hour and a half, and you will have chicken pie enough for a dozen persons, and I doubt not but they will pronounce it good.

No. 2. Boil the fowls until tender; prepare a crust of buttermilk and cream, in the same manner as for soft biscuit; line your baking dish with a portion of it, then break the fowls in pieces, and place the portions around in the pie. Put in some lumps of butter, then pour in the liquid in which

the fowls were boiled until the pan is two-thirds full. It should be seasoned to the taste before putting in, but not have any thickening in, or it will dry away too much. Mold some butter into the crust reserved for the top. Roll out and wet the edges where the crust comes together. Make a hole in the top to let out the steam. Bake it moderately. At least two fowls will be necessary for a large pie.

No. 3. Dress chickens in the usual manner; cut up as small as possible; put the pieces in cold water, and boil until tender. Take up and set away to cool, as it injures the crust to put it over hot, as is the custom with some cooks. Take a tablespoonful of flour and stir into half a pint of rich cream; stir this into the water the chicken has boiled in, also season to your taste with pepper and a little nutmeg. Let it boil up a minute, and set away to cool; then make your crust with shortening and flour. Mix with water, as you would any pie-crust; beat up an egg and put in the water, which should be ice cold. Line your pie dish with the crust; put about an inch of crust around the bottom, and put in your meat, with a great spoonful of chopped pork, which has been fried a light brown. Scatter in bits of butter rolled in flour, and turn in the gravy enough to come up even with the meat. Put on the top crust, and wet the edges to keep it secure. Bake half an hour.

To FRICASSE CHICKENS.—Boil them forty minutes in water enough barely to cover them. Take off the scum as fast as it rises. Take them up, and carve them in the usual way. Put part of the water in which they were boiled into a spider or stew-pan. For two chickens, rub a piece of butter as large as an egg and a spoonful of flour together, and stir into the water as it boils up. Add some salt, and a gill of cream or milk. Lay in the pieces of chicken, cover the pan close, and stew them gently eight or ten minutes. Parsley cut fine is a decided improvement.

MAKING TEA.—Water for making tea should be used the moment it boils. The reason assigned is, that if it is boiled for some time, all the gas that is in it escapes with the steam, and it will then not make tea of the best flavor. Clear, pure, soft water is best.

PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil parsnips until tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; make them in pats, dip them in butter, and fry in very little fat until brown; or cover them with egg, and cook gently.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—To one pint of mashed parsnips, add three well-beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste, and sufficient flour to hold the mixture together. Make into little flat balls and fry brown in butter.

SPICED HASH.—Take the remnants of a cold steak, or any other kind of roast or boiled meats; hash them fine, and mix with potatoes well mashed, and add one or two beaten eggs; season to your liking with salt, pepper, nutmeg or mace, and cloves; make it into a loaf, and bake brown; it is good eaten hot or cold.

CRUMPFET.

To a pint and a quarter
Of warm milk and water,
Add one table-spoonful of yeast,
An egg, and a small
Pinch of salt, and beat all
Up for twenty-two minutes at least;
Then set by the batter,
To rise or grow fatter,
And, when it is ready, procure
A large ring that will take
In a cupful, and bake
Till the top of it looks of a pure
Auburn color; then turn it,
Lest the oven should burn it;
And, as soon as the other side's brown,
You may take it away,
Without further delay,
And in like manner put others down.

SNOW RICE CREAM.—Put in a stew-pan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces of fresh butter; add a quart of milk, boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mold previously oiled, and serve when cold. It will turn out like jelly. If no mold, put either in cups or a pie-dish. The rice had better be done a little too much than not enough.

CORN BREAD.—Mr. Judd, of the *Agriculturist*, with a view to encourage the substitution, as much as possible, of corn for wheat flour, offered premiums for the best made loaves of corn bread and cake delivered at his office. Specimen loaves were received from every loyal State but two, to the number of two hundred and fifty, and placed on exhibition. Hundreds of people manifested their interest in the subject, by visiting the exhibition-room, and testing the various loaves contributed. A committee, consisting of competent persons, after two days' sitting, decided upon their relative merits. The first prize (ten dollars) for the best loaf of bread, wholly made of corn meal, was awarded to Mrs. Jane O'Brien, of Carriek, Alleghany county, Pa. The following is the receipt accompanying it:

The loaf is made up of two quarts of corn meal, one pint of bread-sponge, water sufficient to wet the whole; and half a pint of flour, a tablespoonful of salt. After rising, knead it well the second time, and put into the oven, letting it remain an hour and a half.

The second prize of five dollars was awarded to

Mrs. Lott Cornelius, of Sullivan county, New York. The following is the recipe for making the loaf:

Mix two quarts of new corn meal with three pints of warm water; add one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls sugar, one large table-spoonful of hop yeast; let it stand in a warm place five hours to rise; then add three-quarters of a pint, or one and a half cupfuls of wheat flour and half a pint of warm water; let it rise again an hour and a half; have a pan well greased with sweet lard, into which pour it, and let it rise a few minutes; then bake it in a moderately hot oven one hour and twenty minutes. It is much better hot.

Mrs. R. Franklin, of Annapolis, Md., received the third premium of two dollars, for a loaf made in the following manner:

Mix two quarts of white corn meal, one table-spoonful of lard, one pint of hot water. Melt the lard in the water; stir it well, in order that it may get thoroughly heated. Add half a pint of cold water. When the mixture is cool enough, add two eggs well beaten, and two table-spoonfuls of home-made yeast. If for breakfast, make over night. Bake an hour in a moderate oven.

The first prize (four dollars) for the best loaf of cake of any kind, in which corn meal is one of the principal ingredients, was awarded to Mrs. W. H. Jenkins, of Williamsburgh, L. I. The following is the recipe for making it:

Combine three tea-cupfuls of corn meal, one tea-cupful of wheat flour, two table-spoonfuls of brown sugar, two table-spoonfuls of cream of tartar, one table-spoonful of salt. Mix well together while dry, adding one teaspoonful of saleratus or soda dissolved in warm water. Work the whole to a thin batter, and bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour.

A WORD TO YOUNG MISTRESSES.

Do not be in a hurry, directly you are married, to hire a kitchenful of servants. Consider first what your means will properly allow, and what will really add to domestic comfort, rather than what will gratify your own regard to appearances.

Your parents may have been prosperous, and possessed of sufficient means to justify their keeping many servants; but that does not make it either necessary or right that you should do the same. Perhaps they did not when they were setting out in life, which may be one reason why they can afford to do it now. At any rate, their doing so does not give you a claim to the same indulgence (if such it may be called), as it is your husband's circumstances, and not your parents', that you are now to consider. Not a few unsuccessful young tradesmen may trace their difficulties to a want of proper caution in this respect. And who is there that would not shrink from the idea of her husband being classed among the unsuccessful? Let the young wife remember, then, that much of her husband's success is in her power.

As to the necessity of keeping more than one

servant—I will repeat a rough rhyme which I met with the other day, when amusing myself by looking over an old copy-book, wherein my great, great-aunt had been taught, at one and the same time, good writing and a variety of wholesome truths:—

"When I a servant had, I had one then;
When two—I had but half a one; and when
I had three servants—I had none at all,
Thus was I served by one, two, three, and all."

This was the oft-repeated writing copy of a little girl in the year 1721. Perhaps it then proved a puzzle to her; but no doubt she afterwards understood it very well, for she lived to a good old age. And those young ones who read and cannot understand it now, may ask an explanation of some elderly friend, and well will it be if they profit by the experience of others, and so avoid the countless troubles induced by needlessly adding to their expenses and responsibilities in the unnecessary hire of servants.

The copy would seem to express that a mistress may be better served—that is, have more real help, from only one servant than from two, or even three.

No doubt this is often the case—especially where the mistress herself is young and inexperienced. It is not uncommon for a young mistress to hire a young servant, with the idea of "bringing her up to her own way, and so forming a servant that she will like." Ninety-nine times in a hundred this scheme proves a failure; for if the mistress is successful in training a girl, the most frequent ending is, that she wishes to exercise her newly acquired knowledge in a "better place," and the mistress is left to train another, if she chooses. Generally, however, mistress and maid being both practically inexperienced, they blunder on together for a time amidst much discomfort, until the maid thinks she has too much to do, and the mistress is persuaded to hire a second to help the first, and soon finds that a third is wanted to help them, and that with them all she has no addition of ease, but that discomfort and expenses are greatly and unjustifiably increased.

How is the mistress to extricate herself from such a maze? She must believe that it is not more hands, but knowledge and management that is needed, and that one capable servant would be of more use to her than three, whom she cannot guide, and who cannot guide themselves.

STOCKINGS.—It is almost the universal practice to judge of the goodness of stockings by examining the calf, as it is called, and makers take care that they shall be stoutest in that part. An intending purchaser should take the strength of the foot, and especially the heel, for his guidance. Another deception is resorted to in making the stockings have a stout appearance, and this is not so easily detected. The bleachers use stoves, in which they burn brimstone, and it is this that imparts that stiffness which is frequently felt on handling new stockings.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

How to Eat Wisely.

[We take the following from *Hall's Journal of Health*.]

As a universal rule in health, and, with very rare exceptions, in disease, that is best to be eaten which the appetite craves or the taste relishes.

Persons rarely err in the quality of the food eaten; nature's instincts are the wise regulators in this respect.

The great sources of mischief from eating are three: Quantity, Frequency, Rapidity; and from these come the horrible dyspepsias which make of human life a burden, a torture, a living death.

RAPIDITY.—By eating fast, the stomach, like a bottle being filled through a funnel, is full and overflowing before we know it. But the most important reason is, the food is swallowed before time has been allowed to divide it in sufficiently small pieces with the teeth; for, like ice in a tumbler of water, the smaller the bits are, the sooner are they dissolved. It has been seen with the naked eye, that if solid food is cut up in pieces small as half a pea, it digests almost as soon, without being chewed at all, as if it had been well masticated. The best plan, therefore, is for all persons to thus comminute their food; for even if it is well chewed, the comminution is no injury, while it is of very great importance in case of hurry, forgetfulness, or bad teeth. Cheerful conversation prevents rapid eating.

FREQUENCY.—It requires about five hours for a common meal to be dissolved and pass out of the stomach, during which time this organ is incessantly at work, when it must have repose, as any other muscle or set of muscles, after such a length of effort. Hence persons should not eat within less than five hours' interval. The heart itself is at rest more than one-third of its time. The brain perishes without repose. Never force food on the stomach.

All are tired when night comes; every muscle of the body is weary and looks to the bed; but just as we lie down to rest every other part of the body, if we, by a hearty meal, give the stomach five hours' work, which, in its weak state, requires a much longer time to perform than at an earlier hour of the day, it is like imposing upon a servant a full day's labor just at the close of a hard day's work; hence the unwisdom of eating heartily late in the day or evening; and no wonder it has cost many a man his life. Always breakfast before work or exercise.

No laborers or active persons should eat an atom later than sundown, and then it should not be over half the midday meal. Persons of sedentary habits or who are at all ailing, should take abso-

lutely nothing for supper beyond a single piece of cold, stale bread and butter, or a ship-biscuit, with a single cup of warm drink. Such a supper will always give better sleep and prepare for a heartier breakfast, with the advantage of having the exercise of the whole day to grind it up and extract its nutriment. Never eat without an inclination.

QUANTITY.—It is variety which tempts to excess; few will err as to quantity who will eat very slow. Take no more than a quarter of a pint of warm drink, with a piece of cold, stale bread and butter, one kind of meat, and one vegetable, or one kind of fruit. This is the only safe rule of general application, and allows all to eat as much as they want.

Cold water at meals instantly arrests digestion, and so will much warm drink; hence a single teaspoon of drink, hot or cold, is sufficient for any meal.

For half an hour after eating sit erect, or walk in the open air. Avoid severe study or deep emotion, soon after eating. Do not sit down to a meal under great grief or surprise, or mental excitement.

It is in early childhood that the fatal disease, consumption, can most be encouraged or discouraged by a mother. Sufficient clothing, guarding against colds and chills, plenty of wholesome sleep on a wool mattress (not on an enervating bed of down), plenty of ablutions, plenty of often-repeated, but never fatiguing exercise, plenty of simply nutritious food—these sweetened and enlivened with an enlightened household cheerfulness, form the best prescription that we can offer.

The tasks set to children should be moderate. Over-exertion is hurtful, both physically and intellectually, and even morally. But it is of the utmost importance that they should be made to fulfil all their tasks correctly and punctually. This will train them for an exact, conscientious discharge of their duties in after life.

Cool off very slowly after all forms of exercise; the neglect of this lights up the fires of three-fourths of all the diseases which afflict humanity. Cool off slowly by putting on more clothing than while exercising, instead of laying aside some, even a hat or a bonnet; go to a closed room rather than sit or stand out of doors; sit by a good fire rather than an open window; at all events keep in motion in such a way as to allow the perspiration, or any extra warmth, to disappear very gradually indeed.

ANTIDOTES FOR POISON.—If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water with a heaping teaspoonful of each of common salt

and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison may still remain, swallow the white of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known; with the advantage of their being always at hand; if not, a half pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

TOILETTE AND WORK TABLE.

EVENING DRESS.—Figured silk. Dress gored; body and skirt in one piece; the skirt bound with Magenta silk. Magenta bows up the front.

DINNER DRESS.—Gray poplin; skirt plain; body and lappels trimmed with blue silk—a linen collar turns over the lappel. Sleeve with blue gauntlet cuff.

HOME COSTUME.—High dress of green silk, with narrow fluted flounce, above which is a trimming of black velvet *à la Palissade*, reaching nearly half way up the skirt. The lower part of the plain high body is trimmed both back and front, to correspond with the skirt; the sleeve, which is shaped at the elbow, has a narrow fluted frill at the bottom, immediately above which is a trimming the same as that on the body.

STREET, OR CARRIAGE COSTUME.—Dress of rich poplin, of a dark shade of cinnamon brown; the centre of skirt is ornamented by *râches* of black lace interlacing each other, and forming ovals, in the centre of which are jet *macarons* surrounded by black lace; down the centre of the *râches* is a row of narrow jet trimming. *Paletot* of rich black velvet fitting half tight; the trimming down the front is carried round the neck of the *paletot*, and is the same as that down the front of the *robe*. Large *Mandarin* sleeves trimmed to correspond.

HOME COSTUME.—Dress of pearl gray silk; at the bottom of skirt a Greek border of violet velvet ribbon edged with narrow black lace, the alternate spaces having six narrow flounces of silk. The high body has two rows of violet velvet buttons, and a *ceinture Suisse*, the upper edge of which is trimmed with lace. Wide *pagoda* sleeves, with velvet *epaulettes*; they are trimmed at the bottom to correspond with skirt; they are lined with white silk with *râches* of white satin ribbon at the edge. Cap of white lace, the style *Charlotte Corday*; it is trimmed with violet ribbon.

Basket Watch-Hanger and Pincushion.

(See engraving.)

In commencing, an oval must be cut in card-board of the size required, which may be larger or smaller, according to the choice of the worker. This being arranged, a smaller oval is to be cut of

a size that will leave the first with a rim projecting half an inch all round. In this smaller oval is to be laid a wadded and quilted cushion of ruby-color satin, the edges of the satin being carried over the card-board shape and tacked down, after which the cushion is to be fastened on in the centre of the larger oval, and the under part lined, bringing the edge of the silk over, or it may be bound with ribbon, if preferred. In this state of progress, the bead fringe is to be attached to the edge of the oval shape, as will be seen in the illustration. We must now speak of the border or boundary wall surrounding the basket. This is formed of simple knitting, enriched with beads. Take a ruby-color Berlin wool, and thread upon it a number of the white O. P. beads; then cast on eighteen stitches; knit a row, leaving a bead on every alternate stitch; purl back again; knit a row, leaving a bead on every alternate stitch, but taking care that they do not form lines with the last bead row, but alternate in the way of diamonds. To do this, it will be simply necessary to remember that on one line the bead is to be introduced on to the second loop, and on the other to the third; but this will at once show itself in the working. Having knitted ten rows in the ruby-color, take a bright blue and do the same, thus giving stripes of the two colors. When a length sufficient for the handle has been done, cast it off, and, having taken a double, or even treble thickness of wire, cover it with as much cotton wool as will make it of sufficient bulk to fill the knitting, which must be joined up, inclosing the wire thus covered; and this forms the handle of the basket when fastened down at each end upon the card-board shape. It is necessary that this handle should be firm and well-fixed, as in its centre is to be placed the hook from which the watch is to be suspended. After this a length of the same bead knitting, in the same alternate colors of ruby and blue, is to be prepared, just long enough to go round the basket, and the ends being joined together, a roll of wool must be inclosed, and the edges of the knitting sewn together; after which it must be laid on in its place surrounding the cushion, and be properly fastened down. The fringe of beads must then be attached to the under line of the handle, and the article will then be completed. The beads for the fringe should be ruby and blue, relieved with white.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

MARCH—OUR ANNIVERSARY.

All hail, oh! our readers! We rejoice and give thanks, that once more we are permitted to address you on this the sixth of our editorial anniversary. The white pages of another winter are bound together: the books are sealed, and no other record shall time or eternity leave on these pages. The great trumpeter of the year stands on the mountains, and his mighty blasts thrill the dormant pulses of the earth, sleeping under the snow. The winds going up and down the hill sides, rushing with the noise of chariots, and the horsemen thereof, through the valleys, sway from the branches the pearls and the amethysts of winter, and prepare them for the tender green puffing which shall be stitched charmingly by the soft fingers of the April sunshine on the naked boughs! The *rest* of the year is over; the time of awakening and work is at hand, and we have no fear for the temple which shall rise without the stroke of the axe or the sound of the hammer, whose Maker and Builder is God!

Broad as the earth are laid the fair foundations of the Spring; the early rains, the sunshine, and the south winds, are the architects and masons, whom He that conceived the temple has appointed to fulfil his word; and the glory and beauty shall cover the land thereof.

Let us welcome the Spring with full hearts. Let us love the exultant cry which proclaims "the winter is ended!"

What wonder that March, looking afar off to the May, is wild, and boisterous, and half drunk with the wine of her joy!

What wonder that eyes which first beheld in perspective the glory and beauty of the year, can hardly bear the sight thereof!

Let the month shout its pæans of triumph, as it walks stately over the dry, sodden leaves, which the snows of the winter have rusted. She pauses sometimes, and listens intent, for afar off she hears the sweet trill of the young Spring birds; and lo! they draw nearer and nearer, and the silence is ruffled with the silver flow of their songs.

Dear reader, we have somewhat to say to you, beyond what the year inspires. When we wrote our last anniversary, "All Hail!" we addressed many whose ears will not listen now, whose tokens of comfort and cheer and tenderness came to us from the land,

"Where the sun, with a golden mouth doth blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row!"

The ears are not palsied, that they cannot hear—the hands are not lifeless, that they cannot write; and yet, the "God speed" of heart and pen that once gave us courage is silent!

We write to-day under the lowering of a cloud which has covered the land with fearful darkness,

and of whose black edges, scarcely lifting themselves over the horizon, we caught a faint, faint glimpse, when we came before you last March.

There is not a home, nor a hearth-stone throughout the land, to which the shadow of that cloud has not crept—there is not a true heart throughout the country, which has not been chilled by its fear and its terror; and for some it has brought more than these—the voice of mourning—the darkness of death!

Still, we come to you, oh reader, in hope and faith for the year before us. Let us bear, brave and patient, our part of the trial which the times appoint us—let us do in this night, with all the hope and courage of the day, whatsoever our hearts find to do, of work, of help, of comfort, and healing to the world wherein we live.

And every year that we live seems to teach us more strongly, that though hope and courage are sometimes false prophets, fear and faint hearts are there far oftener.

Oh, reader, our pages will speak to you of duty and love, of hope and courage, of struggle and triumph, as before; and, whether it be in story or poem or homily, we shall endeavor to dip into the real colors of life, not to give you pictures which exist only in dreams of the imagination, but real, earnest, working, suffering, struggling life.

There is no human character so pure, that within it there is no evil to be subdued and conquered—that it has not moral heights to gain, through struggle and work of its own, and the help and strength of God. Let us be faithful in the things that are least.

Dear reader, we take up the old watch-words for this year. What its end will be no man can foresee; but, let us be of good courage, as that God, the loving Father of the earth, liveth and reigneth. Peace and prosperity to the hearts and the homes to which this "greeting" shall come.

And for our land, beautiful and dearly beloved, with God's will, may the darkness have departed from her face, before another March lifts her trumpet to the Spring. May she be a land *one* and *undivided*, her peace founded in justice and righteousness, standing in her beauty and glory among the nations—her white sails blossoming on every sea—her fair stars shining soft through the gales that vex every ocean and river of the earth—herself a light to the nations that sit in darkness; and of her people may it be said, "a people whose God is the Lord!"

Dear reader, take courage, be of "good comfort."

V. F. T.

"BY-GONES"

"Dear me! If I could only live my life over again, I wouldn't be where I am this hour!" sighed Mrs. John Turner to herself, as she slipped the stock-

ing she was darning off her left hand, and commenced softly rocking to and fro with a most lachrymose expression of countenance: "I can see every day just where I might have acted with more wisdom and prudence, and it keeps tormenting every hour of my life. If I could only live it all over again! But it's too late now; and all I can do is to sit down and mourn over what might have been!"

And Mrs. John Turner resumed her stocking, and continued her lamenting—a vague, weak, indefinite sort of lamenting, which did not have its root in any deep, present purpose of amendment, which was not a healthful repentance of the mistakes and wrong-doing of the past, and would not make of them stepping-stones to future growth and improvement. And how much of this weak, aimless regret, over mistakes and follies of the past, there is in the world? It amounts to little or nothing, after all; for, if these lugubrious people were to live their lives over again, it is very probable that they would not be very much improved. The same habits of heart and character would produce like results, and nobody will grow, morally or mentally, without a determinate, overshadowing purpose to do so.

Dear reader, it is folly and nonsense to waste your life in vain regrets over might have beens!

Of course, there's no denying that you ought to be a great deal wiser and better than you are. Look the facts in the face.

Be sorry, with a true and sincere repentance, for all the opportunities which you have wasted, for all the wrong you have done, and the good you have omitted to do, and then set yourself bravely to work to make the most of what remains.

Don't, my friends, spend the rest of your years in fruitless lamentations. Because you have done wrong, that is no proof that you always need do so.

Resolve to do right, to make more of yourself, with the help and the strength of God, and for you the "end shall be better than the beginning."

If there were less *sweeping*, and more *working* in the world, it would be better for the whole race.

Use your common sense, which most of us do shamefully abuse. What good will you accomplish, what better off will you be, for simple regret that works no change nor growth?

Be slothful no longer, but prove by a better living that your repentance is of that kind which makes the experience of the past tributary to the present, and worketh out a reward great and everlasting.

V. F. T.

NEW BOOKS.

Among the books that have reached our table during the month, is "*The Broken Engagement; or Speaking the Truth for a Day.*" By Mrs. Southworth. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers. A pleasant and ingenious story of a man who got into all manner of troubles through speaking the

exact truth for the space of a single day. From the same publishers we have Dickens's new Christmas Story, "*Tom Tiddler's Ground.*" which, like everything from the same pen, possesses an irresistible charm. "*John Brent.*" By Theodore Winthrop, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, reaches us just as we are going to press, and we can now only mention its publication. In reading Winthrop, the regret will constantly rise, that one so gifted with the power of word painting—one with such a keen observation, and such a luxuriant fancy, should have been cut down in the very blossoming of his genius. "*Diwak.*" an anonymous novel, published by Charles Scribner, New York, will hardly pass to a second edition.

Lippincott & Co., of our city have a new Geography, which is about the completest thing we have yet seen. Its comprehensive title will give an idea of its value. It is as follows:—"Smith's New Geography: containing map-questions, interspersed with such facts as an observing Tourist would notice; which are followed by a Concise Text and Explanatory Notes. Based on a combination of the Analytical, Synthetical and Comparative Systems; designed to be simple and concise, but not dry; philosophical yet practical. For the use of Common Schools in the United States and Canada. By Roswell C. Smith, A. M." The form of this book is that of the ordinary square atlas, and contains over one hundred maps. A teacher of long experience, to whom we put an inquiry as to its value, says in answer:—"The book is a perfect treasure-house, embracing hundreds of interesting facts not to be found in other works of the class, and all well arranged. I think you are safe in saying that it is the best we have ever had."

A QUERY.

The editor of the Boston Home Monthly relates, how, in hastening along Washington street, with head somewhat erect, he very innocently trod on the trailing dress of a richly attired lady, whose "O dear," wrought distress and confusion of mind, and led him to crave pardon for the accident. But, the lady only flashed her eyes at him angrily. Now, this rejection of his apology set the editor to thinking, and here are his thoughts:—"Was it our duty to ask her pardon? Ought she not rather to have asked our pardon? She had caused great mortification, and actually stopped us in the street by her long dress. Would it not have been more appropriate for her to have looked up with one of her sweetest smiles, and said, 'Pardon me, sir; I did not intend to put you to such inconvenience; my dress is altogether too long; the fashion is very much at fault?' Think of it, reader, and say on which side the 'pardon' ought to rest. Our lady readers shall be judge and jury, and we will agree to abide by their verdict. We want to settle the question, whether to ask another lady's pardon for treading on her long dress or not. Ponder the subject, and just suppose that the men wore the

skirts of their coats so long as to trail on the ground, what would you say about treading on them? Poor rule that wont work both ways."

There is a whole sermon on right living in this fine poem, which, stray in the newspaper world, has lost all signs of paternity. We set it in one of the pages of our magazine.

LOSING AND LIVING.

Forever the sun is pouring his gold
On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow;
His warmth he squanders on summits cold,
His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow.
To withhold his largess of precious light
Is to bury himself in eternal night:
To give
Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all,
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal,
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom—
To exhale or smother to wither or bloom:
To deny
Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rain to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;
The heart sends blood to the brain of command,
The brain to the heart its lightning motion:
And ever and ever we yield our breath—
Till the mirror is dry and images death:
To live
Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
To help the need of a human brother:
He doubles the life of his life-long ride
Who gives his fortunate place to another;
And a thousand million lives are his
Who carries the world in his sympathies:
To deny
Is to die.

Throw gold to the far dispersing wave,
And your ships sail home with tons of treasure;
Care not for comfort, all hardships brave,
And evening and age shall sup with pleasure;
Fling health to the sunshine, wind and rain,
And roses shall come to the cheek again;
To give
Is to live.

What is our life? Is it wealth or strength?
If we, for the Master's sake, will lose it,
We shall find it a hundred-fold, at length,
While they shall forever lose who refuse it;
And nations that save their union and peace
At the cost of right, their woe shall increase:
They save
A grave.

PREDICATED.

A correspondent says,—"We have observed in a number of writers and speakers an improper use of the word predicated. Taking it as equivalent to *based* or *founded*, they would say, for instance, 'This statement is predicated on the fact,' or, 'this is predicated on the assumption,' &c. The mean-

ing of the transitive verb predicate is 'to affirm one thing of another, as to predicate whiteness of snow. Reason may be predicated of man.' Webster, whom we have consulted to make sure of our definition, has a note, of which we were not aware when we began to write. It is this: 'It is a great but common error to give this word the sense of found.'"

POSTAGE ON HOME MAGAZINE.—We are informed that some Postmasters charge excessive postage on our magazine. Eighteen cents a year, paid quarterly, or yearly, in advance, at the office where the magazine is received, is the true rate. Where the postage is not paid in advance, three cents on each number is charged.

See list of Premiums on second page of cover.

A restored invalid, was asked by an acquaintance who had not seen her for years, and who was struck with her healthy appearance, what produced so great a change in her condition. "I stopped fretting, and took to laughing," was the answer.

Don't fail, daughter or son, to read "Aunt Hattie's" Letter to the Girls, in this number. It will remind you of loving duties, too often neglected.

The *Alton* (Ill.) *Telegraph*, speaking from a long acquaintance with the Home Magazine, says:—"We have taken this valuable periodical in our family for several years past, and are prepared to say, that we consider it one of the best Magazines for family reading that there is published. While its style is pure, and its articles most intensely interesting, the authors maintain a high moral tone, and their productions frequently lead to the most devout religious emotion. We can most sincerely recommend this work to all our readers."

"ALL places of resort, wherever they are, and whatever their name may be, are to be measured and judged by this rule: "Evil communications corrupt good manners." And if you find yourself in the presence of things that tend to lower the feelings and destroy the integrity of the mind, you should absent yourself from them, because it is dangerous to be in the presence of evil."

Let a person get a reputation for being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint in his or her presence, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased. Your people who fire up easily, miss a great deal of happiness. Their jaundiced tempers destroy their own comfort, as well as that of their friends. They have forever some fancied slight to brood over. The sunny, serene contentment of less selfish dispositions never visits them.



EASTER EGGS.



THE ROBIN'S FRIENDLY VISIT.





THE ROBIN'S FRIENDLY VISIT.

APRIL FASHIONS.



STREET COSTUME.

CHILD'S COSTUME.

HOME COSTUME.

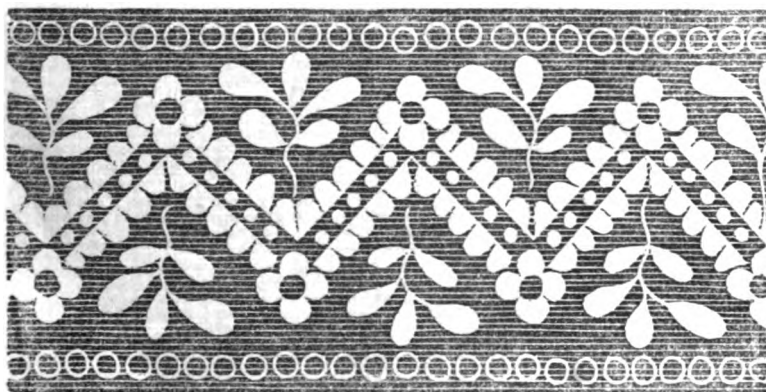
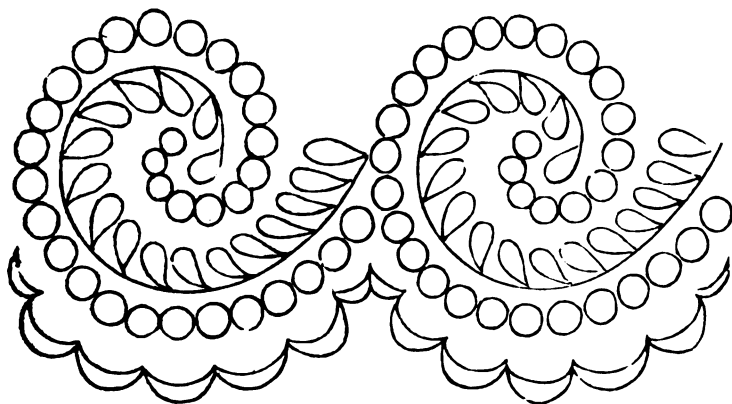
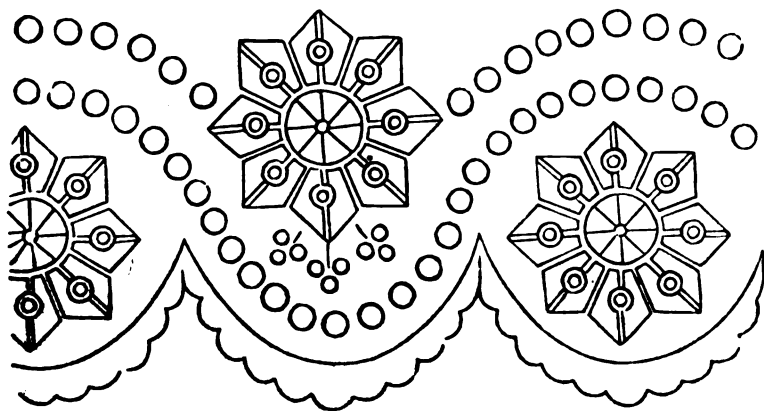


BRODERIE ANGLAISE.



APRON

.Of silk, trimmed with ruffles and quilling, and a row of velvet buttons down the front.



EMBROIDERY AND NEEDLEWORK.



PROMENADE COSTUMES.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1862.

The Lost Jewels.

BY ELIZA A. SANDFORD.

At approaching twilight of a fine spring day I was called to my mother's room. I was not allowed to spend much time with her now, and this afternoon was so bright and the air so balmy, that, basking in the sunshine, I had neglected to ask admission. I was glad of this summons, and answered it immediately.

My mother was half reclining—supported by pillows. She looked brighter and more cheerful than I had seen her for weeks. I had often heard her called beautiful. She was, at this moment, surpassingly so. Her countenance was radiant with an inward light that spoke of peace, and hope, and joy. Clustering curls of fair hair fell about her brow, pure as the drapery of the couch on which she rested. Her cheeks were faintly flushed. Her eyes, of the clearest blue, seemed to have caught a beam from that world towards which her feet were hastening.

I sprang towards her with that impulsiveness of manner with which childhood always approaches what is pleasing—my affections adding to my *empressment*.

"Ah!" said my mother, extending her arms to enfold me, "my little daughter is happy,—her countenance is suggestive of bird-song, and sunshine, and spring flowers. I am glad. May her life always be as bright as these spring days."

Releasing me, and holding me off a little, she regarded me with something the same feeling, I think, I did her—a sorrowful and affectionate admiration.

She took both her hands and smoothed my hair; then dropping, they tenderly imprisoned both of mine, while I as fondly kissed her lips.

"Will you bring me a box, darling," said she, "which you will find on my dressing-bureau?"

It was brought—a rosewood box, inlaid with silver—marked with her name and mine—our pet name—"Kittie." I unlocked the box and placed it near her. It had several apartments and cunning little cases, lined with velvet and satin of various shades, and soft as down. She opened these cases and displayed their treasures. Then, taking a small, delicately enameled watch from beneath her pillow, she added it to the contents of the casket.

"These jewels, my daughter," said she, "I give to you. Some of them are heir-looms, which have long been in the family. Some have been given me by my friends at different times—many of them on my marriage. These," (pointing to a magnificent set of diamonds) "belonged to your father's sister—left by her request, to me. I have never worn them. Keep these jewels, my dear, all of them. They will be a treasure to you, both because they were mine, and because they are pure and valuable."

She raised a lid in one end of the box, and took out a book. This apartment was lined with delicate blue velvet. The book was bound in drab turkey morocco, richly embossed.

"This case," said she, "contains jewels far more valuable than those—jewels of eternal truth, which shall exist when those are dust. Receive them. Make them your own. Wear them. They will always be fitting and becoming. Accept this Bible as a sacred bequest from the Father of us all."

"There are other jewels, my dear, which I would have you preserve. They are contained in the casket of your child-heart,—jewels of simplicity, meekness, love, trust, purity, inno-

cence and truth—of all that the Saviour blessed when he said 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Guard them. Do not permit the Tempter to steal them away. Do not allow them to be displaced by any bad passions or principles. May time and intercourse with the world only serve to polish and refine this soul-wealth. May you be kept pure in heart and right in life, and be found 'without spot or blemish when Christ shall come to make up his jewels.'"

All this I distinctly remember; and I afterwards found it traced in pencil lines, very faintly—as faintly as it had been spoken, in a note, placed in a little pocket formed by the double lining of one side of the case containing the Bible.

I did not see my mother again until "the golden bowl was broken." With the next day's sun her spirit departed. She was still beautiful. The casket was fair as in life—the jewel, prepared and polished by the great Lapidary above, had been taken to adorn His courts.

It was soon arranged that I should remain with my grandparents, where my mother had first opened her eyes on earth, and from whence she had gone to heaven.

"We gave you our daughter," they said, to my father. "You kept her twelve years. Lend us yours for half that time and we are satisfied."

"She is yours," said my father, "for the time you specify. Only make her just such a woman as her mother. I could not do it."

There were tears in his voice; but, with a firm pressure of the hand, and a kiss dropped on my forehead, he left me.

My grandparents lived in a venerable looking house on a fine old farm, by the sea shore. Without seeming to possess much worldly wisdom they had great success. Though open-handed and munificent, their store constantly increased. They had much treasure put out at usury—lent to the Lord, and they evidently received four-fold.

Though I was the only child in the house, I was not without companions. My grandparents' hearts were young—as young as mine; and their son, Gilman, was also young, though he had seen forty years of life's rich experience. I was fond of him, and he loved me as a bachelor uncle sometimes will love a roguish little niece. He would often take me on his knee—look at me tenderly—twine my curls about his pale, slim fingers, and, kissing me gently, would say, "You are so

exactly like your mother, you must be very good."

My uncle had charge of my education. Few could have been found better qualified. He was a ripe Christian scholar. He had traveled extensively, seeking health, which he had not found. But he had found mind-treasures in abundance. Like the bee, he seemed only to have sought the flowers in earth's parterres, and to have extracted the honey. Of the sin and crime and wrong which he had witnessed he never spoke—on the storms which he had encountered he touched lightly; but he never tired with dwelling on the treasures of nature and art which he had seen in many lands, and by study made his own. No wonder I loved him—this bachelor uncle! He was formed to be loved, and to be happy.

His occupation was literature—his recreation, music. He always spent the morning hours in study or writing. He then heard my lessons, and walked or rode with me until supper. The evening was given to reading and music.

I soon learned there was another member of this family—an orphan ward—left to them, like myself. He was in the university—was near the close of his freshman year. As vacation approached they talked of Harry constantly. I thought I should be jealous of him, as he was evidently a pet. But I found my apprehensions groundless. He came home—a manly lad, ready to give place to me at once, and to pet and humor me quite as much as any member of the household, though more delicate and indirect in his demonstrations.

I was always sorry when he left, and glad of his return. I was only jealous of the pictures on which he so constantly employed his leisure. I once told him so. He looked at me with a queer smile, and said he was passionately fond of pictures; to which I petulantly answered,

"I wish I was a picture!"

"You shall have your wish," he quickly replied, "if you can sit still long enough." So, adjusting my curls and drapery a little, he proceeded at once to make a sketch.

The picture was soon finished—an almost speaking likeness. He seemed to appreciate his own production greatly; for I often saw him take it from his portfolio and study it, as though it were a master work of art!

He taught me to sketch and draw from nature. I readily learned the mechanical execution, but I had none of his enthusiasm for the art. My pieces were fair, and he commended

them; but they were not excellent. He could not teach me to compose pictures like himself. I could only copy. He delighted in originating.

Time passed. The girl was developing into the woman—"a perfect little piece of cultivated rusticity"—my uncle said—"healthy, happy, and beloved."

It is true, I was beloved. With the first awakening of my woman's heart—the first suggestion of another want than the love of my dear, kind, more-than-parents, that want was satisfied. Had not I always liked Harry? Did not he like me? I felt that I did a wrong when my heart told me I loved him more than any one else on earth—more than my grandparents, my uncle or my father! But Harry said he had their consent that I might; and they told me he was good and noble, and would doubtless make me very happy.

Six years had passed, and I was now sixteen. "A sweet little woman," my uncle said, "simple and natural as a daisy; none of your hot-house or tropical growths, whose breath is luscious poison; none of your Parisian counterfeits; but a genuine production of New England soil—a May flower—a violet—anything that is natural, gentle, and lovely."

I was accustomed to my uncle's praises, and liked them, as it seemed to please him to express his feelings in this way. Then, was not I of his own rearing? Had not he educated me according to his own plan? Surely, he had a right to admire what his hands had wrought.

Harry, since finishing his college course, had spent much of his time on the farm, recruiting his somewhat wasted energies, and practicing his still favorite pursuit—picture making. He produced a great variety of pieces, but they all seemed to possess a unity of tone. Whether he represented scenes from Scripture or mythology—painted a Dorcas or Diana, one pervading character might, somehow, be recognized in all his female figures. Even with my unpracticed eye it was easy to discern from whence he drew his inspiration. Something about the eye, lip, brow or hand would be familiar. They were not portraits; but they evidently belonged to one family, and possessed a perceptible family resemblance.

One evening, in early winter, we were surprised by a visit from my father. He had been travelling in Europe, and had now brought home his bride. He expressed himself greatly satisfied with my unchanged appearance—my girl womanhood, and presented

me, with evident pride, to my new mother. She seemed pleased, much pleased with her "dear little daughter," as she at once called me. She kept near me, constantly regarding me with a look of satisfaction, as though she found rest and refreshment in my presence.

As for myself, I was charmed, delighted, intoxicated with her. She was a magnificent woman. Her presence was imposing—her manner highly cultivated. She was tall and full-formed—stately and dignified; but evidently possessing an abundance of reserve life and spirit. Her features, though not classically regular, were pleasing. Her complexion was deep colored—healthful in its tints, and of singular richness. Her large black eyes were radiant with intelligence. She had a wealth of hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing. Her lips were full, and expressive of kindness and warmth of heart. Indeed, it seemed that nature had formed her out of her richest materials, and had been lavish in their use.

She was dressed simply enough; but there was an expression of elaborateness. One instinctively thought she borrowed something from some extrinsic advantage. Her dress was a dark crimson Thibet, made with a full flowing skirt and sleeves; a plain, high corsage, finished at the throat with a small, richly-wrought collar, which was fastened by a brooch of jet and gold. A ring, and an ornament to confine the heavy braids of her hair to match, completed her toilet.

My admiration for my mother was so absorbing, that, for some time I was not alive to anything else. My first thought on arousing, was of Harry. What did he think of her? He must admire her.

Looking at him, I saw that he was deeply interested. He seemed in wrapt attention, as though studying a new phase of art, while his countenance had an impassioned glow quite unusual.

I said to him, aside, "Is not my new mother magnificent?"

"Perfect!" he replied, without raising his eyes, as though afraid to break the spell by which he was bound.

The next day a family council was held to discuss plans for the future. It was decided that I should accompany my parents to Boston. We would occupy the house where I was born and spent the first years of my childhood. I was pleased with this arrangement, being seized with a desire to see more of life—to make the acquaintance of that capricious and exacting dame called "society." Though I

liked my country home, its surroundings and associations, I longed to step beyond its boundary forth into the great world—without one thought of its inevitable temptations.

Harry was to spend two years in Europe—travelling—studying the works of the old masters, and receiving such instruction and inspiration as Italy could give.

“Your pieces have promise—excellent promise,” said my mother to Harry, carefully studying them; “but they lack something. You need to see more of life—to experience more of emotion—of deep and surging passion. Life, with you, has been too serene—too calmly happy. Your pieces are too tame—too pastoral. Your women are all Eves”—glancing at me. “One can look at your Devils, even, almost with complacency.”

Harry colored.

“Pardon my freedom,” she continued. “I am not a disinterested stranger. Your pictures have much merit in composition and execution of form. But you often fail to bring out an idea of which one gets a glimmering. Your pieces lack intensity—depth of expression and of coloring. Many of your figures are delicate to meagreness. They need more fulness and richness of life. Life seems too pale to you. No matter. You will learn. You will soon enough find many chapters in it—rich, glowing, fervent; others cold, barren, desolate. You will, by turns, be scorched and frozen. Do not restrain your emotions—study the play of your passions. A rich world lies before you. Go and see it, and *live* in it.”

Harry's eye swam, and his cheek was flushed. That very day, in retouching some of his pictures, he was so prodigal of coloring that he made of a Venus a Hebe, quite formidable to behold; but, more fortunately, he gave to a Madonna a fulness of life much more satisfying than the pale figure which he had represented as the mother of Christ. A resemblance was there still—not to the fair face he had studied for years, but to the one that had possessed and filled his imagination in one day. I was jealous.

My father was proud to introduce his wife and child to his city friends. My mother expressed herself as quite content, satisfied, pleased with her daughter. She called me by the same pet names my uncle used. I did not like them now.

“‘Daisy,’ ‘Canary,’” said I, to myself. “Why don't she call me ‘Dandelion,’ ‘Cat,’ or any other common thing? I'll choose a higher type of resemblance, and make it ac-

knowledgeed too! I'll not play second fiddle to my step-mother! No, indeed! A fine *debut* we'd make, with her for the *prima*! I'll not give her the advantage of the contrast she so delights in! I'll not set off her richness of style by my poverty—her piquancy by my plainness—her depth of coloring by my shallowness—her *prima-donna* notes by my twittering and warbling! I'll adopt another style. At least I can don the plumage of the flamingo—the clothing of the kalmia. If this does not make me a tropical production I will not be taken for the product of a bleak house.”

In selecting my wardrobe I gave my mother infinite trouble. She would not stint me in outlay, but in texture and color. She would have me select only delicate shades of rose, azure, straw, lilac, or adhere to simple white. She reasoned with me and expostulated, maintaining that my complexion would not bear high colors, while heavy textures and elaborate patterns were not becoming my youth and delicacy. Finally, she was obliged to use a gentle authority to prevent me from violating all the laws of artistic taste.

Her wardrobe, brought from France, contained a blending of colors of all possible richness, quite intoxicating to the senses.

Soon after we had become established in our home, and received calls from families of character and position in the society in which we were to move, a highly connected cousin of my father's honored us with a party. This was to be one of the leading soirees of the season, and we should meet all the *elite* of our circle.

My mother was very desirous that in making my *debut* I should appear to advantage. She insisted that I should be arrayed in plain gossamer white, trimmed with a delicate suggestion of blue; my pale curls falling unconfined in their natural manner; my only ornaments a few white roses, but half opened. She slipped a diamond ring from my finger, and put into my hand a little bouquet of wild flowers, having a mild fragrance. She acted, herself, as dressing maid, and pronounced the effect of her work, when completed, “very good.”

When she had made her own toilet for the evening, she looked as though she might have stepped out of one of Titian's pictures. She was gorgeous in “the rich radiance of rainbow hues.” Her jewels were crystallized light—her flowers breathed of the fragrance of the tropics.

I admired her—I envied her. I felt the green snake of jealousy writhing in my heart; it looked out of my “mild blue eyes.”

"I hope my child is in good spirits?" said my mother, in what I considered a patronizing tone. "She never appeared to more advantage than she may to-night; her airy delicate style of dress heightens the effect of her youthful and fair style of beauty."

"Fair," said I, "'Humph! flat, you mean. Expressionless as a sheet of foolscap, with its 'fair' surface only marked by delicate suggestions of blue lines!—no writing, no style, no indication even of history, poetry, romance or passion!—blank, all. One would guess I was fresh from a farm. I expect to be greeted with a

'Hail, sweet simplicity! rustic maid!'

They will know that I am not a legitimate daughter of my Peeress mother."

"My child, you will find that your presence will be as grateful in the stifling atmosphere of a city saloon as the sweet breath of clover blossoms. Our styles are very different. In manner, culture, complexion and form, there could hardly be a greater contrast. We are both very decided, though opposite. It would destroy the effect of either to try to imitate or affect the other. We must each be true to ourselves, if we would be anything. Be assured, too, that though my style may appear most to captivate the senses, yours will most win the heart. Wine intoxicates—water refreshes."

My captious heart was not convinced or comforted. But, assuming a cheerfulness I did not feel, I succeeded in appearing quite myself. My mother attracted admiration—I secured attention. But the few compliments I received were of the same character as those my Uncle Gilman so lavishly bestowed. I would have something more exhilarating.

"If my mother only would not call me 'Pet,' and 'Child,' and 'Kittie,' and such diminutive names," I thought. "She might call me 'Daughter' if she chose, or 'Catharine.' I would not even object to the silent *e* in this name being changed to *a*. 'Catherina,' would be a more sounding name. My manners were simple. I must hasten to change them. And my style of dress *should* be changed. I would bear down all opposition on that point."

My mother's labor was in vain. I so far succeeded in my wilfulness as to make myself appear a foolish, almost a grotesque suppliant for admiration. I received an abundance of that hot-breathed flattery, and marked attention which these incongruities never fail to elicit.

My heart became a hot-bed for noxious

growths. Pride, envy, jealousy, duplicity, selfishness, all sprang up and flourished mightily. But for a hand to pluck out these weeds my moral nature had been stifled, ruined! That hand was extended—a gentle, familiar hand of long ago.

It was near the close of my second season. My mother was to "receive her friends." We expected a large and gay company. I had reasons for wishing to appear very stylish. In pursuance of this, I purchased for the occasion a rich silk of changeful sheen, and was having it elaborately made and trimmed. I felt quite satisfied with the idea of appearing in brocade and diamonds.

The night before the expected party I dreamt I was in darkness—enveloped in thick clouds. A gentle hand parted the clouds above, and waved to me, as though in warning; while a familiar, though almost forgotten voice, said, "My daughter, where are your jewels? Have you *lost* the jewels I left you?" A terror seized me—I felt as though I was in great peril, and in the excitement awoke.

It was morning. I immediately arose and went to the bureau to look at my jewel-case. It was gone! The Bible, even, was not left! But there lay the neglected note, written by my mother, eight years ago. I read it. I seemed to see her waving hand of warning, and to hear her voice, saying: "My daughter, have you *lost* the jewels I left you?"

"Yes, mother," I exclaimed, "my jewels are *all lost*! and the jewels of God's Holy Truth have long been lost to me. Their casket, the Bible, has remained unopened."

I looked within my heart. *Its* treasures, too, were lost. "Simplicity, meekness, love, trust, innocence and truth—all that the Saviour blessed, when he said, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven,'"—*all lost*. The Tempter had stolen them away.

Falling prostrate before Heaven, I wept long and bitterly. My tears of penitence gave place to supplications for help and mercy. I prayed the Father that He would teach me to "become again as a little child." I arose, comforted.

That evening, I arrayed myself in a simple, fitting style, and cheerfully coöperated with my mother in receiving our guests. Among them came my artist lover, Harry.

When he told me that in hastening home he had feared he might find me changed—feared that I might lose what he most loved, my native simplicity of taste and manners—that I might be seivered by the breath of flattery and

false to myself; but that he thanked God he had found me the same genuine little Kittie, I, too, blessed that Providence which had interposed to save him from the torture he must otherwise have felt.

The next day, my mother returned my jewel-case, saying:

"I interdicted the completion of your dress, and secured your jewels to save you from the folly of appearing 'at home' in brocade and diamonds! It would have shocked the shade even of Queen Bees!"

I believed her.

The Royal Lover.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"How shall I decide, Aunt Lucy? I cannot accept both?" The young lady, who was beautiful, affected a nonchalant air, and laughed a fleeting laugh. The smile did not dwell long around her lips, but faded away, leaving a sober expression on her countenance.

"It is not often, Ella, that a young lady has two offers of marriage at once, and from men with such equal claims to her regard," replied the aunt. "The choice, however, is alone with yourself."

"But, how shall I decide, Aunt Lucy? In the nature of things, one is more fitted for my husband than the other. How shall I determine on which side the fitness lies?"

"What says your heart?"

The young lady did not answer immediately. She was looking down into her heart.

"That ought to decide," said Aunt Lucy.

"But it does not." Ella lifted her calm eyes from the floor, and looked steadily at her aunt.

"You do not show much excitement. Maidens, while deliberating on an offer of marriage, are not wont to be so cool and business like."

"If a maiden is ever cool and self-possessed in her life, it should be when so deliberating. For lack of being so, how many are led to commit the most fatal of errors."

"My inference is," said the aunt, "that your heart is not very deeply interested in either of the young men."

"I am not blindly in love; that is certain," was replied. "Both offers come unexpectedly."

"Scarcely so to me," remarked the aunt. "I have seen, for some time, that Mr. Andrews was a lover; and you must have had less than

a maiden's usual penetration not to have perceived it likewise. I have also seen, that Mr. Floyd was doing all in his power to win your favor."

"They have certainly been most attentive. And I will own, that, of all my acquaintances, they stand highest in my regard. Still, my heart is yet in my own keeping; though one of them, I think, will be my choice."

"There should be no choice without love," said Aunt Lucy.

"And there will be none. First, however, I must decide between the two young men. One of them must be unconditionally rejected, and the other encouraged. I will act no double part."

"How will you decide?"

"My mind is not clear. I want your help."

"There must be a closer observation of the young men."

"Yes. I see that."

"What response did you make to Mr. Andrews?"

"I told him, with as much calmness as I could assume, that before answering in a matter involving so much, I must have time for deliberation."

"Did you say that his offer was wholly unexpected?"

"No."

"Did he seem disappointed at your failure to respond, at once, in the affirmative."

"Yes. That was plain. His face, which had flushed, paled. He seemed to be thrown back upon himself. I felt for his position; but could not give the hope he sought."

"You promised a reply?"

"No."

"How then did you part?"

"He said that he would call upon me again to-morrow evening; and I bowed my assent."

"And so you parted."

"Yes."

"Mr. Floyd proposes by letter?"

"Yes. And says that he will call on the same evening."

"They will be here together?"

"Yes."

"And at this interview, you will, most probably, decide between them?"

"I think so."

"It will be well," said Aunt Lucy, "to weigh carefully, in the interim, all considerations of external position; as to family, social standing, property and the like; so that a final decision may be unembarrassed by anything beyond personal character."

"As to that," answered Ella, "we happen to know considerable about both of them. Mr. Floyd has some advantages. He belongs, on his mother's side, to one of our oldest and most distinguished families. His father is very wealthy. A marriage with him would certainly give me position. The father of Mr. Andrews is from the east. He came here twenty years ago, and is, as we know, a merchant of good standing. I have never heard a light word spoken of either him or his family. Have you?"

"No."

"The son is, I believe, in business with his father?"

"Yes; that is so."

"The external conditions," said Ella, "are, therefore, so nearly balanced, that we may set them aside as not having weight in the case. One or the other must be rejected on personal grounds alone. Do you know anything unfavorable in regard to either?"

"No. Both stand fair."

"Was maiden ever more perplexed?" said Ella, with forced levity. Then growing serious again, she added, "I shall trust my intuitions to-morrow night. Both being present, I can give neither the expected answer. But, I will read them with eyes quick to apprehend the meaning of every sentence they chance to utter; and, from what then appears, decide."

To this conclusion Ella remained firm. On the next evening, the two young men called within five minutes of each other, and met, in mutual embarrassment, before the young lady came down to the parlor. Her entire self-possession, when she did appear, had the effect to put them, measurably, at their ease. One topic of conversation after another had been started, and run quickly into the ground for lack of interest, when Ella said, coming to the theme which, in all companies, pressed nearly every other theme aside—

"The last news from abroad looks threatening."

She saw the eyes of Mr. Andrews flash, instantly. But, he asked, without apparent feeling—

"Do you think so?"

"If it means interference with us, in our present trouble, yes."

"It does not," was the young man's decided answer.

"I am not so sure," said Floyd. "England and France must have cotton; and for this year and next, no adequate supply is possible,

except from our country. They are strong enough to open the blockade; and it's my opinion that they will do it before Christmas."

"They are not strong enough to get the cotton," remarked Andrews, firmly.

"I think they are! The combined navies and armies of two of the most powerful nations in the world, can destroy all the blockading squadrons we can send along the southern coast, and take their cotton supply in spite of us."

There was more in the tone of this assertion than in the assertion itself, that disturbed the placid beat of Ella's heart. It struck her as veiling something like a covert pleasure in anticipation of the result predicted. She turned her gaze upon Mr. Andrews, and awaited his answer. His eyes were brighter and larger than a little while before; and there was a nervous motion of his lips, as if strong words were on them, only held back from utterance by an effort.

"There is one man who will not be a living witness of that national humiliation," he said, after a pause, and in the tone of a man who felt deeply, but strove to hide all feeling.

"Who is that?" asked Floyd.

"His name is John Andrews!" There was a thrill in his voice that awakened a chord in the heart of Ella.

"I don't know that I clearly understand you," said Floyd, coldly. Ella felt the coldness, and it chilled her.

"My meaning is simply this: I will be a resisting soldier, and of the number who do not mean to survive a last defeat."

"You are patriotic, Mr. Andrews. Low, and musical, and very tranquil, was the voice of Floyd. If he felt, he did not betray the existence of feeling.

"I am for my country," was the simple, manly answer.

"Right or wrong?"

Ella, who was sitting on the end of a sofa, drew herself down, in an easy attitude, and gave her whole mind to an observation of her two lovers. She felt, that, in this controversy, she would be furnished with ample means for a just decision.

"Right or wrong?" repeated Floyd, pressing the question home. There was the faintest possible shade of exultation in his voice.

"Yes; I am for my country, right or wrong," replied Andrews.

"More than I can say." Dropped in the quiet, silvery tones of Floyd.

"What!" The sudden heart-throb of Andrews was in his voice.

"I am for the right, first, and for my country, in the degree that she is right." Floyd threw a glance of self-satisfaction upon Ella. But he read no response in her face.

"Only in the degree that she is right?" queried Andrews.

"Only," was replied.

"Then, for an error, you would abandon her in the hour of danger?"

"I did not say so." The tones were not quite so soft and silvery.

"I failed to apprehend your meaning," returned Andrews. "Principles lie at the basis of actions. As a man thinks, so he acts. Always in his acts will be found, in some degree, the quality of his thoughts in regard to his acts. Eminently does this hold good at the present time. If a man is for his country, right or wrong, he stands up for her boldly, and neither in thought, word, nor deed, gives aid and comfort to her enemies. He is for his country without an 'if' or a 'but.'"

"No matter how wicked and vile she may be?" said Floyd.

"If a man loves his country," replied Andrews, "his first thought will be her defence when assailed, no matter who may be her enemies—false-hearted citizens or outside foes. When the bulwarks of safety are made sure within and without, then he will set himself to the establishment of justice and equal rights, if these have been set aside. If our country has been wrong in anything, let us save her first, and right her afterwards. This is true loyalty."

"Who brought on this war?" demanded Floyd, still holding his smooth and courteous exterior.

"Do you ask seriously?" Andrews did not conceal his surprise at the question.

"I do."

"The answer is before the world. Acts speak for themselves."

"True," said Floyd. "Acts do speak for themselves. One section of the country arrayed itself against another section, denying its constitutional rights, and pledging itself to destroy them. That is patent to the world."

"No, it is not patent to the world," was calmly replied. "And I regret to hear one whom I have always given credit for intelligence, repeat the transparent assertion made by traitors in high places, whose only hope of retaining power was in a refuge of lies."

"Will you state the case?" asked Floyd; still with exterior courtesy.

Ella's eyes were on him, reading his countenance with intense interest. She liked its expression less and less every moment.

"As it appears to me," said Andrews.

"Amid all the party strifes by which our country has been agitated for years—mere struggles for domination, and the rewards of office, I mean—two great elements have been at work; principles if you choose to call them so. One, that looked to the largest liberty of the people, consistent with political safety, and that affirmed the Declaration of Independence without limitations; the other, assuming the right of a class to rule; claiming that all men are not free and equal; and holding to the enjoyment, by a few, of special rights and privileges, not guaranteed to the many. Now, I need not say, that an element of this latter kind is in opposition to the spirit and letter of our constitution. What I affirm is this:—In the last great political struggle, which resulted in the triumph of a party, the real elements in antagonism were the two I have mentioned. The former triumphed; and true to its quality, the latter, when it could not rule sought to destroy. Not a constitutional right had been touched; not an aggressive act so much as initiated or threatened; even while guarantees were being offered, the mad rule or ruin party struck quickly and desperately, hoping to surprise and destroy us. That is the answer, sir, which is before the world; and in closer accordance will be the impartial record of history. All other assumptions are mere tricks of the enemy, Mr. Floyd!"

"Do you call me an enemy?" Fire flashed from the young man's eyes. The silvery smoothness left his tones.

"I hold, and have so held from the beginning," replied Andrews, with grave, deliberate speech, "that we have only two classes of men now in the country; friends or enemies. If you are not for us, then you must be against us."

Floyd started to his feet in angry agitation. Ella kept her eyes upon him, with keen penetration. He crossed the room, in an indeterminate way, and then returning, sat down again.

"This is all out of place," said Andrews, in a tone of apology, turning to Ella. "I was betrayed into saying much more than I intended, and I must beg your pardon. My only excuse, is the strength of my feelings on this subject, involving, as it does, such momentous things."

"No apology is required," answered Ella, smiling with a gracious look, and speaking in an almost tender voice. "I have listened with deep interest. Frankly, Mr. Andrews, I am on your side; for my country in its integrity; and against all who, either openly or secretly hinder the restoration of law and order. As I read facts and principles, Mr. Floyd, you are wrong; so wrong, that I do not see how your thoughts and mine could ever run smoothly in one direction."

It was so gently, yet so firmly said, that Mr. Floyd, while not perceiving anything approaching to unladylike rudeness, understood the last sentence as conveying the answer he had come to receive. For a moment he sat very still, as if stunned; then rising, with a pale, agitated face, he bowed and withdrew. As he left the room, shutting the door behind him, Ella turned to Andrews. Their eyes dwelt in each other's for some moments. Ella spoke first, trying, but without complete success to maintain a placid exterior.

"The loyal citizen can hardly fail in loyalty to his wife," she said, lifting her hand as if to extend it towards him. He did not wait for the act, if intended, but caught it quickly, and held it to his lips. Ella made no motion to remove her hand. As it lay tightly clasped in that of the young man, a flood of new emotions swept over her soul. If there had been maidenly coldness, and a full possession of herself, that time was past. The loyal lover had opened the door of her heart, and gone in to share the kingdom.

Armenian Marriage Customs.

No son or daughter ever dreams of contracting a marriage on their own responsibility, but the destined bride is selected by the mother and her friends, and is thankfully accepted by the happy son.

The betrothal having been arranged with all due ceremony, the wedding takes place at the appointed time. The marriage ceremonies are celebrated both at the house of the bride and of the bridegroom during three days.

The bride is conducted by the bridegroom and his friends to the house of her intended husband, and the ceremony is performed on Sunday at midnight.

The bride, muffled and tinselled, is conducted to a carpet in the middle of the saloon, where she is placed opposite to the chosen

bridegroom. Their right hands are joined by the officiating priest, and they are severally demanded whether they will "love, cherish, and honor each other." The man is also asked, as he stands opposite to this mass of shawls and tinsel, "will you take this girl, whether she be lame, or deaf, or humped, or blind," to which he responds with due resignation, "even so I will take her." A silken cord, twisted of two colors, is now tied round the head of each, and after a long service, reading of prayers and chanting, the happy pair are pronounced man and wife! The bride, over whose varying emotions during the interesting ceremonies an impenetrable veil was suspended, is now led by two attendants to a corner of the sofa, where she is temporarily enthroned on a cushion.

The propitious moment has at last arrived, and the legalized husband may ascertain for himself the measure of charms to which he is allied. While the agitated maiden sits, oppressed by shawls and tinsel, and internal anxiety as to the effect she may produce upon her future lord, he slowly approaches, pale and tottering—for he has sworn to have her, blind or hump-backed. With such alternatives, even a moderate share of good looks, or the mere absence of actual deformity, would almost constitute beauty.

The attendant bridemaids exultingly raise the veil, and the new husband ventures to take one look of love and admiration, in return for which he places a valuable ring on her finger, and slowly retreats to muse upon his fate, which is not often so deplorable, for the Armenian girls are generally pretty. At all events, he submits with the best grace, for, unlike his Mohammedan compatriots, he has no retrieve or door of escape, but must abide by his bargain "till death us do part."

The veil is again dropped, and the bride left to her own meditations.

She receives presents from all the guests, so that the tickets of admission to an Armenian wedding are no trivial affairs to one's pockets.

Three days after the ceremony, the newly married couple are at length left to a better acquaintance, unmolested by veils or spectators.

The Sunday following, the bridegroom proceeds to his father-in-law's house to acknowledge his gratitude for the possession of such a charming treasure, etc., all which is expressed by the ceremony of kissing the hands of the parents of the maiden, and this Sunday is called, par excellence, the "*Kissing Sunday*."

Going Home.

BY MYSTIC.

Harvest sheaves were bound together,
Autumn weary, lay at rest;
With the wild winds singing round her,
Strewing dead leaves on her breast.
Where the sunlight slowly dying,
Glimmered down the haunted lea,
Treading lightly o'er the rustling
Brown leaves, came together, three.

One said calmly, looking outward,
Where the blue wreathed hill tops lay;
"When the Winter's trembling fingers,
Clasp the hands of sunny May;
When the spring time strews its blossoms,
Where the dead leaves lie to-day;
Then from kindred, home and country,
I am going far away.

"Where before his idol, blindly
Bends the heathen devotee,
From the hill-side, vale and jungle,
There are voices calling me.
Crying to me through the darkness,
From the glimmering dawn of day:
'Come and help us!' so in spring time,
I am going far away."

One with smiles like sunset gleaming,
Answered to the questioning eyes:
"I am going where the summers,
Dream beneath Italia's skies."
And the other? Many valleys,
Lay between the woodland lea,
And the home, where they were waiting,
For the fairest of the three.

Soft she whispered, "I am going,
Not to proud imperial Rome;
Not across the pathless ocean,
I am only going home."

On the threshold looking downward,
Where the smiling June time lay,
On the threshold of the summer,
Knocking softly, stood the May;
Down the pathway to the woodland,
To the shadow haunted lea,
Came the spring time bringing blossoms:
Came the spring, without the three.

One had listened to the voices,
Calling her from far away;
One had gone where storied Venice
On the ocean's bosom lay.
And the other? As the snow wreath,
As the white mist melts away,
So she left us in the spring time,
At the coming of the May.

Not for loved ones waiting for her,
Not o'er seas unpathed to roam;
Soft she whispered, looking upward,
"I am only going home."

Winning Appreciation.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

"He does not love me!"

These words were uttered in the low voice of despair, though there was a decisiveness of tone about them—as if the consciousness of the fact, though long and slow in shapening, now stood out beyond all peradventure.

The speaker was a young woman, with dark hair and eyes; the former slightly dishevelled, the latter, with that stonyness about them which comes to eyes where grief will neither break the heart nor find solace in tears. She stood in the centre of the room, with the glory of a June sunset about her. Her body was bent forward; one small white hand was pressed against her forehead, the other, closed and opened half spasmodically.

"Ellen—come and sit down here."

The last speaker was sitting on a sofa, by the open window. Her words were pleasantly spoken, but with something of the air of a command. She was a woman somewhat older than her friend, with more decisiveness of character, and a more intimate knowledge of the world.

"Who does not love you?" she asked.

"My husband," replied the other, seating herself as directed—placing one hand within the other—the stony look still in her eyes.

"Did he *ever* love you, Ellen?"

The abruptness of this question startled the young wife. The color came into her face; and after pausing a moment, she said:

"I believe that he did, Jane."

"Have you ever done anything to forfeit his love?"

"No—no! God knows I have not. I love him more wildly than ever. He can ask no sacrifice that I will not make, no duty that shall not be willingly performed."

"How do you know that he does not love you, Ellen?"

"By his actions; not so much by positiveness as by *passiveness*; you understand me, Jane. Not by evident unkindness; but by a neglect of the many little attentions which it was once a pleasure to him to offer, and the happiness of my life to receive. He seems to love the society of others better than he does

mine. I believe that he loves you, Jane. God forgive me! I am not jealous; but I wish that you had never come here."

The voice of the young wife trembled; there was a nervous twitching about her lips, and she averted her face.

Jane was silent for a few minutes. She did not appear to take offence at the remark. It wounded her, but she let it pass by. She could excuse the impulsiveness of her friend, though never impulsive herself. Besides, there was a duty which she had been earnestly called upon to perform, prompted by the strong interest she felt in her friend—and now the opportunity had presented itself.

"And why should he love me better than he should you, Ellen?" she asked.

"From contrast."

"So—and in what do you suffer in the contrast?"

"Oh—in everything! In wit, intelligence, disposition and character. Edward is a splendid conversationalist, so are you. He is fond of music, you perform admirably. He is fond of poetry, and it loses nothing of its inspiration when you read it to him. He likes equality of companionship, decisiveness of character, reliability of judgment. In all these, and many more, I am deficient."

"You have not enumerated *beauty*, Ellen?"

"Because I do not suffer in comparison there. Your face is not beautiful; it owes its attractiveness to expression, vivacity, intelligence. These may make homely features handsome. Mine are faultlessly beautiful. So my friends, my husband, my looking-glass have told me. I do not say it in vanity. I sometimes think that Edward married me for my beauty. I wish God had made me less so."

"Hush—*hush*, Ellen!" said her friend, reprovingly. "It is wrong to talk so. But how did I get these accomplishments you have enumerated?"

"You acquired them," replied the young wife.

Jane arose and leaned out of the open window. She wished her companion thoroughly to comprehend the significance of her reply. It had the desired effect. The face of the young wife grew thoughtful. A brilliancy came into her eyes, and a sensation of relief into her soul. She saw what her friend was aiming at.

"You are right there," said Jane, resuming her seat, and taking the hands of the young wife into hers. "Yes, I acquired them. And so shall you acquire them. Do not smile at my positiveness. I have been wanting to speak

to you upon this subject, but felt a delicacy. I was afraid of offending you. I have a plan to propose to you. It shall not fail on your part from want of interest. I forgive you the unkind remark you made awhile ago."

"It was indeed unkind," said the other, fervently pressing the hands of her friend; "but I could not help it. I felt better after it was said. It seemed to restore some of our old friendship."

"I understand you, Ellen. There was a frankness about the remark that made it wound less deeply. Believe me, I would not come between you and your husband. I seek rather to make you more fully comprehend each other. We will refer to this matter again."

Edward Wilmer had married Ellen Branon but a year before. He was some years her senior, and had seen much of the world. Wealthy, talented and handsome, it was a subject of surprise that he had reached the verge of bachelorhood without having been captivated by one of the opposite sex.

The reason was partly because he had become sick of the shallow conventionalities of the fashionable society in which he moved, and partly because he was much of a "book-worm," and, as a consequence, to a certain degree selfish.

It was not until he met Miss Branon in her quiet country home that he felt any emotions which seemed to him more than those of common friendship. Her beautiful face, her child-like ways, her sprightliness of manner, her purity of character, to which the charms of rural life, birds, brooks, and flowers, breezy woodlands and blossoming orchards, added further beauty—attracted his attention. He bent to the new awakening of interest, sought her society; and when she learned to love him, clinging to him, worship him, his heart became immeasurably full. He loved her with the intensity with which such men love. They love with their whole souls—or never.

But she was ignorant—ignorant of the ways of the world—ignorant of the learning of the schools. Wilmer had his misgivings. He felt that she was not exactly suited to him; that she was not a woman he could be proud of—that is, among his friends. But his love for her was very strong. He could not set her aside. She had become essential to his happiness, and he married her.

For a time all went well. The conjectures of his friends, their surprise at his choice, their criticisms upon her failings, the constantly recurring contrast with the superiors of her

sex—he fought through all these. But at last they began to have their effect. He took her more rarely into society; he sought the companionship of others, and of books, because more congenial. He was dropping into his old selfish and exclusive ways.

She still was “an angel in the house;” perhaps he loved her none the less; but he was not proud of her. It was necessary that a man of his organism should be proud of his wife. One thing was certain, he was changing towards her, unconsciously so to himself, but daily more and more apparent to a heart so quick to take alarm as that of his child-like wife. As she had said, he was not unkind to her; he only neglected those numberless things which love alone can prompt or detect, little in themselves, but a sum of happiness in the aggregate.

The trial to the young wife was a bitter one. She bore it uncomplainingly. She struggled against all—her soul still strong in its earlier faith, and her features and voice schooled against the expressiveness of her dread. It was only once—and in the manner given in this little sketch—that an audible murmur escaped her lips, low in tone, but surcharged with agony and despair.

Jane Raymon, her friend, who was spending the summer months with her, saw and comprehended the difficulty. It pained her much, for she had been a warm friend to both for years; and it was through her instrumentality that they had been thrown together.

The ladies were again alone.

“I told you, Ellen,” said Miss Raymon, taking up the subject, “that I had a project to present to you. It is this: I want you to enter upon a course of studies, not only the useful but also the ornamental branches. I want you to be my pupil. I believe that you will prove an apt scholar. You are quick to perceive, have had some excellent advantages, and the desire to fit yourself for companionship with your husband should be your sufficient incentive to success. You know he is little at home during the day-time; he is so wrapped up in business and study that we could carry out our scheme through the summer without detection. Then in the end what a surprise it would be to him!”

“I am ready to enter into your plans, Jane. I appreciate your design and your kindness. You shall indeed be my teacher.”

“When shall we begin, Ellen?”

“To-day,” was the firm reply.

“That answer argues well for success, Ellen. It was determinedly spoken and suggestive of immediate action. It has been said that it is the business of life to cultivate the affections. This you have unquestionably done. You are kind, loving, trusting to a fault. It is the business of the schools to cultivate the intellect. In this matter you have been negligent. To-day your scholarship commences.”

“Jane,” said the young wife, kissing her friend, “I believe in the honesty of your purpose. You have never deceived me; you have been to me a true friend, unveiling to me my faults, and pointing out the proper way to correct them. I shall enter into your plans with avidity. I will do so, whether Edward will eventually appreciate me or not. It will open to me a province full of grandeur and beauty. I will find in knowledge a pleasure, a gratification. In the companionship of books I will be less sensitive to any apparent neglect on the part of my husband, or rather, will be less apt to notice or imagine I notice them.”

The plan was put into successful operation. The young wife threw all her energy into the project. She cultivated assiduously the acquaintance of books, and made all the progress her exacting teacher had dared to anticipate. We will give the result of the affair in an account of

A FEW PLEASANT SURPRISES.

“Miss Raymon, did you drop this in the library?” asked Mr. Wilmer, one evening, as he came into the sitting-room with a manuscript in his hand.

“What is it?” said that lady, quietly looking up from her work.

“A criticism upon the new romance by the author of Adam Bede.”

“I did not write it. I have not even read the work.”

“Why, that is strange! I surely thought it was yours. Come, own up to it. Such a criticism is worthy of any author. The one who wrote this could have written Adam Bede. It is very much your style of analysis.”

“I say again, I did not write it. Your compliment upon it almost tempts me to claim its authorship—impliedly, you know. Perhaps you had better look farther for the author.”

As Miss Raymon spoke she glanced significantly towards Mrs. Wilmer.

The face of the latter was bent low over her sewing. The blood gathered thick and fast around her temples.

“Am I to understand that—”

Edward Wilmer paused, with his gaze fixed

steadfastly on his wife. The suspense was unendurable to her, and looking up, she reached out her hand, and said—

"It is mine, Edward."

The husband still kept his eyes upon her.

"Did you write it, Ellen?" he asked.

She felt that he did not believe that she did; that he would not have believed her had she said so. Her heart was full.

"It is mine, Edward," she again repeated. She burst into tears, and seizing the manuscript half rushed from the room.

Edward Wilmer was confounded.

"What does this mean, Miss Raymon?" he asked, sternly.

"It is as she said. It is hers."

"By what right?"

"By the right of *creation*."

"I do not believe it."

Rather abrupt, but just like him.

"You are complimentary, Mr. Wilmer."

The gentleman was conscious that a pair of bright eyes had snapped angrily at him, and that he was standing alone in the room. He felt bewildered and uncomfortable.

There was a grand party at Judge C——'s. Lights and diamonds flashed, music and perfume floated on the air, and wit and beauty added their sparkle to the throng.

Some master hand was at the piano. The tide of human beings was rolling on towards where the singer sat. It was the *Dies Irae*, that relic of medieval literature, so full of powerful meaning, shining like a beacon far out on the waters of the great unknown, freighted with trembling and penitence, and carrying the soul forward to the night of Time.

It was powerfully sang; the soul of the performer seemed to go out with the melody, shapening into a diviner inspiration than that which touched its author by Lake Fucino.

Goethe, in his "*Faust*," introduces with grand and terrible effect certain stanzas of this poem, when guilty Margaret, alone and friendless, comes among the worshippers so much holier than herself.

Edward Wilmer stood spell-bound; it was not until those familiar stanzas were flooding the air with their very intensity, that he grasped the hand of a friend and hurried towards the piano to catch a glimpse of the singer.

It was his wife!

He walked out on the balcony and looked at the stars. He wanted to be alone. He was excited—a rare thing in him. There was a

light beginning to dawn upon his brain. There was a rustle of a silk dress, and Jane Raymon stood beside him.

"What does this mean, Edward Wilmer?" she asked, a roguish sparkle in her eye. It was the question he had once asked her after a similar surprise.

"It means that I have been a fool!" said he, bluntly. "I have been wronging my wife very much."

"Two honest confessions, I must say."

"I am manly enough to repeat them to her. You have had a hand in this, Miss Raymon. I thank you for it."

"I take little credit to myself, Mr. Wilmer. Your wife was an apt scholar. She has nerve, and intellect, and genius; she has proved it in the silent, uncomplaining way in which she bears your coldness, in the racy essay, in the gush of song. Beware, Wilmer. Do not turn her heart to worship at the shrine of its own selfishness. We all change; perhaps nothing changes us so much as disappointment. She may change from the joyous, unsophisticated, child-like wife you found her, to a modern woman of the world—fawned upon and flattered—seeking in the excitement of her intellect what the love of her heart denied her—radiant as a star in the firmament of scholarship, and as far as a star beyond the reach of the old love. Mr. Wilmer, appreciate your wife. Meet her on the plain of her companionship—come out of the world of books into the world of men. Teach your heart, just as she has taught her mind; cultivate your affections, just as she cultivated her intellect. She did the one to please you; do you the other to please her."

Mrs. Wilmer never had cause afterwards to complain of being unappreciated by her husband, or to feel that she suffered through comparison.

MOUNT JOY, PA.

MISS BREMER'S OPINION OF MARRIED MEN.—I confess, then, that I never find, and never have found, a man more lovable, more captivating, than when he is a married man—that is to say, a good married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is married, as when he is a husband, and the father of a family—supporting in his manly arms wife and children, and the whole domestic circle, which, in his entrance into the married state, closed around him, and constitute a part of his home and his world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it.

Kings and Queens of England.

HENRY I.

Henry I. was crowned by the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of York, August 5, 1100. He was handsome and elegant in his person; his countenance was agreeable, and his conversation engaging and affable. Though living in an age of ignorance, he was learned and studious, for which he received the name of Beauclerc. His character displays a mixture of good and evil. He was courageous in war, prudent in government, and strict in the administration of justice. He patronized letters, and enjoyed the conversation of the learned and refined of the kingdom and from abroad. But with many good qualities, he was avaricious, unfeeling and ambitious, and a slave to the love of self and the love of the world, which governed all his actions.

On the death of William II., the throne by hereditary right belonged to Robert, but he was still in Palestine, where nearly a million of Christians from Europe had gone in quest of salvation and plunder. They took Jerusalem on Good Friday, 1099, and the sovereignty was offered to Robert, but he declined it; still he had remained there more than a year after that event, when his brother died, and lost the crown of England by his absence. Henry had the advantage of being present, and he made a positive promise to the nation to abrogate the rigorous laws enacted since the conquest, to restore those of Edward the Confessor, to reinstate the clergy in their privileges, and recall those who had been banished. These wise measures secured the throne to him.

The Normans at this time were the rulers in the nation, but the English constituted the great mass of the people; and in order more fully to gain the affections of the latter, Henry married Matilda, the daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, and Margaret, a sister of Edgar Atheling. This alliance was very grateful to the English, and restored the ancient race of their kings, by uniting the Saxon with the Norman line of succession.

At this time, Robert returned from the Holy Land, and took possession of Normandy, which had been mortgaged to the late king. Henry did not think it prudent to begin a contest with his brother, fearing that he might lose England, also, if he did. Robert was resolved to attempt the recovery of England, which he justly considered as his birthright, and had now been deprived of it a second time, and he immedi-

ately laid claim to the crown. Preparations were made for war; but without a battle, a treaty was concluded between the brothers, by which Robert was to have quiet possession of Normandy, and Henry to retain the crown of England, by paying annually to Robert three thousand marks. Everything now indicated peace; but Henry was not contented with England, he wished for Normandy also; and the indiscretion of his brother soon enabled him to obtain it. Robert was averse to business, and engaged in only the more splendid amusements and employments of life; and was not prepared for Henry, who, regardless of his promises, invaded Normandy, and defeated and took Robert prisoner, with many of his nobles, and Edgar Atheling, who at that time resided in Normandy. Henry, unmindful of his brother's former magnanimity, detained him a prisoner the remainder of his life, which was twenty-eight years. Robert died in the castle of Cardiff, after a life of great bravery, boundless generosity, and easy good nature, and a love of truth, having been deprived of his dominions, his friends, and his liberty.

His son William, who was ten years old at the time of his capture, was obliged to flee into France for safety; the rightful claims of William kept Henry in continual dread, and he would have destroyed him, but failed to get him in his power; he deprived him of all his estates. William was everywhere pitied for his misfortunes, and admired for his many virtues and his great personal beauty. He married a sister of the queen of France, and received a small territory as her dowry, and the king of France put him in possession of a part of Flanders, to which he had a claim, in right of his grandmother, Matilda, wife of the Conqueror.

Edgar Atheling, who was taken prisoner with Robert, was soon set at liberty: his Saxon blood, and his mild disposition made him a great favorite with the English. He lived quietly and far more happily than any of those who wore that crown to which by birth he had the best right. He lived to a great age, and had the satisfaction of seeing his niece queen of England for many years.

Henry now ruled without opposition in England and Normandy, and promised himself uninterrupted felicity, when a sad misfortune occurred, which embittered the rest of his days. In returning to England, from Normandy, the White Ship, in which his only son, William, had taken passage, was wrecked. William was a promising youth of sixteen, to

whom the states of both countries had already sworn fealty as Henry's successor. This made an impression on the mind of Henry that time nor the splendors of royalty could ever efface; and from that time he was never seen to smile. Henry now resolved to leave his crown to his daughter, Matilda, who had been married to the Emperor, Henry the Fifth of Germany, but was now a widow and had no child. All the vassals of the crown in a general assembly recognized her as his successor. Afterwards Matilda married Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, and had a son, the famous Henry II. The barons were again assembled, and the oath of fealty renewed, the infant son being included in the disposal of the succession. Ever, after Henry imprisoned Robert, remorse preyed upon his mind, though he attempted to stifle the reproaches of conscience by founding the Abbey of Reading, and building churches, which was then considered a sufficient atonement for any crime. Henry expired at the castle of Lyon, near Rouen, in Normandy, December 1, 1135. He was sixty-seven years old, and had reigned thirty-five years.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You look tired, father."

"Well, I feel sort o' tuckered out, child," said Deacon Palmer, as he flung himself into the great chair his daughter placed for him, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his coarse handkerchief. "My bones are gettin' too old for the brunt of harvest work. I should have laughed once at what wilts me up in an hour or two now. Your father's gettin' to be an old man, Grace."

"Well, all things have to grow old to get ripe," answered Grace, looking up from the stratum of golden butter, whose angles she was rounding with her knife, to the sun-browned face, with a bright smile, which was touched with some deeper feeling. "Are you getting on well, father?"

"Fust rate; if this weather holds on, we shall get through with the brunt of the work this week; and the Lord never blessed a summer with finer crops than He has this one o' seventeen hundred and seventy-five."

"Well, good crops and the battle of Bunker Hill, are something to thank Him for;" re-

turning from the pantry, with a pitcher of milk in one hand, and an apple-pie, with daintily ruffled edges, in the other. "Come, father, sit up to the table now, and take your rest and your lunch together. Here's something you'll like, too; it's a green apple pie. I made it on purpose for your lunch; it's the first we've had this season, you know;" and she slipped her knife through the green lake of sweetened fruit.

"Where's your mother, Grace?" asked the farmer, as he seated himself at the table.

"She's gone over to the tavern, to pass the day. I just prevailed upon her to start off. It always does her good to see Mrs. Trueman, and she needs to be kept up all she can. I've sent for Lucy to come and pass the day with me;" setting herself down before a yellow bowl, heaped with ripe currants, the long stems, like green threads strung with pendants of coral, and it was evident that Grace's artistic sense was pleased with their beauty, by the dainty way in which her small fingers touched the glowing fruit.

It was in the dead heats of the harvest now. The windows were all open; the summer winds had gone to sleep, for it was eleven o'clock of the July day, and the ripe sunlight was only feebly contested in its way to the kitchen by the rose-brier which tapestried the windows.

"It's a wiltin' day out in the fields," said the Deacon, as he helped himself to a third slice of the pie.

"Yes; we can hardly keep comfortable in the house. How does that pie relish, father?"

"It touches the spot. You beat your mother, Grace, at apple pies; and that's the highest compliment that I know how to pay you. Somebody else'll appreciate them as much as I do, one of these days."

Grace looked up in bright, swift recognition of her father's meaning; then some other thought touched her smile, for it faded into a sudden gravity that was mixed with pain. She bent her head lower over the currants.

Perhaps her father saw the sudden gravity which put out the smile, and comprehended its meaning. At any rate, he finished his meal in silence, which seemed to express a sympathy which he could not put in words. Then he pushed his chair away, and watched the girl, as she skilfully slipped the red globes from their stems; and there were many feelings at work in the soul of Deacon Palmer. One of these at last found expression in a way very unusual with the farmer. He stretched his great white hand towards the pretty picture

seated there in the golden framing of July sunshine, and stroked the smooth brown hair tenderly as though it had been a baby's.

"My little daughter," said the farmer, in a soft, caressing tone.

Grace turned quickly, and looked up at her father with a mingling of brightness and softness in her eyes. She leaned her cheek down on his knee, in mute acknowledgment of all which his words covered. The farmer stroked the soft peach bloom a moment, and this time the words, as well as the tone, touched closer to his feelings.

"My poor little daughter."

Grace looked up, now. There was a little struggle in her face; but the brightness vanquished the pain, and her voice endorsed her words, for it came bright and cheerful—

"No, father; I'm not poor. I'm rich—very rich."

He understood her.

"So you are, my child—with all the best riches of Heaven or earth. You know what Paul says—'All things are yours.'"

"I know. Those things Paul meant are mine, father." Her face shone now, as she lifted it to him, with peace and joy, which were fed with springs beyond this world. It told its own story of love, and faith, and submission.

The Deacon's heart swelled in a fervent thanksgiving. It was a silent one, however, and when the words came, they were only—

"Daughter, you have been a great comfort to us this summer."

She thanked him with her eyes, her cheek still leaning against his knee; and there was a brief silence. Grace spoke first, with a little doubt and hesitancy, for she had put away many feelings too solemn and tender for words to reach now.

"Father, I've been wondering a good deal of late——" She stopped here.

"About what, Grace?"

"Why, that you didn't consult some lawyer, or do something about this matter; I'm afraid that man will get the start of you."

"I've considered it a good deal myself of late," answered the Deacon, with a reflective voice and face; but I've had a kind of feeling that something would happen, or somebody come along to help me, sent of the Lord. Not that I meant to neglect the means, child; but the feelin's been so strong, it's sort o' held me back."

"When will it come before the court?"

"The next session opens in November. I

shan't put the matter off any longer. I mean to place it in Lawyer Fuller's hands this week."

At that moment, there was a very peremptory summons of the old brass knocker. Grace sprang up, gave her hair a little impromptu smoothing, and hurried to the door. She encountered there a face which she did not remember to have ever seen before; it was that of a man evidently a little passed his thirties, a face with agreeable outlines, and a manly, straight-forward, intelligent expression, which at once put you in a pleasant humor with it. The eyes had a shrewd, penetrating look, which indicated they were accustomed to study whatever came in their way; and yet, it was a kindly sort of study—nothing sharp or cynical about it.

"Good morning, ma'am," said the stranger, lifting his hat; and the manner and the voice were their own witness of the speaker's cultivation, both mental and social. "Is Deacon Palmer at home?"

"Will you walk in, sir?" the buds deepening into blossoms in her cheeks, as she led the way to the sitting-room.

The voice had reached the Deacon, in the kitchen; for the doors were all open, and the guest had hardly reached the sitting-room before the host did.

"Don't you know me, sir?" and the stranger pressed forwards eagerly, and seized the Deacon's hand.

"I can't say I do, my friend;" searching his guest's face curiously.

"Well, if you've forgotten my face, you haven't forgotten the name of John Deming."

"John Deming!" cried the Deacon, with a start; "I reckon not. But, it aint possible!" and he surveyed the stranger with a mixture of doubt and belief.

"Yes, it is possible, Deacon Palmer; I am John Deming, and no other."

Grace had not seen her father look so glad for many a day. He shook the stranger's hand until she was certain it must have ached up to his shoulder; he commented and complimented him on his looks; he asked him a dozen questions at once, and with his habitual hospitality, hurried Grace off to the kitchen, to prepare a collation for the stranger, though the latter interposed a strong objection to this, which the Deacon overruled.

"I'm sorry *Miss* Palmer happens to be out, John; it'll do her eyes good to see you. We was talkin' about you, only the other day."

"It's good to find one hasn't been forgotten,

after years of absence and silence. Ah, Deacon, you've got the old voice and the old smile; but, I must tell you the truth, time hasn't gone lightly over you."

"That's a fact," answered the Deacon, a little sadly—"we've got to stand aside, as I tell mother, and see the younger ones take our places; but when the fruit gets into autumn, it's time for it to fall, you know."

"That's all right enough for fruit, but I hope *your* time for falling is a long way off yet, Deacon Palmer."

"Thank you, John; we must leave that to the Lord, you know. How have the years gone with you? It's fourteen on 'em since you went out of the front door, there."

"I know it, Deacon, and putting that morning and this together, I couldn't make it seem that there lay more than a week betwixt them, as I came up to the front door, and everything wore just the same look. It was like the welcome of an old friend," and the speaker glanced with a kind of tender recognition about the room.

"Well, what has the world done to you, John, in these years, that have changed you from a boy to a man?" There was more than curiosity in the question; an interest almost fatherly was in the Deacon's eyes, as he still kept them on the young man.

"It's treated me pretty well on the whole. You know I went to South America, and stayed there until my uncle died. It was his wish that I should take his place in the firm, and he put me in the counting-room at once, and tried to make a merchant of me."

"And didn't succeed—eh, John?"

"He might if he had lived, for he was so fond of me, that it would have gone hard not to oblige him; but he died suddenly, and left his affairs in great confusion. Two of his partners were Spaniards—one of them was a scoundrel. I should never have got a dollar of my uncle's fortune, though it was mine by his will, and my being nearest of kin, if I had not been on the spot. As it was, I saved only a few thousands, with the aid of two shrewd lawyers; but looking into his affairs at that time gave me a taste for my profession."

"Your profession, John—what's that?"

"I sailed from South America to England, and studied law in London."

"No!" looking at his guest in amazement, which, for the moment, did not allow of more words.

"I thought you knew all this from the letter, to which you never replied."

"Because I never received it. It don't seem possible, John," in a musing tone, looking at his guest.

"No wonder you say that Deacon, remembering the little ragged, friendless savage, that came to your door eighteen years ago. Oh, my friend, all that I am—all that I ever shall be, I owe to you and Mrs. Palmer;" the speaker broke off abruptly—his eyes were moist—he leaned over and shook the hard hand of the Deacon.

"Mother al'ays said it was in you, John—from the first she declared you was bound to make your mark in the world!"

"Bless her good heart. You've got a handsome daughter there, Deacon, with the look of her mother in her eyes."

"Yes, sir. Grace is her mother's child. Don't you remember how you used to trot her on your knee?"

"*Don't I!* The old place is full of pictures and memories that my heart has carried all over the world."

A shadow fell upon the old man's face, which had been full of animation; for the last remark of his guest touched the great fear which haunted all the Deacon's sleeping and waking hours.

He shook his head mournfully. "Ah, John, there's little comfort to me in goin' round the old place now, though every foot of the soil's as dear to me as my right hand. I'm like to lose it."

"Like to lose the old place?" repeated Mr. Deming, in a voice taken full possession of by amazement.

"Yes, John. It's been a terrible blow to my old age. You remember Ralph Jarvys, the ship owner?"

"Perfectly; his son Richard and I were schoolmates, you know, and had a sharp pull together for the prizes."

"Well, he's come across an old title deed of the land which belonged to his grandfather, and as the bill of sale can't be produced, nor the record either, it's goin' to give me great trouble."

"What counsel have you employed?"

"Nobody yet. I've put the thing off, hopin' for some farther light, but it wont do to wait any longer."

"Deacon Palmer, perhaps here's a chance for me to repay somewhat of the great debt I owe you. I've practised at the bar three years in Philadelphia, with better success than I dared to hope; but my health broke down under it, and I found I must have a vacation."

So I concluded to set off for the sea shore, and see you at the same time. Now, if you'll put this thing into my hands, I'll promise to manage it for you as well as anybody you will be likely to find."

Strong emotion kept the farmer from speaking for a few moments. Then he looked up.

"John," he said, simply, "it must have been you that I have been waiting for all this time, and I didn't know it. The Lord bless and reward you, for what you have said."

Just then, Grace entered and invited Mr. Deming out to dinner; and the conversation was terminated by his agreeing to come round that evening, when the farmer would put him in possession of all the facts relating to the sale of the Palmer lands.

And once seated at the table, and after a brief chat betwixt the young lawyer and his hostess, who did the honors so gracefully, the conversation turned on a topic which at that time lay closest to the heart of every true man and woman throughout the land.

"You've got a governor of the true metal, Deacon, here in Connecticut, which is more than can be said of all the other Colonies!"

"Yes, sir. Governor Trumbull, honor to his name! was ahead of all the others, and answered his country's call nobly. It'll be remembered of him long after his gray head has laid under the grass."

"I hope so. As for our army round Boston, I expect that every mail will bring us tidings of bloody work there. It don't seem as though his majesty's troops would remain much longer shut up in such a plight; but the warm reception which they met at Bunker's Hill, has made them a little careful about venturing out. I tell you, sir, that was a glorious thing for America!"

"Yes, sir—yes, sir," responded the Deacon, with a surreptitious glance at the face of his daughter.

"It seems to me little less than a miracle," continued the young lawyer, pausing in the midst of dismembering the leg of a chicken, "that they haven't sallied out and attacked our lines during the last fortnight. What a glorious chance they had for it before that powder arrived from the Jerseys came to hand. If General Gage had only known his advantage, he might have sallied out and put the whole army to rout, for what could the bravest men do with no powder to fall back upon, except what was in their cartridge boxes!"

"God must have blinded the hearts of our

enemies as he did the Philistines in the days of old," subjoined the Deacon.

"I believe so, and that he must have raised us up a deliverer for our oppressed nation in this George Washington," added the lawyer.

"Congress and the country seem to have great confidence in him," continued the Deacon. "For my own part, I must say all his measures seem to show, so far, a remarkable degree of sagacity and prudence. But it requires all these to be at the helm now, John."

The lawyer laid down his knife and fork in his earnestness.

"Yes, and if there ever was a man who devoted himself to this cause of our Colonies, heart and soul, for love of his country, that man is George Washington! I know him well; and his secretary, Mr. Joseph Reed, and I, practised together in Philadelphia; and I've often taken dinner with the General at his friend's house, when he was in Philadelphia to attend the sessions of the Continental Congress."

"Wall, now," subjoined the Deacon, settling himself back in his chair. "I am glad to get at a man who has had an opportunity of talkin' face to face with Washington. If that are was known in this neighborhood, you'd be quite a lion for miles around."

"That is, I should serve for a time as a good reflector of another's light! Well, sir, as I said, I've sat more than once into the midnight with General Washington and Secretary Reed, talking over the course which the English Parliament has pursued towards her British American Colonies, from the hour that their first emigrants cast anchor at Jamestown unto this one! Why, it's enough to make a man's blood boil in his veins when he thinks of it!"

"That's a fact, John. There never sat a Stuart on the throne of England that ever thought of the country in any other light than that of a tobacco growin' region, out of which he hoped, by a system of monopoly, to reap large profits for himself. Little love or care our poor Colonies got from king or parliament, until they found we might be of some service to them."

"Yes," continued the lawyer, now thoroughly launched on the tide of his subject, "and the first interest the ministry indicated in our affairs, was to claim a monopoly of our commerce, and so they've gone on down the last two centuries from one high-handed act to another, until they crowned all at last, by their Stamp Act and Port Bills, denying us the right of a trial by jury, and intending to quarter a

standing army upon us. We should be less than men—we should be slaves and cowards to stand this!"

"You've got the true grit in you, John," said the Deacon, rubbing his hands together, which was a habit that he had when he was pleased or excited.

"I intend to show that I have, with some better weapons than my tongue, when I get strong enough for hard service."

"I'm afraid the close of this year won't see the thing settled," continued the Deacon, "though our troops haven't enlisted for any longer time. I don't know, for my part, how or where it's to end."

"Only in one way, my dear sir. It's got to come to that. In a Declaration of Independence—in a total and eternal separation betwixt the mother country and her colonies, is our only safeguard and security."

"That's just what Edward says," interposed Grace Palmer at this point, for she had listened with breathless eagerness to every word of the young lawyer's.

"Does *he*, daughter?" asked the Deacon, with a little smile on the corners of his lips, which first made Grace conscious of the audible expression of her thoughts, and the buds suddenly blossomed into damask roses in her cheeks, as she met the lawyer's half amused, half perplexed glance.

"Well, I suspect that he's more than half right. It's got to be the talk now, on all hands, that that's the only way to settle the matter."

Lawyer Deming returned to his chicken, and to a general discussion of army movements, and army measures with the Deacon, such as whether action would be likely to be confined to the sea board; whether, if an armed force were sent into Canada under Schuyler, that province could be easily subjugated; and what measures would be taken to prevent the sudden descent of armed vessels on the coast of New England, where the defenceless inhabitants were plundered or subjected to all sorts of outrages, in order that the British soldiery might obtain supplies for the forces besieged at Boston.

And so the day and the talk sloped into the afternoon, before the Deacon or his guest discovered it. Both were then obliged to hurry away, the lawyer promising to return that evening; and having learned that the old mill-trueman was still under the supervision of Mrs. Trueman, whom he remembered, he formed a resolution to take up his abode there during his stay in the neighborhood. But he turned

back suddenly, after he had shaken hands with the Deacon at the door, asking,

"Oh, who is Edward?"

"I 'spose he'll be my son-in-law some day, if he don't find a soldier's grave aforehand—poor fellow! He's a nephew of Parson Willetts, and he's in the camp at Cambridge now, under Putnam."

"No prospect for me in that quarter, then," subjoined the stranger, with a pleasant smile, which the Deacon duplicated. "Pity you haven't another handsome daughter, my old friend."

"We have several you know, John," answered the Deacon, a little seriousness, which was not a shadow, in his tones.

The lawyer had reached the front gate by the grass path, which gave no sound of his footsteps, and some absorbing thoughts, which linked the past and the present, were suddenly put to flight by his stumbling upon a white lawn dress in the skirt of which his unlucky boot made a small hiatus, before he was conscious of it.

"Oh, dear now!" said the wearer, in a tone of extremest vexation. "If that isn't the greatest shame?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss. I wish I knew some better way to atone for my unfortunate misstep."

Lucy Trueman—for it was she—looked up in startled amazement at the voice. She had been so occupied with the covered china bowl in her hands, that she had not observed the stranger, and supposed that she had caught her dress in some protruding nail at the gate. The pretty face grew crimson betwixt surprise and mortification; but high colors were becoming to Lucy Trueman's style, which was of the plump and ruddy kind. She certainly did look bewitching, as she stammered,

"I didn't know—It's no matter—I thought it was the gate!"

"I only wish it had been!" said the courteous stranger, with an admiring glance at the blushing face, as he passed on.

"Why, Lucy, is that you at last!" was Grace's salutation, as her friend walked into the kitchen. "I'd quite given up expecting you."

"Well, I guess it would have been better if I hadn't come at all—there, now, Grace!" exclaimed Lucy, as she set down the bowl on the table, with an expression which was pendulous betwixt resignation and provocation.

"Why, what *has* happened, Lucy? Take your bonnet right off and tell me."

As Lucy untied the ribbons of her bonnet the shadow vanished from her face, for her nature was quite too elastic and buoyant to be jarred for more than a moment at any untoward incident.

"Grace," she said, setting her great black eyes full on her friend's face, "who was that young gentleman I met at the gate, just now?"

"Did you see him? I'm so glad, Lucy! I've been wishing you were only here to dinner. The gentleman is a Mr. John Deming, a young lawyer from Philadelphia, an acquaintance of General Washington and Secretary Reed. He's dined with them often!"

"Dear me, Grace!" interpolated Lucy, who had drank in this information with eyes growing rounder and blacker all the time.

"Yes—and would you believe it—that gentleman, sixteen years ago, came to my father's door a little homeless, ragged, friendless boy. He had run away from some place near Springfield—his father and mother were dead, and he had fallen into the hands of a hard, cruel man, who worked him beyond his strength, and the boy was never tough. He stopped here to get something to eat, and mother was at once interested in the boy, and his replies to her questions so enlisted the sympathies of her motherly heart that she kept him until father came home. Then the boy told his whole sad story in such a way that they hadn't a doubt of its truth, and father concluded to keep him and let him work on the farm, and he was overjoyed at the proposition. He remained with us for four years. Papa sent him to school, and, indeed, made as much of him as though John Deming were his son, and I suppose loved him, as mother did, almost as well.

"Then a gentleman from Springfield, who knew John's father, happened to be stopping at our house, and inquired about the boy; for there was something familiar in his face—and learned his history. This gentleman was at that time having some business relations with John's mother's brother, who was a merchant in South America—a childless widower, who little suspected that he had a nephew in the world. So the gentleman wrote at once to this uncle, and he sent for John to come to him in South America, where he remained until the uncle died. I lost the thread of the story here, father was in such a hurry to get off to the fields; but I suspect there was some difficulty in settling up the uncle's affairs; at all events, Mr. Deming went to England, studied law in London, returned some years ago, and has been practising at the bar in

Philadelphia ever since. It appears that he wrote to father, but the letter never reached him, and you can imagine his surprise when he came into the room this morning, and saw the boy he had long since given up for lost or dead, in the gentleman who rose up and grasped his hand, and told him he was John Deming."

Lucy drew a long breath at the conclusion of this story, to which she had listened with motionless interest.

"I declare, Grace," was her first comment—"it's as good as a novel—every whit."

"It seems to me like a romance, more than anything in actual life. But why didn't you get here earlier, Lucy, to take dinner with him?"

"Why didn't I? Mother was gettin' up a bundle of things to send off to poor dear Nathaniel, and I had the shirts all to finish off, for mother's eyes aren't good at stitching, and it wouldn't do to wait, as Mr. Minott, who carries the box, leaves to-morrow, and I couldn't neglect Nathaniel even for your sake, Grace."

"Of course not, Lucy," and the speaker's soft hand dropped with a little fluttering caress on the girl's shoulder, which said more than the words did. The next moment, Lucy had broken out into one of her quick, explosive little laughs, that were always infectious.

"What is it?" asked Grace.

"I haven't told you yet, have I? You see I've brought you a bowl of blackberries. They're the first we've had this season, and your mother said you hadn't seen one since last summer; so I thought they'd be a treat.

"No, you must hear my story before you thank me, Grace. That unlucky bowl nearly slipped from my hands as I opened the gate, and something—I thought that it was a nail—caught the skirt of my dress, and tore it."

"I exclaimed right out, something or other, after my fashion, you know, when somebody close to me, asked my pardon, and I looked up. Oh, dear me, Grace, I wanted the earth to open for a minute, and swallow me up!"

Grace laughed, her own round, full laugh, made up of sweetness and mirth; for Lucy's picturesque description was assisted by various expressive pantomimes. Lucy joined in with hers, which was very sweet too, a little louder and more demonstrative, to suit her character, and then continued:—

"I stammered out some awkward kind of an apology, and he answered me, lifting his hat with as courtly an air as though I'd been a queen, instead of a goose. I don't know what

he thought of me, and I don't care, either, Grace;" with a toss of her pretty head, which was an instinctive affirmation of her throwing the whole thing aside, which Lucy Trauman did figuratively and literally.

"I'd never give it another thought, Lucy," subjoined Grace, the lines of her mouth bending as she spoke, into an amused smile. "And come to think, it's of very little consequence that you weren't here to-day, for you'll have plenty of chances to dine with Mr. Deming."

"Where?" turning around in surprise.

"At the tavern; he's gone to take board there for the rest of the summer."

Lucy's face was more expressive than her words, for these were only—

"Well, now, Grace!"

"Wont your mother take him, Lucy?"

"Of course she will, and glad to have somebody like Mr. Deming in the old house; for it's as deserted as an old barn since the war commenced. Nobody stops there now but farmers, on their way to town."

At that moment Lucy caught sight of the rip in her dress.

"There's Mr. Deming's mark. Do get me a needle and thread, Grace."

Grace took her friend up to her room, and Lucy was hardly established with needle and thread by the window, before the little rapid tongue commenced again—

"Have you heard from camp since I was here?" a tiny arch smile accompanied the question.

A half grave, half conscious one, answered her before the words did—

"Of course I have: it's a week since you were here."

Lucy gave a little cough, which expressed unutterable things.

"I suppose that seems a long time to you." Good news, Grace?"

Grace did not answer this time; she looked at her friend with an expression half reluctant, half confiding, as though she was tempted to communicate something, and yet, from the nature of the subject, was held back. Lucy penetrated all that the gaze said; she leaned forwards, slipped her hand into Grace's, who was sitting near her, and said in a pretty, enticing way—

"Dear Grace! you wont hesitate to tell me?"

A very soft kiss on her forehead, answered first; then Grace spoke in a lowered tone, as though the topic was too deep and sacred a one to be fitted to ordinary tones—

"Edward writes me in the best spirits. He has grown on a very intimate footing with General Greene of Rhode Island, and likes him exceedingly. He dined at headquarters last week with this new friend, and I presume it is through his influence partly, that Edward has received a captain's commission."

A flash of pleasure went over Lucy Trauman's face.

"Oh, I'm so glad, Grace! Wont you feel proud of him one of these days, when he comes home, with his soldier's epaulettes?"

Lucy was sorry she had asked the question before the words were fairly out of her lips; such a look of pain, that fairly mounted to anguish, rose into her friend's face. It was put aside after a little struggle, and the voice was steady, but low, and full of much which no words could reach, that answered—

"I never think of that, Lucy."

Lucy was touched.

"It must be hard—very hard, Grace," she said, with a mixture of sympathy and reverence, which fairly sobered the bright face for a moment; "I don't see how you bear it as you do."

Grace's voice had a ring of triumph in it which her friend had never heard before, and from within there came a great light over her face, as she answered—

"God helps me!"

The meeting between Mr. Deming and Mrs. Palmer, which took place that evening, was too full of feeling to be very demonstrative on either side. It is true, the Deacon's wife was shaken with tears, for she remembered two little faces, with clusters of bright curls, which John Deming had kissed when he last went out of that door, and which lay still under the pillows of the summer grass, now that he came in again. The deacon and his guest did not retire into the parlor until quite late, for there were many matters to talk over, and Mrs. Palmer's curiosity and interest were not easily satisfied.

It was long after midnight before the lawyer and the farmer separated. The latter had learned one interesting fact, which would have a strong influence in his favor. It was that John Deming had met, while at Southampton, a sailor whom he had formerly known in New London, and who had, previous to entering upon a seafaring life, worked for a summer on Deacon Palmer's farm. Mr. Deming and the rough sailor had many pleasant memories and associations in common, and in talking of the Deacon one day, the sailor related to his young

friend the story which he had heard in his boyhood from the lips of his grandfather, of the rescue of Samuel Jarvys from drowning by David Palmer, at the risk of the latter's life.

And the grandfather of the sailor happened also to be one of the men who had witnessed the sale of the lands now included in the Palmer homestead, and the sailor repeated the conversation which had transpired that evening between the two farmers, before the sale was consummated, and in all essential respects it duplicated Mrs. Palmer's statements. The sailor had remarked to Mr. Deming that his grandfather lived to a great age, and his mind was very fond of dwelling on the past, and talking over the events of his youth; and Mr. Deming had abundant evidence that one at least of his descendants had inherited his garrulity.

Still, he listened with warm interest to the sailor's reminiscences of the Palmer family, for anything associated with them was pleasant to him.

"If we could only get hold of this sailor, now!" said Deacon Palmer.

"It would go far towards confirming your title, Deacon.

"I'm in hopes the fellow may turn up yet on some West Indiaman or whaling ship. What a God-send the sight of that old tarpaulin of his would be!"

"But it isn't in the natur' o' things—it'll be an especial Providence if he should," said the deacon, shaking his head. "Do you think that the case is lost without him?"

"Oh, no, not *that*." Lawyer Deming tapped the table with a professional air. "I see clearly where Richard Jarvys thinks his strong points, and your weak ones, are. And there's no doubt that the title deed being in his hands, and your having neither bill of sale or record to produce, makes the weather look squally for us. You see, Deacon, I can't quite get the old nautical phrases, I learned in going round the world, out of my head, or off my tongue."

"Don't try to, John. There's nothin' like those old sea-farin' sayin's for throwin' out a sudden picter, or hittin' the nail right on the head."

"That's my belief. I think, notwithstanding the thing is certainly, on first view, in favor of Ralph Jarvys, you have evidence to adduce which will make it hard to get judgment against you. Then, one thing is certain—the thing is so involved that it will be easy to get the matter postponed for several sessions, in order to wait the possible appearance of an

important witness. And you can appeal the thing, in case it should be decided against you. I'll manage that."

"Then I may count on having the shelter of my own roof for a little while longer, John?"

"Oh, yes! For two years at least; and always, if any work of mine can accomplish it. There's my hand on that, Deacon."

Deacon Palmer rose up and grasped the offered hand, and John Deming knew why the old man was silent.

CHAPTER IX.

The winter had passed, and once more might it be said of the Colonies, "The time of the singing of birds has come."

Perhaps it had never been said with such joyful thanksgiving since that spring, more than a century and a half before, when, after that long, slow winter of suffering and anguish had gone over their heads, the weary Pilgrims of the Mayflower felt the first soft south wind in March, and the birds sang sweetly in the woods of a land, which one winter had scattered thick with so many English graves.

No wonder that sweet south wind, those birds singing in the woods, seemed to the pilgrims like a voice and a breath from heaven, as they drank in the one and listened to the other, in the doors of the cabins they had reared on the New England coast—cabins in these wildernesses, whose thresholds were holier and of more value than all the mighty temples and lofty palaces of the world, for the foundations of those humble homes had been laid in righteousness, and their roofs raised—not for the honor of man—but for the glory of God! And it was spring again, just one hundred and fifty-five years later, and the children of the pilgrims rejoiced and gave thanks.

It had been a winter of sore hardships, of bitter fear and trial throughout the land. All eyes had been directed towards the Continental army, which had held Boston in a state of siege through the winter; and all patriot hearts had been sick with hope deferred as the slow months rolled away, and the army still lay coiled like a great serpent about Boston. There had been murmurings, repinings, and denunciations at this long inaction; the brave and the patriotic had borne and suffered patiently, but now all else was drowned in the cry of joy that came with the first swelling of the buds, with the first song of the birds.

This man, George Washington, doubted by so many, believed in by some, narrowly watched and criticised by all, for the destinies of a

young nation, struggling for her life, in the grasp of the old powerful monarchy that was seeking to crush it under her feet—this thoughtful, reserved Virginian had proved himself worthy of the mighty trust reposed by Congress in him—he had struck the great blow on Dorchester Heights, and the white sails of the British fleet had swept slowly away from the harbor of Boston.

The heart of America throbbed with new courage and hope; and our fathers and mothers rejoiced and were of good cheer, as they looked in each other's faces, and said, "The Lord hath arisen to our help against the mighty."

Grace Palmer was up in the garret that afternoon of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-six. The roof was low, and the room was lighted by one small window, and the sweet spring sunshine laughed triumphantly along the blackened rafters, and into the dark mythic corners, filled with all that miscellaneous household rubbish which had sustained such infirmities after long and honorable service, or broken down suddenly under compound fractures, that they were pronounced unworthy of farther duty, and assigned to lasting repose and silence in those legendary habitations of ghosts and goblins—the garret!

The floor was variously carpeted with patches of dried herbs, and corn, and butternuts, the gold, and black, and pale green making a kind of picturesque mosaic. Grace Palmer was bending over a large oak chest which stood under the window; on either side of her lay a snowy pile of flannel and fine linen, every stratum of which had received a most careful inspection. Then a little farther off was a smaller pile of pillow-cases, with broad hems and little dainty veins of hemstitching in scarlet around the margins; and still beyond was a heap of quilts, in all rare and intricate devices of patch-work—shells and chains and scallops, in which the youthful imagination and invention of Mrs. Patience Palmer had delighted themselves.

"There hasn't a moth got to one of these things," murmured Grace to herself, as she surveyed the variegated piles about her with a face which had none of the natural pride and pleasure of possession, which they were calculated to awaken, for all these things had been spun, and woven, and fashioned by her mother's own fingers; and Mrs. Palmer had taken no little satisfaction in reflecting that there was not one among Grace's young friends, who matched her daughter in the quantity or quality of her household linen.

Grace leaned her cheek in the palm of her hand, and gazed with a face that grew into mournfulness on the heaps of linen. It was evident that they touched deeply on some secret pain in her heart. They had no pleasant associations with her future—they woke no visions of a fair home, around which gathered all that was sweet and sacred in her woman's heart—the slow tears swelled into the dark eyes of the gazing girl—swelled and plashed down on the fingers that cushioned her cheek.

Grace had rejoiced, as few women did, in the glad tidings which the spring had brought for her country; but as the winter wore away she had longed unspeakably for a sight of Edward Dudley, and he had himself written in confident expectation of obtaining a furlough. But the commander-in-chief, apprehensive that the British fleet had sailed at once to blockade New York, in which it was well known there was a strong and active tory party, had hurried forward detachments to that city, and amongst these was the regiment in which Captain Dudley served. It was a bitter disappointment to the deacon's daughter, for she had looked forward with greedy anticipation to seeing Edward before May, and there was now no telling where he would be ordered or when he would return.

The town of New London was full of rejoicing and excitement, for the brigade of General Greene had stopped there on its way to New York, but Grace could not bear the sight of the troops or the general rejoicing; and so she had made an excuse to her mother for slipping off up garret to examine the "oak chest," about whose precious contents Mrs. Palmer was always solicitous.

"Poor mother! her heart's greatly set on these things, but they don't give me any pleasure!" murmured Grace, shutting down the tears that were about to plash on her fingers the second time.

And then, with the habit of self-control which both her education and her experience had confirmed, she set herself once more to work, diligently bestowing the linen in the bottom of the chest, and laying the burden which was too heavy for her heart on that *One* which has borne all human burdens.

Suddenly there came the tramp of feet up the garret stairs, and Robert's eager voice came to his sister,

"Grace, are you here?"

"Yes; do you want me?"

"Guess who is in town?" The youth had mounted the last stair now, and his face and

voice answered each other, both full of pleased excitement.

"I *can't*, Robert," thinking it was of very small consequence to her, as she diligently kept on adding new strata of linen to the pile in the chest.

"General George Washington's in New London!" Robert Palmer spoke in a loud voice, emphasizing every syllable, as though there was triumph in every one.

Grace *did* turn round now, her face full of interest, surprise, delight.

"Oh, Robert, is that really true?"

"Yes, indeed; he stops there over night, at the residence of Mr. Nathaniel Shaw. He's hurrying on, you see, to join General Putnam at New York, so as not to be behind General Howe. We boys are going to try to get a glimpse of him."

"I envy you, Robert, woman as I am. I'd cheerfully walk ten miles this night to get a glimpse of the General's face!"

"You know he's written for three thousand Connecticut troops, and it comes hard on our county to raise their quota. Oh, Grace, I long to be one of them!"

"Do you Robert?" looking with yearning tenderness on the frank face of the boy. "Father's getting to be an old man, and you're too young for the service yet."

"Well, I'll stay awhile longer, and work on the farm—"

"Grace," called Mrs. Palmer at the foot of the stairs, in an excited tone, which she made great efforts to control, "wont you just come down here?"

"In a minute, mother. I want to lay up the rest of these blankets."

"Never mind the blankets now, child. Come right down here."

Mrs. Palmer was a very poor actress. She could not keep back a surge of excited feeling in her voice. It hurried Grace down to the foot of the stairs.

"Mother, what do you want?"

"It was *I* wanted you, Grace!" said a voice that was not her mother's.

Grace turned with a low cry at the sound. There stood the tall young officer, smiling down on her with eyes in which many feelings combatted together. He stretched out his arms, and there was none to see when he drew down to his lips the cheek of Grace Palmer—nor for three hours after that.

A short time before the first detachment of troops had left the camp, Edward Dudley had been advanced to the rank of major, and had

also been enabled to obtain a furlough from the commander-in-chief; and he hurried on to New London in his company, for the American army was now on its way to New York, where Major Dudley was to rejoin his regiment.

"No, you are not going to leave me, Grace, for any summons in this world," said the young major, as he pushed Grace back playfully into the seat from whence she had risen. "Remember through how many long months I have hungered and thirsted for a sight of your sweet face," and he looked at it with an unutterable tenderness, as with all its unbent lines, and the buds in full blossom on its cheeks for tremulous joy, it smiled before him; a face so fair and sweet, that it must have moved all the loving reverence in the heart of any true man to whom it had given itself.

"I should think—Edward," and the little pause before and after the name, gave it a setting more precious than pearls or diamonds—the setting of a sweet and noble woman's love and reverence—"I should think you'd hunger and thirst after the sight of something to eat by this time. I'm afraid you haven't had too much of this, by the stories we've heard about you at camp."

"Oh, well, a man who serves his country mustn't be dainty, you know; and then, the country folks did their best for us. I don't look as though camp life had injured me, do I?" as he rose and stood before her.

She looked at the handsome young officer with eyes in which pride and tenderness had a conflict. The lithe limbs, the bronzed face, bore their own testimony of added strength and vigor.

"No. I must acknowledge, a little reluctantly, that a soldier's life agrees with you," her sweet smile just a little touched with gravity.

"And carrying the thought of a soldier locked up in your heart hasn't disagreed with you, my little girl—my one lily, filling my heart always with fragrance." And here he bent down to her lips—more fragrant than any lilies.

"Now, wont you let me go, Edward," she said, in her pretty pleading way, after the first flutter of timidity at his caress was over, "just a few moments, to give mother some suggestions about supper."

"Not until you have promised me something, which I half fear to propose to you, after all."

"It would be very hard to refuse you anything to-day, Edward."

"Well, then, I've promised to take you somewhere to-night!"

"Where can it be?"

"Into New London. I mean to present you to General Washington to-night!"

"Edward!" she stood still, staring at him in amazement, which quite banished the roses from her cheek.

"Now, darling, don't take it in this fashion. It's nothing to be disturbed about. You know General Greene and I have grown this winter to be very good friends; and he has heard something about my flower among the hills of Connecticut, and in short I've promised General Greene that he shall have a glimpse of you this evening, if I can prevail upon you to accompany me. Wont you do it for my sake?"

She drew a long, long breath of doubt, and fear, and dread; and all these had their witness in her face.

"You know, Edward, there are greater things than this that I would do for *your* sake. But I am not accustomed to society of this kind. I shall be quite out of place in it;" she said this with a touching humility, which gave her face, for a moment, the sweet look of a little child.

"I shant be ashamed of you, Grace," said the lover, with a glance which surveyed with most evident satisfaction the graceful figure, the delicate loveliness of the face before him. "Dear Grace, you are a sensible girl—you will put all self-consciousness away, and not let me go without you?"

She looked at him, and it was not in her heart to refuse him; so she answered, half wondering if it was not all a dream,

"You shall not go without me, Edward," and then received his thank offering, which was not a verbal one, and went in quest of her mother.

Great was the consternation of Mrs. Palmer when her daughter first disclosed to her the invitation she had received; but this was in a little while suspended by a feeling of maternal pride in the flattering attention bestowed on her child. Indeed, Mrs. Palmer was so absorbed in the thought of the necessary preparations for this visit, that she in no wise did herself justice as hostess at the supper table that night; but Grace's mind and heart were too well regulated to be long in resuming her equilibrium. So she sat at the table, and supplied all her mother's inadvertencies with her usual sweet gravity of speech and movement, and listened to the animated conversa-

tion betwixt Major Dudley and her father, her face shining with a light which did not come altogether from the joy of that time.

"What were you thinking that made you look so pretty at the table?" asked Edward Dudley, as soon as he had her to himself again.

"I was thinking, Edward, how good God had been to me in bringing you back safe once more, and thanking Him for it."

At that moment she was summoned away by her mother, with a reminder that it was high time to see about her dress.

An hour and a half later, she came down stairs arrayed for the evening. It was in very simple fashion, and yet there was a fine artistic harmony betwixt the face and the dress of the girl. This dress happened to be her mother's wedding one, which had fortunately been made over for Grace to wear on state occasions a few months before, Mrs. Palmer having resorted to this expedient on account of the war, which prevented the importation of foreign goods.

The fabric was of the richest satin, a warm brown ground, with crimson sprays of blossoms scattered over it; and it was made in the simplest fashion of that period, with a high waist and trailing skirt, the line around the neck softened by a surfeit of white frilling; the sleeves short, and around the white arms floated a film of very rich lace, which had been an heirloom in Mrs. Palmer's family.

Her hair was arranged much in its usual simple fashion; the broad puffs caught up back of the small ears, without any ornament—its rich hue and abundance were enough.

Robert had brought the horses to the door, and the family had assembled to witness her departure. Grace stood there, smiling and blushing as admiring eyes surveyed her; but Benny was the first who gave expression to his feelings, which he did with the straightforwardness and emphasis peculiar to that individual.

He had stood by Edward Dudley, his large eyes growing larger and larger as they surveyed his sister, until at last, drawing a long breath, he looked up with—

"Don't she look handsome, don't she, though?"

There was a general laugh at this, in which Grace could not choose but join; and Edward patted the boy's curls, and answered,

"I think that expresses all our sentiments, Benny!"

General Washington passed the night with

Mr. Nathaniel Shaw, of New London.* A large company was assembled there, consisting of the principal inhabitants of that and neighboring towns, and officers of the army on their way to New York, and of the fleet under Admiral Hopkins, which had entered the harbor on the previous day; and Major Dudley had many friends and acquaintances among the guests.

A social atmosphere of this kind was, of course, quite new to Grace; but she was an instinctive "gentlewoman," and entered into the spirit of the time with an interest and absorption which effectually banished all self-consciousness. She did not even know that many admiring glances were bent on her from those who were accustomed to the society of the most beautiful women, not only of their own land, but of foreign courts; but if Grace was unconscious of the admiration she inspired, there was another who sufficiently took note of, and enjoyed it.

She had a very pleasant interview with General Greene. She liked his fine, animated face, his frank, manly bearing, and his bonhomie and affable manner at once placed her at her ease. She chatted with him, and laughed, the laugh which was music to hear at his sallies, and his amusing stories of what had transpired under his own observation on the morning that the Continental army entered Boston, after the British troops had left, and the inhabitants rejoined the friends from whom they had been separated for ten months.

"The women of Boston have borne their part bravely for their country; I wonder whose turn it will come next?" said Grace, as the officer paused.

"I hope it will never be yours," responded the General, looking on the face full of sweet animation upturned to his.

"If it should, I hope that I should do and bear what was appointed me," she said, very simply, but she did not suspect that her face said more than this, as, speaking of endurance and courage to the death, it flashed up to him.

Greene was touched. "I wish every man and woman in the Colonies had a heart loyal as yours!" he said; then he turned, and in an undertone, "Dudley, don't you intend showing

* The chamber in which he reposed has been retained of the same size and finish, and even the furniture has been but little varied since.

When La Fayette visited New London in 1824, being shown into this room, he knelt reverently by the side of the bed, and remained a few minutes in silent prayer.—*Miss Coulkins' "History of New London."*

this pretty little patriot of yours to the General?"

"I want to show him to her, for it would be a life-long remembrance. But you see he's so engrossed I hardly know how to manage it, without being intrusive."

"Leave it to me, I'll see it done," responded Greene, who was on an intimate footing with the commander-in-chief.

"Half an hour later, he touched Major Dudley's shoulder,

"Come with me now," he said.

Grace's heart gave a quick bound as she took Edward's arm, and followed Greene into another room where the commander-in-chief stood, the centre of a group of officers, engaged in earnest conversation about the probabilities of General Howe's anchoring in New York harbor.

Greene made his way through the group of gentlemen, followed by the major and Grace; and she was formally presented to his Excellency.

Washington looked down with features that relaxed from their gravity as he saw the sweet face, touched with that reverence which gave it the look of a little child, upturned to his. He took the girl's hand in his kindest fashion, and then Greene interposed—

"Miss Palmer said she'd walk twenty miles to get a sight of your Excellency, and I thought such a speech deserved she should have that pleasure, when she was in the next room to you."

The listening officers laughed. Washington smiled down on the blushing girl.

"It would not have been worth coming any farther, Miss Palmer. You would have gone back, saying, 'What went ye out into the wilderness for to see!'"

The beautiful face flashed up in sudden enthusiasm. The voice of Grace Palmer fell with its silvery chime upon the momentary silence—

"No, your Excellency, I should have gone back saying, 'I have seen the Father and Deliverer of his country.'"

There was a little murmur of smiling approval among the officers. Washington was greatly moved.

"My child," he answered, with a touched voice, "may God grant that I shall be all you have called me!" and, with the stately courtesy which always distinguished him, he bowed low over the small hand and lifted it to his lips.

There was no time for more than this. The burden of his military cares left little opportu-

nity for social relaxation to the commander-in-chief, and after exchanging a few words with Major Dudley, Grace and he moved away.

The young officer was so proud and happy at the evident sensation which his betrothed had created, that he was about to express his delight to Grace; but the first glance at her face checked him, it was so child-like and unconscious; she had been so absolutely free from any thought of the effect of her speech; it had come so spontaneously from her heart to her lips, that Edward Dudley refrained from uttering what was in his thoughts. "It would be like brushing the fine gloss from the flower," he said to himself.

As they rode home on horseback, after the fashion of those times, the young officer asked,

"How have you enjoyed yourself, this evening, Grace?"

Her face made answer—turned up to him, in the April starlight—before her lips did.

"Oh, Edward, more than I can tell you!"

"I think you must have made a very agreeable impression on his Excellency. Do you know he congratulated me to-night—I shall leave you to guess for *what* and *whom*!"

Her face, full of surprise and pleasure now, showed that she would not have to go far to do it, and she was quite too truthful to affect an ignorance which she did not feel.

"He *did*—why, Edward!"

"Yes, he did. What did you think of your hero?"

"Oh, Edward, I cannot tell you what I thought and felt, standing in the presence of that great, good man."

"Good and great, Grace; for with all his great military skill and experience, what would George Washington be worth now to his country, if it were not for his good and great heart."

The rest of the way they rode mostly in silence—silence, which was to each heart complete and joyful utterance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SELF-RELIANCE.—Don't rely upon friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called friends, and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon the good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

The Turkish Bath.

We see it stated, that enterprising parties are about introducing into the city of New York that oriental luxury, the Turkish Bath. What this peculiar institution is, has been variously described by Eastern travellers. Oascanyan, in his volume "*The Sultan and his People*," thus pictures the whole process through which the bather is passed. He says:—

In the East there is one source of comfort and enjoyment which is more essential than all else, and that is the use of the *bath*, which follows all other pleasures, when excess has wearied the system, and precedes and prepares for anticipated luxuries, physical or mental. This process of purifying and refreshing the body is eagerly sought for as soon as the traveller arrives at Constantinople; indeed, seems to be second only in his mind to the impressions of an entrance to the magnificent harbor.

The baths of classic memory, where the heroes of ancient Rome were wont to prepare their sinews for the athletic games, and where the patrician dames of Pompeii resorted, to add fresher and more glowing tints to their fair charms, were all conducted on the same principle as those of Stamboul at the present day.

It is wonderful that modern civilization should not yet have adopted the refinements of olden times, when they are so essential to real health and comfort.

As by some mishap this desideratum exists, it would not be mal-a-propos to describe the real charm and merit of these institutions. The object of all bathing is to free the skin from the deposits of insensible perspiration. This idea has been much in vogue of late, as testify the water-cures, vapor-baths, medicated, sulphurated, etc., being in reality rather vehicles for disease than remedies. But the peculiar substance which closes up the pores of the skin, cannot be removed by simple immersion in soap and water, for, like all other greasy substances, it is composed of solid and liquid, or stearine and olein, the liquid part of which may, in a chemical combination, be absorbed by the water, but the skin will still remain clogged up. Seeing the futility of the process of immersion, many have supposed that a profuse perspiration, excited by fumigation, vaporization, etc., would carry off these deposits, by which processes, however, the liquid portion only would be removed, and

the system reduced to a state of perfect exhaustion. The Turkish baths are neither immersion nor vapor baths; but the atmosphere is heated by means of flues through the walls, to a temperature suited to induce a free perspiration, without causing over-exhaustion; for the interior is so arranged that the bather, in passing from one apartment to another, gradually becomes acclimated to the heat.

These baths, unlike many other institutions in the East, are perfectly accessible to all, both natives and foreigners, and are the more attractive on account of their entire dissimilarity from all establishments for the same purpose in Europe or America.

Frequent ablutions, and the greatest personal cleanliness, being strictly enjoined upon all true believers by the precepts of the Koran, it is considered an act of piety to erect edifices and public fountains for those purposes, either during lifetime, or by personal bequest; consequently, such instances of benevolence are by no means rare, nor are the structures deficient in architectural beauty. They are built of stone, and adorned with cupolas, besprinkled with globular glasses, which transmit a softened light to the interior. The interior is divided into three compartments; the saloon, the tepidarium, and the bath itself.

The saloon, where the visitors dress and undress, is a large apartment surrounded on three sides by elevated platforms, on which are placed mattresses and cushions for the comfort and accommodation of those who frequent the bath. In the centre of this room there is usually a marble fountain, whose trickling waters soothe the ear, and add beauty to the scene, dispensing a delicious coolness to the atmosphere. On his entrance to this saloon, the visitor is immediately greeted with *Bouyouurun* (you are welcome) from the attendants, who conduct him to one of the mattresses on the platform, where he is undressed, within a temporary screen, made by holding up a towel to prevent exposure of the person, for the Osmanlis are sensitively modest, and feel a feminine delicacy in this respect, so that none ever bathe in public without being suitably invested.

His watch, ring and purse, are handed over to the Hamamgy for safe keeping, and his apparel being carefully folded in a shawl, and designated by his own head-gear, which is placed upon it, is deposited by the side of the mattress now appropriated to his exclusive use.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, very ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur, as happened recently to a certain soldier, who was anxious to abandon the ranks, and possessing no other means of changing his uniform for a citizen's dress, entered the bath *en militaire*; where, after having performed his ablutions, he committed the very slight error of appropriating to himself a neighbor's mattress, with its accompanying wardrobe, and thus was enabled to make an honorable retreat *en bourgeois*.

Being now undressed, enveloped in large towels, and mounted on *nalluns*, or wooden pattens, to protect his feet from the hot marble and the water, the bather is conducted into the *Halvet*, or tepidarium, which is heated to a degree a little above temperate, where he reposes on cushions until he is gradually acclimated to the atmosphere.

When the pores of the skin are opened, and perspiration excited, the visitor proceeds to the inner room, to go through the process of bathing.

The *Hamam*, or bath itself, whose temperature is raised to any requisite degree by means of flues constructed within, and all along the walls, so as to allow the flames to circulate freely in every direction, is in many of these establishments exceedingly beautiful; the dome being supported on magnificent columns, and the walls and floors inlaid with large slabs of marble, and adorned with finely chiselled fonts on all sides, which are furnished with double ornamented brass cocks, for the supply of warm and cold water.

There is an elevated marble platform in the middle, where the bathers lie at full length, for the purpose of having their sinews relaxed and joints examined. Both the apartment and this process in particular, have been most ridiculously described, and, either through malice or ignorance, most egregiously exaggerated by travellers; for example, the public are informed that "A dense vapor sometimes so fills the saloon, that he (the bather) sees nothing distinctly, but figures flit before him like visions in a mist. Having walked, or sat in this heated mist, till a profuse perspiration bursts out, the *tellak* again approaches, and commences his operations. He lays the bather on his back or face, and pins him to the ground by kneeling heavily on him, and having thus secured him, he handles him in the rudest and most painful manner. He twists and turns the limbs so as to seem to dislocate every joint. The sufferer feels as if

the very spine was separated, and the vertebrae of the back torn asunder. It is in vain he complains of this treatment, screams out in anguish and apprehension, and struggles to extricate himself. The incubus sits grinning upon him, and torturing him, till he becomes passive from very exhaustion."

In the first place, there is no dense vapor in a Turkish bath, but the heat is produced by the flues in the walls; true, there is sometimes the appearance of mist, which is only created momentarily by the quantity of hot water poured over the bathers, and is soon dispersed by ventilation, for such an atmosphere is never tolerated by the natives.

Now, as to the bather being pinned to the ground in the rudest and most painful manner, etc., there is more of a spirit of ridicule than simple truth in this description; it being only resorted to in cases of rheumatism, and the like maladies, when the patient is extended on the marble platform, and all his joints examined and rubbed by the *tellak*, or assistant, who, owing to the relaxed condition of the nervous system, easily discovers the seat of any local pain, and proceeds to dispel it by friction.

Many having experienced decided relief from this mode of treatment, it is very frequently resorted to in Turkey. No such treatment, therefore, ever occurs on ordinary occasions, unless the farce is got up by special request, and for the benefit of strangers or travellers, who, not content with the usual *modus operandi*, insist upon the realization of their own extravagant ideas.

A native of Constantinople had to stop at Smyrna, on his way to America. Being anxious to enjoy the luxury of a bath once more, he repaired to one of the establishments. As he wore a hat, the attendants mistook him for a regular Frank or European, and he resolved to maintain the joke by pretending utter ignorance of all the languages of the country. After having experienced many absurdities, all novel to a native, he was at last stretched full length upon his stomach on the marble platform of the bath. The *tellak* kneeling by his side, commenced a regular process of pommeling him, and at the same time of cracking his joints. The *incubus*, as though not satisfied with his own exertions, now called for assistance from another *tellak*, who came and placed himself on the opposite side, when both commenced in the rudest manner to push their victim from one to the other. The sufferer, astonished at this extra-

ordinary treatment, was ready to split his sides with laughter, which one of the *tellaks* taking as an indication of uneasiness, observed to the other not to be so rude in his manipulations. He was, in return, assured "this is the way the Franks like, the harder the better; also, they must not be allowed to think they haven't had their money's worth!"

Doubtless an Osmanli would not only be much amused, but astonished, could he behold the victim of a European vapor bath, as he sits boxed up, and enveloped in blankets to his throat, parboiled with steam, and suffocated by the fumes of brimstone; surely he would believe he had by mistake got into the regions of Eblis.

When the person is in a state of free perspiration, he is seated by the side of one of the fountains, beneath which are marble basins to receive the water, both hot and cold, as it flows from the ornamented cocks, for no Osmanli ever uses the tub, water which has once been in contact with the body, having imbibed its impurities, is deemed unfit for further use; therefore, on all occasions, their ablutions are performed with flowing water, for they do not delight to wallow and splash in a solution of their own dirt.

The *tellak* having upon his right hand a *keese*, or bag made of raw silk, commences a gentle rubbing (for they cannot bear any rude or rough treatment, for which reason the delicate hands of boys are employed) over the surface of the body, by which the deposits of insensible perspiration are disengaged from the pores of the skin, and combining together, fall from the person like fibres of paste, which, to the uninitiated, might seem like the peeling off of the outer pellicle itself.

In this process consists the real virtue of a Hamam, and to it alone is to be attributed the peculiar velvet-like softness of the skin of an Oriental, which even gives them an air of effeminacy.

Immediately after the process of shampooing or rubbing, the marble font having been filled with water of the desired temperature, it is poured over the person of the bather from the brass *tass*, or bowl, used for the purpose by the attendant. The person is now thoroughly washed with perfumed soap, again water is poured over him in abundance, and he is finally enveloped in the *havlous*, or large napped towels, manufactured in the country expressly for the purpose, and admirably adapted to absorb moisture.

Now perfectly purified, with a sensation of

languor, the bather proceeds to the dressing saloon, where, as he reclines upon luxurious cushions, his whole being seems momentarily lost in that dreamy repose of half-conscious existence, which is the true *kief* of an Oriental.

He is only awakened to real life by the assiduities of his attendants, some gently fanning him, and others presenting sherbet, coffee, pipes, etc.

The fatigue and languor gradually pass away, as, with a sensation of renovated existence, he reposes until the heat of his body is reduced to its natural temperature. His toilette being completed, he surveys himself in a small enamelled mirror which is offered to him, and after depositing upon it the amount of money compatible with his own station in life, he quits the precincts of this luxurious establishment, light, joyful and contented.

The Hamams being altogether charitable institutions, there is no fixed price demanded from visitors for the use of the bath itself—it being entirely left to their own option. But the personal services of the attendants, and the wear and tear of the splendid bathing paraphernalia not being included in the same category, an adequate remuneration is of course expected. This is also left to individual generosity; in ordinary cases, from half to three-quarters of a dollar is sufficient, but there may be no limit to a person's munificence, nor to the attentions bestowed upon him.

Rest Thee, Brother.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

Rest thee, brother, rest thee,
Underneath the snow;
Winds shall sing a dirge for thee,
Murmuring waters flow.

Weary hands and weary feet,
Shall no more unfold;
They shall rest securely now,
Oh, so still and cold!

Naught, unless it be our tears,
Can disturb thee there;
Underneath that pure, white shroud,
Thou hast not a care.

God grant help, though, for to us
Weary days are given;
And our hearts with anguish deep,
Bitterly are riven.

Thou wert dearest, best beloved,
Thou our guide and stay;
Lengthened seem the years adown,
Long and dark the way—

Till we reach thee, brother dear,
Till we dwell with thee,
God forgive us if we grieve,
Weeping bitterly.

Few so noble wert as thou,
Few so good and true;
We can never cease to mourn
Till our life is through.

Only, God, oh, let it not
Stay our onward way,
Or unfit our souls for his,
In that perfect day.

But our life-work may we do,
So it nobly tell,
Ever saying in our hearts—
“He doth all things well!”

Before the Storm.

BY FANNY TRUE.

Over the distant hill-tops,
And over the plain below,
By the dumb and ominous silence,
A storm is brooding, I know.

Bleak, bleak is the prospect before me,
The sky is as dull as lead,
And the wind is grieving softly,
As a mourner for the dead.

A spirit of sullen silence,
A waiting for something near,
A pause in life's rapid pulses,
A dread, and a chilly fear.

No tinted leaves in the forest,
No showers of gold and green,
Like bright birds, drifting downward,
Over the hills are seen.

The brisk, rude winds have swept them
Away in heaps to mould,
And the brown, bare earth is ready,
For the storm, and the coming cold.

A voice as of “many waters,”
Comes over the distant plain,
And the wind with a fretful murmur,
Keeps shaking the window pane.

And of its mysterious whisper
You catch but the warning tone,
As the wild complaint dies softly
Away in a lengthened moan.

Blacker and thicker the darkness,
A hush on the shuddering air,
Then the howl and shriek of the night-wind
Proclaim that the storm is here!

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a sight to move the coldest heart. Doctor Hoffand stood still, looking upon the dead child and the kneeling mother: stood still for nearly a minute, an unwilling intruder where his presence seemed like a desecration. The mother was, to all appearance, as motionless and as unconscious as the child. Silently retiring, the Doctor entered the next room. The air felt softer and warmer here, for there was a fire on the hearth. As he came in, Mr. Ewbank, who was alone, and lying with his face to the wall, turned in the bed. He did not speak. The Doctor sat down, and taking one of his hands, held his fingers on the wrist.

"How was your cough through the night?"

"Easier."

"Has it troubled you this morning?"

"Very little."

"Pulse is softer and slower. No fever. A very decided improvement. In a few days we shall have you up, Mr. Ewbank."

There was a look of gratitude in the sick man's glistening eyes, for Doctor Hoffand spoke with kindness and sympathy.

"Death has been here since I saw you last night." The Doctor's voice dropped to a lower key.

"Yes; and he came in mercy." The tones were not steady.

"All the ways of God are merciful."

"I believe so." The sick man shut his eyes. It was the outward, involuntary expression of his inward state. He was walking, in the dark, by faith, not by sight.

"I am glad to hear you say this, my friend. Such confidence in God is an anchor to the soul; a light from heaven when the sun is obscured."

A silence followed.

"When did little Theo die?" asked the Doctor.

"About day dawn."

"So the two mornings met; for him the spiritual morning—for us the natural."

Mr. Ewbank did not reply, but fixed his eyes intently, and with a look of inquiry, upon the Doctor's face.

"Death to us; but resurrection to him."

"I know, Doctor," said Mr. Ewbank, speaking calmly, "that the angels have taken him. I know that it is well with our child. If a

word of mine could restore him, that word would not find utterance. But we are natural and human; and he was very dear. For myself, I can bear this sorrow; but, my poor wife!" His voice shook as he closed the sentence.

"As our day is, so shall our strength be," answered the Doctor. "God will comfort her heart as well as yours."

While he thus spoke the door leading from the next room opened, and Mrs. Ewbank came in. Her face was calm.

"How is my husband, this morning?" she asked, as she took the Doctor's offered hand. Her eyes were fixed on him, and full of earnest appeal.

"Better—much better," was the assuring reply.

"You think so, Doctor?"

"Yes. He is better in every way. With good nursing and the right medicine, he will be about again very soon. I think I understand his case, ma'am. You see how much he is improved already. So, take heart. We shall make a sound man of him."

That was promising too much; and yet, while Mrs. Ewbank knew it was more than could ever be accomplished, she took heart in the assurance.

"I will send another package of medicine, to be taken according to directions," added the Doctor, as he made a movement to go.

"Wont you look at him, Doctor?" Mrs. Ewbank laid her hand on the door through which she had just come. They went in together, and she shut the door behind her. Then turning down the sheet that covered her dead baby's face, she said, while her voice trembled through the calm surface she was striving to throw over it—

"It is best so, Doctor. I see it now. . But it was very hard to give him up—very hard to see him die. I thought it would kill me."

She drew the white sheet over the dead again. Then turning to Doctor Hoffand, she regarded him steadily for some moments.

"You do not know me," she said, at length.

"Know you!" a flash of surprise swept over the Doctor's face.

"Lydia Guy, that was."

"Impossible!" returned the Doctor.

"I do not wonder that you say impossible," mournfully answered Mrs. Ewbank. "And yet, I am Lydia Guy that was. Life gives strange histories, Doctor."

"Strange indeed! But why did you not tell me this last night?"

"The time had not come. Something stood in the way, and held me back. It may have been pride; but I cannot tell. I sent for you, because fear lest my child should die overcame all reluctance. I knew that, if human skill could save him, you would not fail. It did not save him. You came too late. Not for my own sake, nor even for my children's, have I now lifted the veil that concealed my identity; but for my husband's. Oh, Doctor! have regard for him. He is one of the best of men. For his sake, I now crush back the native pride which would have let me die, alone, with sealed lips, and tell you who I am. Don't fear that my husband will burden you in any way. He is neither a drone nor an incapable. You have skill as a physician, and influence as a man. Restore my husband's health—you have already promised that—and then help him to some position where his education, his talents, and his industry will make both him and his family independent. Oh, Doctor!" Mrs. Ewbank laid her hand on his arm, and spoke with increasing fervor.—"Help us now! Help my husband. He is a good and a true man. I, his wife, say this, knowing what I say."

"Be of good courage, Lydia," answered Doctor Hofland. "I will do for your husband all in my power."

"God bless you!" As she said this, sobbing, Mrs. Ewbank caught the Doctor's hand and kissed it.

"Mrs. Hofland will be here in a little while," were the assuring words spoken by Doctor Hofland, as he turned from the daughter of his early friend, and left her with tears flooding her face; tears of hope—sweet, not bitter, even though she stood in the death-chamber of her latest born.

Since the Doctor's entrance, a load of wood had been left at the door, and a sawyer was cutting it. Little Esther had brought in an armful, and was kindling a fire in the room below. She paused in her work, looking up at the kind-hearted physician as he came down stairs.

"That's right," he said, in a voice of encouragement. "Make up a good warm fire, and drive out the winter." And he passed on, leaving the house and hurrying homeward.

"I have a strange story for your ears," said Doctor Hofland, on meeting his wife. "The sick child I visited last night is dead."

"The child, whose parents you found in such destitution, and to whom we sent a basket this morning?"

"Yes."

"Better in heaven than with them."

"Not that love failed in the parents' hearts; but, all God's providences are right."

"What is your strange story?" asked Mrs. Hofland.

"You remember Lydia Guy?"

Mrs. Hofland gave a start.

"She is the mother of this dead babe."

"Why, husband?" The color went suddenly out of Mrs. Hofland's face.

"It is true. From the moment I looked at her last evening, and heard her speak, I was impressed with something familiar. The same thing struck me this morning. But, I had not thought of Lydia. You may imagine my surprise when she revealed herself."

"So much for an imprudent marriage! I had little hope in her future; but, I did not think of a fall so low as this."

"She may be rising instead of falling," returned the Doctor; "and from something I observed and heard this morning, she is standing in a higher place than when you saw her last."

"Internally higher, you mean."

"Yes; and that, you know, is the only true and permanent elevation."

"What is her name?"

"Ewbank."

"Brady was the name of the man she married. I remember that. She must be living with a second husband."

"Yes, that is probably so; and he is a very different man from the first husband. Educated, refined, religious—so, in a brief observation, I read him; and Lydia said to me—'he is one of the best of men,' with her heart in her voice. Lena, for the sake of your old friend, her mother, as well as for humanity's sake, go to her without delay. I will see that all things are fittingly arranged for the child's burial. In the ways of Providence, this family has come to our door, and we must not fail in duty. It is my intention to see her brother, Adam, this morning, and advise him of her extremity. He cannot know the state of destitution in which she is living."

"It might save you an unpleasant interview to send him a note. I've heard that he is a cold, haughty man," said Mrs. Hofland.

"I shall not regard my own feelings in the matter," replied the Doctor. "A personal interview will best serve Lydia, and I shall seek it without delay. If he will yield nothing through kindness, or humanity, shame must extort unwilling benefaction. I hold a key

that will unlock his money chest, and must use the instrument, be the gain to his sister ever so small."

CHAPTER VIII.

Adam Guy's "Lottery and Exchange Office" was on Baltimore street, in an old, dingy, two storied brick house, built in the preceding century. In each of the lower windows was a painted screen;—one bore a figure of the goddess Fortune, blindfold, standing on an immense cornucopia, from which gold and silver coin were pouring, as from a fountain; the other screen had, under the words, "*Prizes sold at this Lucky Office,*" the tempting figures, \$100,000; \$50,000; \$30,000; \$20,000; \$10,000; \$5,000; \$4,000; \$3,000; \$2,000; \$1,000; \$500—arranged in lines one under the other, so as to fill the whole window. Standing on each side of the door were other canvas screens, on which the early drawings of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware Lotteries were announced, and the prices of tickets, half tickets, quarters, and eighths, made alluringly prominent.

It was about eleven o'clock in the day, when Doctor Hofland entered this office. Three persons were behind the counter, busy in the work of exchanging uncurrent money for coin and city bills, or in selling tickets to covetous men and women, who had more faith in luck than work. One of these persons he recognized as Mr. Guy, and waited until he was disengaged.

"And now, what can I do for you, Doctor?" said the man of money, a business smile on his face, as he turned to Doctor Hofland.

"Can I have a few words with you in private?" asked the Doctor.

"Certainly. Walk back," and Guy came from behind the counter. But the smile had gone suddenly out of his face, which now wore an aspect as cold and as hard as iron. The two men retired to a small room, which was used for private and confidential purposes.

"Take a chair, sir." It was as if another man had spoken, so changed was the broker's voice from what it was, when he said, blandly, "And now, what can I do for you, Doctor?"

The offered chair was accepted, and the two men sat down, at a small table, covered with baize.

"Are you aware," said Doctor Hofland, coming at once to the business in hand, "that your sister Lydia is now in the city."

"No, sir. I am not aware of the fact."

Guy's manner showed both annoyance and indifference; and his hard mouth grew harder.

"It is true. I discovered her this morning, under circumstances of a distressing character."

"I'm sorry, but I can have nothing to do with her. She took her own way in life, and must walk in it to the end. She is no more to me, Doctor, than any other woman."

"She is your sister," answered the Doctor, speaking firmly.

"As you choose about that." The man showed irritation.

"No, it is not as I choose, Mr. Guy. The fact stands by itself, and words cannot change it. But, I did not come here to annoy you; only, as in duty bound, to inform you, that your sister is in a very distressed condition. Her husband is too sick to leave his room; one of her children died this morning; and she is without money to buy food, or even to bury her dead."

"Did you come here at her instance?" demanded Guy.

The Doctor answered:—"No, I came at my own instance. She did not mention your name."

"Very well." Guy spoke in a short, off-hand manner. "Let it be so. And now, Doctor, we must understand each other. I'll give you one hundred dollars for her use on this express condition:—She is not to know from whence it comes. Spend it for her in your own way. I leave that to your discretion. But, I enjoin this obligation—be silent in regard to me."

"Just as you please about that, Mr. Guy." returned the Doctor. "I will be your almoner, and keep your secret."

Guy arose, in a quick, nervous manner, and went into the front office. In a few minutes he came back, clasping some bank notes in one of his hands.

"There," he said, almost impatiently, as he thrust them towards Doctor Hofland.

"I will see that the money is spent so as to do the largest service," remarked the latter, as he took the bills.

"And don't mention my name. I must repeat that injunction."

"I have already promised, Mr. Guy," answered the Doctor, with just enough decision in his voice, to make himself felt as a man above trifling or double dealing. "And," he added, "permit me to remark, that whatever you may feel inclined to do for your sister in her present painful extremity, may be effected

without fear of intrusion or annoyance for the future. I do not believe that either Lydia, or her husband, will ever, of their own motion, cross your path."

"Tell that to the marines!" was half lightly, half gruffly responded.

"The old pride is not crushed out of your sister, Mr. Guy. She has something of her father's spirit left. She can suffer, but not humiliate herself."

"Maybe so," was returned. "But the fellow, her husband, is, no doubt, of a different kidney." He said this with an air of heartless indifference, moving, as he spoke, towards the front office, and showing his desire to get rid of his visitor.

"You will find yourself mistaken in him also," said the Doctor.

"It doesn't matter to me what he is, Doctor Hofland," replied this man, facing squarely around in a resolute way. "And I want you to understand once for all, that, so far as I am concerned, he belongs to the undistinguishable mass of paupers, beggars and adventurers. I don't wish to hear about him—don't want to know him—don't care whether he starves to death, hangs, or is drowned." Mr. Guy wrought up, suddenly, into a state of passion, and betrayed more than seemly intemperance of speech.

"Good morning," said his visitor, with contrasting calmness, and bowing low, retired. There was a degree of unfeeling brutality about Mr. Guy that shocked, painfully, the feelings of Doctor Hofland; and it was some time before he could shake off a sense of humiliation produced by the interview. He felt like one who had extorted for himself an unwilling favor.

As in nature, so in life; peace and tranquillity ever succeed to stormy periods—and, usually, the sky is clearer, and our vision penetrates farther into its heavenly depths. Winter breaks, often, amid lightning and thunder. The season which followed closely upon that stormy and wintry period, wherein it seemed to Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank that everything was about perishing, was full of calmness and hope. Lydia had unbounded faith not only in Doctor Hofland's willingness, but in his ability to aid her husband; and she inspired Mr. Ewbank with a like confidence. The money received from Mr. Guy was not placed in their hands, but expended in such ways as the Doctor thought most useful, and least calculated to wound a native sense of independence, which he was pleased to see existed.

There were tender incidents connected with little Theo's burial, that gave to Doctor and Mrs. Hofland new opportunities to read the stricken hearts, laid, almost bare, before them. Every changing aspect of character, presented by Mr. Ewbank, increased their respect.

There was a basis of high moral qualities—a sensitive honor—and a love of independence, that marked him as a true man. They found him under a cloud; but, already, the cloud was breaking. It seemed as if, for discipline and use to others, he had been kept for this time, perfecting in trial and suffering. Supplied with all things needful to health and strength; and with hope beginning to rest on a fairer promise in the future, Mr. Ewbank found himself rapidly gaining his lost vigor of mind and body. One thing was especially pleasing to Doctor Hofland, whose interest in Lydia and her husband daily increased. There evidently existed a very tender attachment between them; and it grew plainer, the more he observed and studied Lydia, that she regarded her husband not only as a good, but as a wise man, and leaned upon his judgment of things as conclusive. The union was one of hearts; and the wife had found in her husband a man whom she could implicitly trust and deeply love—a man, who, standing far higher than she had stood, was steadily raising her to his serener level. It was only a part of needed discipline, that they should pass under the cloud; but, now that it was lifting itself, and the sun beginning to fall through—now that winter had broken, and the air become milder—the motions of a true life were pervading their souls with a promise of another spring time, another summer, and an autumn rich in fruitfulness. So Doctor Hofland read the signs.

CHAPTER IX.

In a few weeks, Mr. Ewbank was so far recovered, that he was in condition to take almost any light employment. Through the influence of Doctor Hofland, three or four scholars in Greek and Latin were obtained. So favorably were these impressed by their new teacher, and so warmly did they report at home and elsewhere, in regard to him, that others were led to join the class, which was preparatory to a college course, and made up of the sons of rich men, who could afford to pay liberally.

Having recommended Mr. Ewbank to some of his friends, in the beginning, Doctor Hofland felt a certain degree of responsibility, which caused him to drop in, now and then, upon the

teacher, in order to see how he conducted himself among his scholars. With each visit he became more and more impressed with his superiority as a man. There was nothing small or weak about him; nothing of that petty assumption which we see in the mere pedagogue. Yet, he was wholly in earnest with his pupils, giving himself to them in such wise and sympathetic communications, that they were held by the very pleasures that attended reception.

"You do not seem to have any dull boys here," said the Doctor, one day, after listening to some brief exercises.

"They are not all bright, as that word is commonly understood," answered Mr. Ewbank. "Among a dozen lads, such as you have now before you, will always be found the usual differences. Some are quick of apprehension, responding, like polished surfaces, to the first glances of light, while others must dwell for a portion of time in the sunbeams, until their warmth is felt, and then there is motion within. It is the teacher's business to distinguish between these two classes, and to develop each according to its mental peculiarity. Often it will be found, that, as to intellectual power, the latter is superior to the former. The machinery is on a grander scale, and takes more heat to set it going."

"It requires faith and patience to deal with them aright," said the Doctor. "And how few of us possess these essential qualities! All is so plain to the teacher, that he looks for flashing responses, when his pupils are before him. If any hesitate, or falter, or stand dumb, he is too often annoyed, impatient, or angry—thus closing their minds. And so, instead of helping, he hinders them. If you have learned the better way, Mr. Ewbank, happy are the dull boys who come under your rule."

"I see the better way," was returned, "and am trying to walk in it; but I fail, in some things, continually."

"As we all fail. Imperfection is stamped on human things. But, always, right effort in any direction gives right results. These may be very small, but the smallest gain is something."

"True, Doctor; and in that I have a never-dying incentive. If I make a single step in the right direction, I am just so much nearer the result. A step to-day, a step to-morrow, wearily though each may be taken, advance me towards the goal. And if I so press onward, in each day as it is given, shall I not look back, after many days, and see the winding

path of an accomplished journey stretching afar off in the fading distance? In my experience, Doctor, the gain of each day, in any given direction, is small. We must work and wait. We must advance one single step at a time, and take hope from even the smallest signs of progress."

"So you deal with your pupils, as well as with yourself?"

"So I try to deal with them, Doctor."

"Have you trouble with any? There are the indifferent, as well as the dull. A dozen boys in school, represent almost as many dispositions."

"I first gain my pupil's respect and good will."

"How? That is a secret hidden from the many."

"There is no rule applicable to all cases, unless it be this—kindness of feeling towards the lad, and a sincere desire to do him good. Feeling is magnetic, and communicates itself by laws peculiarly its own. If there be genuine good will in your heart for any with whom you are in contact, it will be known without the intervention of language. First, I try to feel right towards my pupil—to forget all about myself, and think how I can best serve him. In regard to education, I have views not held in common by all teachers; or, if held, not acted upon, except in rare instances. My effort is, not to move the machinery of a pupil's mind by outside pressure, but to set it going by virtue of a force generated within, and to direct my chief effort to the work of feeding that force. To this end, I do not make the memory a storehouse, cumbered with an excess of material; but give chiefly such things as are wanted for present use, knowing, that in such use comes appropriation and incorporation into the mental substance. Plants grow from within—animal bodies grow from within—each by a law of life that takes and assimilates nutrition, particle by particle. By the same law, mind grows. Its food is knowledge. But knowledge, when presented, is crude. The mind's digestive organs must pass it through processes exactly corresponding to those which take place in the animal economy, before its nutrition is found and taken into the soul's substance. I cannot digest for my pupil. The mere transference of things from my memory to his, cannot give him intelligence. He must be led to think for himself—to take the food I give and pass it through all the digestive processes for himself. Then he has healthy life—then he grows. But, to weigh

down his memory with a great burden of things not comprehended, is to impede growth, and make all educational processes laborious, distasteful and imperfect. Holding, as I do, to a perfect correspondence between the mind and the body, as to functions and laws of life, I take it for granted—science and knowledge being the mind's food—that, if this food is given in right proportions and of right quality to children, they will receive it with eagerness and delight; hunger and thirst always succeeding digestion and assimilation, and calling for new supplies of food. You see how much, regarding education, is involved in all this."

"Your ideas and mine run parallel, at least on this subject," said Doctor Hofland. "It is one on which you seem to have thought deeply."

"Yes."

"But, neither your duties nor mine will permit its further discussion now," and the Doctor made a motion to retire. "We must compare notes, however, at some future time, and when we can get down deeper into the subject. I see that your theory is right; and, I trust, your practice also—though, in my observation, Mr. Ewbank, men of theory almost always fail in application. Why should this be?"

"Because, the thought is usually above the life," answered Mr. Ewbank.

"Give me your meaning in other words," said the Doctor.

"Because our intellectual states are higher and more progressive than our affectional states. We can see more than we are willing to do. The mind, as you are aware, is twofold."

"Yes."

"There is will and understanding."

"Yes."

"Feeling being predicated of the one, and thought of the other."

The Doctor assented as to a familiar proposition.

"Thought has power to rise above the actual state, which is governed by what we love. It can go up into clear skies and serene atmospheres, and make to itself a dwelling place, all beautiful and symmetrical. But, it must descend again to its companion, love; and then, it too often happens, that love refuses to abide in the new dwelling which thought has made, and holds her companion down to the old mean level. And so, the man, though he sees what is right, does not always do what is best. His theory is true; but, when he comes to the work

of application, he fails for lack of that self-compulsion which takes the grovelling affections up to the nobler heights which thought has power to gain."

"Judging from what I see," remarked the Doctor, "you are able to go up and dwell in the house you have builded. In other words, to make theory and practice one."

Mr. Ewbank's face did not brighten as we see the face brighten, sometimes, under a compliment that gives pleasure. If there was any change, it was towards a graver aspect.

"No man knows better than I do," he replied, "how hard it is to force the lagging spirit into right ways. Success, in any case, is too intimately associated with memories of possible and impending failure, to leave much room for self-gratulation. For all gain of good, I am profoundly thankful; but, the gain is ever so hardly won, that no room is left for pride. With every enemy we conquer, ten come into view, marshalling themselves for battle."

The two men stood silent for some moments, under the pressure of thought.

"Good morning," said Doctor Hofland. "We must talk about these things again."

"Good morning, sir."

The physician departed on his mission of healing, and the teacher remained with his pupils, strengthened for his work through the Doctor's kind manifestation of an appreciative interest, so rarely met by persons of his peculiar mind.

CHAPTER X.

Only a few houses had been erected in the immediate neighborhood of that spotless shaft, springing two hundred feet in the air, so wonderfully emblematic of the strength, purity, and exquisitely harmonized proportions of the man it was designed to symbolize and honor—WASHINGTON. In one of these, Mrs. Larobe, the wife of Justin Larobe, resided. Let us look in upon her. Time, evening.

Mrs. Larobe was alone, sitting before the parlor grate, looking dreamily into the fire. Over twenty years have passed since her first introduction to the reader; and these years have wrought seriously with the woman. She has gained much through a subtle force of character, united with an unscrupulous will—much as to things external. But, with every gain, was suffered some loss that touched the inner life—some disappointment that left an aching void—some painful sense of inadequacy or short coming—some startling discovery,

that what seemed gold in the distance, was only tinsel and dross. She had destroyed a goodly temple, in order that, with the costly materials thus gained, she might build for herself. Alas! The building, as stone on stone, and timber on timber, went into their places, did not grow out into proportions of wonderful beauty, such as imagination had pictured. It was weak here, unsightly there, and mean, rather than magnificent, in her eyes.

At fifty-five, Mrs. Larobe had the same light, compactly built form, and the same cleanly cut features, that marked her as Mrs. Harte, the housekeeper of Adam Guy, more than twenty years before. The cold, light blue eye was as steady and as closely veiled to common observers as then. Her dress was scrupulously neat, and in good taste. She wore a small cap, ornamented with a sprig of half blown roses; and at her throat, pinning a lace collar of rare fineness, sparkled a diamond of considerable value. The furniture of the room in which she sat, corresponded with the woman. Everything was in good taste. There was no excess of articles; no flaunting display; no incongruity. In quality, all was of the best and the costliest.

Though we find in this woman the same light, compactly built form, the same cleanly chiselled features, and the same cold, mysterious eyes, we do not find the same expression of face. The inner experiences have cut their sign of suffering and disappointment on every lineament, and as she sits alone, dreamily, before the fire, you see that time has not fulfilled the promise of other years.

From a bronze time-piece on the mantel, the hour of eight rung out. Mrs. Larobe started at the sound. At the same moment, the door opened, and a girl came in. She was between fourteen and fifteen, had a vacant, repulsive face, and was slovenly dressed.

"Go out, Blanche!" said Mrs. Larobe, in a short, cold manner, nodding her head towards the door through which the girl had just entered. But the intruder took no heed of this injunction.

"Blanche! Go out, I say!" The cold eyes of Mrs. Larobe flashed, and her thin lips showed signs of feeling.

"Why can't I stay here?" answered the girl, commencing to draw a chair towards the fire.

"Because I don't want you," was sharply replied.

"Nobody wants me," said Blanche, in a tone that should have touched the mother's

heart. "Leon snaps and snarls at me like a dog, and Herman says I'm a fool, and pushes me out of the room. Can't I stay here, ma?"

"No; I said no at first."

"I'll lie on the sofa, ma. I won't do anything;" pleaded the girl.

Mrs. Larobe, whose will ever sought to have its way, arose with a quick impulse, and catching Blanche by the arm, endeavored to lead her from the room. But the girl, if she did not inherit her mother's clear intellect, had something of her stubborn will.

"I'm not going out," she said doggedly, and with resistance.

Mrs. Larobe's mind happened to be in a chafed condition, and she grew very angry at this opposition.

"Go instantly!" she exclaimed, throwing her full strength into her arms, and pushing Blanche towards the door. Madly the girl struggled against her mother. Finding herself borne along in spite of every effort to remain in the room, she suddenly relaxed every muscle, and gliding down from her mother's grasp, sunk upon the floor like an inanimate mass.

Almost blind with passion, Mrs. Larobe stooped over her child, and catching her two hands, commenced dragging the prostrate body towards the door.

"I'll scream if you don't let me go," cried Blanche, passionately.

But Mrs. Larobe did not heed this warning. Then there leaped out upon the air such a strange, wild, quivering cry, that even Mrs. Larobe, mad as she was, started in surprise, and half relinquished her hold. It was repeated again and again, more like the shriek of an animal than the cry of a human being.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Larobe, in stern command.

But the cry went on.

"Hush, I say!"

She might as well have spoken to the wind. Through her own cruel blindness, she had betrayed this weak and disordered human soul into the temporary possession of evil spirits, who were now tormenting them both. Finding no abatement in the loud, unearthly screams, Mrs. Larobe endeavored to close the mouth of Blanche with her hand, and had partly succeeded, when she heard the ringing of the street door bell.

"Blanche! Blanche! Stop this instant! Hark! Somebody has rung the bell. Get up! Get up! Quick!"

As the servant passed along the hall, on her

way to the door, Mrs. Larobe, in despair of forcing her daughter to cease screaming and rise, changed instinctively her tone and manner, and addressed Blanche coaxingly. This had the better effect.

"Come, dear! Get up! Some one is coming in. Don't let them see you lying here. Hark! There's a man's voice. Get up, and run out, quickly."

So far as to cease screaming, and to rise from the floor, Blanche obeyed her mother. But she did not stir from the room. While the two were yet in contention, a man's heavy step was heard along the hall. The door of the front parlor was opened by the servant, and the visitor entered.

"A gentleman wishes to see you," said the servant, looking into the back parlor from the hall.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Larobe, in a low tone.

"He did not give his name."

"Did you turn up the gas?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Here, take Blanche with you."

The servant advanced a step or two, but Blanche retreated towards the grate, frowning and distorting her face.

"I'm not going out," she muttered.

"But you must go, dear. I have a visitor, and you are in no condition to be seen," urged her mother, crossing the room to where the girl had retired, and again taking her by the arm.

"I'll scream," said Blanche, with a threatening look.

Mrs. Larobe dropped her hand, weak and baffled, before this imbecile girl. A moment or two, she stood in painful resolution; then ordered the servant to retire.

"If I permit you to stay," she said to Blanche, "you must hide yourself away in that arm-chair, and not speak a word. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Now sit down, and keep perfectly quiet."

Blanche took the chair in which her mother had been seated, and was wheeled to some distance from the grate, towards a corner of the room, the back of the chair being turned towards the grate. After repeating the injunction for Blanche to remain quiet, Mrs. Larobe crossed to the folding doors, which, until now, had been closed, and throwing one of them open, advanced into the front parlor, where a fire also burned in the grate. Before this, with his back to the folding doors, stood

man, who turned at the moment of her entrance. Mrs. Larobe stopped suddenly, a frown of displeasure, not unmingled with surprise, crossing her face. The man bowed, with a cold formality, that had in it something of mockery. His eyes were sinister in their expression.

"Edwin!" Mrs. Larobe uttered the name like one both displeased and confounded.

"Madam!" And the formal bow was repeated.

"To what am I indebted for this visit?" demanded the woman, retiring into the placid exterior, with which she had all her life veiled so much of passion.

"That question is not to be answered in a single sentence, madam," replied the visitor.

"But you may be very sure that except for a matter of serious import, I would not be here."

The young man's eyes were fixed intently on Mrs. Larobe's face, and he saw there what she would have given much to conceal—a sign of alarm.

"Be seated, Edwin." There was a change in Mrs. Larobe's manner.

The young man drew two chairs in front of the grate, and motioned Mrs. Larobe to take one of them. Almost passively, she obeyed.

"Some things have recently come to light, ma'am, that have a bad look." The visitor spoke slowly, dwelling upon one or two of his words with marked emphasis.

Mrs. Larobe's eyes were fixed intently on his countenance. She did not, however, trust herself to remark upon a sentence, the whole meaning of which it was impossible for her to guess.

"A very bad look," repeated Edwin Guy, the woman's step-son, for he it was.

"Whom do they concern?" Mrs. Larobe asked, feigning indifference, and veiling the uneasiness which fluttered around her heart under an icy coldness of manner.

"They concern you, and me, and every member of the family!"

So quickly and emphatically was this thrown out, that it gave Mrs. Larobe a visible start. Edwin saw her face blanch, and the expression of her steel-cold eyes change.

"Concern me, Edwin?" The woman tried to regain her self-possession, but only with partial success.

"You, perhaps, most of all," said Edwin.

"What about my mother?" Here broke in a thin, sharp voice, and looking past his step-mother, Edwin saw the half wild, half vacant

face of Blanche, thrust eagerly out in a listening attitude, only a few yards distant.

Springing up, with an almost cat-like bound, Mrs. Larobe turned towards Blanche, and catching her by the shoulders, swept her from the room, ere the girl had time to collect herself for resistance, and bearing her back to one of the rear rooms, gave her in charge of a servant, with an injunction and a threat so fiercely uttered, that both child and servant were left, on her departure, in no mood to disregard her will.

For a few moments, Mrs. Larobe stood in the hall, near the parlor doors, smoothing down her ruffled feelings, and schooling her countenance into an aspect of indifference. Edwin was pacing the floor as she entered. Pausing, and folding his arms, he fixed his eyes keenly upon her, and stood thus regarding her until she reached and resumed the chair from which she had arisen so abruptly a little while before.

"You, madam, perhaps, most of all," said Edwin, as he also sat down, yet not removing for an instant his gaze from Mrs. Larobe's countenance.

"Say on." She spoke with assumed indifference.

"My father!"

The tone in which this was uttered, more than the reference itself, caused Mrs. Larobe to start.

"What of him?" she asked, with a slight betrayal of uneasiness.

"Has had foul play."

"I was not aware of it before." The sentence did not come with a free breath, which Edwin, all on the alert, perceived.

"Murder will out, ma'am! Wrong does not sleep forever; sooner or later it cries up from the earth."

"So they say." There was a slight expression of irony in Mrs. Larobe's voice; but it did not hide completely her true state of mind.

"And it has not slept in this case. You are betrayed, madam!"

The covert defiance in Mrs. Larobe's tones had pricked the feelings of Edwin, and led him to this outspoken sentence.

"Betrayed!" Guilt revealed its terror in the woman's white face and quivering lips.

"Yes, you are betrayed, miserable woman!"

"Betrayed in what?" she asked, seeking to regain her self-possession.

"As an accomplice in the death of my father."

Mrs. Larobe took a long, deep breath. She did not respond for some time. Edwin waited for her to reply. At length she said, speaking calmly—

"His death was wholly accidental. In trying to escape from the confinement made necessary by insanity, he fell from a window, and was killed. I was not there."

"But my father, a sane man, was there through your wicked contrivance. I have the whole story, ma'am; from the drugging to the forced removal to an infernal prison on Long Island. Doctor's evidence, keeper's evidence, and subordinates' evidence—all written down in due form, and attested, and in the hands of counsel. Doctor Du Pontz will be in court, and you know what he can tell."

"Doctor Du Pontz!" exclaimed Mrs. Larobe, paling again.

"Yes, Doctor Du Pontz, of the mad house on Long Island. Accomplices in crime are never safe depositories of our secrets, madam. When the courts take hold of them, self-preservation becomes the first law of nature."

"Edwin," said Mrs. Larobe, her whole manner changing, "let me understand you fully. Why are you here?"

"To obtain my share of my father's estate, wrongfully withheld by you, under a forged or forced will, which I have sufficient evidence to break, and will break, if no easier road is opened to the end I am sworn to reach. I have spoken plainly, madam; do you comprehend?"

Mrs. Larobe took thought before answering.

"I think I understand you, Edwin," she said, speaking with deliberation.

"Say on."

"You are here to extort money from a woman imagined to be in your power."

A deep flush of anger darkened the face of Edwin, even to the temples.

"I am here," he answered, sternly, "for justice; and it must come, easy-handed or hard-handed. The choice lies with you. Through fair concession, or open force—just as you will, madam. If you can show a fair record in open court, defy me to the contest; if not, beware! There is bad blood between us, as you know; and I shall not scruple to destroy you, if my interest goes wholly over to the side of feeling."

"What do you want?" asked Mrs. Larobe.

"I have said what I want."

"Say it again."

"My share in my father's estate."

"What is your share?"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars; and I received but ten."

"You largely overestimate your father's property."

"No; I have told the sum of its value to the last dollar; and my share is twenty-five thousand, which I am bound to realize, principal and interest. Having taken the best legal advice our city affords, I know just where I stand."

"Who is your lawyer?"

Edwin shook his head, and smiled in a sinister way.

"Does Adam know of this?" asked Mrs. Larobe.

"Not yet."

"Or Frances?"

"I have not seen her for two years."

"You are moving alone, then?"

"Alone for the present. But when the matter comes into court, I shall not, of course, stand alone. The case will be open to all eyes. Adam has received his share; but Frances, and Lydia, who will no doubt be at once forthcoming, have claims to an equitable division, parallel with mine. Lydia, having only received one thousand dollars under the extorted, and therefore void will, must have the largest award."

Mrs. Larobe dropped her eyes to the floor, and sat for a long time in deep thought.

"Come and see me again to-morrow night, Edwin. I must have time to think on this subject. It involves too much for any hasty decision."

"It has narrowed itself down to very simple positions," answered the young man, "and may be settled in three minutes. You can have a law suit, with its consequent exposure and certain disaster; for, as I have told you, I am in possession of evidence clearly establishing the fact, that you and your present husband conspired to murder my father, and succeeded in effecting your hellish design through the intervention of a villain named Dupontz; or, you can have immunity and security through concession to my just claim. I am poor, because you and your husband robbed me—I speak a plain language, madam—and am in pressing need of money. Necessity offers us stern and conclusive arguments, and, yielding to these, I am ready to forego justice and vengeance for the present good I seek. But, if this be withheld, then for the long and sterner task of dragging iniquity into light, and gaining my ends by force. I have but to cry this game, and a pack of hounds will be on the

scant. Now, madam, you understand me; and you must elect accordingly."

"What security have I that you will keep the secret you profess to hold?" said the pale-faced, agitated woman—agitated in presence of an appalling danger, beyond all power of concealment.

"Only my word," answered Edwin. "No other security is possible in a case like this."

"Only the word of a bitter enemy." Mrs. Larobe spoke partly to herself.

"Better trust to him, than to the law's tender mercies. Better conciliate one enemy, than defy a score."

Mrs. Larobe's figure shrunk in the chair, as if under the pressure of a heavy weight. Her mind seemed paralyzed by crowding fears.

"Edwin, I must have time to think," she said, almost fretfully.

"Madam, I cannot wait. To-night you must decide," was answered, sternly. "When I leave here, I take your yea or nay."

"And if nay?"

"To-morrow the case will go to court. My lawyer has everything ready, and the town will be startled by revelations of an astounding character."

"If yea?"

"And your word is kept, ruin and disgrace are turned aside."

"What will yea involve?" The woman's face was still very pale, but she was now speaking calmly.

"I call my share of the estate, twenty-five thousand dollars, of which I received ten thousand. My claim is for the balance, with interest since the period of my father's death. I demand nothing more, and will take nothing less; so chaffering as to the sum will be just so much lost time, to say nothing of the irritation and ill-blood it will create. I am in a position to name my own terms, and I shall not abate one jot or tittle of the full demand."

Again the woman was silent, thought beating around on every side in a fruitless endeavor to find a way of escape from impending danger. To yield even a small part of Edwin's demand, under almost insolent threats, was so deep a humiliation, that the bare idea revolted her soul; yet, to brave what lay beyond was more terrible still. She could measure the evil on one side, with some degree of accuracy; but on the other, it swelled up vaguely to almost illimitable proportions. It was a mountain which, if it fell upon her, must grind her to powder.

"You will not give me time for reflection or

consultation," she said, in a weak way, for the bold, defiant spirit had gone out of her.

"Consultation! Madam, the secret is yours, and mine, and my lawyer's to-night," said Edwin, in a warning tone. "I did not come here until the mine was ready and the train laid. Let me admonish you to circumspection. If there is to be consultation, our parley closes. I will not wait for your subtle villain of a husband to calculate the board, but checkmate you all in a single move. I hold the advantage, and will not let it pass. When I leave here to-night, I must take, as already said, your yea or nay. If nay, to-morrow morning, when the court opens, our proceedings will commence. And then, you know what must follow. The indictment will be for criminal offences, and when the trial closes, you will hardly escape a prison."

Edwin saw a shiver run through the frame of his step-mother.

"You have me in your power," she said, slightly rallying, "and are taking a base advantage."

"Yes, I have you in my power," answered the young man, "as you once had my unhappy father in your power. But, I will not take the base and wicked advantage you took of him. A simple act of justice, and you are safe and free. Withhold that, and I wrench from your hands what I claim of right, and in the act, destroy you. A wise and prudent woman cannot hesitate long as to a choice between these evils."

"The sum you demand is large, Edwin. It is impossible for me to control such an amount," said Mrs. Larobe.

"Your misfortune, if you cannot do so," was coldly replied.

"Real estate cannot be sold or mortgaged except through my husband."

"You have stocks. But, I am not here to discuss questions of this nature. If you will not, or cannot, satisfy my just claims against the estate, say so, and I will trouble you with my presence no farther," and he moved a pace or two towards the door.

"I have eight thousand dollars in Union Bank stock." A sense of most imminent danger extorted this.

Edwin returned a pace or two into the room.

"For the present, anything beyond that is hopeless," added Mrs. Larobe.

Eager as the young man felt to grapple after this large sum of money, and secure its possession, he was politic enough to affect scarcely a sign of interest.

"Only a third of my claim. It will not do, madam," and he shook his head.

"If you will take this stock and give me time."

"How much time?"

"It is impossible to say. Three, six, or even twelve months may intervene, before I am able to arrange for the balance."

Edwin stood for some time with his eyes cast down. Then he crossed the room; wheeled sharply and came back again—crossed once more, and then returned. Meantime, Mrs. Larobe was in an agony of suspense. She had made the best offer in her power, for her unscrupulous husband had so managed her property as to place the control of it almost entirely out of her hands.

"Madam," said Edwin Guy, pausing before his step-mother, "let me understand your proposition. Say what best you can do, and I will answer, in less than five minutes. The sum of principal and interest due me, I will call, in round numbers, twenty thousand dollars. A net calculation of interest would make it exceed that amount. You can pay eight thousand down."

"Yes," faintly murmured Mrs. Larobe.

"And when the balance?"

"Not sooner than within a year."

Edwin looked grave and shook his head. Mrs. Larobe's face was pale, her lips colorless, her nerves in a tremor. She had taken fear, as a guest, into her bosom, and fear had gained the mastery over her.

"If within six months, I might accede," Edwin spoke as one whose mind was only half made up.

"In three-quarters of a year, I may succeed in getting so large a sum together," said Mrs. Larobe.

Again Edwin walked the floor, and his step-mother still sat in her agony of suspense. Here was the only door of escape, and she was ready to fly through it, when opened wide enough, shuddering with terror.

"This I will do," said the young man—"this, and only this." He spoke as one dictating terms to an enemy wholly in his power.

"I will take your two checks for four thousand dollars each, dated on to-morrow and the day after. This will give you time to sell your stock. I will not present the check dated to-morrow, until after one o'clock, in order that you may get in your deposit. For the balance of twelve thousand dollars, I will take your three notes at three, six, and nine months, for four thousand each. In return for them, I will write

you out a receipt in full for all claim against my father's estate, thus removing every legal basis for a suit. Furthermore, I will take the most solemn oath you may prescribe never to move myself, or in any way instigate others to move against you in regard to your foul dealings towards my father. To-night, not a living soul, beyond my lawyer, knows of the well linked evidence I possess bearing on this subject. It shall sleep with us, safe as in a tomb."

What was left for the frightened, confounded, bewildered woman! She was in the hands of one who had, she verily believed, the power utterly to destroy her, and she dared not defy him to the worst. It was in vain that she plead for time to consider—for a single day. Edwin was inexorable. Now, he felt, that he could work his will. To-morrow might be too late.

"Now or never," was his stern answer to all pleadings and remonstrances.

"Edwin Guy," said Mrs. Larobe, as, half an hour afterwards, she handed her step-son the checks and notes he had demanded, and received his receipt in full against the estate—"Edwin Guy, this is a hard necessity." She had regained much of her old, self-poised manner.

"You have still your option, madam," answered the young man, holding the papers so that she might receive them back.

"I have made my election," she replied, "and it must stand. In your honor, Edwin, I confide."

"My honor is sacred. I will be as silent as the grave; yet, only on one condition."

"What?" Mrs. Larobe's face paled a little.

"You are to be as silent as the grave also. If you betray anything of this transaction to a living soul, I shall hold myself free of all pledges. I warn you to be discreet!"

"Fear not my discretion," was answered;

"I, too, will be as silent as the grave."

"Be it so, madam—and silence shall be your pledge of safety. Good night!"

And ere the miserable woman, on whom the son of Adam Guy had wrought this sharp retribution, had time to rally herself, Edwin was gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A habit of judicious early obedience secures a child from a tendency to break the laws of his country when he becomes a man. All great criminals have been self-willed and disobedient in childhood; otherwise, they were badly trained—that is to say, badly educated.

Sleeping Flowers.

BY MRS. S. K. FURMAN.

Joyous spring, with soft caresses,
Lightly tripping to and fro,
Heedeth ne'er the chill wind's threat'nings,
Talking, tenderly and low,
To the flowers slumb'ring dreary,
Which the sad old winter hears,
And his icy heart dissolveth
In a gushing fount of tears.

Bending low, she calls and listens;
And their faintest pulses beat,
As her voice, so sweet and wooing,
Lovingly their names repeat;
Then, with busy, patient fingers,
Through the mosses and the mould,
Up she guides each timid tendril
From its grave-bed, dark and cold.

Very fair she robes her darlings,
As the rainbow tints above,
And the zephyrs all are laden
With the sonnets of her love.
Soon the valleys bright are gleaming,
Golden stars and tender green,
And the earth is full with praises
Of the sunny-hearted Queen.

So, a balmy, blessed spring-time,
Are our fervent charities,
Which can melt the frosty net-work
Baring human sympathies;
Sending forth the springs of feeling,
Till their rip'ling rills o'erflow,
And along the lone heart's pathway
Fragrant spirit-blossoms grow.

All along, in nooks and by-ways,
Darkly hidden through neglect,
It may be that flowers are sleeping,
Beauteous as the violet,—
And if half our misspent labors
Unto prayers and pains were given,
Who can tell if these now barren
Might not bud and bloom for heaven.

CAMBRIA, N. Y.

It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of her complexion, nor the symmetry of her person, nor the costly dress or decorations, that compose woman's loveliness. Nor is it the enchanting glance of her eye, with which she darts such lustre on the man she deems worthy of her friendship, that constitutes her beauty. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitute true loveliness.

The Art of Conversation.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

How I pity those who wish to render themselves agreeable, and don't know how. The more they try, the farther they seem to be from the mark. They are no doubt tiresome to themselves as they are tedious to others, and they are often such good, well-meaning people, that we must tolerate them; and regard for their feelings prompts us to endeavor to seem pleased with them.

Now this is no slight trial, occurring so often as it does, considering the number of estimable people in the world who are in no wise qualified to render themselves entertaining. I have been pained to see people show by their manner their impatience and distaste of these very worthy persons, who, in their efforts to be agreeable, succeed in making themselves very wearisome.

Now there is an old couple living near, so very kind, so truthful and upright, and possessing so many sterling qualities, that one cannot but value them for these; but so utterly deficient in the art of conversation, so entirely barren of any topics that have not been worn thrice threadbare, that it is really a pain to listen to them, or would be, except for the pleasure it affords to endeavor to seem pleased with what they say, to gratify *them*, or at least, to avoid hurting their feelings.

I do not know of a better exercise for patience and forbearance, than endeavoring to carry on a conversation with such persons for a few hours.

It seems to me that a very small portion of tact and reflection would enable people to see, in some degree, what would be agreeable or otherwise to others, and be guided accordingly; but there are very few persons who do not make signal mistakes in this matter, of adapting conversation to time, place and people. The residuum of most conversations is—nothing. And they have not even succeeded in being pleasant in passing; for it is possible to pass a space of time occasionally in an agreeable manner, talking upon nothing, or trifles that are next to nothing.

Much more pleasant, and full as profitable as to spend it in abstract disquisitions that amount to nothing, and would not better any one, could the point be settled. Now this art of conversing agreeably and profitably, is a subject that I think deserves much more attention than it receives.

Wouldn't it be a better mental discipline

than the study of languages—a mere repetition of words, that clog the memory, and do not render us any more fluent in expressing ourselves in our own language, which, I have sometimes thought, detracted from facility in this particular, that furnish us with no ideas for conversation, or as food for thought, or from which we may draw instruction to regulate our lives, or to impart for the benefit of others?

To me, there is something melancholy in the sight of a person wasting so much of his existence as is necessary to acquire a knowledge of ten, fifteen, or perhaps twenty, or even fifty languages. It always seems to me he must be a little insane. Language is of no value except as a medium of thought; and who is there to whom in one short life so many vehicles of imparting or receiving knowledge will be necessary?

This learning the use of so many tools, and never applying them to delve for knowledge or true wisdom, has seemed to me like this:—

Suppose in every country there was a mine of gold and precious jewels, but that in each one the mode of obtaining these was different, and must necessarily be so, requiring the machinery to be used to be different in each case.

Now suppose in a man's own country there was more of this hidden treasure than he could use in his lifetime, which he could easily obtain, and that, after making himself master of the means of attaining it, or perhaps only imperfectly effecting this, he should set himself to learning the use of the tools of all other countries for the same purpose, without applying any of them, or at least doing so in a very slight degree, to their proper purpose. How would we look on such a man?

But I have strayed away from the subject of talking agreeably, which was the theme I began upon, wandering off like my imaginary miner, delving a little here and there, and not effecting much anywhere, perhaps.

Conversation need not always be of weighty matters. The discussion of trifles is not only sometimes pleasant and appropriate, but may be even rendered profitable. It is useful in one sense, if it is agreeable and enlivening, if it be not indulged too often, to the neglect of more serious matters, that should claim a due share of our attention.

To be able to converse well, gracefully, agreeably, profitably; to have the tact to perceive just when to speak, and when to be silent; just what to speak, where to speak,

and to whom, is one of the highest accomplishments, and one most readily available under all circumstances. It is one by which we may not only render ourselves agreeable and acceptable, but by which, if we are benevolent, we may benefit others, as well as please and divert them. Some persons talk what would sound very well if we read it from a book, but their manner spoils all the pleasure we should otherwise derive from their conversation, or perhaps their voices are unpleasant, or their pronunciation defective.

With many otherwise good conversationists, there is too great an appearance of effort, the machinery is too visible, and it affects you somewhat as you might be by hearing the prompter's whisper at the theatre, or by the friction of the wood and iron in some musical instrument, spoiling the effect of the melody.

But some people cannot do anything gracefully and smoothly. No amount of theoretical knowledge or drilling would enable them to do it. It is as impossible as for an ill-formed person to become a graceful dancer.

A person who is able to talk well, in the highest import of that phrase, and in the varieties of meanings it embraces, is as rare as one who is polite in the highest and best acceptance of that term, and it requires as rare a combination of qualities to produce the one as the other; and in many respects, these are similar.

The acquirements of most persons, in both these particulars, the art of conversation, and true courtesy, scarcely extend much beyond the surface of these matters. It is a little here and there, but is not full, complete, symmetrical—sufficient for all the circumstances of life. We neglect the weightier matters of the laws that govern in these respects, and make offering of "mint, and anise, and cummin."

Athirst.

BY FANNY PALES.

The way is long, and rough, and wild;
Oh, Father! help thy fainting child!
For "living waters" I to thee
Reach upward—they are flowing free,
And I athirst.

I've tasted many an earthly spring;
They fevered pulses only bring;
Pour out from thy great heart of love,
And fill my life's cup from above;
I am athirst.

The village lies asleep, I see,
Save one—a token sad to me;
No light through snow that silent falls;
There the Death angel gently calls,
A soul athirst.

Athirst for end of dying strife,
For dawn of everlasting life,
For Heavenly gardens, angel-trod,
For presence of the Lamb of God,
Athirst—athirst.

Ah! he will tread the "shining shore,"
The world pass onward as before;
A few bruised hearts cry out in pain,
Ne'er to behold his face again,
Although athirst.

Give us to drink the cup of Peace,
The Patience that shall never cease,
The Love, enduring to the end,
Pour out for me, Redeemer, Friend,
For all athirst.

Not Lost.

BY J. L. MCCREERY.

Dying! so gentle, so young, and so fair!
But the monarch hath set on her forehead his
seal;
Close the loved eyes that have looked their last
prayer;
Fold the white hands o'er her heart—it is still.

The star of my life hath gone out like a spark;
Dead! can it be, when I loved her so?
My heart, like a plummet, drops down in the dark;
Oh, God! hast thou balm for such measureless
woe?

They buried her, murmuring, "Dust to dust"—
Said that her spirit had gone to God;
I longed for that faith—for her holy trust,
But there were two hearts buried under the sod.

And flowers were planted, and tears were shed;
But winter came, and the flowers were gone—
Gone and forgotten—so was the dead;
And I—what was she to me?—smiled on.

I scarcely remember when or how
I came to know she was with me again;
But I felt her breath on my aching brow,
And her touch thrilled through my burning
brain.

I have nothing more to tell; I am sure
I know not why I have told you this;
But my thoughts are holy, and happy, and pure,
As she speaks to me of her home in bliss.

LAY SERMONS.

Pure in Heart.*

"For they shall see God."

It will sometimes happen that a moral sentiment, a religious truth, or some passage from the Divine Word, is cast into the mind, as if a voice had given it utterance, and thought fixes itself thereon with a strongly questioning interest.

So it happened one day with Mrs. Florian, a church-going and ordinance-observing woman, of the strictly formal class, who regard worship as involving little beyond Sabbath services, and prayers at home. The passage—for, in this instance, it was scripture that arrested the thought—which had found a resting place in her mind, was this utterance of our Lord, when teaching from the mount—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Mrs. Florian had read, and repeated from memory this verse, hundreds of times, but now it dwelt with her, suggestive of meanings that lay deeper than the obvious one she had always accepted. This promise to the pure in heart, as she understood it, was merely a promise of admission into heaven, after death, where God would be visible.

It so happened, while Mrs. Florian's mind brooded darkly over the passage, conscious of a meaning beyond her reach, that she received a friendly call from her minister.

"A verse from the Bible has been in my thought all the morning," she said, "and I can't remove it."

"You should not desire the removal of so precious a companion," replied the clergyman, with a sweetly serious smile. "God is present in His Word, and when that dwells in our thoughts, He is near with His loving guardianship. What is the verse?"

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," replied Mrs. Florian.

"And what have been your thoughts, my friend? With that passage in your mind, thought has, no doubt, busied itself in many profitable ways."

"Two questions have arisen," said Mrs. Florian—"two questions that I have not been able satisfactorily to answer. You must not smile at my lack of perception."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, I am not clear as to the meaning of *pure in heart*. If any one had said to me, as I stepped from the church door, on Sunday last, that I did not comprehend what was involved in these simple words, I think my heart would have given an indignant throb. Then, I am no clearer in regard to the promise of seeing God. What does that really mean?"

"To be pure," said the minister, "is to be innocent, chaste, guileless, holy, free from guilt or defilement. This all minds accept. To be pure in heart is to have the will cleansed, for heart signifies the will, or what is affectional in our nature. We see by thought—obscurely, if the will, from which thought has birth and power, is defiled by evil; clearly as in sunlight, if the will or heart be pure. And thus, you see how the pure in heart are able to see God, for God is everywhere, and in all things and circumstances, but visible only when the sight is clear."

Mrs. Florian's face grew shadowed as the minister spoke.

"See Him while we are yet in this world?" There was questioning and doubt in Mrs. Florian's voice.

"Yes. See Him in His works and in His providences. In the sun that gives us light and heat, the soul of nature; in the seasons that fail not; in the years that complete their cycles even to a second of time; in the stars that gem the sky, and in the flowers that make earth fragrant and beautiful—in all things visible to natural sight, the work of His hands. And we see Him none the less distinctly by a more interior vision, in all His dealings with the children of men."

The shadow of perplexed thought was not removed by the minister's words, from the countenance of Mrs. Florian. She accepted the general proposition, but, in accepting it, acknowledged that she was not able to see God in either His works or His providences. Must she take the argument to its final result? Was she not, therefore, pure in heart?

"Unless," resumed the minister, who understood his parishioner, "the heart, or, in other words, our loves, be pure—that is, free from selfish defilement—the eyes of our spirits cannot discern truth, in which God is made visible to spiritual sight. There is spiritual as well as natural sight, Mrs. Florian. Our souls can see, as well as our bodies; in fact, our material eyes have no power of sight, except as the soul, which alone actually sees, gives them the ability to reflect nature, and convey, by a wonderful and mysterious adaptation of nervous fibres and fluids, images of the outer world to our inner consciousness."

"I see, but as in a glass, darkly," was the answer of Mrs. Florian.

"I know a woman whose vision, is clear," said the minister. "Who sees God in all His works and in all His providences."

"Then she must be pure in heart."

"If only the pure in heart see God, we may believe that much of human defilement has been removed from her will," replied the minister. "The measure of impurity may be inferred from the

*N. Y. Ledger.

measure of selfishness, for this is the source of all moral darkness."

"Who is she?" asked Mrs. Florian.

"Would you like to see her?"

"Yes."

"Her ways are not before the world. She has an humble lot."

Mrs. Florian looked inquiringly at the minister. He saw the interest fading from her eyes.

"She is one of God's poor as to outward things, but rich in interior graces. The garments she wears are not beautiful to look upon, but her spirit is clothed in angel-vesture. I think you will understand this subject which you have been pondering obscurely, yet with glimpses of light, far better after spending an hour with one who has passed through the furnace, yet brought therefrom not even the smell of fire upon her garments. Will you go with me?"

"Yes." Mrs. Florian's assent was not freely from the heart; but she did not care to let her minister see that external condition had influence over her. It would have suited her state much better if the exemplar of Christian virtue had been in higher life.

A walk of twenty minutes brought them to the door of a small dwelling, in a street not often visited by persons in Mrs. Florian's social grade. A child, ten years of age, admitted them. A smile of recognition lit up her face as she saw the minister.

"How is mother to-day?" was asked kindly, as the visitors entered.

"She's better, I think, sir."

"Will you say that I've called, with a lady, to see her."

The child went quickly from the small room into which she had shown Mrs. Florian and the minister. The lady glanced around, taking in the whole aspect of things, which indicated poverty, but not neglect. The carpet, though old and worn, was cleanly swept, and the few articles of very plain furniture were as free from dust or soil as anything in her own elegantly arrayed parlors. Two portraits were on the walls. One of a man, scarcely at the prime of life, in the dress of an officer; the other of a child. The man's face particularly attracted the attention of Mrs. Florian. It showed character, and mental strength; while about the mouth was that impression of sweetness that always indicates a warm heart.

"The child's father," remarked the minister, as he observed the attention with which the portrait was regarded by Mrs. Florian.

"Is he living?"

"No. He died three years ago in Oregon, where his company had been ordered. You see by his dress that he was an officer."

"And it is his widow that we have come to visit?"

"Yes."

"You spoke of her as in very humble life."

"She is poor—very poor, ma'am; broken in health, and almost wholly dependent on the labor of her hands. After her husband's death she found herself with barely sufficient means to return from the Pacific coast with her child. On arriving in New York, another sorrow laid its hand upon her already quivering heart. With tearful longings she had looked forward to the hour when a mother's arms would again enfold her, and a mother's bosom pillow her drooping head. Alas! that mother had gone from the earth, nevermore to return. A little while she bowed herself in despair, refusing to be comforted. But only for a little while. The pure in heart see God in all His Word and works, and light soon chased away the darkness, so that her eyes could behold Him. Affliction did not separate her from humanity. What is my duty? was the question that soon arose in her mind; not duty to herself, but duty to others. A relative of her husband's in New York offered her a home; but considerations of use and duty brought her to this city, where a sister resides—a widowed sister—the owner of this small house—"

The door opened, and a pale, dark-eyed woman, with a singularly interesting face, entered. She smiled sweetly on being presented to Mrs. Florian, and received her with the easy grace of a cultivated lady. The minister called her by the name of Mrs. Fielding. For a little while Mrs. Florian was embarrassed. She was not prepared to meet a person just like the officer's widow, whose air of intelligence and refinement impressed her strongly. But minds approach, or recede, by spiritual attractions or repulsions; in this case, certain affinities drew these ladies together, and they were soon interested in each other. With that natural politeness which is spontaneous in some individuals, Mrs. Florian manifested a personal interest in Mrs. Fielding, and endeavored to lead her to speak of herself, her sorrow and her experiences. But Mrs. Fielding did not lift the veil, saying, instead, that God's ways were not as our ways; and that though He led us by paths that we knew not, we might always see His footsteps on the ground, if our eyes were not blinded by unavailing tears, and be certain that He had once himself gone by the same road.

Mrs. Fielding's heart was in a good work, and she spoke of it as soon as the course of conversation gave her an opportunity.

"There are," she said, "in this single square ten young girls, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, who support themselves, or help their parents, by folding in binderies, attending in stores, or working in some kind of manufactory. Most of these girls, as I have ascertained, spend their evenings in idle visitings at each other's houses, in company with young men, or in going to places of amusement, where little is seen or heard to inspire them with right aims in life. I feel sad whenever I

think of them. They are destined to become wives and mothers; but what kind of wives and mothers will they make? What hope is there for right influence in their future homes? My heart yearns towards them, as I see them going and returning daily, and comprehend the influence of wasted hours on their lives in the time to come; and I long to gather them around me in the evening, and talk and read to them, until their hearts feel the awakening throbs of higher purposes."

Mrs. Fielding paused, and a faint sigh breathed from her lips.

"Have you not tried to draw them around you?" asked the minister.

"Not yet," was answered. "I have thought of it many, many times, after lying awake, for the pressure of this thing on my mind. But, I am alone and feeble-handed. I cannot buy the books with which to interest them, nor spare the time from needful labor."

And that scarcely heard sigh parted her lips again.

"May I be your helper in this work?" asked Mrs. Florian, speaking from the ardor of a suddenly inspired impulse.

"O madam!" Light flashed over Mrs. Fielding's countenance. "If you felt as I do! If you could see, as I see, the two ways that lie before these innocent girls—one leading to intelligence, right moral aims, usefulness and happiness; the other to a poor, inadequately developed life, low aims, neglect of duty, wretchedness—perhaps sin and destruction; you would indeed become a helper. But, forgive my ardor!" she added, drawing back a little, for, in the eager hopes inspired by the remark of Mrs. Florian, she had leaned towards her with entreaty in her face.

"I will be your helper." Mrs. Florian spoke in a firm voice.

"It is God's work," said the minister; "and I see His hand in this meeting of two Christian women, strangers to each other an hour ago. Put your hands to it, my sisters. Ten young girls to be lifted into a higher sphere, and their lives formed on a model that shall give them increased power for good in all their after years. May His peace, which passeth understanding be your reward, as I know that it will."

One day, a few months later, Mrs. Florian and the minister sat talking together. Her visit to Mrs. Fielding had not been fruitless. Inspired by her Christian aims, she had become an earnest coöperator in the work proposed. Possessing the means, she selected and purchased a small collection of good books and placed them in the widow's hands. Beyond this, she obtained the coöperation of a few benevolent ladies, and established a fund, from which Mrs. Fielding was paid for devoting her evenings exclusively to the work of interesting and helping the poor young girls in her neighborhood to rise into a just appreciation of their own

powers, duties and destiny. There was a heavenly magnetism about Mrs. Fielding, that attracted most of these girls, when once within her sphere, and her influence over them was soon apparent. She was able to inspire them with a love of self-improvement; and to lift them so far above the plane of thought in which they had lived, as to make them comprehend their inherent power of development.

Mrs. Florian and the minister, as we have said, sat talking together a few months later. We shall only record a portion of what passed between them.

"I never saw in anything, so clear an indication of Providence," Mrs. Florian said. "It was the hand of God that led me to Mrs. Fielding. I see this clearer every day. He had work for me to do, and through her I was to find it."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," said the minister.

"She is pure in heart," answered Mrs. Florian, not seeing what was in the minister's thought.

"And another heart has grown purer, I think, for the eyes are clearer, seeing God in His providence." She understood him now, and a flash of surprise went over her face. But she did not answer. The minister added:

"I think the obscurity that once troubled you in the text, 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,' no longer exists. If the heart be pure, the eyes will be clear. We must love the good, if we would see the true. Selfishness and worldliness defile the will, and blind, in consequence, the understanding. God is everywhere, and at all times, present—present in the smallest events and in the tiniest birth of nature. We may see his image in dew-drop and daisy; in the grandeur of mountains and magnificence of the firmament; in history past and present—in our own lives. We cannot open our eyes, but lo! His presence is manifest."

"There is one at least, whose vision is clear," said Mrs. Florian. "I see but dimly yet; she as by the light of sunbeams."

"Mrs. Fielding."

"Yes. She does not often speak of herself, or refer to her personal states and experiences. But, a few times I have been able to draw her out; and I shall not soon forget the clearness with which she was able to see the hand of a wise and loving providence in all the sad experience of a life smitten by no ordinary sorrows. Of her it may in truth be said: 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'"

"It might be said of us all."

"Before it will be said," answered Mrs. Florian, "we shall pass, I fear—some of us, at least—like Mrs. Fielding, by the way of tribulation. Ah, if we were wise, the pure heart and the clear vision would come through sweet, and not through bitter experiences."

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Infant Treatment.

The dress should be simple, and as free from pins as possible, and above all of needles, which have sometimes become imbedded in the flesh. A small shirt next the skin protects this delicate covering from the flannel, which should be of the white kind, and should never be allowed to continue when it is wet, as the odor of the *ammoniacal gas* which is evolved by the heat of the child's body is most offensive, and extremely deleterious to its lungs. The employment of a *second flannel* over the first, to prevent the upper clothes from becoming wet, is a very baneful error, as the surface of the skin is chilled by its retained moisture, and is the common cause of chafing and ulceration about the folds. The head of an infant should not be too closely covered: the blood is circulating there so freely, that too close a cap even is often liable to produce real disorder of the membranes of the brain; but it is scarcely possible to keep the lower part of the body and the arms too warm, which being at a distance from the heart, the centre of circulation, will frequently become chilled to that degree as sometimes to produce a loss of vitality, and very often materially weaken the action of the limbs, and this especially in feeble children. A deficiency of blood thus circulating in the limbs, the *head* will be *too abundantly* supplied—the consequences of this excess will be immediately anticipated. During the changing of the dress, moderate friction should always be employed, especially on the belly; it is agreeable to the feelings of the infant, and promotes free and healthy circulation, and, above all, assists the process of digestion, and prevents the accumulation of wind.

EXERCISE.—Infants may, at the end of the second week, be taken into the external air, if they are healthy and the weather prove favorable; and this exercise may be repeated daily on each second day. They should be kept in the horizontal position, to prevent distortion of the spine and angular breasts. The child should be, during its exercise, free from all tight bandages or swathes.

BATHING.—If we reflect on the importance of the skin, it will require little argument to establish the benefit of bathing. Nothing tends to preserve the healthy action of the skin so much as washing; hence its great importance during the infantile period when direct exercise is impossible.

In appreciating the employment of cold bathing, it is essential that we should notice the state of the child after it has been plunged into cold water. If it appears lively, and if there is a diffused *redness* and *warmth* breaking forth over the body as it is rubbed dry, then undoubtedly the bath has been

beneficial, and a repetition is indicated. But if, on the contrary, there is a *chilliness* and *pallor* over the skin—if there is an absence of lively action—if the countenance is anxious—the limbs rigid and benumbed, and should these symptoms, moreover, continue after the child is dry and dressed, then it will be highly dangerous to resort again to cold bathing.

In those infantile constitutions, then, where the powers of life are evidently not adequate to the production of *reaction*, the *tepid* bath is the more salutary. Its temperature may be varied according to circumstances, ranging between the degrees of 80 and 95, which approaches the usual heat of the body. Where warm bathing is employed, we would recommend immediately after birth a temperature of 82° or 85°. This may be decreased 1° every three or four weeks, until it be so far reduced as to produce at first a slight sensation of chilliness in the child.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that the tepid bath is productive of relaxation; its effect is, usually, the most animating vigor, and the cleansing of the impure skin is undoubtedly more complete, as the warmth seems to exert some solvent power on the oily secretion with which some skins are imbued.

One most valuable property of warm bathing is, that it may be employed during the existence of internal *inflammation*. Its benefits as a fomentation and its cleansing properties are simultaneous.

The custom of bathing implies, as its consequence, the salutary employment of moderate friction, the effect of which is an immediate increase of circulation in the vessels of the skin, by which internal parts are relieved, and the skin itself rendered healthy. The expression of delight in the child is an indication of its very beneficial tendency.

Make Home Comfortable.

BY J. E. M'C.

The more comforts you gather about your home, the dearer it will be to your husband, children and friends. Do not think anything which will add a charm or comfort, however simple, as not worth consideration. A cozy lounge in a snug corner is a wonderful addition to the comfort of the family room. Your tired husband will appreciate it, when he comes in from his day's labors. Your children will love to sit side by side on it, as they look over together their new story book. Even baby finds it a capital spot beside which to make his first essays at walking.

It may be constructed with very little trouble or expense, if you will but set about it resolutely. A

few inch boards and four pieces of scantling will be all that is required for a frame. Make a cushion of straw or corn husks to fit the frame, and cover the whole with good stout calico, setting on the fringe in box-plaits. A good square pillow covered like the lounge completes the arrangement, unless, indeed, your daughter chooses to crochet a neat tidy to cover the pillow, which will add much to its appearance. The finest carved sofa, with all its "touch-me-not" elegance, could not give your family half the comfort of this simple piece of furniture.

Then too, the wood box in the corner may be made quite a respectable article, by adding a lid to it, tacking on a straw cushion, and covering with calico like the lounge. Trust your boy for finding out that snug corner, when he comes in from building snow forts, or the neighbor's lad who runs in for an errand. With a little careful forethought and contriving, even a very humble home may be made to abound with comforts and conveniences,

which are strangers in many stately, elegant dwellings. The price of a single article of carved rosewood, or mahogany which you will consider quite too good for common use, and which your children must not be permitted to touch, would buy a dozen of these common luxuries, which would yield a hundredfold more satisfaction. Do not fit up a state apartment, to be opened only on rare occasions, until you have made the home part of your house as cheerful as the sunshine. The custom of reversing this order, is one great cause of so many boys preferring the street to the home fireside, and so many daughters being more discontented and unamiable at home than in any other place.

Oh mother, it will well repay all your efforts to make home the fairest spot on earth, if, when the snow wreath rests upon your brow, it may be said of you, "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

MILLVILLE.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Harry's Confession and Mine.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

There! I see him, and he's waving his hat, and kissing his hand to me! I wonder if there are such thick tears in his eyes as there are in mine? Now the carriage has turned around the road by the creek, and it's out of sight. Dear, laughing, roguish, loving, teasing Harry! I shant see him again for so long—so long! To think that he's gone away off to the West Indies, and that he'll walk in the midst of beautiful flowers, lading the air with their sweet, sweet balms, and stand under the orange and lemon trees, with the golden and yellow fruit shining among the dark green leaves, while I shall look wistfully out of the window, and see the white snow, like great, cold linen wrappers, covering the poor, dumb earth, from whose face all the beauty and the joy had vanished first. Harry West is my only and darling brother, and his life is three years ahead of mine. Last spring he had a fever—a long, slow, typhoid fever, that kept him two months in a darkened chamber, lying there moaning and restless, through the long weary days and nights.

What a sad time that was! I know there were whole weeks when mamma feared she would not have her little Harry any more, and papa used to hurry home from the city with such a troubled

look every night; and I know, too, there were weary days, when Harry's life lay close unto death. But he got better. How glad we all were that pleasant day in the late May, when he was able to come down stairs and sit by the window in the great arm-chair, and wear the new green dressing-gown that Aunt Mary had made for him during his illness. How changed he looked, with his pale, hollow cheeks, his white lips, and the smile that tried to struggle across them. But he grew better slowly, and what nice times we had all last summer, taking care of our flower gardens, and fairly living out doors; for this, the doctor said, was the best thing for both of us.

Still, although Harry grew in a little while to look like his old self, to play ball, to climb trees, and to go fishing, and his loud, ringing step echoed through the house, papa and mamma both thought the fever had not left him as it found him, and they feared the cold, sharp winds of the coming winter would prove too hard for him.

"Send the boy to Cuba," said the doctor; "a sea voyage, and three months in that balmy climate will make him all right again."

Mamma has an uncle who is a sea-captain; his vessel was to sail in a week, and so it was settled that Harry should go with our good-natured, rough, but kind-hearted Uncle John.

We've had a busy week, getting him off. I couldn't bear to think about it, and it seemed to me

that I loved him better and better every day, and couldn't have him out of my sight a moment. Last night he came and sat down by me on the lounge, in one corner of the sitting-room, and we just put our arms around each other.

"Oh, Harry!" said I, "I can't bear to think you are going to go away off from me to-morrow!"

"Pshaw, Alice! don't think of that! Just think of all the great and beautiful things I'm going to see!—of the waves that'll rise mountains high about the ship if there's a storm—of the sea-birds, and the great fish, and all the wonderful sights.

"I know that, Harry; but it will be lonely here for me without you. I shant have anything to see."

"Dear little sister, don't mind that; next spring I'm coming back, and then—what shant I have to tell you? and I'll bring you piles and piles of presents—see if I don't!"

"And you wont forget me, Harry, dear, when you're away off there in the midst of all those beautiful, wonderful things."

"Of course I shant; you needn't be afraid of that one bit, little sister."

"Harry," I said, after a little pause, "there's one thing which has been on my mind, and which I want to say to you; for if I do, I shall feel better after you're gone, I'm certain."

"What is it, Alice?"

"Don't you remember that day, ever so long ago, when I was carrying my tea-set that Aunt Mary gave me, down stairs, to show to Helen Gray, and you came suddenly on me in the hall, and upset the waiter, and broke the top off the sugar-bowl, and the handle off the pretty cream jug, and I cried so?"

"Yes, I remember it. It was too bad, Allie; but you know that I didn't mean to."

"And I said that I didn't love you a bit, and that I was sorry I'd got any brother to plague me all the time. I was angry, you see, and didn't really know what I *did* say, and I'm sorry for it now; that's what I wanted to tell you—that's all."

Harry bent down and kissed me, which is not much like him.

"You dear little soul," he said, "I never should have thought of it again."

"I thought you might; and anyhow, I shall feel better when you are so far from me, thinking that I have said this."

He looked down and smiled on me. Then there came another little silence betwixt us.

"Alice!"

"Well, Harry."

"I want to say something to you, too. Don't you remember that day that we went fishing, down to Berry Brook, and I got so vexed because that you wouldn't keep still, but plashed your rod about in the water, and the fish wouldn't bite?"

"I remember, Harry."

"Well, when you gave my rod a jerk, just as I told you, a fish had begun to nibble at the bait. I was so mad, that I turned round and struck you twice, so hard that you cried. I didn't know what I was about, Allie. I was sorry afterwards."

"Don't ever think of it again, Harry;" and I kissed him over and over. "I was to blame to vex you; but I *did* want to see, and it was all so new and funny to me."

"But it was a shame for a boy to strike a girl, you know."

"It's so long ago, Harry, and you didn't mean to, either."

We did not say anything farther about the matter after this; but I knew we both felt better for our confessions.

Early this morning, Harry kissed me for the last time, and went away with papa; for the ship sails before noon. He tried to look very brave, but when he saw the tears in mamma's eyes, and heard her voice falter through her blessing—"God have you in His tender keeping my precious boy!" he fairly broke down.

"Don't cry, mother!—don't cry, Allie!" he said, and at the very minute the great round tears stood on his brown eyelashes.

When my turn came to say "Good-by," he put his arms about me without speaking.

"Oh, Harry!" I shall pray God every morning and night to take care of my brother."

"And Allie, I shall pray for you, too, my dear little sister, in that far-off land."

Those were his last words. How I shall remember and love to think of them!

Mamma went straight to her own room. I knew that she would not that any should see the pangs which it cost her heart to let Harry go away from her. I sat down on the lounge and cried stilly to myself a little while, and a great fear swelled over my heart that some evil might happen to him—that there might come a great storm at sea, and the ship might go to pieces, and the great, hungry waves swallow up the laughing face, the blue, beautiful eyes, the brown, dark curls. I sat there shivering and shuddering, as I thought of all this, until there leaped suddenly another thought, bright and shining, into my mind, and this was that Our Father in Heaven was the God of the sea as well as of the dry land.

Oh, how the fear and the darkness slipped off from me then. I ran right up stairs to mamma's room, and burst in. She sat by the table, her face hidden in her hand—her tears hidden there too, I knew.

"Mamma," I cried out, joyfully, "I am not afraid for Harry—God can take care of him on the waters, as well as on the land."

Mamma drew me to her heart.

"My daughter," she said, "that is true, and your words come like angels sent to strengthen and comfort me."

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TO MAKE APPLE FRITTERS.—Take one pint of milk, three eggs, salt just to taste, and as much flour as will make a batter. Beat the yolks and whites separately, add the yolks to the milk, stir in the whites with as much flour as will make a batter; have ready some tender apples, peel them, cut them in slices round the apple, take the core carefully out of the centre of each slice, and to every spoonful of batter lay in a slice of the apple, which must be cut very thin. Fry them in hot lard to a light brown on both sides.

GOOD COOKING NOT INCONSISTENT WITH PIETY.—The following is from "Adam Bede":—"I've nothin' to say agin' her piety, my dear, but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety wont feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Truman's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be speretual—I'm no enemy to that; but I like my potatoes mealy. I don't see as anybody 'ull go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner—providin' they don't die the sooner, as mayhap Mr. Truman will, poor dear man!

FRYING MEAT.—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives the following:—"Take one egg, beat it till it becomes thin, add a little pepper, also a little flour and some water, till it is about the thickness of cream. Have your grease melted, if not hot, then dip your meat (cut a little thinner than for frying alone) into it, lay it in the frying pan, and when nicely brown, turn; brown the other side, when it will be done. Lay on a plate without pouring the gravy upon it, as that will make it soft.

TOAST WATER.—Toast two slices of bread a nice brown, put them into a quart pitcher, and fill it up with cold water. Cover close, and let it stand half an hour before use.

CHICKEN TEA.—Take one quarter of a chicken, and after moving the skin and fat, put it into a pint of water, and let it simmer slowly until tender; when done skim it and add salt to the taste.

DYSPEPTIC GINGERBREAD.—Two pounds and a half of unbolted flour; half a pound of butter; one tablespoonful of ginger; one teaspoonful of allspice and cloves, mixed; one tablespoonful of saleratus; mix all the ingredients with as much boiled molasses as will make a soft dough, knead well, roll in thin sheets, place them on buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven.

RICE FROTH.—A cheap and ornamental dish. For one-third of a pound of rice allow one quart of new milk, the whites of three eggs, three ounces of loaf-sugar, finely pounded, a stick of cinnamon, or

eight or ten drops of almond flavoring, or six or eight young laurel-leaves, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice in a pint or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed add the milk and let it go on boiling till quite tender, keeping it stirred to prevent burning. If cinnamon or laurel-leaves are used, boil them with the milk, and remove them when the rice is sufficiently done; if essence of almonds be used for flavoring, it may be dropped among the sugar; when the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish or china bowl. Beat up the egg whites and sugar to a froth, cover the rice with it, and stick bits of raspberry jam over the top.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mince finely the white parts of one chicken previously well boiled. Take blanched, crisped celery and chop very fine. With one measure of mixed chicken mix a measure and a half of the chopped celery. Boil hard one large or two small eggs, roll the yolk fine, and mixing in a teaspoonful of mustard, and nearly as much salt, with half a teaspoonful of vinegar, pour this over the chicken. Cut the boiled whites of the eggs on rings and lay on top, garnishing also with the smaller leaves of the celery. Usually the celery is not chopped fine enough.

APPLE BREAD.—A French officer has invented and practised with success, a method of making bread with common apples, very far superior to potato bread. After having boiled one-third of peeled apples, he bruised them, while quite warm, into two-thirds of flour, including the proper quantity of yeast, and kneaded the whole without water, the juice of the fruit being sufficient. When the mixture had acquired the consistency of paste, he put it into a vessel, in which he allowed it to raise for about twelve hours. By this process he was enabled to obtain a very excellent bread, full of eyes, and very palatable and light.

CURRANT WINE.—The following method of making superior currant wine, is recommended in a French publication:

For currants, 9 pounds of honey are dissolved in 15 gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, is added the juice of 8 pounds of red or white currants. It is then fermented for twenty-four hours, and two pounds of sugar to every gallon of water are added. The preparation is afterwards clarified with the whites of eggs and cream of tartar. White currants are said to make the best wine. It is much sweeter and pleasanter flavored, when ripe, for table use. The wine made from it is nearly colorless, of sweet and pleasant flavor, resembling the light sweet French wines. Bottled at a particular stage, before the fermentation has entirely subsided, it makes a very fair champagne.

HEALTH, DEPARTMENT.

Influence of Light on Health.

The following remarks touching the influence of light on health, are taken from an English Magazine. They are worthy of attention :—

Cheerfulness is a great blessing, and is the parent of many others. It gives a relish to simple fare, adds a charm to plain features, and keeps down petty troubles. Cheerfulness, in fact, is another name for health ; it is difficult for people when out of health, to be cheerful. There are causes of cheerfulness, as well as causes of gloom and despondency ; on dull, foggy, or rainy days, we feel less animation than in fine, sunshiny weather ; and light, if not the chief, is one of the principal causes of cheerfulness. Unless there be light in the dwelling, we can hardly hope for light in the heart.

The ill effects consequent on a deficiency of light, though often brought under notice, have not yet been considered with due attention. And it is a lamentable fact, that even in situations where a full supply of light may be obtained, people are often unwilling to take the necessary pains for its admittance. There may seem to be a good reason why houses in the narrow streets and alleys of towns should be gloomy, but there can be no good reason why cottages and houses in country places should be dismal also. Yet we often see dwellings by the side of broad commons, or on the slopes of breezy hills, with windows so small as not to admit a tenth of the light required.

Darkness and gloom have a depressing effect on the health and spirits. The light of the sun is as necessary for the health and growth of human beings as for plants. Who is there that has not noticed the vocal liveliness of birds under bright sunshine ? animals frisk about in the warm rays, and insects, which are seldom or never seen in cloudy weather, come forth by thousands. Infants, too, enjoy light ; they turn their eyes eagerly towards it, and when restless or cross, are often quieted by the beams of the sun or moon. Plants grown in the dark, or by lamp-light, instead of being green, are of an unhealthy white hue, and the pores which open from every part of the stalk and leaves in the natural state, are but very few in number, or altogether wanting. Hence the plant is unable to perform its most important function—that of transpiration, or breathing—an act entirely due to the influence of light, for the pores of healthy, growing plants, open in the sunshine, and close in the dark. During the day, they take in carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, and give out oxygen ; but in the night, they take in oxygen, and give out carbonic acid. The taste of plants, too, is affected by light ; some which are sour in the morning, become tasteless at noon, and bitter

at night. The peaches grown under the sun of America are as much superior to those of England as the latter are to sloes. Gardeners and farmers find that plants when crowded together, struggle towards the light. Chlorine and hydrogen gases, if mixed together and kept in the dark, will never unite ; the light of day causes them to mingle slowly, but in direct sunshine, they combine instantaneously, and explode with a loud report. Colors fade in a strong light ; and, as most readers know, portraits are taken by the action of the light. Some trades cannot be carried on without a good light ; dyers find that brighter colors are obtained under a clear than under a cloudy sky. People who work in dark rooms, or in mines, are sallow and sickly in complexion, and sometimes deformed. One great cause of despondency and illness among emigrants while on board ship, is want of sufficient light between decks. Some animals are tamed by being deprived of light ; and, it is a well ascertained fact that tadpoles, which are young frogs, will never grow into frogs if always kept in the dark.

Bearing these interesting facts in mind, we shall better comprehend the reason why dwelling-houses ought to be built so as to admit plenty of light. Unfortunately, the reverse of this often prevails, and the cottages and tenements inhabited by the working-classes in this country, are neither so salubrious nor comfortable as they ought to be. In the first Report of the Health of Towns' Commission, a case is recorded of a lady who lived in a narrow street in Paris, in a small room, on which the sun never shone. She had been ill many years without amendment ; at last, the physician ordered her removal to a cheerful apartment, when she immediately recovered. Her illness arose from want of light. At St. Petersburg, also, it had been observed during several years, that the soldiers lodged on one side of a large barrack, which was dark and gloomy, were ill three times as often as those on the other side, who had sufficient light. Medical men agree in stating that light greatly improves and promotes health. Mr. Ward, a surgeon in London, affirmed, in evidence before the Commission, that children reared in dark and dimly-lighted places, were stunted in their growth, and would be less able to work than others more favorably reared ; the mind, too, is stunted and injured, as well as the body. "The more dark corners," he observes, "you have in the dwellings of the poor, the greater amount of dirt and filth," and he advises "young people who are about to marry, and can afford only one or two rooms, to choose the largest room they can find, and in which they can obtain the greatest quantity of solar light ; the amount of disease in light rooms as compared with that in dark rooms, being infinitely less."

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

STREET COSTUME.—High dress of dark lilac silk, the skirt long and exceedingly full. Large shawl of black velvet, the bottom edge trimmed with a deep black lace, set on full; the top point is trimmed with the same lace, set on quite plain, the reverse way, and mitred at the corner. Black velvet bonnet, the curtain lined with white silk; at the front edge, black feathers, roses and buds; *tulle* cap, and broad white strings.

CHILD'S COSTUME.—Frock of gray poplin, the skirt short and very full. Pelisse of light brown cloth, the body high and close-fitting; the skirt is very full, and is plaited in to the waist; across the waist at the back, is a rich silk trimming, terminating in rosettes and tassels; large pagoda sleeves, with the same trimming at the top. Bolero hat of black velvet, with crimson feather.

HOME COSTUME.—Dress of light green silk, the skirt trimmed with black ribbon velvet, in deep points, crossing each other, and forming a lozenge pattern. Plain high body, closing with small black velvet buttons; large pagoda sleeves, lined with white silk, and trimmed to correspond with the skirt; *ceinture Suisse* of black velvet, the centre of white silk, laced with velvet; at the left side a *paquet* of velvet, with long ends, at the extremity of which is a piece of white silk, rounded and trimmed with narrow lace; this white silk is crossed by black velvet, the ends left flowing.

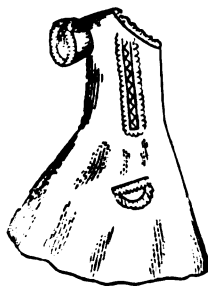


Mme. Demorest's Prize Medal Hoop Skirts.

Hoop skirts have become, if possible, still more a confirmed and indispensable article of dress, nor do we see how they are likely to become less so for a long time to come. By a recent patented process, steel is now tempered so uniformly and so cheaply,

that no other article will for a moment bear any comparison with it; and certainly, so far as elasticity is concerned, no further improvement could be desired for giving that graceful flow and fulness to the dress. Shapes are somewhat modified, being almost straight from the bustle to the bottom, and as the size of the bustle has been materially reduced, this variation in their form makes them much smaller around the body, although about the former size around the bottom.

The great superiority of Madame Demorest's Patent Prize Medal Skirts have now become so widely known and so fully established, that it would seem no further change was called for; but they are now constructed with sixty-four durable standards, which is nearly three times as many as are usually furnished, and four times as many as are put in the cheap skirts that are generally sold by the trade. These standards are a superior corset lacing, arranged in a new and graceful style, and being so numerous, the skirt is not liable to entangle the feet, a very common objection to hoop skirts, especially when entering a car or omnibus. The clasps also are now so constructed that the ends of the steel cannot push out, heretofore a great annoyance. The ladies will please bear in mind that they have been patented, and thus secured, and cannot therefore be made by other parties generally, and are offered at prices as low, if not lower, than any skirt now sold. They are fully entitled to the Prize Medal that was awarded them by the American Institute.

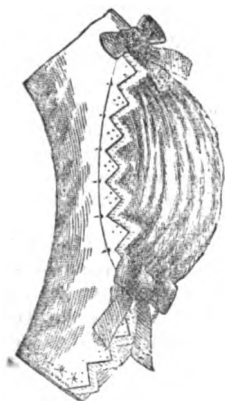


HATTIE APRON.

For a girl from six to seven years. Is cut sack coat, with a strip of inserting set in at each side of the waist, and a box plait laid in the skirt at the bottom of the inserting; the back of the waist cut very low, slanting from the shoulder, midway from the back, the skirt full on. Short sleeves, open at the top, with the ends passing by each other. Front of the skirt ornamented with small pockets. To be made of Swiss or barred muslin, requiring two yards of material.

**JESSIE APRON.**

For a girl from two to three years. Plain apron, with waist and skirt cut together, separated at the hips, with the skirt slightly full; a box plait laid down the centre of the front, fastened with buttons, and buttoned down the back; made of pink or blue chambré, trimmed with a white braid, has a very pretty effect. Requires one and a-quarter yards of material.

**DAFFODIL.**

This sleeve is a very stylish one for summer silks. It is full at the top, and gathered on the sides to within three inches of the wrist, where it is left plain. The caps extend down each side of the sleeve, and are cut in points; they are united at the top by a bow and ends, and also at the point where the fullness ceases.

**WALKING COAT.**

Walking coat for a boy from five to seven. Is sack front, with box plait running from the shoulder, and tacked down with buttons to bottom of

waist; buttons down the front; back of waist plain; skirt laid on in box plaits, with a little pointed polka; sleeves half wide, with a cuff ornamented with buttons. A small square collar. Is pretty in plain woollens, or plain poplin. Requires three yards of material.

**ZULU DRESS.**

Gored dress for a child of three years. Small checked or plaid silk is suitable material for this dress. The skirt is cut in four gores, fitted with a polka at the waist, which extends round to the back. The front gore reaches the shoulder, and forms part of the waist; the seam covered with a trimming put on in shallow scallops, which gives the appearance of a robed dress. Sleeve consists of two rounded caps, which deepen towards the centre. It will take four yards of material.

PROMENADE COSTUME.—Black silk coat, with ruffle of purple silk at the bottom. Small cape, and bishop sleeves, trimmed to correspond.

SLIPPER.

MATERIAL.—Two skeins, each of four shades, of scarlet wool, the darkest to be the color of a dark clove pink, the next of a military scarlet, the next two shades lighter, and the next two shades lighter again; one bunch of No. 6 steel beads; one-quarter yard of Penelope canvas, that which measures twelve double threads to the inch; four wool needles; and one reel of No. 36 cotton.

This pretty slipper is adapted for a child four years old, but may be made either larger or smaller. Its glittering appearance, which sparkles with every movement of the foot, has an exquisite effect. As a morning slipper for young ladies, it cannot fail to please; for fancy fairs it would also prove a very salable article.

First pencil from the engraving the outline of the slipper in thin writing or other paper; then cut it exactly in the pencil marks; pin or tack it on the canvas; then, with needle and black cotton, tack an outline on the canvas, outside the paper all round, but observe to have only sixteen stitches across the instep; fasten the cotton off securely, and run a black thread through the centre between the sixteen stitches. Now, with the darkest wool, cross-stitch over this outline of cotton. Then com-

mence to work the slipper thus: Begin first stripe close to the line of instep, but two stitches of the canvas from the centre thread of black, and having the *heel of the slipper at the right hand*; with the lightest shade on the second row of canvas from the centre work eight cross-stitches; then slip the needle under four threads of canvas, and work eight more stitches on the same row; then slip four; eight more stitches; slip four; work any that may be left in same row. Take the three next shades, and work exactly the same. Thus there will be two rows of wool stitches on each side the dividing line of black thread.

SECOND STRIPE.—Miss two rows of canvas; with lightest shade work two stitches; miss four; work eight; miss four; work eight; miss four; work the remainder with the remaining three shades exactly the same.

THIRD STRIPE.—Miss two rows of the canvas; work eight; miss four; work eight; miss four; work eight; miss the remainder, and finish the stripe towards the heel in similar manner.

It will be scarcely necessary to give any further directions for this pattern, which latter must be

worked entirely over the slipper before proceeding to work the bars across, which are worked exactly in the same way; but, instead of slipping the needle under the canvas, the needle will be slipped under the four worked rows; but observe that all the stitches are crossed in the same direction. The intersection of these bars will cause four stitches of canvas to be left between each bar (see engraving), and these four stitches are filled up with steel beads, thus: Take No. 30 cotton, doubled, and fine needle; fasten the cotton into back of slipper; thread two beads; cross these over the stitch of canvas the same way as the wool stitches are crossed; then two more over next stitch, and the same over the other two stitches of canvas. Thus there are eight beads in each four stitches of canvas; but, as the beads would wear off round the sole, and round the edge of the slipper where the binding comes, fill these squares in with steel colored twist, or silk used double. The slipper should be trimmed with a rosette of scarlet or cerise color satin ribbon, of a tint not to obscure the brightness of the wool.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FORT LA FAYETTE; or Love and Secession. A Novel. By Benjamin Wood. New York: Carleton.

A weak invention of the enemy, and not worth the paper on which it is printed.

MISTAKES OF EDUCATED MEN. By John S. Hart, LL. D. Editor of the *Sunday-School Times*, and late Principal of the Philadelphia High School. 12mo., muslin, gilt. Price 50 cents; paper covers 25 cents. Published by J. C. Garrigue, 148 South Fourth street, Philadelphia.

We are pleased to see Professor Hart's admirable address re-issued, and in a more enduring form. Paper, letter press, binding, all are of the best quality, and justly befitting the sound, practical lessons contained in the volume. We again recommend the essay to students, and to literary and professional men. Its thoughtful perusal cannot fail to give motives for those mental and physical reforms so much needed among men of science and letters, and so necessary for their health, efficiency, and happiness.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR THE SOLDIER. An elementary work on Military Tactics, in questions and answers. Conforming to the Army Regulations adopted and approved by the War Department of the United States. By Captain W. W. Van Ness. New York: Carleton.

In a small compass, we have here a large amount of military information, presented in such a form

as to make it easily understood. Besides its value in the service, this little book will be found peculiarly adapted to schools and academies, where military drill is introduced. It is the first of a military series in preparation by the same author.

CHARLES O'MALLEY. The Irish Dragoon. By Charles Lever. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The first volume of a new new issue of Lever's military novels, at fifty cents each. The series will embrace ten volumes.

THE UPRIISING OF A GREAT PEOPLE. From the French of Count Agénor De Gasparin. By Mary L. Booth. New American Edition, from the author's Revised Edition. New York: Charles Scribner.

March 19, 1861, was the date of Count Gasparin's preface to the first edition of his remarkable book. November 2d is the date of the preface to this second edition, in which he says:—

"I have nothing to change in these pages. When I wrote them before the breaking out of the American crisis, I foreboded, which was not difficult, that the crisis would be long and grievous, that there would be mistakes and reverses; but I foreboded, also, that through these mistakes and reverses, an immense progress was about to come to light. Some have undertaken to doubt it: at the sight of civil war, and the evils which it necessarily entails, at the recital of one or two defeats, they have hastened to raise their hands to Heaven, and to

proclaim in every key the ruin of the United States.

"This is not the place to discuss judgments, sometimes superficial, sometimes malevolent, which too often pass current among us; to examine what has been, what should be the attitude of our Europe, what is our responsibilities, what are our interests and our duties. We alone, I am ashamed to admit it, we alone run the risk of rendering doubtful the final triumph of the good cause; we have not ceased to be, in spite of ourselves, the only chance and the only hope of the champions of slavery.

"Perhaps I shall enter ere long, in a new study, upon the important subject which I confine myself to indicating here, and which pre-occupies the government at Washington to such a degree that it seems inclined to order defensive preparations in view of an unnatural conflict between liberal America and ourselves. Every thing may happen—alas! the seemingly impossible like all else. It is not enough, therefore, to declare this impossible and monstrous, it is not enough to prove that the present state of feeling in Europe is far from giving reason to foresee an intervention in favor of the South; it is necessary to sap at the base these deplorable sophisms, more fully credited than is imagined, which may, in due time, under the pressure of certain industrial needs, or of certain

political combinations, urge France and England into a course which is not their own.

"For the present, I have only wished to repeat, with a strengthened conviction, what I said a few months ago. I believed then in the uprising of a great people; now I am sure of it."

To the volume is added a pamphlet, emanating from the same intelligent source, which appeared in France during the period of excitement on the Trent affair, entitled "A Word of Peace on the Differences between England and the United States." While he justifies the surrender of Mason and Slidell on the ground of technical error, he utters a solemn warning in the name of Europe, to the effect, that if the English demand were a mere pretext to force us into a ruinous war, such a proceeding would not again be tolerated.

THE BRANCH. A Sacred Poem. And other Poems. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

The getting-up of this small volume of poems is in the choice typography that has distinguished nearly every book emanating from the same publishers. The poems themselves are not of a high order. There are many fine thoughts, and well given passages; but the evidences of a young, and not thoroughly skilled writer, are to be found on almost every page.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"WORDS."

Once—a long time ago—a friend remarked to us, "that men and women were so different in their nature and needs, that it seemed hardly possible for one to understand the other."

The remark struck us forcibly at the time, and the truth it involved has grown upon us, during the years which have elapsed since we heard it; and in nothing has it been more apparent than in our observation of how little men mean by, and how much women *feel* words!

A man comes out with something which is a momentary ebullition of annoyance or vexation, and goes off to his business, and forgets all about it the next hour; but a woman stays at home and turns the words over in her thoughts, and sees them in all their shades and with all their possible meanings; and the hasty word which cut her heart like a blow at first, festers there, and leaves a long sore pain, and at last a deep scar.

Now, a woman can't help this, at least not altogether; it is in the very grain of her nature, and be it understood 'now, I am writing of tender, loving, sensitive, home women; not of that selfish, worldly, coarser-grained class, who are satisfied to get what they can out of their husbands, and who are too intent upon gratifying their own wants and

selfish aims to trouble themselves in questioning whether the words are facts or not.

But with a true-hearted, unselfish woman, the case is not thus. Words, expressions, are a part of *her* life; and there is many a wife who has carried a memory of pain and disappointment all along the otherwise bright years of her wedded life—the memory of words uttered in haste or anger, by lips whose praise or whose blame were to her the dearest things on earth.

"If ever there was a man tried to make his family happy, I'm sure that I have," muses a merchant, leaning back complacently in the chair in his counting-room. "I've toiled early and late for Mary and the children—I've stretched every nerve to indulge every want, or pleasure; and whatever my faults are, nobody can say that I haven't been a good husband and a good father."

"Mary," the wife of his youth, the mother of his children would say that too, with eyes that added their sweet testimony to her speech; and yet, when she takes counsel of her own soul, sitting down alone in the gold and purple chamber of her memory, and the years come there to render her obeliscence, and to yield up their treasures of myrrh and frankincense, a sigh creeps up from her heart as

the shadow has crept up through all the path she has trodden.

The "words" glare out upon her still—the cruel, cutting, angry words—she has forgiven them; but they come back sometimes to haunt and grieve her; she catches her breath with the old gasp of pain and humiliation at the thought that others have heard the unkind speech, and will remember and repeat it, perhaps with exaggeration and ungenerous triumph—no, she has not been altogether happy; she will carry one pain and one memory down to her grave!

How her husband would stare if anybody told him this!

"Mary's too sensible a woman," he would say, to go brooding and grieving through life over something that I didn't remember five minutes after it was out of my lips.

"What can be expected of a man in times like these, when his soul's bothered and perplexed with business until he can't for the life of him see which way to turn—of course he can't always keep his tongue or his temper when he's in his own house; but Mary won't care—she knows how to take me!"

Ah, if she loved him less—if she was not a woman with her clinging, sensitive, shrinking heart, she might. She *must* try to do this for her own peace and happiness; for a habit of brooding over a wrong, of thinking too much of one's self, is sure to nourish a gloomy, or a bitter, or an exacting spirit.

There is only one Love that is perfect—that can satisfy—that will fold about us all its perfect mantle of charity and forgiveness—about whose fountain of living waters there lie no broken cisterns, and drinking of the well whose springs are fed from the River of God, the soul will never thirst again!

V. F. T.

APRIL.

She comes with her olive-branch of peace among the months, bearing witness that the white floods of the winter are passed away—that the "dry land" has appeared, and that the ark of the year is floating safely towards the green haven of the May. And this April will not, we trust and believe, come to us as the last one, thank God! oh, not as the last one!

With the black garments of the coming storm rolled over her face, with the red lightnings of war flaming over the land, and the boom of the cannon drowning the sweet voices of the singing birds, which had come to us with their old and new Gospel of God's Love!

We remember with what shuddering dread we looked off to the future last April, and our hearts failed us, because of the fearful times on which we had fallen, and we almost thought—"Blessed are the dead who have not lived to see this day!"

But *this* is coming to us, we believe, with "good cheer!" God has been with our country through

the night, and we believe that the dawn which is flushing the sky, is the promise of the day!

So let our hearts be humble and grateful unto him who "giveth the victory." V. F. T.

"As our Boat went down the River, it was cheered from the Shores."

We heard this with almost a transport of joy. We had said, and believed it from the beginning—we had never lost our faith—we know the old love still throbbed deep in the pulses of many hearts in the land

"Where the sun with a golden mouth doth blow
Blue bubbles of grapes down a vineyard row."

We knew that the old Flag, whose bright folds floated over their childhood, whose praise they had sung, and whose honor had been their shield and glory among all the nations of the earth, had not lost its old power and sacredness!

No wonder they "shouted from the shore," as its cluster of stars rose bright on their vision once more—no wonder the old pride and the old patriotism surged up from their hearts to their lips, while they looked on those precious folds, as they rose and fell on the soft southern winds, that loved to caress them once more—no wonder that the fair sight thrilled them with joy. *That* was the Flag which their fathers would have defended with their hearts' blood!—beneath which they lived and died—true to the last!

We said it of you, brothers, in the darkest hour which ever came betwixt the North and the South—we had faith and belief in you, that the old loyalty and the old love still abided among you, and lo! you have *proved* it!

V. F. T.

THE MOTHER'S JOURNAL, published in New York by Sheldon & Co., and edited by Mrs. Caroline O. Hiscox, is a magazine that cannot fail to do good wherever introduced. Its kind, gentle, yet earnest spirit, will lead to reflection upon home duties, and its wisely spoken words give strength to act. In its unobtrusive way, it is doing much for the coming generation.

CARTE DE VISITE.

The *carte de visite* is all the rage, and will, we doubt not, long continue to be so—cheapness and beauty being in its favor. The extent to which the portraits of celebrities—local, national, and world-renowned, are now reproduced in this attractive form, may be inferred from the fact, that Messrs. Earle & Son, of our city, have over one thousand varieties now on hand. "Once a Week," an English publication, in referring to the *carte de visite* mania, says:—"There was a report the other day that Lord Palmerston was dead, and his *carte de visite* was immediately in enormous request; and Lord Herbert to this day sells as well as any living celebrity. Literary men have a constant sale: Dickens, Thackeray, and Trullope are bought for

every album. Scientific men, again, sell well; but theatrical or operatic celebrities have a run for a short time, owing to some successful performance, and then are not sought for more. It is a curious fact that the *cartes de visite* have for the present entirely superseded all other-sized photographic portraits. This is rather singular, inasmuch as we did not adopt it until it had been popular in Paris for three years. Possibly, however, the rage has its foundation in two causes. In the first place, a *carte de visite* portrait is really a more agreeable-looking likeness than larger ones; it is taken with the middle of the lens, where it is truest, hence it is never out in drawing; and then, again, it rather hides than exaggerates any little roughness of the face, which is so apparent in large-sized portraits. Secondly, when a man can get forty portraits for a couple of guineas, his vanity is flattered by being able to distribute his surplus copies among his friends. It enables every one to possess a picture gallery of those he cares about, as well as those he does not, for we are convinced some people collect them for the mere vanity of showing, or pretending, they have a large acquaintance. There is still another advantage; *cartes de visite* are taken two at a time, stereoscopically, that is, a little out of the same line, hence solid portraits can be produced by the aid of the stereoscope."

In this connection, we would refer such of our readers as wish to obtain good pictures of this kind for their Albums, to Messrs. Earle & Son, of our city, whose advertisement will be found on the cover of the Home Magazine. They have a very large assortment, among which are copies of very fine pictures. These, reduced by the camera to a small space, have all the delicacy of miniatures. Persons out of the city, by mailing the price, can receive these card pictures free of postage.

GYMNASTICS FOR CHILDREN.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in a late number of his "Gymnastic Monthly," thus writes in answer to the question, Do children require special gymnastic training?

"An eminent writer has recently declared his conviction, that boys need no studied muscle culture. 'Give them,' he says, 'the unrestrained use of the grove, the field, the yard, the street, with the various sorts of apparatus for boys' games and sports, and they can well dispense with the scientific gymnasium.'

"This is a misapprehension, as is easy to convince all who are disposed to think!


"With all our lectures, conversations, newspapers, and other similar means of mental culture, we are not willing to trust the intellect without scientific training. The poorest man in the State demands for his children the culture of the organized school; and he is right. An education left to chance and the street, would be but a disjointed product. To insure strength, patience and consistency, there must be methodical cultivation and symmetrical

growth. But there is no need of argument on this point. In regard to mental training, there is, fortunately, among Americans, no difference of opinion. Discriminating, systematic, scientific culture, is our demand.

"No man doubts that chess and the newspaper furnish exercise and growth; but we hold, and very justly too, that exercise and growth without qualification, are not our purpose. We require that the growth shall be of a peculiar kind—what we call scientific and symmetrical. This is vital. The education of chance would prove unbalanced, morbid, profitless.

"*Is not this equally true of the body?* Is the body one single organ, which, if exercised, is sure to grow in the right way? On the contrary, is it not an exceedingly complicated machine, the symmetrical development of which requires discriminating, studied management? With the thoughtful mind, argument and illustration are scarcely necessary; but I may perhaps be excused by the intelligent reader for one simple illustration. A boy has round or stooping shoulders; hereby the organs of the chest and abdomen are all displaced. Give him the freedom of the yard and street—give him marbles, a ball, the skates! Does anybody suppose he will become straight? Must he not, for this, and a hundred other defects have special, scientific training? There can be no doubt of it!

"Before our system of education can claim an approach to perfection, we must have attached to each school a Professor, who thoroughly comprehends the wants of the body, and knows practically the means by which it may be made symmetrical, flexible, vigorous and enduring."

 ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Additions of single names can always be made to clubs at the regular club rates. It is not required that all subscribers in a club be sent to the same post office.

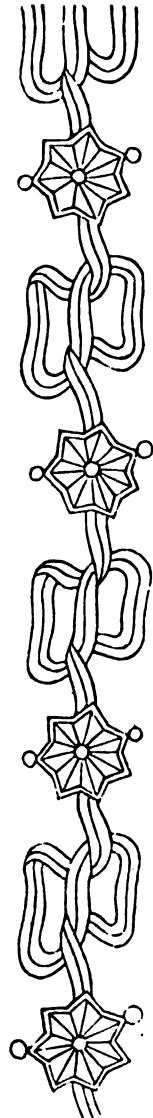
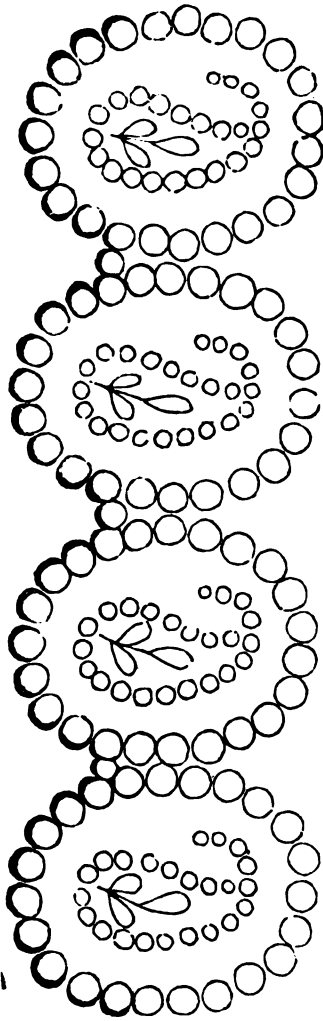
"THERE is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the presence of a little child, or it may be inclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave. Or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the ills of life as so many steps towards heaven, if only bravely overcome and mounted with sinless feet."

"THERE are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinct character. Some announce goodness and sweetness—others betray sarcasm, bitterness and pride. Some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness—others brighten by their spiritual vivacity. Gazing and poring before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch that the heart keeps unswayed from the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautified by all sweet thoughts."





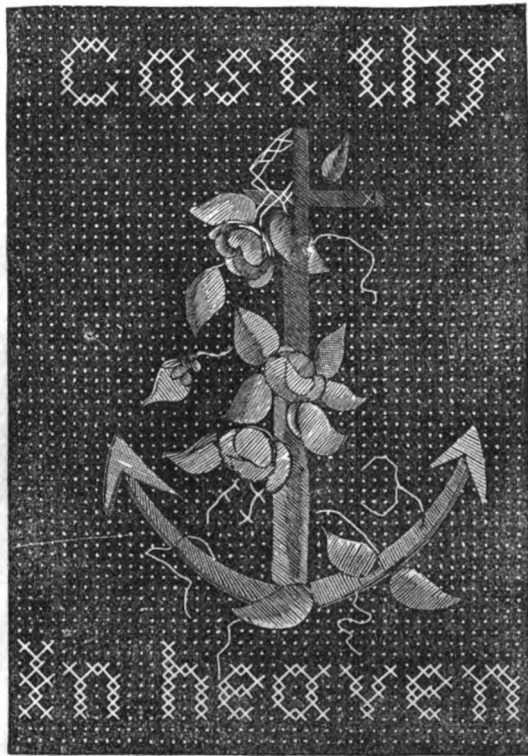
THE FREED BIRD.



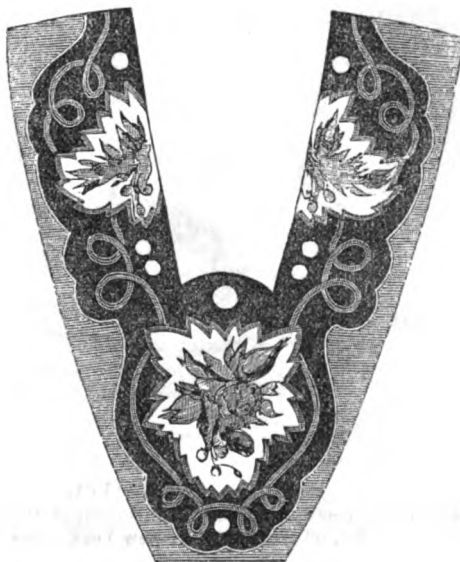
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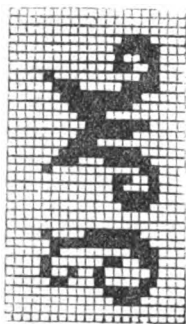
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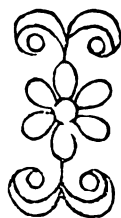
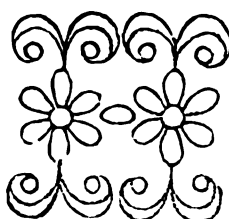
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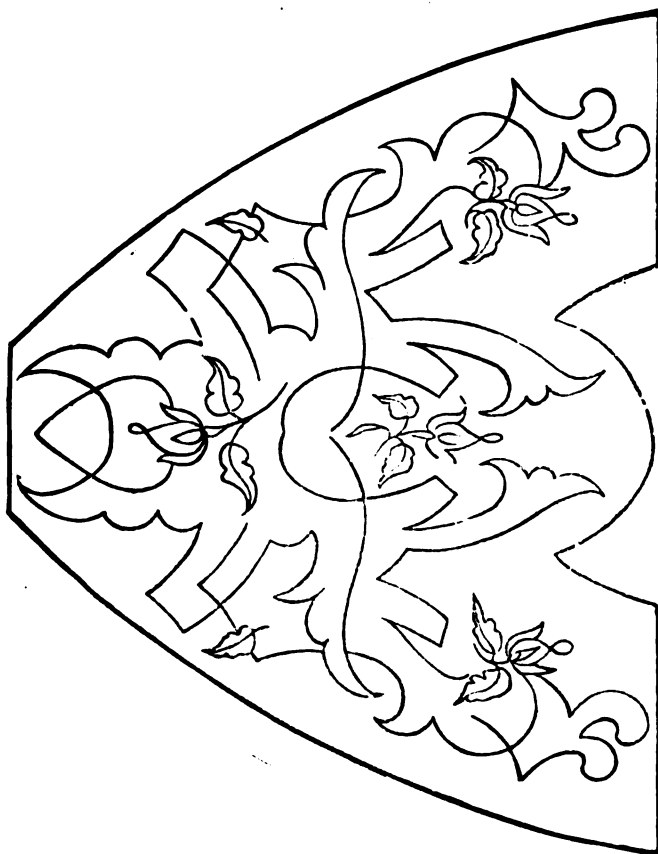
SLIPPER.



CROCHET INITIALS.



NEEDLEWORK.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1862.

After the Dawn.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

The cottage was a plain one, of a subdued brown color, with a little portico out in front, that was covered with honeysuckles, and a large yard, with a row of thrifty cedars on either side of the walk, and a soft fringe of blue grass laid thickly over it. It looked as if it might be a place to rest both body and soul—a true home in every sense of the word; yet the interior wore an air of discomfort and untidiness almost painful to the beholder. The parlor was a scene of confusion—books on the floor, dust on the mantel-piece and other furniture; the centre table presented the appearance of a badly arranged curiosity shop; chairs seemed to have walked around in a vague, wandering way over the room; in fact, there was no order at all, though a neat woman's hand might have rendered it quite a pretty little room in a very short while.

Seated in a rocking chair near the window, sat a young girl, scarcely eighteen years old, and, but for the careless, untidy appearance of her dress, one would have pronounced her more than ordinarily pretty. Her eyes were full and large, and of a bright black hue; her face was almost oval in shape; her complexion quite dark, but very clear; her cheeks and lips of the deepest crimson; and over her dimpled shoulders hung a mass of glossy curls. On the whole, she was a pretty, intellectual brunette; but in this case, as in many others, the picture, though a fair one of itself, was more than half spoiled by the unsightly frame surrounding it.

Her clothes were thrown on carelessly, and without any regard to neatness or taste; and the pretty little foot, peeping out from the folds of her soiled morning wrapper, had

decidedly a slipshod appearance. At present she was engaged in reading a highly-wrought novel, over which she laughed and cried by turns, in a manner that would have been quite flattering to the author. A faint voice from the next room called to her.

"Abbie, my love, I really wish you would superintend Bridget in the kitchen this morning; my head aches so badly, I do not feel able to stand up a moment longer, and there is more work on hands than usual to-day. Bridget will not have your papa's dinner ready for him in time, and you know how much he dislikes to be kept waiting."

"Oh, mamma! how could you interrupt me at such an affecting place; just as if I should know what to do to assist Bridget? I dare say she can get along well enough if she tries, and I should only be in the way."

Petulantly brushing away three or four actual tears that had been called forth from sympathy with the distressed heroine, Abbie went on with her reading again, feeling angry that her mamma should expect her to perform any of the menial offices about the house. Presently her mother called in again—

"Abbie, child, wont you please come bathe my head with cold water? I am feverish, and it will do me good to feel your hands soothing me again. It is so strange and sweet to have my little daughter with me once more."

The fascinating novel was thrown down suddenly on the floor, and Abbie in no very gentle mood went into her mother's room. The sight of the pale, patient face, in the midst of the pillows, sent a slight tinge of pity through her heart; and in a gentler manner she bathed the hot brow till the pain was half assuaged.

"That will do, darling. How kind you are to me; the pain flies before the soft touch of your fingers." The eyes of the speaker were

moistened with happy tears. "You can go now; I must not selfishly keep you in this close room, when the morning is so beautiful."

Abbie's better nature suggested that she should remain till her mamma was soothed into a quiet slumber; but the thought of the book in the parlor overcame all scruples, so, stooping down and lightly kissing the white face, she glided out of the room, and was soon absorbed in ferreting out the mysterious fate of her heroine.

It was dinner time before she was disturbed again, then the sound of her father's footsteps in the hall, brought her to her feet, and in a moment she was at the door to meet him, and had wound her plump arms around his neck.

"Well, little daughter, what have you been doing all day? Something to please papa or mamma, I'll warrant. It is nice to have our pet at home again." The proud father patted the curly head fondly, not noticing the blush of shame that spread itself over the pretty face.

"Something to please papa or mamma!" Abbie thought of the half finished novel; the untidy rooms and her wearied mother, with something like regret, but she consoled herself by thinking that they ought not to expect her to do such work as Bridget did.

There was almost a frown on her father's face when he first glanced at the parlor.

"Why, what is the matter, Abbie, that things are in such confusion?"

"Mamma isn't well!"

"Ah! you have been playing nurse, have you, little puss, and haven't had time to straighten things. That is right, my child; your mother is very delicate, and needs your first attention. I can leave her without fear of her being lonely, when our little daughter is here to comfort her."

Abbie felt like crying at the unintentional rebuke; and would have confessed her want of merit, but her mamma, who heard the last sentence, spoke—

"Yes, James, she has soothed me so much that the headache has almost vanished. How thankful we ought to be that our darling's days at school are at last over."

A summons to dinner, here interrupted the conversation, and Abbie was truly thankful for it.

"What shall I bring you to eat, mamma?"

"Nothing, Abbie—I do not feel like eating. Don't think anything about me, but make papa comfortable."

So a week wore away, and Mrs. Willard,

though not really ill, was not yet well enough to leave her room. During this time Abbie's parents were gradually and painfully made aware of her utter uselessness and selfishness. She had come to open rebellion with regard to doing any of the housework—she did not intend to soil her hands or degrade her mind in such a manner, she said. Besides that, she must cultivate her talents; she had no time for ordinary things.

About this time, a poem of the most exciting style—full of broken hearts, intermingled with a wail for a congenial spirit—made its appearance in the village paper—the "Morning Star," over the signature of Mignonette St. Clair. The community was not long kept in ignorance of the real name of the authoress however, and Abbie Willard's friends were duly astonished, to find in her a "star poetess," as the editor, in a compliment a quarter of a column in length, denominated her. After that time, Abbie was closeted in her room daily, foolishly wasting the time she should have employed in assisting her mother, spending it in writing sentimental poems. Her own room was a scene of continual disorder, save when her mother kindly arranged it for her.

Her parents, proud of her newly developed talents, suffered themselves to be blinded to her many faults; and so the soul that really had much that was good in it, was in a fair way to ruin.

Abbie was almost petrified with pleasure one morning, to discover a poem as excruciating as her own, addressed to Mignonette St. Clair, by Adolphus de Percival. Such a pretty name she thought; so aristocratic, and more than likely his own.

After this, the Morning Star became the weekly receptacle of pathetic poems, entitled, "Think of Me;" "I Love Thee," &c., all written by the young poet and poetess, who had so lately flung their dazzling lights in the eyes of the literary world.

Ambitious dreams began to haunt Abbie's brain. She would gain such a reputation as a poetess, that the best journals of the country should be only too glad to secure the efforts of her inspired pen at any cost! Then the miracles she would perform in acts of charity; the distressed families she would relieve; the long tour she would take to countries beautiful enough to arouse all the poetical fire of her brain. And the world should know her as the beautiful and talented Miss Abbie Willard, authoress of the soul-stirring volume of poems just launched on the pleasant ocean of criticism.

Poor little Abbie! her foolish young head was full of nothing but these lightest of light air-castles—no time for assisting her mother; no time for amusing her papa of evenings by singing to him, as he wished her to do; no time for making herself and her surroundings look neat and cheerful—nothing could be thought of but her beloved pen.

A private letter from Adolphus de Percival, (who had obtained her address from the editor of the *Star*,) full of sentimental nothings, slightly changed the current of her fancies. What a flutter of delight she experienced, as she broke open the daintily perfumed envelop, and cast her eyes, for the first time, over the delicate chirography of Adolphus de Percival. It was such a lofty letter too—so unlike the matter-of-fact letters she usually received; no vulgar allusions to ordinary things; nothing but the most touching sentences about the fragrant flowers, running brooks, birds, moonlight and starlight; all gracefully intermingled with a tone of the deepest admiration for her genius.

Abbie read it over again and again. She longed in her exultation to read it to her mother, but with a self-denial worthy a better cause, she determined that Adolphus de Percival's soul-thoughts, should not be exposed to the vulgar and curious gaze; in her own heart would she lock up his sweet words, there to keep them forever! Then followed a sleepless night, devoted to answering the precious missive, in which she poured out such a wail for sympathy, that the uninitiated would have supposed her the worst abused girl in existence, and which no doubt completely subdued the tender hearted Adolphus. And no doubt, at that moment, little Abbie imagined all her fancied misery a living reality.

The answer came even sooner than she had hoped for. It was a perfect shadow of her own, a wail of despair, a wild yearning for one sweet friend to comfort and soothe him. "Would she not be that dear friend to him? Would she not turn to him from the cruel-hearted world? Ah! yes, if he had read the soul of the noble and talented Mignonette rightly, she *would* relieve his aching heart by permitting him to be her confidant. Together they would scorn the rude ways of life, together they would seek for happiness, together they would bind up their bruised souls, and together they would die!"

Abbie cried over this truly heart-melting thing for fully a half day, and would not eat her dinner. What cared she for eating, she

indignantly demanded; when a noble soul was being swallowed up in the ocean of human misery? Hers should be the task of comforter—she would grant Adolphus's request before food passed her lips—and she did.

A correspondence two months in length followed this, and the *Star* continued to be made brighter by the combined efforts of our heroine and her languishing lover.

It was June now—that month that nature has placed as the fairest jewel in the crown of the year. A tedious illness confined poor Mrs. Willard to her room. There was little comfort to be expected from Abbie. She was completely absorbed in developing her genius. When she could find no excuse to prevent her from soothing her mother's pain, she always did it with such an ill grace, that the poor invalid had a thousand times rather it had not been done at all; and often when Abbie had flung herself spitefully out of the room, when requested by her father to perform some light duty, Mrs. Willard would cry silently, till her pillow was wet with tears, and her head ached and throbbed worse than before. Yet no complaint came from the thin, white lips; she never forgot for a moment, that it was her darling child.

A letter from Adolphus threw her into an unenviable state of mind. It announced that the next morning he would have the honor of visiting her in her own home. What should she do? Her mother was sick; the whole house a scene of confusion, and Bridget not at all inclined to make any extra exertions. She had enough practical common sense left to know, that even the ethereal Adolphus de Percival could not help noticing the untidiness of her home, so she must go to work herself, and put things in order. Accordingly, rooms were swept, dusted, and the furniture arranged with care and taste, and finally everything was finished but the parlor. Gathering up the broom with frantic haste, the furniture and room were soon enveloped in a cloud of dust, and Abbie, with her face hot and flushed, her hair in tangled curls around her head, after opening the doors and windows to let in the air, went into the kitchen after a bucket of hot soap-suds, and was soon down on her knees in the hall cleaning off the dirty oil-cloth.

In the very midst of it, a knock at the door caused her to look up, and there, face to face with her, stood a gentleman dressed in the height of fashion, with a great display of jewelry and a strong perfume of musk. Abbie's

heart told her it must be Adolphus, and blushing with shame and mortification, till her face was warmer and more flushed than ever, she asked him into the parlor. He inquired for Miss Abbie Willard, and being informed she stood before him, he introduced himself, and here the conversation seemed fated to end.

Abbie stammered forth some incoherent excuses about the appearance of the room and herself; whilst the elegant Adolphus, pitying her confusion, made several attempts at complimenting her industry; but it was not in the programme he had arranged, and he miserably failed. Abbie was ashamed of herself and of her plain home. How poverty stricken they must appear to Mr. de Percival. He was wealthy; she felt sure of that from his dress, and she could see he felt ill at ease—of course he could not feel otherwise, to be so much out of his sphere.

How she would have loved to burst right out crying—to think *she*, Mignonette St. Clair, should have been caught in such a plight, and by Adolphus de Percival of all others! The interview was a short one—both, at the unexpected turn of events, had forgotten all their sentiment, and were as common place as the most ordinary people.

Mr. de Percival was disappointed—from an eloquent compliment the editor of the *Star* had paid to Abbie, in which he referred in a rather indefinite manner to her worth and wealth, Adolphus had been led to believe that in Mignonette St. Clair, he should find beauty, poetry, and wealth combined. But, “a change came o’er the spirit of his dream.” He was on his way to visit an uncle, he said; and although Abbie knew he was in the village till the next evening, he did not call again.

Here then was an end to all her romantic dreams. Adolphus could never lower his lofty mind to her level in life; he would never visit her again, since he had found her engaged in such degrading toil. In vain the most pathetic lines were addressed to the lamented poet; there was no response. The muse of the fastidious Adolphus had evidently been frightened away at sight of the unlucky poetess with a bucket of suds, and had never returned. Adolphus was effectually silenced.

Abbie sat up late of nights, writing poems to be published after her death; (she had resolved since she could not *live* for Mr. de Percival, she would *die* for him;) slept little, ate less, and exercised least of all. She was in a fair way to make herself ill, when one morning Bridget disturbed her as she was writing

“An Ode to the Moon,” with the information that there was a gentleman in the parlor who wished to see her. She gave a careless glance at the neat card Bridget placed in her hand. “John Leonard.” The name was a strange one, and not at all poetical. Why had he come to disturb her? he could never understand her—her spirit mate had flown.

She rose languidly to go down stairs. Bridget asked, in astonishment, if she intended going down in that plight. She had on a soiled white wrapper that was defaced here and there with a blot of ink; her fingers were dark with the same fluid; her hair tangled, and her small slippers were down at the heels, and revealed a pair of dirty hose.

“It makes but little difference, Bridget; my days on earth are numbered, and I care not how I look during my short sojourn here.” Down into the parlor she accordingly went, with her pretty mouth drawn down into a woe-begone expression, and her half finished ode in her hand.

The gentleman rose as she entered, and as he advanced to meet her, she saw that although he was not handsome, there was an air of good breeding and refinement about him, that revealed the character of a true gentleman. As she felt his polite yet criticising gaze bent upon her, she was half sorry she had not followed Bridget’s suggestion and changed her dress.

He had a letter for her from her cousin, Rachel Willard, of Boston, requesting her to come and spend the next three or four months with her. Abbie, in her eagerness to get her parents to consent, forgot her resolution of dying of a broken heart. She even insisted on Mr. Leonard staying for dinner; an honor he was compelled to decline for want of time. Her parents willingly consented to her cousin’s plan, and in a short while she had penned a reply, which Mr. Leonard was to deliver. In her haste she dropped her unfinished ode, and as Mr. Leonard picked it up and handed it to her, she felt almost rebuked to think she had, for one moment, forgotten her great bereavement.

Mr. Leonard was half pained, half amused with her. He had expected to see a pretty, neat, sensible little girl; such as Rachel had remembered her to be, and as she had been described to him. But this sentimental love-lorn girl, fairly luxuriating in her want of taste and neatness, whose inky fingers and freshly written poem had forced themselves unwelcomely on his sight, surprised and almost

shocked him. He tried to think as kindly of her as he could, however; trusting that once she was placed under the beneficial influence of her cousin, she would become changed for the better.

Her preparations were finished in two or three weeks, and after half a day's journey on the cars, she was met at the depot by her uncle, and was soon in his carriage, on the way to his residence, which was in the suburbs of the city. It was a beautiful place; wealth and taste had been combined in making it an elegant home, and as Abbie and her uncle went up the shell walk, that was bordered on either side with the costliest, most fragrant flowers, she gave vent to her admiration and pleasure in a thousand artless ways.

She was welcomed warmly by Rachel and her Aunt Mary, and to her surprise, after their greetings were over, Mr. Leonard came forward and gave her a cordial shake of the hand. She learned afterwards that he was a ward of her uncle's, a young lawyer, and that he lived in the family.

Two months afterwards, she wrote in her journal:—

"SEPTEMBER 12th. How I look back over the past years of my life, and thank God that I was not allowed to go on in my blind folly. There is so much that I can do to make others happy, if I will only try; so much that will lighten the hearts of those I love. What a selfish life mine was till I came here, and how much I thank Cousin Rachel and John Leonard, for pointing out to me the true path of happiness, and guiding my wayward feet into it ere it was forever too late.

"I recollect so well, how the second morning after my arrival, as I sat writing a poem for the Star, Cousin Rachel in her neat morning dress, with her brown hair taken back in smooth, shiny folds from her white brow, came into my beautiful room, and gathering up pen and paper, laughingly carried them off and locked them up in her desk, saying they should remain there till the roses had come back to my cheeks and the light to my eyes; in fact, until I had ceased my nonsensical talk of dying of a broken heart. I remember how, in my blind self-importance, I thought she could never appreciate the delicate and refined feelings of my soul; that though she might be good enough at heart, there was nothing high and intellectual in her character. How can I ever thank her as I should, for arousing me to my better self again?

"After she had come back to my room, she

commenced chiding me in her pleasant, cheery way, for not arranging my dress more carefully, and finally succeeded in getting me to put on a cool, clean wrapper, curl my hair nicely, and help her gather and arrange bouquets for our rooms. From that time forth, she never allowed me to touch pen or paper, save to write to dear papa and mamma; and somehow I found it easier every day to yield.

"I used to wonder how she could always be so contented and happy, till I found that it was by making herself useful, and contributing to the happiness of others. She is never entirely idle. Of a morning she is always doing a thousand little necessary things which the servants could do, but she prefers doing them herself, and thus lighten their labors. Then she is so kind to her mother, if she chances to be ill—the most affectionate and patient of nurses. I blush when I think of how unkindly I always treated poor, suffering mamma, when she was sick—I trust I shall be a better daughter hereafter.

"Then she is so charitable to the poor, denying herself many little luxuries, that she may relieve some suffering creature. Always the same loving daughter and friend; taking life cheerfully, and if need be, resignedly. By degrees she led me into an interest in her pursuits, and I almost forgot my imaginary sorrows, in the new sense of happiness that pervaded my whole being. It seemed as if a something, that had long been dormant in my nature, had become full of life beneath her gentle guidance—a chord of actual music vibrated in my heart.

"I had been here but a short time, when, as Rachel and I were out walking one morning, I came face to face for the second time with Adolphus de Percival. He bowed, smiled, and passed on. Rachel turned to me in amazement,

"'Why Abbie, do you know Mr. Smith?'

"'I am acquainted with Mr. Adolphus de Percival, the gentleman who just passed us,' I said, trying to look as unconscious as if I were not to break my heart about that very fascinating individual.

"'That! Mr. de Percival! Why, Abbie, it is only plain Mr. Smith—yes, I recollect now, his name is Adolphus; but what ever put such an idea into your head as to call him de Percival?'

"I explained as well as I could. Rachel looked half serious, half inclined to laugh.

"'I had no idea matters were so serious, Abbie. He is really nothing but a light-headed

fop—a clerk in a dry goods establishment up town; celebrated for nothing but writing love-sick nonsense to every girl who will permit him to take such a liberty.'

"'Oh Rachel! you must certainly be mistaken. He is all refinement—all soul. Surely you have judged him harshly.' I think now, there were tears of wounded feelings in my eyes as I spoke, and Rachel evidently saw them, and hastened to change the conversation.

"That evening a servant brought up a card to me—'Adolphus de Percival Smith.'

"Rachel picked up the card, and laughed as she saw the name. 'I should advise you not to go down, Abbie, but I can see you want to, and besides that, I trust my little cousin has too much sense to encourage such a fellow.' She kissed me as she spoke, and I ran hastily down the stairs.

"Of the three weeks that followed, I shall write but little. I can only wonder now that I ever tolerated Mr. Smith for a moment; that I ever for a moment allowed myself to be blinded to his many defects, and shallow intellect. He vowed again and again that he loved me—that life without me would be a blank. He implored me to try his love. It would endure all tests, he said. To die for my sake would be his greatest pleasure; what were a lifetime to him compared with a moment of my happiness! His extravagant words touched my girlish vanity, but never reached my heart.

"I woke up one morning with a burning fever and an aching head. A physician was called, who pronounced it a very severe attack of measles. I had been walking in the heavy night dew and had taken cold, consequently the disease, though simple of itself, unless the greatest care was taken, might speedily prove fatal.

"The long, painful days and nights that followed, seem like a dream to me now—the loving kindness shown me by Aunt Mary and Rachel—their sad, pale faces flitting around my bed-side. At last the danger was passed through, and as I lay apparently sleeping, I heard Rachel's sweet voice thanking God that I was saved to them. How fervently I joined in her earnest amen! She came up to my bed-side when she heard my voice, and winding her arms around my neck, burst into tears. Her long pent-up feelings, now that the crisis was passed, must have vent, and she lay with her head on my pillow, sobbing like a little child.

"'Don't Rachel—don't cry,' I said, my own voice tremulous with emotion. 'I am not

worthy of your tears, sweet cousin, but since God has seen fit to spare my life, I trust His kindness has not been in vain, and with your help, Rachel, I am going to try to be a better girl.'

"She kissed me tenderly, looked into my face with her clear, earnest eyes, and I knew another grateful prayer was in her heart.

"'Oh Abbie! do not forget your good resolutions; but, hereafter, be the true, noble woman God intended you should be.'

"I pressed her hand, and turning on my pillow, was soon wrapt in a refreshing slumber. It was late in the evening when I awoke. Rachel was by my bed-side; her face wearing a look that puzzled me.

"'I don't know whether I ought to give you this or not, Abbie,' she said, displaying a tiny letter in the well known handwriting of Mr. Smith. 'I'm afraid to excite you; and yet the poor wretch has pleaded so strongly to have it delivered, that I suppose I must comply with his request.'

"She placed it in my hands, and I slowly broke open the envelop. I read it through carefully, and lay silently studying over the contents several minutes. It was full of the most loving sympathy—a continued assurance of his perpetual love, and an offer to die for me, if it would give me pleasure. Somehow the letter did not please me; there seemed to be too much imagination in it, to be much reality. Yet what should I do? to believe his words, he was dying for a glance of my face. I handed the note to Rachel. She read it through, smiling all the while, then turned to me.

"'Do you believe all this pack of nonsense, Abbie?'

"'I could not say exactly that I did; yet I could not bear to think that my idol had been entirely imaginary.

"'What shall I do, Rachel? Help me, will you not?'

"She sat still a moment, as if thinking something over.

"'I'll tell you what, Abbie, you shall see him, and put his love to the test as he implores you to do. If he fails to verify his words though, you must promise to forget him—promise to throw him aside as you would a badly written novel. Will you?'

"'With all my heart, Rachel.' What else could I say?

"The next evening Adolphus came. I was excited almost into a fever, and Rachel blamed herself for having permitted the interview at

all. How Adolphus's love was to be tested, I did not know; but I could not help believing he would be all he had promised. At last, the well-known ring was heard at the door, the well-known voice in the hall, and I heard Mr. Leonard asking him to follow him up stairs to my room. How my heart beat and throbbed with wild excitement then! Rachel, who stood by my chair, said kindly—

“Abbie! Abbie! you promised to be calm.”

The footsteps paused outside of the open door, and I heard Mr. Leonard's clear, strong voice, say—

“Trusting to your repeated assurances that to die for Miss Abbie would be happiness to you, did you but know it would contribute a drop of joy in her life, we have not thought it necessary before to tell you the nature of the disease with which she is afflicted. As you are no doubt aware, the small-pox is raging in different parts of the city; but Miss Abbie is now recovering from a severe attack of—”

“The gallant and valiant Adolphus de Percival Smith did not stop to hear the last word of the sentence, which proved to be ‘measles.’ I heard footsteps rushing frantically down the steps at a rate almost suicidal, and the sharp clang of the gate, scarcely a second afterwards, announced the departure of my poetical lover.

“From that day to this, Adolphus de Percival has never intruded himself upon my presence. As soon as I was able to write, I sent him a note, brief and sarcastic, asking for my letters. In due time they came, and his own were returned. How eagerly I burned the last silly, nonsensical letter, glad to know they were no longer in existence. So ended my acquaintance with Mr. Smith.

“The time since then has been spent pleasantly and usefully. Rachel and Mr. Leonard have been the best and dearest of friends to me. I hope I shall yet become worthy of them.

“The other day I had the pleasantest and strangest surprise! Looking over a port-folio in the library, I found it was filled with some of the most beautiful stories I had ever read. They had evidently been taken from magazines, and, with a soul full of admiration, I turned to Mr. Leonard, who was present, and asked him if he knew the author. He glanced at the port-folio, and turned to me, with his face full of feeling.

“‘Rachel wrote those stories, and many more, equally as beautiful, Abbie.’ There was a proud tenderness in his voice.

“Rachel! cheerful, busy Rachel! I sat down in amazement. I never felt so completely humbled; never before so fully realized all the modest beauty of Rachel's character, and the arrogance of my own. Dear, generous Rachel! how kindly she had borne the self-importance I had plainly displayed in my supposed mental superiority over her. I cried from mortification and shame. How petty and contemptible my intolerable pride must have seemed to her; yet she had humbled me only by her forbearance.

“It is almost a week now, since then, and Rachel's good example has not been lost upon me, I trust. And this is why, old journal, I have come back to you after such a long absence. Mr. Leonard is calling me to take a walk with him, and I must go.”

The next month of Abbie's life went along smoothly and happily. How or when she began to love John Leonard, she never knew. She would not admit to herself that she *did* love him; yet every fibre of her heart vibrated with the most delicate rapture at the sound of his clear, frank voice. She knew how more than useless such a feeling for him must be; she remembered, with burning cheeks, her first appearance before him, and her foolish conversation to him; and she knew him well enough to be sure that such a thing could not be forgotten. True, she had changed since then; but would he believe such a change would be permanent? She dare not hope it. Yet now, when for the first time, she knew what it was to experience a pure, deep love, and one, too, that must be in vain, nobly she strove to conquer it; nobly she struggled against all selfish repinings, that the road of her life must wind amidst rugged and dark places, far away from that other beautiful road over which John Leonard's feet were travelling.

She believed, too, that Rachel loved Mr. Leonard, and that he in return lavished all the wealth of his soul upon her. She knew how worthy they were of each other; she felt her own want of goodness—so the girl who, three months before, had longed to die of a broken heart, for a man whom she neither loved or respected; now that there were real clouds hanging over her, took up the burden of life bravely and cheerfully, striving only to catch the few rays of sunshine that penetrated through the darkness. No useless wailings, no lost hours, no duties left undone. Abbie had reached the goal of true womanhood.

The time for her to return to her quiet home

came at last. She was glad of it, and yet she had been very happy at her uncle's. She longed to tear herself from the presence of John Leonard, dear though he was to her. She felt it was sinful to torture herself and to wrong Rachel by her very thoughts, even though they were secret, and that it would be better at once to tear herself away from this faint glimpse of happiness, than to go groping her way blindly day after day. Then there was much for her to do at home; a thousand duties, till now left undone, by which she could make her dear ones happy.

She stood alone in the library a moment before she started, looking out of the window. A step that sent the blood coursing madly to her face, came to where she stood; a voice that she loved above all earthly music, fell on her ears.

"I have come to tell you good-by, Abbie."

She did not look up; the long black fringes of her eyes were drooping with unshed tears. He took her hand.

"Will you let me write to you sometimes, Abbie—such a letter as a brother might write to his sister?" The earnest eyes looking full in her face.

"Oh, if you only will!" The voice was eager and joyful. "Perhaps you can help me along in the new road I am trying to travel, Mr. Leonard. It is rough and hard now at the beginning, and a few kind words of cheer would sustain my flagging spirits."

"It will grow easier all the while, Abbie. Never pause to look back at your past idle life, but press forward bravely. You will pardon me, Abbie, but, knowing as I do, the depth of your naturally noble soul, and knowing, too, how all your better feelings have been lying in rust and entire uselessness the greater part of your life, I cannot help feeling a brother's frankness and kindly interest in your future welfare; and if I write to you sometimes in a manner that may at first seem harsh to you, recollect the good feeling that prompts it. Good-by, now, Abbie, and God bless you!"

He stooped down, and kissed her forehead. Abbie felt it must be for the last time, yet crushing down the burning tears in her heart, she returned his friendly pressure of the hand, and left the room.

A few moments later, and she was gone. It seemed to her as if she had left behind her a portion of her very being. It was like the last ray of sunshine the doomed felon beholds

ere he is forever shut up in gloom and darkness.

* * * * *

A year full of lights and shadows followed—a year laden with soul-struggles and heart-aches to poor Abbie. How many times had her faltering feet almost refused to do their duty? yet, with renewed courage, she strove against all selfish sorrows. And she had come out pure in spirit, and contented in heart, at the end of the long, long year. Everything that a good daughter could be, she had been to her parents. She had taken all the household cares from her weary mother, and was repaid a thousand-fold by seeing the light come back to the sunken eyes; by the cheerful spirits, the loving smiles, and returning health. Abbie was now in reality what her fond parents had at first hoped she would be.

After her return from her uncle's, she learned from her father, that in consequence of a falling off in business, he should not be able to supply them with many of the little luxuries to which they had been accustomed, and that he could only hope, by the closest economy, to prevent becoming largely indebted before the expiration of a year.

Abbie secretly determined to aid him, and before a week had passed by, she applied for and obtained the situation of principal of the village Academy for the coming year, at a salary of three hundred dollars. Her parents demurred at first. What could their little Abbie know about teaching? She surely could not be in earnest? But Abbie was firm in her good resolution, and gracefully did she fill her new position.

So the year had passed away, and through many difficulties and trials, Abbie had come out unscathed and victorious. All this while her letters from Rachel and Mr. Leonard had been coming to cheer her on. The love she felt for John Leonard, though as deep as ever, was purified and chastened, and she loved to think that though he was lost to her, she was at least worthy of him. Rachel had visited her once, and was astonished and rejoiced at the complete reformation.

It was drawing near Christmas now, and Abbie's school term had expired the week before. She had coaxed her mother to visit her Aunt Mary for a fortnight at least, so that she might have more leisure to prepare for the holidays. How busy she was then—what a complete transformation the whole house underwent! Abbie was not sparing of her hard-earned money. The parlor was furnished

completely with new but tasty furniture, and the chairs, carpet and curtains, that belonged to it, were transferred to her mother's room. Making it of itself a cheerful little parlor. Every room in the house was thoroughly cleansed; every bed as white and soft as a snow-drift. She had finished her generosity by purchasing her mamma a beautiful brown silk dress, and by placing in her father's armed-chair a pretty dressing-gown, made by her own busy fingers.

It was the day her mother was to return. Nothing more was to be done but to finish frosting the cakes for Bridget; so, tucking back her curls, pinning up the sleeves of her neat gingham dress, and donning a long apron of Bridget's, she was soon busy in her pleasant task. She was thinking of the joyful surprise in store for her mother, when Bridget, with her face wreathed with smiles, appeared at the door, and told her that Mrs. Willard had come.

In a moment, Abbie had rushed into the parlor, and into her mother's arms, not noticing, in her glad surprise, that there was a gentleman standing at the window.

She felt her heart leap up in a wild, glad joy, as the dear voice of John Leonard fell on her ears, and his hand clasped hers eagerly—fondly.

"Have you no word of welcome for me, Abbie, after our long separation?"

How his eyes brimmed over with untold tenderness! She felt as if she were dreaming. What did it all mean? Had he come to torture her with his kindness, only to leave her more lonely than ever? She burst into tears. It was weak, but she could not help it. They were alone now; her mother had intuitively left the room.

"Abbie, dearest little girl in the world, surely you can pardon me for this long trial of your love, when I tell you how through all the weary months I have yearned to be with you—yearned to clasp you to my heart—to hold you there forever. I read your jealously guarded secret a year ago, dear Abbie; I saw it in your face the hour you left me alone in the library; and now, dear Abbie, I have come for you, never to doubt your goodness and your love, so long as life shall last. You have proved yourself all, and more than I hoped for. What have you to say to me, little girl?" His strong arm was around her, his warm kisses on her lips.

She could only wonder in her great joy why he had ever loved her at all—why he had not

loved Rachel, who was so much better than she—so good and talented?

"Because Rachel has always been a dear sister to me, and nothing more; because, good and pure as she is, my little Abbie is more than sister or mother—more than all the world to me."

So they talked, till kind Mrs. Willard said tea was ready, and Abbie looked down and blushed, as she recollected for the first time her long checked apron and pinned-up sleeves.

"Never mind, darling," John said to her; "it is a thousand times more becoming than a soiled dress, and idle hands."

We will look once more into Abbie's journal, and then our long story closes.

"MAY 1st.—To think that John Leonard, the noblest and best of men, loves me! Yet it is real, because, before the year is another day older, I shall be his proud and happy wife. The white silk dress lying on my bed; the soft, rich veil, almost hiding it; all a present from my dear Cousin Rachel; even the sparkling diamond ring on my finger, tells me it is not a dream. How happy we shall be in our beautiful home. Oh, John! a home anywhere in the world would be a beautiful one to me, so that you were with me. The future is so bright now. Dear mamma and papa can live comfortably and happily the remainder of their days, for John has done all for them that a generous man could do for the parents of the woman he loved.

"He came to me this morning, and laying his dear head against me, talked so earnestly and beautifully. 'What should I do without my little darling now? She has grown to be the brightest and best part of my existence. Abbie, blessed be God that He has given us to each other!'

"I leaned down and kissed the high, white brow, and my heart has echoed ever since—blessed be God! Yes, thank God!—thank God!"

An exhibition of paintings illustrative of Dante's great epic poem, the "*Divina Commedia*," has been opened at St. James's Hall, London. The pictures are of large dimensions, and form a moving panorama, in which are delineated the principal scenes and actions in the poem. They are painted by Italian artists. A lecture on the works of Dante, with extracts from the "*Divina Commedia*," is delivered to the assembled spectators in English, excepting on one day in each week, when it is given in Italian.

Estranged.

BY MRS. V. M'CONAUGHY.

"If you do marry that girl, George, you are a fool," said Alice, energetically, as she plied vigorously the bright crochet needle with which she was fashioning a silken purse for that same brother. "She is poor, has no position in society, and has not even spirit enough to defend herself. We used to make all sorts of fun of her at school."

"The more shame to you then," said George, with a flushed countenance. "She has, at least, the virtue of a sweet temper, which my sister might imitate with advantage."

For an angry person to be told she is angry usually adds fuel to the flame. So Alice retorted in the same spirit.

"If you do marry her, I beg you will not ask me to receive or visit her. The poor simpleton. I do not know why she need put herself in the way so. I do not see how you ever found her out. You never could, if she had not taken especial pains to attract your notice, I know. All too, under the guise of so much artlessness! You may always know that those terribly unsophisticated people, are the very deepest. I should think that you had been about in the world enough to have more sense."

George's turn came now. It was bad enough to have his betrothed called a simpleton, but for a man to be told that his judgment is at fault in such a matter, touches his vanity quite as nearly as the other his heart. A few more angry words were exchanged, and George left the room to complete his arrangements for returning to the city.

It was the brother and sister's first quarrel. They were alone in the world, and Alice's home was with a widowed relative, while George was engaged in business in a distant city. Alice was so proud of her tall, manly brother, with his big brown whiskers and dark hazel eyes, which always looked so tenderly upon her. Many bright pictures had they formed together of the sunny future, when George's business should so prosper that one home would shelter them both. The fear of her life had been that he would marry some day, and she should lose her place in his heart. And now that she learned for the first time, that he was the same as pledged to Mary Sterling, the last choice she would ever have made, her patience quite gave way, and with all her might she opposed it. Not covertly, for Alice had no scheming in her nature, but all her

opposition was open and above-board. If she had only possessed the skill in plotting and secretly executing of some of Eve's daughters, she might have succeeded far better. But such straightforward opposition had the effect it usually does on loving hearts, causing them to draw still closer in the bonds of a common sympathy. Instead of ridding herself of an unwelcome sister-in-law, she had driven away her idol brother. She heard the front door shut with a clang, and saw him walking off towards the depot, with his travelling shawl over his arm and a carpet-bag in his hand; so she knew he was gone in reality, and never a word of good-by. Oh! what a great throb of pain almost stilled her heart-beat as she watched him walking down the street with that firm, elastic step, and never a glance towards the cottage to show that he even thought of her. What a heart-sickness stole over her as she heard the shrill car whistle, and saw the swift train gliding away over the western meadows. Oh! how wearily the day went down. What would she not have given to recall the bitter, hasty words that had parted them. Oh! one of the saddest things in life is an estrangement between those whom the ties of love and kindred bind. And yet how frequent are such disunions:

"Life often divides far wider than death;
Unkindness a high wall raises—
But better by far than two hearts estranged
Is a low grave under the daisies,
The beautiful, snowy daisies."

"To think he should ever look at me with that hard, cold eye," sobbed Alice. "I did not believe he could look so at me, and all for that Mary Sterling!" and the old pride came back strong to her heart, checking back the tears, as she thought indignantly of the unassuming girl who, she felt, had so deeply wronged her. She would never, never recognize her as a mate for her peerless brother.

The sun went down, and a sleepless night wore away. By that time, her woman's heart was aching for a reconciliation. But, alas, she now remembered that his address was changed, and, though he had told her where to direct her letters, she had neglected to note it down, intending to do so before he left. Now she could only wait until she heard from him. Did you ever go day after day to the office for an anxiously expected letter, watching with feverish anxiety for the hour to come, and returning again with a dead weight of pain at the heart after each disappointment? If so, you can appreciate Alice's dreary heart-

sickness, as weeks rolled on and no white-winged messenger came to say that she was forgiven. How utterly alone she seemed in all this wide, weary world.

Alice had troubled sleep one autumn morning, after a night of weeping. She was away in the great Babel city, walking alone through the dismal wards of a hospital. A row of long, low pallets stretched far down the room on either side, and there was a ghastliness about their very uniformity. On the low bed by her side lay a moaning sufferer, whom she paused to notice. In the emaciated form and death-like face she recognized her beloved brother, his chestnut curls all out away, his bearded face close shaven. Oh, what a heart-rending sight! No loving hand to lave his hot brow, or minister to his needs. Even while she gazed, a paroxysm of pain convulsed him, and in his feverish wanderings he called wildly for her whose place should be beside him, joining her name with that of "angel Mary." Ah, there was no resentment now, as she heard that name from his lips. Then, by one of those sudden transitions which in dreams cause us no surprise, she saw four rough board coffins borne away in a little boat, which took them to the island where the unknown hospital dead were buried. She knew that one was his, but which she could not tell; so there was nothing to mark the dismal spot where his loved form was laid.

The dream was as vivid as a real scene, and Alice awoke with a great pain, and sense of suffocation in her heart. She looked wildly about her familiar room for a minute, and as consciousness returned, it flashed at once to her mind, "Mary knows where he is, and I will go at once to her." As soon as she could compose herself sufficiently, she prepared for the long walk, quite forgetting breakfast, or the wan face and tearful eyes which her country bonnet shaded. She found the happy, sunny-hearted maiden busy as a bee with her morning duties, dusting the piano and light chairs of the cozy sitting-room, singing like the sweet linnet she was, meanwhile.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?" she asked in alarm, as she looked at her troubled countenance.

"Something has happened to George, I know," was her quick thought. A flood of tears was her only answer, which did not in the least allay her anxiety. At length the weeping Alice unburdened her whole heart like the true woman she was, and begged and freely obtained forgiveness.

"And now, dear, you must just come up to my room and bathe your face, and rest awhile, until I bring you a cup of coffee, for you are as nervous and unsettled as you can be. Don't let your dream trouble your head another minute. George was well enough a week ago, and he makes too many friends wherever he goes to ever be nursed in a hospital, if he should get sick. You know that as well as I, Alice dear."

So Alice suffered herself to be led into Mary's dear little bird's nest of a room, and consented to lie down on its snowy bed for a little while. Presently, Mary returned with a tray, on which were a cup of fragrant coffee, and delicious rolls moulded by her own fair hands, with a saucer of berries and cream, which might have tempted a monk in his cell. Much refreshed, and with spirits greatly lightened, she hastened home to write a long penitent letter. Mary's gentle grace and womanly dignity had completely won her heart, and she felt no reluctance in saying so. Her old pride was humbled, and her heart was comparatively peaceful. Pride can never bring joy to its possessor; but in the "valley of humility" are the fairest pastures and the sweetest blossoms. "Yea, some also have wished that the next way to their Father's house was here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over."

Two days after Alice's letter was sent, one was handed out to her, which looked very dingy and way-worn. It was dated three weeks back, and was plainly in George's handwriting. By a strange accident, which will sometimes happen to even the most cautious, he had omitted in the direction the name of the State, and as there were seven towns of the same name in the country, the postmaster, as in duty bound, had sent it to quite a number of them before it reached its real destination. The envelop was something of a curiosity in the way of post marks; but that was a small matter to Alice, as she hastily broke the seal and read the kind words of brotherly affection and sorrow which it breathed.

"And he has been waiting all this time for an answer," thought Alice, sadly. "Well, it has been all for the best, so I will not grieve over anything but my unkindness."

And so the estranged hearts were brought together again; but who shall say that the shadow of a cloud would not remain on hearts which had been so deeply moved. How much better to "leave off contention before it be meddled with," to set a watch before the door of our lips, that a careless poisoned word of

anger may never escape them. Such estrangements are too often permanent. The wise man has truly said, "a brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city."

"When thou bringest thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother and then come and offer thy gift." "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

Murmuring.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

I was tired of washing dishes; I was tired of drudgery. It hadn't always been so, and I was dissatisfied. I never sat down a moment to read, that Jamie didn't want a doughnut, or a piece of paper to scribble on, or a bit of soap to make bubbles. "I'd rather be in the penitentiary," I said one day, "than have my life teased out so," as Jamie knocked my elbow, when I was writing to a friend.

But a morning came when I had one plate less to wash—one chair less to set away by the walls in the dining-room; when Jamie's little crib was put away in the garret, and it has never come down since. I had been unusually fretful and discontented with him that damp November morning that he took the croup. Gloomy weather gave me the headache, and I had less patience than at other times. By and by he was singing in another room, "I want to be an angel," and presently rang out the metallic croup cough. I never hear that hymn since that it don't cut me to the heart; for the croup cough rings out with it. He grew worse towards night, and when husband came home, he went for a doctor. At first, he seemed to help him; but it merged into inflammatory croup, and was soon over.

"I ought to have been called in sooner," said the doctor.

I have a servant to wash the dishes now, and when a visitor comes, I can sit down and entertain her, without having to work all the time. There is no little boy worrying me to open his jack-knife, and there are no whittlings over the floor. The magazines are not soiled with looking at the pictures, but stand prim and neat on the reading-table, just as I leave them.

"Your carpet never looks dirty," say weary worn mothers to me. "Oh, no," I mutter to myself, "there's no muddy little boots to dirty

it now." But my face is weary as theirs—
weary with sitting in my lonesome parlor at twilight—
weary with watching for the little arms that used to twine around my neck—for the curls that brushed against my cheek—for the young laugh that rang out with mine, as we watched the blazing coal-fire, or made rabbits with the shadow on the wall, waiting merrily together for papa coming home. I have the wealth and ease I longed for, but at what a price? And when I see mothers with grown-up sons driving to town or church, and my hair silvered over with gray, I think what might have been, had I murmured less at the providence of God, Reader—
young mother you may be—
had you heard this mother tell her story, you would have felt to say with the writer—"I will be more patient with my little ones—I will murmur less."

CARROLL CO., ILL.

Spring.

BY MYSTIC.

Tell of the winter, chilly and lone,
Of the blinding sleet, and the tempest's moan,
Ye whose lives are as cold and gray
As the chill and gloom of a winter's day;
Ye who have buried your blossoms low,
Under the dead leaves, under the snow.
Sing of the Autumn, ye who wait,
With weary feet, at the western gate;
Ye who are garnering golden sheaves,
Ye who are gathering withered leaves,
Shout for the Summer! ye whose eyes
See no clouds in the bending skies;
Ye who rest in entrancing dreams,
Lulled by the birds and hushed by the streams,
Kissed by the sun, with its quivering beams.
Shout for the Summer! back from the hills
Echo shall answer, in fountains and rills,
Down to the ocean's tide, whither they flow,
Wavelet and billow shall whisper it low.
Not of the Winter and storms will I sing,
Garlands nor sheaves, from the harvest I bring,
Only the buds and the blades of the Spring.

Buds of the Spring, when the leaves that lie
Folded away from the curious eye
Shall break forever that mystic spell,
Wonderful tales shall the captives tell,
Of moaning winds, that around them swept,
Of moonlight beams, that silently crept
Down to the shadows, where they had slept;
Of tears that the pitying stars had wept,
Tears that had wakened their midnight dreams—
Opened their eyes to the morning's beams.

Buds of the Spring, when the April showers
And soft May sun have opened the flowers,

Oh, well may ye say that ye did not know
That the angels had loved the brown earth so.
Did not know,
That under the snow
They had hidden away,
For the sunny May,
The same sweet buds and blossoms they bring
From the gardens that bloom in the endless Spring.

Leaves of the Spring—we know they will fall,
Trembling, list to the wild wind's call:
But who can tell if the summer sun
Shall wither the fairest, one by one?

Fading and falling,
Sweet blossoms calling,
Violets meek, with their eyes of blue,
Lilies, lifting their cups of dew,
Calling them down, down to the shade,
With them to wither, and droop, and fade;
Or which of the leaves that the buds unfold
Shall change to russet, and crimson, and gold;
Which shall cling to the boughs that wave
Over the flowers, in their autumn grave.

Leaves of the Spring-time—where will they lie,
When dull November's pitiless eye
Looks coldly down from the leaden sky?
Over the faces, perhaps, that we meet,
And thoughtlessly pass in the crowded street,
Over the stranger—and oh! who knows
But the dead, brown leaves, and the chilling snows
Will lie with the bitter tears that we shed
Over the brown earth, hiding our dead?
Over the faces, over the eyes
That have looked with us on the June-time skies?
Over the faces, over the eyes
Where we have found our June's soft skies?

Blossoms of Spring-time—hands unknown
May gather those flowers to place in our own;
To place in our clasped hands, white and cold,
Leaving them there for the damp and mould
Till the moss shall cover with gray and gold,
And the world forget, in its ceaseless tread,
The faded flowers, and the sleeping dead!

LOVE OF DRESS.—Love of dress is not necessarily vanity. It may arise from a love of the picturesque, or a fine perception of the harmonious and symmetrical. If a fondness for dress is confined to display on one's own person, then it is vanity; but a catholic appreciation of form and color, that is equally pleased with adornment on our neighbors as ourselves, is an æsthetic sense worthy of praise and culture. Those fellows who applaud their superiority to the vanities of dress, unconsciously confess either to a blunt sense of the pleasing, or to an intense self-love, which isolates itself from the appreciation and sympathy of others.

Life in the Parsonage,

EAST AND WEST.

BY CLARA GRAHAME.

Most stories end in a wedding—mine shall prove an exception to the general rule, and begin with one. The harvest moon was full on that October night when gentle Fanny Page was married to Horace Warner, the young and newly-settled minister of the "Old South" church in Garland—one of those charming villages that nestle so fondly among the hills of New England.

In this case, "the course of true love had run smooth." In family circles, in stores, in Squire Baxter's office, and at the "sewing-circle," the affair had been duly discussed, and everybody, even to Aunt Nancy Parker, who it was said had been crossed in love in her youth, and had *stayed cross* ever since, agreed that it was an excellent match. Fanny was loved by the whole parish, and Horace Warner couldn't be blamed for doing what everybody else did. And so, in the pleasant parlor of her father's house, where a few chosen friends were gathered, those solemn vows, making them one "till death do you part," were given and returned, and the loving daughter went forth from the home of her childhood, to be a loving and faithful wife to him who to her "was nearer than all others, and dearer."

The old parsonage, built in Parson Rogers's time, had been repaired and rejuvenated, repainted and refurnished, and now looked out from the gray old trees that surrounded it, as pretty and romantic a home as any young bride could desire.

It was well filled on this eventful evening, for the whole parish were gathered there to welcome their minister and his wife to their new home. As they stepped from the carriage, they were met at the gate by a band of young girls, who, singing a pleasant welcome, led the way to the house. All the rooms were brilliantly lighted, and made cheerful and gay by vases, and baskets, and garlands of bright autumn flowers. Fanny's furniture had been arranged in the most tasteful manner; books and engravings scattered about the open piano, and the fire briskly burning in the open fireplace, (for autumn nights will be cold in New England,) gave the house already a home-like appearance. In one corner stood a small table, covered with gifts to the bride. There was something from everybody—from the silver cake-basket, presented by Mrs. Squire Baxter, and the silver castor, by Mrs. Doctor

Loomis, down to the book-mark worked by little Susan Reed, the washerwoman's lame child. The Pastor's library had already been transferred from his room at the Widow Sawyer's to the study shelves, and a new library table, and most inviting looking study-chair, showed that his comfort was not uncared-for. After the usual bridal congratulations, which were heartfelt on the occasion, an elegant collation was served, and soon after the company dispersed, leaving many blessings and good wishes behind. And then in their new home the family altar was set up, and the newly-married knelt side by side, and with voices faltering with emotion, dedicated their united lives to the service of the Master.

Days and months glided swiftly by at the Parsonage; the bright-hued autumn leaves withered and fell. Winter came, and covered the shivering earth with her pure white robe. Spring buds were followed by summer blossoms, and these by autumn's golden fruits, and peace and prosperity dwelt with our friends in the old house among the trees. The minister was the idol of his people; he was daily declared to be "remarkably talented;" every Sunday young ladies might have been heard expressing the opinion that the sermon was "perfectly splendid;" and all acknowledged and remarked the purity and beauty of his daily walk and conversation.

To be sure, here and there one thought he came out rather too plain on the great moral evils of the day—he wasn't quite conservative enough to suit Deacon Clark, and Aunt Nancy Parker considered him a little too liberal—she *would* like some *real* doctrine, such as Parson Rogers used to give them; she'd about given up ever hearing a good strong election sermon again. Amid praises and fault-finding, Horace Warner moved calmly on, "preaching Christ, and Him crucified." And the congregation loved to hear of that wonderful love which formed so large a part of his instructions; and many, while listening, began to feel it in their own hearts, and to know something of that "peace that passeth understanding."

There was very little dissension in the church in those days, and some old feuds, that had lasted so long that they had come to be almost part of the creed, were done away, and brethren who had been alienated for years, clasped each other's hands, while aged men and women, who had lived to see this blessed peace upon Israel, in tremulous tones, daily invoked God's blessing upon their young pastor.

Fanny, too, in her own sphere, was equally useful and beloved. She did not think it her duty to be president of every society—to "take the lead" of every female prayer-meeting, or to make herself particularly prominent in any respect; but she was interested in every good word and work; no one complained that she neglected them because they did not "live in style;" no sick-bed was unvisited; she had a smile and pleasant word for all; and she gave something more substantial than words or smiles, as Widow Brown and poor blind "Totter Day" could testify; for their hearts had more than once sung for joy during the long, cold winter, as the well-filled basket from the Parsonage made its appearance.

In the course of time, little voices were heard in the old house, and little feet pattered from room to room after mother, and even penetrated into "papa's" study; and as the little "hinderer comforts" clung to them for protection, the hearts of husband and wife were knit more firmly and closely together.

And now the cloud, which will gather sooner or later over the fairest earthly Eden, appeared in the horizon; at first, so small that no apprehensions were felt from it. Horace had for several years been subject to a slight cough—so slight, that it passed almost unnoticed; but of late it had been increasing, and soreness of the lungs, and other alarming symptoms, warned him that consumption, that white plague of the North, might not be far distant. Upon consulting a physician, he was told that he must at once give up preaching, for awhile, at all events; and journeying, and rest from all professional labor, was recommended to him. He felt the decision to be right, but it was very hard for him to acquiesce in it. He had become warmly attached to his people, and hoped to live and die among them. But with unshaken trust in his blessed Master, he accepted this trial as coming from His loving hand. He felt it his duty to ask a dismission from his pastoral charge; but the church would not listen to it, granting him instead, leave of absence for six months, his salary to be paid as usual.

And now, whither should he turn his steps? Providence seemed to answer this question for him. A year or two before, a member of his church had removed to the West, and made a home in one of the new settlements then rapidly springing up in Minnesota. Hearing of the ill-health of his former pastor, this gentleman wrote him a pressing invitation to come

to Minnesota, giving several instances where that climate had proved beneficial to persons similarly affected, and urging him to make his home with him for any length of time. Urged by his wife, and other friends, he accepted the invitation, and leaving Fanny, with her little ones, in her father's family, set forth with a heavy heart.

It was in the golden sunset of a September day, that, after a long and weary ride in a jolting stage-wagon, Mr. Warner reached the top of the hill, at the foot of which lay the little village of "Oak Glen," where his friend, Mr. Irving, resided. No more beautiful site for a town could have been chosen than this quiet valley, almost surrounded by forest-crowned hills. Through it a little stream wound its way, advancing and retreating like a coy and bewitching damsel; numerous oak openings, looking like the orchards planted by our grandfathers in good old New England, gave the country the appearance of being long settled. On the outskirts of the village, large fields stretched out, full of standing corn, not yet touched by the frost, and others dotted all over with sheaves of ripened wheat, and the promise of a most plentiful harvest.

The "settlement" was composed of about fifty buildings, not arranged with "Puritan" precision, but looking rather as though they might have been shaken from some mammoth pepper-box. Two or three log houses still remained, as relics of former pioneer experience, but the dwellings were mostly frames, and neatly built. Mr. Warner found his friend comfortably situated, and was most cordially received by the whole family, who could hardly realize that their beloved pastor was in their midst in very flesh and blood.

Careful and tender nursing, combined with the Minnesota climate and Minnesota appetite, soon worked a favorable change in the health of the invalid; he breathed more freely than he had done for months before, in the clear, invigorating atmosphere, and his cough almost entirely disappeared. There was no settled minister at Oak Glen, although there was an organized church of the denomination to which Mr. Warner belonged. There was occasional preaching at the school-house, by various wandering exhorters—many of them well-meaning but ignorant men, who had evidently mistaken their calling; and this was about all the religious instruction, if it could be called such, that the people enjoyed. There were quite a number of intelligent and educated people in

the place, all thirsting for such preaching as they had been accustomed to in their Eastern homes, and as soon as it was known that Mr. Warner was a clergyman, he received many urgent invitations to preach. As soon as his health would allow, he complied with their request for two or three Sabbaths, and he never had a more attentive congregation in his own church than were gathered in the red school-house at Oak Glen. Spring came, and with it longings for home—for the companionship of his beloved wife, and the familiar faces of his own flock. With renewed courage, and health again restored, he commenced preparations for his homeward journey; but when he made known his intentions, he was met by strong and unexpected opposition. They entreated him to remain with them; to become their pastor; pledging themselves to make every effort to furnish him a comfortable support. They thought that if he stayed with them it would not be long before they could build a church. His friend Mr. Irving, one of the town proprietors, offered him his choice of any three lots in his possession, for a house and garden. Mr. Warner was uninfluenced by all these inducements. His heart still yearned for home and friends—to minister again to his own flock; but, the question—Is it my duty to remain? Can I serve my Master to more purpose here than elsewhere? arose in his mind, not to be lightly answered.

Accustomed to confer with his wife on every subject, he wrote her a full statement of the whole matter, saying that he would abide by her decision; but if she felt willing to leave her friends, and accept the loneliness and perhaps privations of a new home, he should feel it his duty to remain. We do not need to ask her reply; it was that of a faithful, loving wife, and true Christian; we give a sentence or two:—

"Wherever the Master calls you, it is your duty to go, and remain there until He says—'Arise, and go hence!' Your people have sorrowfully accepted your resignation, have paid in full the last year's salary. You need not bear the fatigue and expense of a journey; I, with my father's help, can settle all our affairs here; when that is done, I will come to you with our children."

So, when June, with its birds and flowers, came once more, it found Fanny Warner at her husband's side, prepared willingly to take up the burden of life again, and to be to him as she had ever been—his life's greatest blessing.

For a short time, they boarded in Mr. Irving's family; but a frame house was soon put up, and by the first of September they were once more under their own roof. It was an unpretending little dwelling, standing on the bank of the stream, under a group of tall oaks, and overlooking the bridge that formed the entrance into the village; and it was the children's delight to watch the stage-coach, with its shining red wheels, as it clattered noisily over; and the strange looking emigrant wagons, with their canvas covers, and wild-looking children peeping out of the various rents, as they dragged wearily on. The house, inside and out, formed a striking contrast to the pretty home they had left. It consisted of one good-sized room, with a bed-room and a wee bit of a study opening from it, and a sort of rough kitchen at the back. One large room constituted the up-stairs; this for the present was to be petitioned into smaller apartments in true Western fashion—curtains and quilts forming the walls.

The floor of the sitting-room was covered by a home-made rag-carpet. Fanny had brought with her, her piano, book-case, and some choice engravings. These contrasted queerly with the unpapered walls and unpainted wood-work. Horace, having a mechanical as well as theological genius, had improvised bedsteads, tables and cupboards, while Fanny's ingenuity had contrived out of packing-boxes and furniture patch, several "ottomans" and a most comfortable lounge, as they possessed rather a limited number of chairs, being but two and a rocking-chair, all told. We will look in upon our friends for a moment, in their new home. Fanny sits by the window looking westward, with writing material before her; but every now and then she lifts her eyes to the gorgeous sunset clouds. (I wish you could see a Minnesota sunset.) Charley and Nellie are down on the bridge, watching the fishes as they dart swiftly about, and dropping pebbles into the water. Little black-eyed, yellow-haired Emma, the three-year-old baby, wearied with her day's "trotting to and fro," has fallen asleep at her mother's feet, her tiny hands filled with the bright prairie-blossoms she loves so much. Horace is at work in his garden—for ministers work, as well as preach for a living, in Minnesota. We need not ask where the half-finished letter on the open port-folio, is going. Her thoughts are continually wandering Eastward, and every leisure moment is employed in writing to the loved ones there. While she is looking at the

clouds, we will venture to look over her shoulder, and tell you what she has written.

"OAK GLEN, SEPTEMBER, 185—

"MY DEAR MOTHER—Am I really two thousand miles away from you all? or do these broad prairies—this little village—exist only in my imagination? Everything seems so strange in this new life of mine, that I should almost doubt my own identity, were it not for my strong longings for you and my old home, that assure me that I am *I, myself*, and not another. We are once more settled in our own home, and I wish you could look in upon us to-night; our surroundings are very simple and primitive, still we have many comforts.

"I must tell you how very capable I have become—you know you never considered me remarkably 'faculized.' I always depended upon you for everything that required ingenuity; but necessity is a wonderful teacher, and excels in bringing out rare and hidden traits of character. You remember the piece of patch I brought from home; with that and a few old boxes and pieces of board, I have extemporized all sorts of furniture—a lounge, ottomans, a bureau, toilet table, work stands. Horace looks at me with perfect admiration and amazement—his faith in my powers of invention is unlimited. I should not be surprised at his coming some day with some pieces of wood and a quantity of patch and ask me "if I could take time during the day to build him a church." And that reminds me that I must tell you of the first Sabbath service I attended here. It was the first Sunday after my arrival. Horace had gone to Deerfield, about six miles away, where he preaches every other Sabbath. There was a quarterly meeting being held at the school-house, and Mrs. Irving offered to accompany me if I would like to. You have seen a country school-house, mother, in New England, and I need not describe this, for western ones are built in the same inconvenient, uncomfortable style. It was a strange scene to me, and for a time, anything but solemn; part of the congregation was from the village, these were mostly intelligent looking and well dressed; but the people generally came from off the prairies in big farm wagons, forming a motley gathering of all ages and sizes. As to fashion, many of their garments might have come out of the ark, and been preserved and handed down through all succeeding generations.

"Babies were scattered through the house in reckless profusion. I counted thirteen, (one

woman brought a splint-bottomed rocking-chair, and rocked hers vigorously through the whole service) and six dogs; when the benches were all filled, men and boys brought in sticks and blocks of wood, upon which they seated themselves with apparent enjoyment. You know I always had a weakness for laughing when I ought not to, and the whole affair seemed so ridiculous to me, that when two or three *colts*, that had been playing and capering around the house, came to the door and looked demurely in, I could restrain myself no longer, but laying my head on the desk before me, laughed till I cried, much to the mortification of Mrs. Irving, and the amazement, I doubt not, of the good sisters around me. The exercises opened with a familiar hymn, and while it was being sang, (it was not a well trained choir,) I made myself miserable with thinking where I had last heard it, and contrasting our own church, with its carpeted aisles and cushioned pews—its high-bred, refined congregation—with my present surroundings. I forgot that God's presence is not confined to costly and stately edifices—that He has promised to bless humble and contrite hearts, wherever they may be gathered. I indulged in such wicked and rebellious feelings until the Presiding Elder—a plain looking, plain dressed man—arose. I carelessly turned my head from him, determined that he was not worth my attention; but his earnest, fervent prayer, aroused my better feelings, and with a penitent heart I listened to his words. He took for his text these most blessed of all the Master's words—'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' His sermon was a plain, unpretending exhortation to 'come to Jesus.' His heart seemed full of love to Christ and his fellow men. After the sermon the Sacrament was administered, the communicants kneeling in front of one of the long benches, while the minister distributed the sacred emblems, saying a few words to each one. As he presented me the cup, saying, 'Drink this, my sister, in remembrance of Christ's blood that was shed for thee,' I felt that he was indeed a brother in Christ, and that however outward circumstances might differ, *all* who love our Lord were indeed one in Him. That little school-house has worn a different aspect to me since that day. Horace preaches there every alternate Sabbath; many of his congregation are intelligent, with minds well cultivated, who rejoice once more to hear sermons calculated to enlighten and instruct them. I have already received much kindness

from them, although I do not yet feel really acquainted with any except Mrs. Irving, whom I have long known and loved at home. I hope Horace may do much good here; if I can only know that his labors are being blessed to those around us, I shall be willing to spend my life here, hard as it is to be separated from you.

"Horace is so strong and well you would hardly know him; he delights in out-door labor, and the beauty of his white hands—(you know I was a little proud of them)—has departed. The people in this place and Deerfield think they can raise two hundred dollars a year, the missionary society pledges as much more. We shant have much left for fancied wants; but by strict economy we hope to live comfortably. Good-by, dear mother,

"Your own FANNY."

Two years passed, bringing much toil and many bitter trials and privations to our friends at Oak Glen. Fanny had been entirely unaccustomed to hard labor, and her slender frame soon began to show the effects of it, for help was difficult to obtain, and the minister's purse was a light one. Horace himself worked early and late—in the pulpit on the Sabbath, and during the week performing all sorts of miscellaneous labor—attending to his garden, cutting and drawing his own wood, taking care of his pigs and chickens, cows and horses, (you must remember I am writing of a *western* minister now,) and studying till long after midnight, preparing pure "beaten oil" for the Master's service. They often longed for their eastern home and friends—for the companionship of intellectual and highly cultivated minds, such as they enjoyed there—for the religious gatherings and anniversaries they used so to delight in. Yet they were not without sources of happiness; they had found kind friends—Mr. Warner's health had been restored; and more than all, he had already seen some fruit of his labors. Some through his instruction had become disciples of his blessed Master.

But suddenly hard times, in stern reality, came upon them; the harvest of 185— was almost an entire failure; the crops of the year before were nearly sold—money was not to be had; many families lived that winter almost entirely on corn meal, and all more or less shared the general distress. Of course this state of affairs bore heavily upon the minister and his family; most of his people depended upon their crops to pay their subscription—these had failed, and they had nothing else to turn to. The missionary society, straitened by the great

demand from western ministers, failed to send their regular remittance, and a winter of hardship and want seemed before them. They were all handsomely and plentifully clothed when they left Garland, but their garments not being like those of the "children of Israel" would and did "wax old," and their wardrobes all needed thorough replenishing. In the early autumn another little one had been sent them, and Fanny, in delicate health, was poorly prepared for the piercing cold of a Minnesota winter. But we will turn for a little while to a brighter picture.

In a cheerful parlor of one of the two story houses of Garland, are gathered a goodly number of ladies, young and old; a good deal of pleasant talk seems going on, while nimble fingers are flying swiftly, giving finishing touches to numerous garments, of all shapes and sizes. A large box stands open in the middle of the room, and several young girls are kneeling around it, some folding the completed articles, and others packing them nicely away; all seem strangely interested and excited, even to two or three little girls, who came with their hands full of dolls and toys, and clamor for room in the box.

"How I wish I could be there when they open this box," said sunny-eyed Annie Spencer. "Wont they be surprised, though? Mrs. Warner will laugh and cry at the same time. I do hope it will get there just at Christmas."

"I know Fanny will shed some tears," said good motherly Mrs. Russell, "if she's anything like me, for I always cry when I'm happy," and she must have been happy then, for two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and fell on the nice soft merino wrappers she was placing in the box—only the angels know that she had denied herself a really needed article of dress for the sake of purchasing them.

"I wonder if they are really poor?" said Kate Chester. "Fanny's letters seem sad sometimes, but she never complains. Why couldn't they have known when they were well-off, and stayed here, where everybody loved them and they had everything to make them happy?"

"I think they are happy now; if they suffer it is for Christ's sake, and I know Mr. Warner would be willing to endure any hardship and privation if he can win souls to Christ by so doing," and Mary Olmstead's sweet face glowed as she spoke, for she remembered her pastor's loving instructions, as a few years before he had tenderly led her to the Saviour's

feet, and how his warm heart ever rejoiced over repenting sinners.

But the box is filled now—literally crammed with tokens of loving remembrance, and we must hasten back again and wait for its arrival.

It is Christmas eve; there is little change in the house at Oak Glen since we first looked in upon it, except that the unpainted wood has lost its newness, and the plaster in some places has loosened from the walls. Mr. Warner sits silently by the stove, while Fanny, with her baby asleep on her lap, is patiently mending her husband's best coat, that looked as though its "better days" were far in the past.

The children had gone to their beds in the next room, but their voices were still heard in animated conversation.

"Charley," says Nellie, "it's Christmas to-morrow."

"Well, what if it is," answers master Charley. "I don't think it'll do us much good. What fun we used to have Christmas when we lived in Garland. I always had lots of presents then; one year I got a great big rocking horse—I wish I had him here now, I'd soon be out of this old place."

"Why, Charley, you couldn't go on a rocking horse if you had it, and besides I heard father say that God sent us here, and if He did, He wouldn't like to have us go away till He is ready to have us go—I do wish I could have a new doll though; my old Dinah's nose is broken off, and one of her eyes is out. Mother says God hears us when we pray, and I'm going to ask Him if He wont please just to send me a new doll. I hope if He does it will have blue eyes—Dinah's were black before the paint got rubbed off."

"Put in for a book for me while you're about it—a real good one, about soldiers and battles. I shall be a general when I grow up. I'm going to sleep now," and soon Charley's long drawn snores and Nellie's gentle breathings told that dolls and books were alike forgotten in the dreamless sleep of childhood.

While the children were talking, the father and mother looked sadly at each other; for every Christmas eve before this had found them preparing some little gifts for their children, that the day which brought the blessed Christ child to earth, that wonderful "gift to men," might be a happy and joyous time.

"Don't look so sadly, dear," said Fanny, in answer to her husband's unspoken thought. "There's many a merry Christmas in store for

us yet. I've thought a good deal to-day of what good old Deacon Grant used to say so often, 'man's extremity is God's opportunity,' and though this coat is a little the worse for wear, still you are not as badly off as poor brother Smith; you know he had to wear his wife's woollen shawl to conference, and that makes me think that I must try and fix up that old overcoat, it will keep off a little of these prairie winds at any rate."

"You have a wonderful faculty for catching sunbeams, darling, (that was just the word he used, and they had been married ten years,) and I thank God every day of my life for you; the clouds seem pretty thick around us just now, but there must be light behind them somewhere; we have never gone hungry to bed yet, though many families not far from us have. I think if we trust our Father, he will not let us suffer."

The candle by this time had burned low—the coat was laid away—the evening prayer offered—and all was silence in the little house under the Oaks.

Morning came, bright and clear; the snow lay white and pure on the ground, and the myriad tiny icicles on the trees glittered like diamonds in the sunlight. Mr. Warner had gone out to his wood lot, and the sound of his constantly falling axe told that he was hard at work. Little Lucy lies asleep in the cradle. Mrs. Warner is busy with her morning work, while Nellie, Emma and the "Malty" kitten are having a nice play on the carpet. Suddenly Charley rushes in, waking the baby and shouting—

"O mother, mother! there's a team coming into our yard and a great big box—do come and look, mother."

And sure enough, there is the very box we saw in that parlor in Garland, and two men are exerting all their strength to lift it from the sled and carry it to the house.

"I think there must be some mistake," said Mrs. Warner, as it was deposited in the middle of the floor.

"No mistake marm, if you're the Rev. Horace Warner, that is to say, Miss Warner; there's the name all lettered out plain; things from your folks 'back East,' I reckon. Merry Christmas to you, marm. Good day," and there they all stood in silent amazement, till little Nellie exclaimed—

"O, I know now, mother; it's the things I prayed for, but I didn't think they'd take such a big box."

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"That's it Nell," cried Charley. "Oh! I'm glad you thought of it; give us a hammer, and we'll soon see what's in it;" but Charley found that his strength wasn't quite equal to the undertaking; and so he perched himself on the top of it, until he saw his father coming with his axe on his shoulder, when he ran to meet him.

"O Father, come quick; Nelly prayed and the things have come—and it's a big box, with your name on it—and we can't open it—and the man brought it—and—O, do hurry!" Mr. Warner himself, a little excited, quickened his steps, and soon the box was opened and its varied contents displayed.

A card lay on the top, with a "Christmas gift from Garland," inscribed on it; and then what discoveries were made—what treasures brought up from its depths. A whole suit of clothes for father, (he wouldn't have to preach in the old coat any more,) including half a dozen nice shirts, and a warm new overcoat; such a pretty winter bonnet for mother—dark green satin, with crimson strings and face trimmings; a new merino dress, collars, handkerchiefs, gloves, whole suits for all the children, not forgetting the baby, that is always to be found in well-regulated ministers' families; under clothes, bed and table linen; yes, and there comes the doll, and a little bedstead besides, and one of Abbott's Histories, with its bright red cover, for Charley; a set of wooden cups and saucers for Emma, and a basket of sugar plums besides; but I couldn't begin to tell all, only I mustn't forget, that when they came to the bottom there lay a sealed envelop, with *one hundred dollars* in it from the young men of Garland.

Good Mrs. Russell was right. Fanny did shed a good many tears, and the minister's eyes looked very misty; and then came the desire that all Christians feel in sudden joy or sorrow—they must go and tell the Lord. "Let us pray," said the good man, and they all kneeled down, and if ever real thanksgiving arose from earth, it went up from those full, overflowing hearts. I think the children learned then what real prayer was; and little Emma, whose ideas of devotion were confined to the nightly exercises at her mother's knee, clasped her little hands and repeated, "Now I lay me," in a most audible whisper. In the midst of that Christmas tide of joy and gratitude we will leave our friends, feeling that He whose loving kindness faileth never, will be with them even unto the end.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER X.

The three days, with the close of which Major Dudley's furlough expired, passed swiftly away. Very bright were the varied patterns which the loom of those precious, hurrying hours wrought in the life of Grace Palmer, making those that went before and came after, seem paler and drearier by contrast.

Yet they were not days given up solely to enjoyment, though they talked, and read, and jested together, and walked out in the sweet April sunshine under the orchard trees, where the birds sang and the leaves grew larger every day.

They strengthened and exalted each other for whatever in God's good providence was to come—they comforted and gladdened each the other with speech of human trust and tenderness, but which did not rest there, but went out and upward for that great and infinite tenderness in which both hearts believed and rested. So when the great trial of separation came, it did not find the man or the woman unprepared.

The stage which went South left a little before noon. Edward had passed a part of the morning culling out favorite passages of Shakspeare to read to Grace, giving her some suggestions with regard to her future studies, and then he drew a low seat to his side, seated her on it, and laid her head on his knee, and there fell a silence on them both; only his stroking of her cheek, and the way he bent down and kissed it every little while, said much that words could not. At last he spoke, knowing that now the minutes were few, and that there might come a time when she would need the words, much as it might cost him now to say them.

"Be brave and strong dear, *whatever happens*, remembering that nothing can really harm us, because we are the children of our Father who is in Heaven."

She understood what he meant, and lifted her face with a low drawn—

"Oh, Edward!"

Then she turned her head quickly away, but not until he had seen the spasm of agony that went over it. The sight was like a dagger stuck up to its hilt in his heart. He could do nothing now but draw her to him, and silently pray God to help and comfort her. He thought his prayer was answered when she looked up

and smiled in his face—with lips that trembled though.

A little later they went together to the door, neither speaking. He slipped a small box into her hand, then he took her in his arms, and in a steady voice bade her be courageous, be of good comfort, and to wait on the Lord! Those were the last words she heard him speak.

She went back into the parlor. She did not know that she had sat there an hour before she thought of the small box in her hand. When she opened it, a green velvet case disclosed itself. She touched the spring and then—it was a pity Major Dudley could not see her face at that moment. Only with the first joy of seeing *his* could *hers* look like that. There he was, in his officer's dress of blue and gold, the large, deep eyes smiling into hers; the lips had the unbent line which best became them—the strong scholarly face had its softest expression. Altogether the painting was an inspiration of the artist, and in a corner of the box a little note read, "Keep this, dear Grace, in the stead of me."

"Oh Grace, isn't it perfect?"

Lucy Trueman was looking archly over her shoulder. She had come in so softly that Grace in her abstraction had not heard her.

"I am *so* glad," said Lucy, in her frank, pretty way, putting her arm around her friend.

"It seems as if he *must* speak this minute."

After the girls had looked at the picture a few minutes, Lucy continued, throwing herself into a chair and pulling off her sun-bonnet:—

"I thought you'd feel bad enough, Grace, when the stage went out to-day, and so I'd come over and try to cheer you up a little."

"It was very kind—very thoughtful in you, Lucy," looking with grateful eyes upon her friend.

"No it wasn't, either," said Lucy, with an amusing little bit of perversity. "I'm not good, nor thoughtful, nor anything else of the kind."

"I shouldn't allow anybody but you to slander Lucy Trueman so," replied Grace, with a little indulgent smile.

Lucy pouted her lips and pinched her bonnet strings; but Grace detected a shadow on the girl's face which was more than playful perversity—it was pain!

"Lucy," leaning forward with eyes of loving solicitude, for Grace had the generous heart which goes quickly out of its own sorrows into others, "is anything troubling you this morning?—tell me!"

Lucy tossed her head.

"No indeed! I should like to see anybody or anything that would *dare* to trouble me! What can have put that idea into your head?"

Grace was not convinced; but she understood Lucy, and wisely thought it best to let her take her own time and way for explanations, so she answered simply,

"I thought that you didn't look quite so happy as usual."

There was a pause now, in which Grace continued to examine her miniature, and Lucy to form intricate bows and knots of her bonnet strings. At last she said,

"Did you know that Mr. Deming was going to the war?"

"Why no!" looking up in surprise.

"I 'spose not; you have been so absorbed in the society of *one* person, that you've no idea what has become of the rest of the world.

"But you know that he's been betwixt New London and New Haven off and on all winter. He got here the night that General Washington did, and as they are acquainted, went over at once to see him. He came back, resolved to join the army. They need every man now they can get. He's received a lieutenant's commission since the General reached New York."

"I'm glad and sorry. Lawyer Deming is a noble young man; I hope no harm will come to him."

Lucy tossed her bonnet on the floor impatiently, and muttered something to the effect that if folks would go to war, they must expect to take the consequences.

Grace looked up in astonishment at this speech, for it implied that Lucy was both selfish and hard-hearted; and she was neither. A suspicion suddenly flashed into her mind, followed almost immediately by conviction, as a thousand little corroborative events came to mind. Her heart yearned over her friend, but she could do the incorrigible little puss no good until she had probed the matter to the bottom.

"Lucy, how can you speak so of Mr. Deming? Supposing he should be shot in this war, how you must regret it!"

The watchful eyes saw Lucy wince a little. Then she looked up indifferent and defiant.

"Well, what's that to me if he is shot, Grace Palmer, I'd like to know?"

"Because, Lucy," leaning forward and laying her hand on her friend's arm, and speaking in soft, steady tones, "it must be

something to any woman's heart to have her best friend shot down on the battle field."

"Who said he was my best friend?" exclaimed Lucy, with a rush of blushes. Then she suddenly broke down, and sobbed out—"I wouldn't have believed, Grace Palmer, that you'd make fun of me in this way."

Grace drew closer to her friend.

"I wasn't making fun of you, dear girl; but I wanted to tell you the truth, because I thought you might be doing a great wrong to yourself and to another."

There was no use of trying any airs or evasions with Grace. She went right to the point in such a straightforward yet tender way, that it broke down all the barriers of Lucy's pride and self-consciousness. She sank down at Grace's feet, and hid her head in her friend's lap, stammered out in a very humble manner that she was "unhappy—dreadfully so!"

"You've done wrong, I'm afraid, Lucy," stroking the bright hair.

It cost Lucy a struggle to admit it, but she was a good deal humbled now.

"Tell me," said Grace, bending down closer to the hidden face.

It came out little by little, but by dint of some questioning, and a silence at the right time, Grace got at the whole truth of the matter. It appeared that Lucy had for some time a suspicion, which nearly amounted to certainty, that the young lawyer was interested in her, and she—the acknowledgment stuck in her throat, "liked him better than any gentleman whom she had ever seen."

And then, "she didn't know how it was," a spirit of perverseness had taken possession of her, and as sure as Mr. Deming was by, she was ready to flirt with any of the young officers who stopped at the tavern, though she had an intuition that it gave him pain; but this thought only stimulated her to go on from bad to worse, lavishing her smiles, and pretty woman's ways and arts, on those for whom she cared nothing in the world.

"I don't know how it was, Grace; I believe the devil entered into my heart." And in her earnestness and remorse, she forgot, and lifted up her flushed face.

"I'm afraid he did, Lucy."

"Well," dropping her head again, "I used often to be sorry by the next day, and my heart would ache when Mr. Deming looked so grave; and I mother, who never suspected what I felt almost certain of, would scold me for 'carrying on' after the fashion I did. But the next time the temptation came, I was as bad

as ever. You see, Grace, it was very pleasant to have all the young officers admiring me and courting my society, and then to have Mr. Deming see it."

"I don't doubt about the admiration, Lucy; but nevertheless, you were wrong."

"I knew it all the time; but things have gone on in this way until Mr. Deming came up from a visit to Bridgeport. Day before yesterday, you know, he was over here to see Mr. Dudley, and when he returned, late in the afternoon, I sat all alone by the window, finishing up a pair of mittens for Nathaniel. Mr. Deming came in and took a chair by me.

"Do you know that I have concluded to go to the war, Miss Lucy?" he asked.

"My heart gave a great bound; but then that old spirit of wilfulness came over me, and I just said, as indifferent as possible—

"Are you really going, Mr. Deming?"

"He didn't answer for a moment; then he took up one of the mittens that I had finished.

"May I ask who it is for?"

"Oh, certainly; for Nathaniel."

"How I wish that I had a sister, or somebody else, to knit me a pair of mittens. And yet, I shouldn't care for them, unless another gift went with them." This last was added in lower tones.

"I knew just what he meant, but I was determined that he shouldn't see that I did, and I kept on knitting, without one word. At last, he spoke again—

"Miss Lucy, forgive me—I am very bold—will you knit me a pair of mittens?"

"What do you think I did, Grace?"

"I don't know, Lucy."

"I just answered, in the coolest possible way, 'I don't believe that I shall have time if you leave soon, because I've promised the next pair to Captain Morgan.'"

"Oh, Lucy!"

"I was not so bad as my words, Grace. My heart ached all the time, and when Mr. Deming rose up, a moment later, looking so hurt, my heart ached, and I longed to call him back; but my pride wouldn't let me. I've been miserable ever since."

"And this is all?"

"Yes; we've only exchanged a few commonplace remarks since; and he goes to-morrow, and likely as not I shall never see him again!"

Here there followed a storm of tears, which shook the now thoroughly humbled little beauty from head to foot. Grace saw that this was the time, while Lucy's heart was

softened, and her pride held in check by this impending separation, to try the effect of counsel and persuasion on the wayward girl. She adjured her, for the sake of her own future peace, and that of John Deming's, not to let the matter end thus, assuring her she could expect neither happiness nor blessing on her life, if she tampered with a true and manly love; and she moreover painted such a picture of Lucy's remorse when absent, or it might be, death, had sealed the lips of the man who loved her, that the wayward maiden was thoroughly melted, and solemnly promised that she would not sleep that night—the last which the young lawyer would pass at the tavern, without doing all that was in her power to promote an understanding betwixt them; and she parted at last from her friend with a warm embrace, and a—

"Grace, I do believe you're an angel!"

That evening the young lawyer sat alone by the great birch-wood fire in the old tavern sitting-room. The flames were attractive, as they wound in ruddy skeins up the great pyramid of logs—for the day had been warm, and the fire recently lighted; but the lawyer seemed to find very little satisfaction in their contemplation; his brow was moody and troubled, and he tapped the hearth with his foot, nervously. Somebody who had come in very noiselessly, said, suddenly, at his side—

"Here are a pair of mittens, Mr. Deming, that I have been knitting for you." And pretty Lucy Trueman stood smiling and blushing before him.

His brow suddenly cleared up; he took the mittens, and the soft, plump hand which bestowed them—

"Thank you, Lucy; but you know what I said, when I asked for them—that I should not want the mittens, unless something else accompanied them. Do you know what I meant?"

"How should I, Mr. Deming?" looking with sweet demureness in the flames.

"That 'something' meant the heart of the giver. Lucy, must I give the mittens back?"

Her answer came a moment later, low and shaken—

"You may keep the mittens, Mr. Deming."

She was drawn up to his heart, then, with a blessing solemn for its deep tenderness. All of which, and much more, Grace learned the next day, from Lucy's own lips, sitting in the chamber that looked to the south.

CHAPTER XI.

The year seventeen hundred and seventy-six was closing darkly enough over our country. The Congress during the summer had cut off every hope of compromise, or a peaceful solution of difficulties betwixt the mother country and her colonies, by a resolution which declared them free and independent states—a resolution passed unanimously, and under circumstances which render that glorious event one of those acts of solemn and sublime patriotism which challenge the admiration of the world.

It was just at the time when the war in Canada, after incredible hardships and sacrifice, had sustained a disastrous defeat; for with the spring, Great Britain had poured the flower of her army and the best of her officers into that province, to overwhelm the worn-out, scantily clothed, and suffering troops, who, notwithstanding, held possession of it. The Declaration of Independence transpired, too, at a time when the British were making every effort to gain possession of New York and the Hudson river—when their men-of-war lay frowning in the harbor of New York, and their “tents whitened the hills of Staten Island.”

It transpired, too, just at that moment when the dismayed nation first learned the extent of the disaffection in its heart, by the discovery of that foul treason which lurked even in Washington's body-guard, and extended its ramifications throughout the country. And yet, in the midst of all this fear and peril, the Congress calmly discussed, with closed doors, that question of which John Adams so truly said—“A greater could never be debated among men.”

The joyous peal from the old bell in the steeple of the state-house, proclaimed to the waiting, breathless throng, the blessed tidings that “British domination was over,” though the patriots who signed that declaration knew well the price they must pay to maintain it—that for this the noblest blood of the world must flow in rivers—that the land must be ravaged and homes desolated; but the fathers counted not their lives dear unto them, for their country's sake.

And if any tenderness or regret for the motherland still lingered in the hearts of the American people, it seemed as if the course of the British king and parliament during this year must uproot it. To the everlasting honor of Holland be it written, that when the English government applied to that nation for troops to assist in subjugating the Colonies her wrongs

had at last roused into resistance, the nation refused to furnish them; but the government was more successful with the princes of Germany. They were subsidized to furnish troops for the British army, and besides this, *were to be paid by England seven pounds four shillings and four pence sterling, for every soldier furnished by them, and as much more for every one slain.* We cannot conceive of the thrill of amazement and horror which ran through every heart, when the American people first learned that these ignorant, brutal foreign mercenaries, who had become familiar with all that is fearful in scenes of bloodshed among the sanguinary wars of “Frederick the Great,” had been hired by the British government to BUTCHER them.

No wonder that our fathers and our mothers, trusting to the God of battles, resolved to fight to the death, rather than become the slaves which submission would now have proved them.

Yet there were many men in Parliament who lifted up their voices against this foul act, who plead for the fair fame of England, and for the honor of her name among the nations, that she would not disgrace herself by a deed so atrocious that the civilized world must shudder at it.

But Edmund Burke, the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Coventry and many other noble men, who bore testimony against the sin and shame of England's hiring “men trained to bloodshed by Continental butchers” to slay the people of her own language and religion, did not prevail over the power of a ministry leagued against our rights and liberties. The British government stained itself with this disgraceful deed, in what way, *let Long Island, White Plains, and the ravished Jerseys make answer!*

This year, seventeen hundred and seventy-six, was the most critical one of the war. The country had not yet learned faith in the commander-in-chief of its armies. Lee and Gage were plotting to supersede him, or be invested with separate commands—even Reed, his trusted friend and counsellor, had placed his confidence in another—his army had suffered a series of defeats.

The British army held possession of New York. Fort Washington had fallen, and he whose name it bore had stood on an opposite hill and watched the dreadful conflict, until at last he bowed his head and wept like a child—the sight was too terrible for that brave, true heart, as his men lifted up their hands and begged for mercy of the brutal Hessians, who could not understand a word, and who an-

answered by plunging their bayonets into their helpless foes. They did the work which they had been hired to do, well! *Had not England paid thirty-six dollars a piece for them!*

And then came the autumn flight of the American army through the Jerseys, one of the greatest feats of generalship which history ever recorded; but none could suspect this then, as that poorly clothed, scantily fed army marked its path through the first winter snows of New Jersey, by the blood prints of its bare-footed soldiery.

The most sanguine could see neither help nor hope; unless God came with his right arm bared for the help of the land, its sun must speedily set in a darkness deeper than the December night in which the year was dying. It was almost the New Year, and then—but Grace Palmer's letter shall tell what tidings came!

"Now praise, and honor, and thanksgiving to the Lord our God, for he hath triumphed gloriously!

"Oh, Edward, I feel to-day as though I could sing the song of Miriam, as she sang it to the sound of the timbrels on the shores of the Red Sea!

"We have heard the good tidings of Christmas night, of the surprise and surrender at Trenton, a little after dawn, of a thousand prisoners carried over the Delaware. And while I write the bells are ringing, and the bonfires are kindling, and the people are holding a jubilee over the good news which the stage brought in to-night.

"It was so unexpected, too, for we have been in dark waters for many days; and I am ashamed to say, that hope and faith had deserted many hearts; but not *mine*, dear Edward, for I have believed and not doubted for my country, from the beginning! You will want to know just how we learned the news—it was on this wise:—

"I had just finished my day's spinning, and put away the wheel; mother was busy carding some wool by the fire-place, and father, who had been reading the weekly newspaper, put it down with a sigh, and took off his spectacles.

"Isn't there any good tidings from the Jerseys, father?" asked mother, interpreting the sigh.

"Not a thing, mother. The enemy's got New York city and the Jerseys in their tender mercies, and Cornwallis thinks his work is done, and is about embarking for England. It's evident enough to me that General Howe

is only waiting for the river to freeze afore he pushes on to Philadelphia."

"At that moment, there was a hasty knock at the kitchen door, and before anybody could answer it, to our great amazement, and mother's infinite confusion, Parson Willets walked in; as he is not in the habit of entering at the back door, I saw at once, by the old gentleman's face, that something had stirred him out of his usual calm. He shook hands with father, and declined the offered chair with a hasty wave of his hand, that dismissed all ceremony.

"No, Deacon Palmer, I can't sit down—thank you. I only stopped in to inquire if you'd heard the news, and if not, to be the bearer of it, as I was going by."

"We were all alive with interest.

"It's good tidings, then?" asked father, for the minister's manner betrayed as much as this.

"Glorious tidings, sir. Praise the Lord," striking his heavy staff on the floor. "We've had a victory, Deacon Palmer!"

"Where?" asked one voice. "How?" asked another. I don't know whether it was mine or mother's. And the minister told us in a few sentences the whole matter—of our troops crossing the Delaware in the darkness—of the long, weary night march in the sleet and storm to Trenton—of the blow struck there—of the panic and confusion among the Hessians, and of their surrender.

"Mother and I cried like little children when we heard it, and I don't think either Parson or Deacon behaved much better than we did. The minister wouldn't stay longer; but before he got to the gate somebody else came with the good news, and such an evening as we have had—friends and neighbors crowding in to congratulate and rejoice with each other! Even now while I write it, the tidings seem too good to be true. These men, whose name has been a sound of dread and terror to all of us—these men, hired to butcher us by the king and Parliament of England, are now our prisoners of war. Truly, it is a time for us to rejoice and give thanks!

"Dear Edward, it is close on midnight, but the stage leaves a little before sunrise, and it must not go without taking you my good cheer. It is as well with me as it can be without you, and though it carries an unutterable yearning for, and longing to hear from you every day, my heart is brave and steady.

"I shall send you next week, by Captain Powell, whose furlough expires then, a dozen pair of stockings, and half as many of mittens.

The wool was furnished by our own sheep, and it was carded, and spun, and knit by the hands that write these words—a fact which I love to think will make the articles of more value in *your* eyes; and be sure every stitch was set with a loving thought of you.

“The books which you ordered from Philadelphia have reached me; oh, Edward, for these I have no words to thank you; but through the long, lonesome days and evenings of this winter, they will be the next best thing to having *you* with me.

“We are all in comfortable health, and the war keeps all our hands busy—spinning, knitting and sewing for those who are fighting for us, and for our homes.

“Mother has prepared several bundles of linen for the wounded, and whenever it's needed we have more. And now, Edward, for my sake take care. Do not be rash in the fight, where I know you will be foremost; and for the rest, the God who loves you with a love deeper and tenderer than mine, even, cover your head in the day of battle. And for my country—my beautiful, beloved country, my hopes are alike strong in the day of defeat or of victory. I believe, as I believe in you, Edward Dudley, that her independence shall be acknowledged by the merciless power which now seeks to crush out her life; that the bells of our triumph shall yet be rung on the hills and in the valleys, filling the land with rejoicing.

“How far off that day dwells in the future, is not given us to know, *but it is coming!* Through what trial and sacrifice we must walk to it, no man can tell; but we have an apostle of our liberties—a man ordained of God to lead our nation to its promised land of peace—George Washington!

“And now, Edward, over the long, dreary miles which lie between us, wrapped in woollens of snow; over the dark waters, above which, without sound of anvil or hammer, the winter has builded its roof of ice, I send to you, with this letter, the blessing and the love, unutterable and unchangeable, in the heart of

“GRACE PALMER.”

CHAPTER XII.

Major Dudley read this letter by a camp fire on the “gloomy banks of the Assinpink,” on the second evening of the New Year; that evening which, notwithstanding the recent victory, was the darkest that had ever closed around the American army.

On the opposite side of the black, narrow

stream, lay the mighty army of Cornwallis, waiting only for the sunrise of another morning to commence an engagement, of whose result there could be no possible doubt; for how could the small army of worn out, half starved men make any stand against the overwhelming numbers of the best soldiers of Europe, which lay on the other side of the river.

“Had it come to this, after all his toil, and labor, and sacrifice!” thought the commander-in-chief, as he paced the bank of the Assinpink, and saw the camp fires of the enemy burning in the distance.

Would the next sun, as it rose slowly up the east, be the signal that the sun of American liberty had set forever! Retreat was impossible now, for the Delaware lay frozen behind him. The British and American armies confronted each other at last, and the general action which Washington had, by masterly manœuvring, and countermarching, and retreating, so long avoided, was at last become inevitable!

It was one of those terrible crises which shake a man's hope and faith to the centre. Washington looked on all sides, and there was none to help or deliver. Was there none, oh Hand that guided the Mayflower in its path over the stormy seas—was there none, oh angels, who watched breathless on the winter's day when she cast anchor at the lonely harbor of Plymouth?

There broke suddenly across the darkness a gleam of hope. A plan suggested itself, like an inspiration, and so it was. The enemy must by this time mostly have withdrawn from Princeton, in order to join Lord Cornwallis at Trenton, and their baggage and stores must lie weakly guarded at Brunswick. What an achievement it would be to march silently away in the darkness, come suddenly upon Princeton, capture the stores there, and then push on to Brunswick!

The Quaker road was newly broken, and rugged it is true, and the night was soft as though it belonged to the late April; but the deep mire would render the roads impassable for men or baggage. Yet, even as Washington pondered, a cold blast swept full against his face, and lo! the wind had changed to the north. The General hesitated no longer—he summoned a council of war.

“What are you doing here, major?” asked Greene, pausing a moment, as he caught sight of the young officer, who had folded up his letter and stood thoughtfully before a camp fire.

Major Dudley looked up. “I was musing

on many things, and amongst them, our situation this night. Unless God comes forth to our help, General Greene, to-morrow will be the saddest day that ever dawned on America!"

"We're in tight quarters—there's no denying it. I'm on my way to General Mercer's quarters, for our commander has summoned a council of war there," and the General slipped his arm into the Major's, and they walked along together, conversing in low tones of the gloomy prospects before them.

When the officers parted, Edward Dudley glanced down tenderly on the letter which he still carried in his hand.

"Sweet little patriot," murmured the young man; "God send that you may be as true a prophetess!"

History has kept a faithful record of the result of that council of war on the banks of the Assinpink. The proposition of Washington was met with instant and eager concurrence from all his officers. The camp was broken up. Preparations were rapidly made for one of those swift and silent night marches in which the American army had become so expert, and which they so frequently accomplished as though by magic.

Nothing was left undone to deceive the enemy. The camp fires were kept burning bright through the darkness, sentries and guards were relieved punctually, and men were ordered to keep toiling until day-break at the trenches, and then to hasten after the retreating army, which stole softly away in the dead of the night. We have all read of that toilsome march from Trenton. We know that the brave little army toiled slowly along the half broken road, with the stumps of the newly felled trees impeding their progress, and that the sun was coming over the eastern hills, its first golden beams seeming to the eyes of the wearied soldiers the signal of good cheer sent to them from Heaven, when the army reached the bridge over Stony Brook. The brigade of General Mercer, Washington's old friend and companion in the French wars, was detached here to continue along the brook until it should arrive at the main road to Princeton, which he was to secure, and destroy the bridge, so as to intercept the passage of fugitives; but as General Mercer spurred eagerly away on his beautiful gray horse, he little suspected that his last hour had come—that he should never hear again the voice of his beloved commander. A few moments later the British colonel, who had just left Princeton at the head of his regiment, caught sight of

the glittering of arms along the Quaker road, and not doubting that he had come upon some flying portion of the army routed by Cornwallis, and not perceiving the number of American forces, he faced about to give them battle, concealing his return march in the woods, until after again crossing Stony Brook, he came full upon the van of Mercer's brigade. There was a desperate rush of both parties to reach the rising ground behind the Quaker's dwelling. The Americans gained it first, and of the brief and desperate battle which followed, history tells better than our pen can.

We know what brave deeds for song and story were done in that morning's sunrise: how General Mercer's horse fell under him with the first discharge; how the brave officer sprang to his feet, and rallied his men until he was felled to the earth by a blow from the butt end of a musket; how, rising once more, and defending himself with his sword, he was surrounded, and bayoneted over and over, until his blood dagged the faded grass, and he was left for dead on the field.

And at this moment Washington, who had galloped ahead of his troops, burst in sight, and the whole scene lay before him. The British saw the snowy horse and the stately figure sweep by, heedless of their galling fire.

The brigade, whose commander lay ghastly on the field, saw the waving of Washington's hat, and heard the cheering of his voice, as he urged the troops on. They rallied at the sound of that well-known voice, and the next moment the loud shouts of the Virginians, as they emerged from the woods and rushed to their help, told that the tide of battle was turning.

And then the conflict grew more desperate. Amid the flashing of arms and the columns of smoke, was still seen that white horse and that stately figure, dashing wherever the battle was hottest, and the balls of the enemy rained darkly around it.

No wonder that the young Irish aid-de-camp, seeing that beloved face vanish in the black garments of smoke, drew his hat over his eyes—he believed his commander had fallen!

But when he looked again, the horse and his rider emerged from the smoke, the enemy were giving way, and the ardent Colonel spurred up to his General's side with but one thought in his heart, and that was on his lips—

"Thank God! your excellency is safe!"

The latent fire in the strong heart burst forth—

"Away, my dear Colonel, and bring up the troops. The day is ours!" were the glad, exultant words which answered; and lo! in the distance, were the British troops, with heavy loss, and in full retreat, to join Lord Cornwallis at Trenton.

And that early morning, which friend and foe alike believed must witness the defeat of the American army, beheld instead, a hundred British lying dead on the field, and fourteen officers and nearly three hundred men taken prisoners.

"Not unto us—not unto us, oh Lord, but unto Thy name, be the glory given!" murmured Major Dudley, who had been in the fight where Grace said he would be, as he lifted his cap, and wiped the hot perspiration from his brow, as he thought of the victory.

At that moment somebody addressed him, and turning, one of the privates from Captain Trueman's company requested him to come to the aid of that officer, who had been wounded. Edward Dudley thought of Nathaniel's mother.

"Is he hurt seriously?" he asked, dreading the reply, for the two young men were much attached to each other.

"We hope not, sir; we've carried him out under a tree. He seems faint from loss of blood."

Major Dudley followed the soldier, and found the captain lying under a tree, to which his men had conveyed him. He was conscious, but it was well that Nathaniel's mother was not there to see the face of her boy—white almost as the ghastly faces on the field.

Edward knelt down by his friend, who welcomed him with a faint smile.

"Where are you hurt, Nathaniel?" he inquired anxiously.

"I think a ball must have struck my left arm; I can't move it."

A very slight examination satisfied the Major that his friend's arm was broken, a little below the elbow.

"You must be attended to at once. We'll have you removed to some house, and a surgeon procured immediately."

"Thank you, Dudley;" and then a flash of triumph went over the white young face. "This is a glorious day for America."

"A glorious day, Nathaniel."

This was the only comment Major Dudley allowed himself, as he hurried away in quest of a surgeon.

Captain Trueman was soon conveyed to a farm house, whose inmates treated him with

the greatest kindness. A surgeon was procured, who dressed the arm, and pronounced the wound a severe but not dangerous one, and prescribed rest and quiet; and Major Dudley left him at last, assured that the young officer was in kind hands.

Lord Cornwallis had retired the previous night, and with that contempt for everything American which has always distinguished the English people, (although to this there are many and noble exceptions,) had declared that he should "bag the fox in the morning."

No words can surpass his astonishment and chagrin when he learned that the General, whom he thus scorned, had once more foiled him, and the American army had again escaped his grasp.

His lordship did not for some time suspect the course which the troops had taken, but the booming of cannon in the direction of Princeton at last warned him.

He broke up his camp at Trenton, and hurried away in great consternation, for he feared Washington might make a descent upon his large military stores at Brunswick; but the march of the British troops was impeded at Stony Brook, for Washington had taken care that the bridge here should be broken, and the enemy did not reach Brunswick until evening.

Lord Cornwallis found his military stores safe, for the tired, worn-out troops, whom Washington had led to the morning's battle, could not make a descent on Brunswick. But he had hurried them on, panting for weariness, so that they dropped along the frozen roadside, and with difficulty the army at last reached Morristown.

So the dark cloud lifted itself, and the mourning was changed to rejoicing throughout the country.

The war now wore a triumphant aspect. Confidence in the commander of the army took the place of doubt and jealousy.

The scanty army intrenched at Morristown made descents upon every party which Cornwallis sent out; and foiled and chagrined, the British General drew in his forces at New Brunswick, so that he might have a water communication with New York, whence he was now obliged to draw nearly all of his supplies.

CHAPTER XIII.

The success of Princeton following so close on that of Trenton, had inspired the patriot heart of America with courage and hope. There was rejoicing around the wide old fire-

places, where the great red pyramids of flame crackled and blazed through the long winter evenings; but the tidings which brought light and gladness to so many homes, brought darkness and fear to a few; and among these latter was the old mill tavern of Mrs. Charity Trueman.

It is true that Nathaniel, thoughtful for his mother and sister, had written briefly the day after the battle, stating that a ball had hit his arm, but speaking lightly of the wound as he could, stating that he expected to be over it in a few days, and at least, assuming the best of spirits in his letter. But the mother-heart of Mrs. Trueman was filled with anxiety and yearning, for she had received a fuller relation of the wound Nathaniel had received, from a soldier who had been in the battle and returned home.

Grace was making a somewhat prolonged visit at the tavern, for she had been "snowed in" the third day, a circumstance upon which Mrs. Trueman and her daughter openly congratulated themselves, for there was no face so welcome at the old tavern in any time of trouble, as the sweet one of the deacon's daughter.

It was a day of wild storm and wind, dropping down into a wilder night. Two miles off, the white waves of the sound seethed and tossed themselves in a great, struggling agony, on which the sky looked with a white, patient anguish, and the wind tossed the great sheaves of white foam on the shower, and then went over the land, shrieking its triumph, and waving its white banners of snow.

"Oh, what an awful night!" exclaimed Lucy Trueman, as she sat betwixt Grace and her mother, before the great fire of walnut and birch-wood in the sitting-room of the tavern.

The three ladies were busily engaged in knitting mittens and socks; for tidings of the half-clothed and suffering army at Morris-town had given a new impetus to knitting needles throughout the land.

"Yes," said Mrs. Trueman, laying down the heel she was "toeing" off, "this storm must reach a long ways. I wish I could know how that boy of mine was feelin' to-night." And Mrs. Trueman bent lower, and added a "fore-stick" to the cone of logs, in order to conceal the tears which filled her eyes.

"Oh he's doing well, you may depend, mother," answered the daughter, in her cheeriest tone. "You know he's fallen into such good hands."

"Yes, I know, Lucy," unpinning her knitting sheath, for it was time to see about supper. "But no hands—let 'em be ever so soft and tender—would seem to my boy like his mother's, and I'd walk five miles through this snow to carry him a bowl of chicken broth. How he relished it after he had that attack of lung fever, Lucy, and used to say, 'There ain't a woman in the wide world, mother, that can come up to you on chicken broth.'"

"You've got one thing to comfort you, Mrs. Trueman," said Grace, looking up in her sweet, earnest way, "it isn't a light thing for a boy of seventeen to have a captain's commission; and if he carries the scar of this wound to his death, it will be a fresh honor to Nathaniel Trueman all the days of his life."

The pleasant face of Mrs. Trueman glowed with maternal pride, that for the moment effaced all look of pain.

"Bless your heart, Grace," she said, "you always manage to speak just the right word in the right place."

"That's because her heart is in the right place," and Lucy leaned forward in her pretty, impulsive way, and patted Grace affectionately on the shoulder.

"One thing my mind's bent on," recurring to the subject ever uppermost in her thoughts; "if I hear Nathaniel's any worse, I shall start for Princeton."

"In this weather—why, mother!" exclaimed Lucy, perfectly aghast.

"No matter for that," in a tone which plainly showed that her mind was made up on the matter. "It would drive me distracted to stay here and think of my boy lyin' away off there with no mother's hand to smooth his pillow, or so much as give him a teaspoonful of medicine. I shall take the next stage if any worse tidings come."

"But, mother," continued the deprecatory voice of Lucy, "you'd certainly be blocked up and freeze to death. Why, it would take you a week to get into the Jerseys, in this dead of winter."

Grace saw that argument or opposition only confirmed the resolution, so she interposed.

"I don't believe there will be the least call for you to go, Mrs. Trueman. You know what Mr. Dudley wrote, that the surgeon said there wasn't the slightest danger of fever, if Nathaniel would be careful, and there was no doubt but he would be able to use his arm in time, as well as ever."

It was pleasant to hear this again, though it was at least the twentieth time, and turning

the words over in her thoughts, the bustling little woman hurried off to prepare supper.

"Grace, have you heard anything about Richard Jarvys or his father lately," asked Lucy, when the two were alone.

"No," moving a little, as though the words hurt her.

Lucy drew a little nearer, and spoke lower.

"Well, it's being whispered round that the old man is a *Long Island trader*, and that his son is in the business too! They're being watched now, and if they're discovered they'll have to leave the place, or the roof wont be safe over their heads."

"And in that case, *ours* would be, for a time at least," added Grace.

"You're not surprised to hear this?"

"Oh, no. I trust that I do not say in any uncharitable spirit, that there is hardly anything mean or base which, in my opinion, Ralph Jarvys and his son could not be tempted to do!"

"I can hardly keep in my skin, Grace," the round black eyes flashing with indignation. "when I think how that man is trying to get your father out of his own house. But there's one thing," with a smile and blush that said a great many, "he'll have to be smart to get ahead of somebody that's taken the matter into *his* hands."

Grace's smile was very bright and sympathetic.

"Father comforts himself with *that* thought," she said. "He's so much confidence in lawyer Deming, that his mind is much set at ease in the matter; and then it was left with Mr. Fuller in such a way that the matter will not come up before the fall term, so we are sure of our house for another summer at least; and there is no telling what may transpire before that time."

"Still, the thought must be a constant weight and burden for you all to carry?"

"Yes; but we try to leave it with the one *Heart* strong and tender enough to carry all our burdens."

"Dear Grace," bending forward with a look half tender, half reverential, "I wish I was as good as you."

"That isn't wishing very much, Lucy," smoothing the black shining hair.

It was quite dark now, but the red fire-light filled the room like the waving of crimson banners. Outside, the storm grew fiercer as the night deepened. The girls had both laid their work away, and sat together in silence, looking into the fire and listening to the

cry of the wind, and thinking of the absent and beloved, drawn together by that sympathy of thought. At length Mrs. Trueman bustled in with a lamp,

"Come, girls, right out to tea; but I thought we'd have somethin' that would relish such a night as this"

"I'm sure, Mrs. Trueman, you never had anything else on any sort of a night," laughed Grace, as she rose up.

At that moment a thin, pale face was thrust close up to the window pane, and a pair of large brown eyes caught and drank in every object in the old tavern sitting-room. The face vanished; the front door opened softly, and stealthy feet crossed the wide old hall; then another door opened.

"Mother—Lucy! do you know who it is?"

The voice was Nathaniel's; but how could it be *he* at such a time—on such a night. No wonder that the three women stood still with a momentary superstitious fear at their hearts; but the figure came straight forward.

"It's Nathaniel Trueman; he's some right to expect a welcome here, I reckon," cried the hearty, cheery voice there was no mistaking.

Mrs. Trueman sprang forward with a cry—not loud—it was burdened with too much for that.

"My boy, my pretty, precious boy, have you come back to your mother?"

Such a hugging, and kissing, and shedding of tears on all sides as followed, for it was indeed Nathaniel, looking thin and worn enough, as they discovered at last on holding the light to his face. He was too ill for active service, and had obtained a furlough until he should recover. He had travelled from Princeton by land and water to New Haven, and had left there early in the morning, but the deep snow had rendered the travelling difficult, and the stage had only just got in.

"Oh you darling boy!" exclaimed Lucy, throwing her arms about her brother for the twentieth time, and giving him a dozen rapid kisses.

Nathaniel winced a little.

"Softly—softly, there's a good girl—remember my arm!"

"How is *that* arm now?" asked his mother, as though something hurt her, looking at the sling in which the soldier carried it.

"Well, it dont pain me as much as at first, but it wont bear any touch yet. It wants just what I do—a little of your nursing, mother."

Mrs. Trueman's look said both he and the arm would have it.

"To think how many, many nights I've started up suddenly out of my sleep and said, 'My boy's away off on the battle field!' and it would seem more than I could bear; but to-night, I shall wake up and say, 'He's back again—my pretty boy's back again!'"

Mrs. Trueman said this, smoothing his hair, and adjusting his collar, for she could not keep her hands off from her idol. The young soldier could not speak for a moment. When he did, it was in blunt phrase—

"Mother, I'm hungry."

"And supper's all ready. I've got what you like, too—stewed oysters and chicken pie!"

"Those are tempting sounds to a fellow that's been used to army fare for nine months—come along girls," but he slipped his arm about his mother's waist.

There was no happier table in the land than that one around which Mrs. Trueman's small family was gathered, and when the long supper was over, they all sat down by the bright fire, and the boy captain laid his beautiful pale face against the cushions of the great rocking-chair, and while the storm howled and shrieked outside, he told his eager listeners stories of camp life in the Continental army—stories at which they sometimes laughed, but oftener sobbed together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kings and Queens of England.

STEPHEN AND MATILDA, OR MAUDE.

Stephen was crowned king of England December 22, 1135. He was a grandson of William the Conqueror; his father was Count of Blois, and his mother was Adela, a sister of the late king. He had been a favorite with his uncle, who had given him riches and honors, and he had sworn to defend the rights of Matilda and her son Henry. Stephen was in Normandy when king Henry died, but he hastened to England, and his brother Henry, Bishop of Winchester, induced other bishops and many of the clergy to favor his cause. He made liberal promises of grants and privileges, and the barons proposed the conditions under which he should reign; and he readily

CORRECTION.—In January number, page 13, second column, tenth line from top, for *thirteen* read *one hundred and thirty-four*. On same page, second column, fifth and sixth lines from top, for *Alexander*, read *Constantine*.

granted them all that they required. He engaged to confirm the ancient Saxon laws, and to abolish all laws made after the Conquest relating to forests and hunting; and also to reduce the taxes. On these conditions he was placed on the throne, which by right belonged to another.

His manners and conversation were pleasant, and his person was graceful; he was strong, active and courageous, and had always been in favor with the people. His good qualities were valor, clemency and generosity; his domineering vice was ambition. His accession to the throne, though sanctioned by the clergy, was an evident usurpation, in direct violation of his oath, and its consequences were fatal to his repose and to the happiness of his kingdom.

The former order of things was now entirely changed; the arbitrary power established by the Conqueror was abolished; but a power more hostile to national happiness arose on its ruins. England assumed the aspect of an aristocracy, in which the nobles and clergy possessed the chief command. They erected castles, which they fortified and garrisoned with their own troops, and in which they could set the royal authority at defiance: more than a thousand of these castles were in a short time to be seen in different parts of the kingdom. In raising Stephen to the throne, the prelates and barons had paid less regard to his personal merit than to the establishment of their own power; they considered him indebted to them for his elevation, and expected his compliance with all their demands. Stephen, in his eagerness to obtain the crown, had promised more than it was possible to perform. In all parts of the kingdom, private wars were carried on among the barons with great fury; the country was laid waste, and shocking cruelties were practised, which compelled Stephen to adopt measures to reduce the power of the barons and clergy. This gave rise to great discontent, and soon to open war.

Robert, Duke of Gloucester, a half brother of Matilda, and the most powerful of the barons, resolved to make an effort to place his sister on the throne. Other lords and barons adopted his views, and openly declared for Matilda. Malcolm, king of Scotland, also espoused her cause.

A civil war now commenced, in which the operations were so complex, and the instances of treachery, rapine and perfidy so numerous, that a recital of particulars would be tedious. Stephen was at first victorious, and Robert and Matilda escaped to France; and the king of

Scotland was pacified by receiving large territories in the north of England. Stephen had employed the royal treasurers in collecting an army of foreigners, that he might depend on them if the English should declare for Matilda, which he had some cause to fear.

England might now have enjoyed many years of peace, had not the king involved himself in a quarrel with the clergy, whose power was greatly increased. Henry, Bishop of Winchester, the king's brother, placed himself at their head; his opposition to the king was caused by his not having been admitted to the administration of public affairs. The contest was followed by all the calamities that can fall on a nation.

The kingdom being in great confusion, Matilda, or the Empress Maude; as she was called in Normandy, landed at Portsmouth with a few followers, and was soon joined by the clergy and most of the nobility, while with the king there remained but a few of the barons and his foreign soldiers. After many reverses, the royal army was totally defeated and dispersed. Stephen was taken prisoner and confined in the castle of Bristol, and loaded with chains. This battle rendered Matilda irresistible in arms, and she soon overcame all difficulties, and established herself on the throne. The Bishop of Winchester, at the head of the clergy, abandoned the cause of his brother, and pronounced the sentence of excommunication against him and all his adherents, after which he called a synod of all the prelates and abbots, who unanimously elected Matilda queen of England, February 10, 1141.

She was received in London with great magnificence by the barons and citizens, and soon the whole kingdom recognized her as their queen. Stephen promised, if the queen would liberate him, to resign all claim to the crown and to leave the kingdom, and never to return to it; but neither the tears of his queen nor the promises of his friends, could induce Matilda to release him. By her haughty manners and cruelty, Matilda soon disgusted all orders of people, and the Bishop of Winchester assisted Eustace, Stephen's son, to raise an army and march against the queen, who had taken possession of Winchester; they besieged her in the castle and set fire to the city; twenty churches, an abbey, a nunnery, and nearly all the city were consumed. Matilda and the king of Scotland made their escape, but Robert was made prisoner, and after being confined six months, was exchanged for Stephen. Ma-

tilda was queen nearly two years. She had two stone bridges built, one of them is now called *Bow*. Before this, all bridges had been built of wood; these are the only memorials of her.

The war continued about six years after Stephen was liberated, and Matilda had many narrow escapes; at one time, on a dark night, she crossed the Thames on the ice and walked six miles, facing a severe storm of snow, which was no easy task for the daughter of a king, the wife of an emperor, and so recently a queen herself. On the death of Robert in 1147, Matilda retired to Normandy, and left Stephen in quiet possession of the throne.

Henry, the eldest son of Matilda, by the death of his father, was put in possession of Anjou, and assumed the title of Duke of Normandy, and married Eleanor, who had been the wife of the king of France, with whom he received Guienne, Poitou, Saintonge and other territories, after which he asserted his right to the crown of England. Stephen and Henry were preparing for a battle, when they made a treaty, by the terms of which Stephen was to reign in peace, and at his death Henry should succeed him. Eustace died suddenly before the treaty was made. For the rest of his life, Stephen did all he could to alleviate the miseries of the kingdom. He died October 25, 1154, in the fiftieth year of his age. He reigned nineteen years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Tell us thy Tale, O Sea!

BY MRS. ELIZA H. BARKER.

Tell us thy tale, O Sea!

Where wast thou, when the great primeval ocean
Of primal matter floated silently;
Ere the electric spirit gave it motion;
Where wast thou then? O Sea!

Tell us thy tale, O Sea!

When did thy restless waves begin to roll;
Who formed thy waters, bent, and bounded thee,
Spread thee from pole to pole?
Canst thou not tell? O Sea!

Tell us the tale, O Sea!

Tell us the story of creation's morn,
When suns, and moons, and planets, sprung to
birth;
When this young Universe of ours was born,
And into space, first rose, the bounding earth.

Tell us the tale, O Sea!

Who weighed thee in the hollow of His hand,
Thy many tided waves, thy oceans vast;
Balanced thy rolling weight against the land,
And marked the bounds, thy footsteps never passed?

Tell us the tale, O Sea!

How many cycles hast thou thus rolled on?
When did the green earth brighten to thine eye?
What strange inhabitants have come and gone,
Since first thy clear waves gazed upon the sky?

Tell us the tale, O Sea!

Where are the ancient cities, where the thrones,
Whose purple spread the shores of regal Tyre?
Egypt, thou hast left but lettered stones,
Nations and dynasties alike expire—

But thou remainest, O Sea!

Unchanged alone, immortal; boundless grave
Of Earth, and all her nations, for in thee,
Lie armies, navies, and beneath thy wave,
Sink jeweled bark, and golden argosy.

Tell us their tale, O Sea!

Than argosy or bark, more precious far,
The brave and beautiful, engulfed by thee,
Tell us where all those struggling beings are?
Tell us their untold tale, O surging sea?

O Sea! why dost thou sigh?

Rest they beneath thy billows, dark and deep?
Yes! yes! the moaning waves make sad reply,
"In my unfathomed depths, earth's myriads sleep."
This thy sad tale, O Sea!

But the Sea says, "Their forms alone I keep;

Thought, life, affection, with me do not dwell;
Then for the tombless dead no longer weep,
Tho' o'er them rolls my everlasting swell,"
This is thy tale, O Sea!

God of the Spirit, He who breathed on thee,

And poured thy ceaseless tides from pole to pole,
Lord of the Land, and Ruler of the Sea—
Thine is the body—*His* alone the soul—
This is thy tale, O Sea!

BEAVER, PA., Dec., 1861.

GOLD AND SILVER WEDDINGS.—These were celebrations once general in some parts of Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that; but to be fifty years married was a sort of event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands; all the neighbors, from far and near, were assembled; the ancient pair, dressed in their wedding-dresses, walked in procession with music to the church, and the priest married them over again, and preached such a sermon that every one had tears in his eyes. There was a dinner, too, and dancing and singing; and in the evening there was no end to the noise and shouting when they drove off together, for the second time, as bride and bridegroom—a happy pair.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XI.

The scene described in the last chapter, took place nearly three months after Edwin Guy's first interview with Doctor Hoffman in regard to his father. Larobe had proved a more skilful strategist than either Edwin or his lawyer, Glastonbury, had anticipated, holding off his assailants, now by a bold, and threatening front, and now deceiving them by feigned movements, day after day, and week after week, all the while endeavoring to entrap Guy into some false position, where he could cripple or destroy him at a single blow. Not once, after his first interview with Guy, did he betray to that individual the smallest sign of apprehension, concern, or concession. Forewarned, forearmed. At the second interview, he was self-possessed, and very reticent. He listened, coldly and patiently, to all the young man had to say, leading him on by casual questions, made in a tone that was almost indifferent, and getting deeper and deeper into his thoughts and purposes, while he closely veiled his own.

The threatened suit was, in the mind of Edwin, only a last resort. All he wanted was money, and the shortest way to that end was the way in which he meant to walk. The foul play to his father, of which he was only in possession of dark hints, notwithstanding his pretence of knowing so much, might go unavenged, so that he could clutch a fair portion of the devised estate. The longest and most doubtful way to reach the object of his desire, was through the courts. In the beginning, it had seemed the surest, and, probably, the only way; but the alarm and anxiety betrayed by Larobe at the first interview, left a strong conviction on his mind, that the lawyer would, to avoid the perils and disgrace of a suit, yield to almost any demand he chose to make. He felt certain that he had him in his power; and began to count over, in fancy, his thousands of dollars, as already in possession.

But, his second interview with Larobe, dashed, with a chill, the young man's rosy anticipations, and removed to an uncertain distance that fruition on which he had just seemed entering.

"I understand," he said, rising to withdraw, after an hour's unsatisfactory skirmishing with the lawyer, "that you waive all arrangements, and mean to accept the perils of a suit?"

"I did not say so." The tones of Larobe were almost indifferent.

"So I read the meaning of what you have said to-night, and, accepting that meaning, I shall proceed to act accordingly."

Something like a suppressed cough in the room adjoining, reached at this moment the ears of Edwin Guy, and, glancing towards a communicating door, he saw that it stood ajar. He did not observe the wary, almost anxious look fixed on him by the lawyer, as his attention was turned for an instant on this door.

"I cannot limit your actions, of course," evasively answered Larobe. "All I can do, is to govern my own."

There succeeded a silence of nearly half a minute, when, no further remark being offered by the lawyer, Guy commenced crossing the room, with the purpose of retiring. His hand was on the door.

"Edwin," said Larobe.

The young man turned partly around.

"Take a word of advice in this matter."

"Say on."

"You are a little too eager—are trying to move too fast." There was just a shade of irony, or sarcasm, in the lawyer's voice.

Guy stood still, looking at him, but not venturing a reply.

"And may get thrown from the track. So, I counsel prudence."

"When the devil offers good advice," said Guy, stung by something like contempt in Larobe's manner, "we may safely assume that he is altogether disinterested, and has our good at heart."

Larobe only shrugged his shoulders.

"Good evening."

"Good evening, Edwin. If you wish another interview before commencing your suit, make free to call. As I have already said, I am still your friend. It will be for you to set me over to the enemy's side; and it is but fair to warn you, that, as an enemy, I am never scrupulous. You are treading on dangerous ground, as your own lawyer, if he be honest, will tell you. An attempt to extort money, under threat, is a crime in law; and you will be a sharp man at the business, if you get through without punishment."

"Justin Larobe!" said the young man, flashing out in sudden anger, "I know the length and breadth, even to the thousandth part of an inch, of your friendship for me—it is that of the wolf for the lamb. You cannot, under any provocation, be more my enemy than you are to-day."

"Be it so, if you will. Only take heed that, in provoking me to strike, you are not altogether at mercy of the blow."

"I will take heed," said Edwin, and, opening the door, he passed out, painfully aware that in this second interview with the lawyer, he had gained nothing, and probably lost all his first seeming advantage.

"You must not call on him again—at least not for some weeks," said Glastonbury, to whose office Guy went immediately after his conference with Larobe.

"Not for weeks!" Even the interval of weeks, before getting to where he could lay his hands on the money which had seemed so near his grasp, appeared a long time to the eager young man.

"As before said," answered Glastonbury, "this is a business in which we will have to make haste slowly. Every inch of the ground we take must be well considered, lest it prove unsafe. There is not a man in the city, against whom an affair of this kind might not be more safely conducted. It is evident, that he has recovered from his first surprise, and now stands on guard."

For over two weeks, no sign of invitation or approach on either side was apparent. Twice Larobe and Edwin had met in the street, passing with a cold nod of recognition. Both were but acting, however; and both on the alert. Towards the end of the third week, a note came from Larobe, asking for an interview in the evening at his rooms in the City Hotel. At this meeting, the lawyer gained what he desired—information as to the progress Edwin was making towards the initiation of the threatened suit. Nothing had really been done, and he was, thus far, satisfied; he was, also, becoming assured that nothing would be done, so long as there was any hope of driving him, through fear, to the payment of the sum Edwin had demanded. This payment he had, from the first, resolved to make, rather than risk the consequences of a legal search into all the circumstances of Adam Guy's illness, and removal to an insane asylum. But he was not the man to yield anything without a struggle. Moreover, in the very fact of this yielding, was an admission that wrong had been done; an admission that placed him in the power of Edwin, and he was too unprincipled and unscrupulous himself to have any faith in another's pledges or promises. How was he to be in safety, after buying off with money this dangerous foe. What guarantee could he have that the contract would remain unbroken? Is

the tiger rendered docile by a draught of blood?

Two or three more weeks were suffered to go by, in a mutual wariness. Then Larobe received a communication from Mr. Glastonbury, Edwin's lawyer, in which he was notified, in formal manner, that he had been instructed to bring suit for the purpose of breaking the will of Adam Guy. This brought the two lawyers into communication, and they spent several weeks of skilful manœuvring, each trying to get such a position as would be impregnable in defence, or possess superior advantage in assault. So much was involved on both sides, that great circumspection was demanded. Enough, however, was gained by Glastonbury, to assure him that Larobe would scarcely risk the suit. But there were difficulties in the way of a compromise, almost insuperable. What were the guarantees for future immunity? What surety could be given, that similar attacks would not come from other members of Mr. Guy's family, even if Edwin were, ever after, to remain quiet?

The one position taken by Larobe, in his interviews with Glastonbury, was, that the movement against him on the part of Edwin Guy, was simply for the purpose of extorting money; and that his only cause of hesitation in the matter grew out of an unwillingness to be dragged into court on such gross charges as were assumed, and put on the defensive against bribed witnesses, whose false statements might not only have weight with a public too apt to believe the worst, but with a prejudiced or stupid jury also.

"But, in avoiding one danger," he said, "I am not disposed to risk another and greater."

"It is for you to make the election," replied Glastonbury. "My client has become impatient of delay, and insists that proceedings at once begin."

"He may find himself checkmated in the third or fourth move," said Larobe. "I have not been passive for nearly three months."

"It is for you to conduct your own side of the game, and I doubt not it will be skilfully played," answered Glastonbury, his lip twitching, and lifting back over the canine teeth, in a way peculiar to himself.

"I have secured evidence already, and shall meet you with a counter suit."

"Ah?"

"Yes. Your client has been several times in my rooms, blustering and threatening. All that he said might not favor your side materially, if produced in court. Nevertheless, I

have it, word for word, written out, and by a witness who will take the stand. I did not choose to be alone, you see."

Larobe's small brown eyes looked forth keenly from their deep coverts, and scanned the face of Glastonbury. There was no change in its expression; but the upper lip twitched oftener, with its nervous motion, showing the fangs, first on one side and then on the other.

"And prove, what?"

"An attempt to extort money," replied Larobe. "An open demand for a certain sum, as black mail; so giving me immunity against prosecution for an alleged crime. There are two points here, as you will perceive; two criminal offences punishable under the law. An attempt to extort money by threat, and the compounding of felony."

Glastonbury simply answered, and without apparent change of feeling, though he saw that Larobe had gained an advantage over his client.

"Guy has little to lose, and all to gain in this matter; you have nothing to gain and much to lose. Let the case go as it will, should it come into court, you cannot escape without serious damage. We are prepared with evidence that will show darkly against you, Mr. Larobe. It is possible that you may have testimony running parallel, which will complement ours, and give a different signification to many things veiled in mystery. I trust, for your sake, that it may be so. But, I would not advise you to accept all the risks. Settle it with the young man, if it be within range of possibility. He is, at the present time, believe me, in possession of facts touching some things in your past life, that make him a dangerous enemy."

Whatever impression this had on Justin Larobe, he was skilful enough at concealment to hide from even as keen an observer as Glastonbury, and the two men closed the interview and separated, neither satisfied in regard to the other.

"You have well nigh ruined your case!" was the salutation received by Edwin Guy, when next he appeared in Glastonbury's office. The lawyer's upper lip moved nervously, and his eyes looked sternly at his client.

"Ruined my case! How?" Edwin's face paled.

"I warned you, over and over again, to be prudent in what you said to Larobe."

"And I have always been prudent," replied the young man.

"As prudent as though a third party, your enemy, were present?"

"Not so guarded as that. Why should I have been?"

"A third party was present."

"What?"

"A third party, concealed, and noting down, for evidence, every word to which you gave utterance."

"How do you know?"

"I have it from Larobe himself; and he is now preparing to set off our suit with one for the two crimes of attempting to extort money by threat, and for compounding a felony."

Edwin's face grew paler still.

"Then he will abide our movement against him?" he said.

"I am not sure; but it looks that way. I told you, in the beginning, that we had an antagonist to deal with of the most wary and determined character, and one who would seek an advantage against you, and press it to the death when gained. If, as he alleges, he is in possession of evidence going to show that you threatened him with this suit, unless he paid you a certain sum of money, your chances of gaining it are not good; and you may be so thrown at disadvantage as to be visited by serious legal consequences. I'm afraid you are farther away from your object to-day, than you were two months ago."

There was silence between the two men for three or four minutes. Then Glastonbury said—

"Other heirs are living?"

"Yes."

"Where are they?"

"My sister Frances may be in the city. I am not certain, however."

"No matter. We can use her name; and that, I think, will be our tower of strength."

"I do not understand you," said Edwin, looking perplexed.

"Larobe does not, I think, really mean to risk a suit; but, with his present advantage, he will hold us off indefinitely. We do not want a suit. For, if prosecuted to the end, and successful, years must elapse before anything can be realized, and then so many other claimants to the estate may come in, that our share will hardly be worth fighting for. If, however, Larobe is satisfied that we mean to bring the suit in your sister's name, against whom he can threaten nothing, my opinion is, that he will yield."

Edwin did not see much to hope for in this view of the case. Delays had already wearied

him. He saw, in Larobe, an antagonist so skilful, so guarded, so wary, that victory seemed more and more doubtful every day. Nearly three months had elapsed, and he saw himself farther off from the end he sought to achieve than in the beginning. It was while in this state of mind that he determined, without consulting his lawyer, to have an interview with his step-mother, Mrs. Larobe, now living separate from her husband, and try what was to be done with her. His success, in that interview, is known to the reader.

CHAPTER XII.

Ten minutes after one o'clock, on the day after his interview with his step-mother, Edwin Guy ascended the steps leading to the Union Bank, holding a check for four thousand dollars clenched tightly in his hand. He had many doubts and misgivings in his heart, and glanced about him uneasily. Instead of meeting a prompt payment of his check, might he not encounter an officer? That was in the range of possibilities. More probable than this, he thought, might be the answer—

"No funds."

As he entered, a lady swept past him, moving with quick steps. She was in the act of drawing down her veil; but he saw a portion of her face. It was Mrs. Larobe. If she saw him, she had no desire to make recognition of a detested persecutor—of one who had forced on her the bitterest necessity of her life; and that life, in these later years, had not been free from bitter necessities.

Had she made the required deposit? That was still the doubtful query. Edwin was in no state to linger, but moved on with a desperate hope that all was right, and, standing at the counter, presented his check. The teller glanced down at its face, let his eyes dwell upon it for a moment, and then looked across the counter at Edwin, regarding him with apparent scrutiny. Then turning to a book-keeper, he asked a question, and the book-keeper referred to an account on his ledger.

The teller came back, and handing the check to Edwin, said,

"No funds."

"Are you certain?" The young man lingered. "The drawer of this check said that funds to meet it would be on deposit by one o'clock, and it is past that time now."

The teller again reached his hand for the check and stepped to the counter where the receiving teller stood, asked a question, and received, as Edwin saw, an affirmative reply.

"How will you have it?" The teller's hands were over his money drawer.

"In hundred dollar bills," was answered.

Forty bills were counted out. Clutching them with ill-suppressed eagerness, Edwin Guy left the bank and hurried into the street.

As Mrs. Guy left the bank, only a few minutes before, she removed the veil which had been drawn quickly, on seeing Edwin, in order to get full draughts of the fresh air, for she felt like one about to suffocate. Slowly she moved up Charles street, on her way homeward, weak in every limb, the effect of nervous exhaustion. As she came near St. Paul's Church, she saw, on the corner, an old man of such singular appearance, that he was attracting the attention of passengers on the street, some of whom stood still to observe him more narrowly. His dress was meagre, worn and incongruous; his hair, of iron gray, was long and uncombed, his face covered with a white beard, that fell down from his chin to a distance of six or seven inches. He stooped considerably; and his garments hung loosely around an emaciated body. The upper part of his face, which could alone be seen, had a pale and sickly hue; but his deep set eyes, looking out of almost bony orbits, had a glitter and fire in them too bright for reason.

Mrs. Larobe had advanced along the pavement to within a few paces of this old man, whose appearance was that of an escaped pauper or lunatic, before he observed her approach. The sound of her footsteps, or the rustle of her garments, reaching his ears, he turned and looked into her face. As their eyes met, the old man gave a start, moving back a pace or two, and muttering some incoherent ejaculation. Then advancing, he leaned forward, with his wild and fiery eyes fixed eagerly on Mrs. Larobe's face. Frightened at this unexpected encounter with what was evidently an insane man, Mrs. Larobe drew down her veil, and sweeping in a wide circle around him, hurried onward, without glancing back, lest her doing so should lead him to follow her.

He was following, nevertheless; but at so slow a pace, that when Mrs. Larobe reached Franklin street, and looked back for the first time, he was not visible. Still excited, and inwardly trembling with a vague alarm, she kept on, without checking her speed, until she arrived at home.

Not for a long time had Mrs. Larobe felt so completely unnerved as now. The conviction which, for a year or two, had been haunting

her mind, that the foundations of her peace were wholly insecure, and that it was too late in life to commence building again, if the present house fell, was now gaining confirmation. Edwin's visit and imperious demand, which she dared not refuse, though compliance did not remove all fear of the terrible consequences threatened, was an event of such a disturbing and depressing nature, that she could not rise above its influence. The night that followed this visit had been almost sleepless. A dozen times she repented of compliance; yet, as often, in going back over her past life, and dwelling on certain events, a knowledge of which Edwin claimed to possess, she felt a sickening sense of the imperious necessity that was upon her, and saw that no other way of escape remained. She had found no difficulty in selling her stocks, though, in the negotiation with a broker, she was compelled to make a loss of three per cent., besides commissions. Five thousand dollars were paid down, and she was to receive the balance next day, in order to make good the second check of four thousand dollars held by Edwin. Parting with these large sums, was like wringing drops of blood from her heart; not that she had a miser's love for money—she valued it for the position and power it gave her. The hardest thing to bear in this hard necessity, was the triumph gained over her by Edwin, whom she had hated with that implacable hatred, the wronger cherishes for the wronged. Suddenly the tables were turned, and she found herself at his mercy. This was too hard for endurance. It seemed, at times, as if it would drive her mad.

How could she get him out of her way? For hours, in the darkness, she pondered this dark question, the will to compass murder full-formed in her heart. There were no doubts, nor hesitations, nor weak tremors at thought of steel or poison; only at thoughts of safety to herself. If the power of invisibility could have been the gift of a demon, she would have accepted the boon, and, with her own hidden hand, sent death to the heart of her step-son. But, certain immunity was impossible. She could not venture into this path of crime, without the encounter of risks too great to be accepted. And so, the question of how he was to be removed from her obstructed path, was pondered in vain.

The visit and extortion of Edwin, made in the face of terrifying threats, the wild thoughts and heart-struggles of the night, and the constrained work of the morning, left Mrs. Larobe

in that sensitive, nervous condition which is liable to disturbance from the most trifling causes. When she left the bank, after handing in the deposit which was to make good the extorted check, she was, as we have seen, in a state of nervous exhaustion. Except for this, her encounter with the strange looking old man, would have been an incident to be forgotten in a moment. But, trifling as the incident was, it added largely to the disturbing forces by which she was now assailed.

As the street door of her own house closed behind her, Mrs. Larobe moved slowly and with weak steps along the hall, entering one of the parlors, and sinking in tremor and exhaustion upon a sofa. Over ten minutes elapsed, before rising to go up stairs. A few moments she stood in front of a large pier glass, stretching from floor to ceiling, scarcely recognizing her own pale, troubled face. How had less than twenty-four hours of baffling contest with superior forces, marred the smooth repose of her countenance. Turning from the mirror, she stood, for an instant, among the curtains that draped the long low windows; but, only for an instant. Back, as if a strong arm had drawn her away, she moved suddenly, catching her breath, and clasping her hands over her bosom. The strange old man had glanced up to her from the pavement, starting, as before, at her sudden apparition, and then bending towards her with a wild, eager look.

Mrs. Larobe shuddered, and sat down again; sat down, and listened breathlessly. Every moment she expected to hear the bell ring. But, five minutes passed, and no hand pulled at the wire. Then she breathed more freely. A stealthy reconnaissance from behind the window curtains, satisfied her that the insane man, for so she regarded him, was no longer in front of her house. This added excitement finished the work of exhaustion. When Mrs. Larobe reached her chamber, she had only enough strength left to remove her dress, and loosen her under-garments. For more than three hours she lay in such apparent stupefaction, that both her children and servants became alarmed, and made efforts to arouse her. She gave no heed to them, beyond expressing a desire to be left alone, until an undertoned conversation about sending for a physician, aroused her to the necessity of regaining a portion of her lost mental and bodily equilibrium. So she spoke in firmer tones, saying that she was better, and would be down at tea time.

In this she kept her word. At the tea table

she appeared with little change from her ordinary manner, but was paler than usual, eat scarcely anything, and spoke but few sentences during the meal. After tea, she retired to her own chamber, into which only Blanche intruded. Mrs. Larobe sent her away, but she soon came back and insisted on remaining. Her presence, considering Mrs. Larobe's state of mind, was not now to be endured; so she was thrust violently from the room, and left to scream and beat the door in passion, until she grew tired.

About eight o'clock, a servant tapped for entrance, and was directed to come in.

"There's a gentleman in the parlor," she said.

"Who is it?" Mrs. Larobe knit her brows and looked annoyed.

"He didn't give me his name, ma'am," replied the servant.

"Why didn't you ask him?"

"I did, ma'am, but he said it was no difference."

"Was it the gentleman who was here last evening?"

"O no, ma'am. It isn't him."

"Very well. Say I'll be down."

The servant withdrew. Mrs. Larobe felt herself yielding to returning nervous tremors.

"Who can it be?" she asked herself. "I wish visitors would send up their names."

She was about recalling the servant, and insisting on the person's name, when she altered her mind, and making a few changes of dress, went down to the parlors. She had been there for scarcely a minute, when a loud cry was heard, followed by a jarring sound, as if a heavy weight had fallen. Children and servants ran down stairs in alarm, and on entering the parlor, found Mrs. Larobe on the floor, insensible, and alone. The visitor had made good his escape.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was nine o'clock on the same evening. Mr. Larobe was in his rooms at the City Hotel. Two or three gentlemen had been with him, during the past hour, in consultation on important business matters, and had just retired. He was alone, and moving about the apartment with that occupied manner incident to busy thought, when one of the waiters handed in a sealed note. A glance at the superscription, wrought an instant change in his countenance. There was an expression of surprise, followed by a half angry knitting of the brow. Sitting down at the table, over

which a gas light was burning, he unfolded the note with a perceptible nervousness of manner, and read—

"I must see you to-night. We are in the most imminent danger. All is at stake. Come instantly."

"JANE."

The hand by which these alarming sentences were penned had trembled with every stroke; not more, however, than the hand now holding the small piece of paper on which they were written. The lines were more deeply cut on Mr. Larobe's already knitted brow. He knew the writer too well, to disregard her injunction. If she said there was imminent danger—that all was at stake—it was so!

"Come instantly!" Mr. Larobe read the closing sentence again, crumpled the note in his hand, and threw it into the fire. As it blazed up, he arose quickly, and taking his hat and overcoat, started for the residence of his wife. A rapid walk of less than fifteen minutes brought him to the vicinity of Washington's Monument, where Mrs. Larobe resided. The servant who admitted him, opened one of the parlor doors; passing in, he found himself alone with his wife. She was sitting in a large chair, but did not rise nor speak. Her face looked shrunken and older by years than when, only a few weeks since, he had seen her go past him in her carriage. All the calm, resolute firmness of her mouth was gone. It was almost pitiable to see how feebly her lips were dropped apart; how utter exhaustion was expressed in all the lines of her countenance.

Mr. Larobe took a chair, and drawing it up close, sat down. If his heart had trembled on reading her note, it shivered now.

"Why have you sent for me?" he asked.

Mrs. Larobe glanced towards the door, through which he had come, saying in a whisper,

"Fasten it!"

The key was turned, and Mr. Larobe came back and sat down again. His wife bent to his ear and whispered three or four words.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, actually springing to his feet. "Impossible, Jane!"

"It is as true as that I am a living woman," answered Mrs. Larobe, solemnly.

Then followed hurried questions and quick answers, both parties showing great fear and agitation. The interview lasted for half an hour, when Mr. Larobe went away, offering to his wife a few calmly spoken and assuring words.

"I will not sleep," he said, "until all is

safe. Within ten minutes, I shall return with a policeman, who will not leave the house, night nor day. Should he venture here again, he will be taken in charge and properly cared for. And, in Heaven's name rally yourself! There has not been a time in your whole life, when self-possession was more needed. Trust me in this hour of peril. I begin already to see the way growing clear."

In ten minutes, as Mr. Larobe had said, he came back with a policeman, and left him in the house, promising his wife, on retiring, that he would see her early on the next day. Mr. Larobe was not in his room in the hotel that night; nor was he to be found in his office, or in any of the court rooms on the following day.

At one o'clock Edwin Guy was at the counter of the Union Bank.

The teller handed back his check, with a firm shake of the head.

"What's the matter?" asked the young man, in a tone of feigned surprise.

"No funds," said the teller.

At half-past one, Edwin called again.

"No funds," was repeated.

At two he was there, and got the same reply.

"Are you certain?"

"Certain," answered the teller, coldly.

Half-past two saw Edwin at the counter again with his check. The teller recognized him and shook his head. At ten minutes of three he was there once more. Now, as he offered the check, it was taken by the teller, who stepped back from the counter, and spoke with the cashier, who was standing at a desk. The cashier came forward, with his eyes fixed keenly on Edwin.

"Is your name Edwin Guy?" he asked.

"That is my name, sir." The young man's eyes fell under the cashier's gaze.

"We are instructed to retain this check," said the bank officer.

"By whose authority?" demanded Edwin.

"By authority of the drawer."

"It is my property, sir, and you have no right to retain it. If you will not pay the check, hand it back," said Edwin, partially recovering himself.

"Our orders are imperative, and we take the responsibility," said the Cashier, coolly, at the same time handing Edwin a letter, bearing his name on the envelop. He knew the writing to be that of Justin Larobe, and so, without further remonstrance, left the bank in order to get at the contents of this letter, and thence at some fair estimate touching the new

difficulties, if not dangers, that were in the way before him. They were in few words.

"EDWIN GUY, SIR.—I have seen your step-mother, and the payment of her check is stopped. It will be safest for you to see me to-night. If you don't call at my rooms, I will order your arrest to-morrow.

"JUSTIN LAROBÉ."

Edwin did not go to his lawyer, for he had acted in this matter without consultation. During the remainder of the day, he considered the question of calling upon Larobé, regarding it on all sides. The decision was in favor of calling. He understood very well the business on which he was so peremptorily summoned. Larobé would demand a return of the four thousand dollars, and also of the notes for twelve thousand which he had extorted from his step-mother. Touching this demand, he was in no vacillating condition of mind. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." This adage expressed his state precisely. He meant to hold on to what he had, and defy Mr. Larobé.

At as early an hour as eight o'clock, he was at the City Hotel. He found Mr. Larobé alone, and was received with almost angry sternness.

"Well, sir! for what am I wanted?" demanded Edwin, in a tone of defiance.

"Sit down," said the lawyer.

Edwin sat down.

"It seems," remarked Larobé, suppressing his feelings, and speaking in a low, rather threatening voice, "that you will not be at peace until you find yourself in the state's prison."

"I shall at least have good company," was answered, with a cold, sneering manner; "which will be some consolation."

It was plain that Larobé had not anticipated just such a response; for he turned his head with a slightly baffled air.

"You must restore the money paid to you on Mrs. Larobé's check, and also the notes you extorted from her under threat," said the lawyer, in a firm voice.

"Never!" was the resolute answer.

Larobé turned to the table by which he was sitting, and taking up a slip of paper, handed it to Edwin. It read thus:—

"CAUTION.—All persons are cautioned against receiving three promissory notes, each for four thousand dollars, at three, six, and nine months, respectively, and bearing date March 27th, 18—, drawn by Jane Larobé in favor of

Edwin Guy. Said notes having been extorted, under threat, by said Guy, and without equivalent, will not be paid at maturity."

After reading this advertisement, Edwin coolly handed it back, with the monosyllable—

"Well?"

"Unless you restore the money and notes to-night, that advertisement will appear in to-morrow morning's papers."

"What then?"

"In the first place, the notes will be rendered valueless. In the second place, you will find yourself under arrest."

"And in the third place," added Edwin, speaking as coldly and as resolutely, "you will find yourself under arrest, also, charged with the crime of murder! Were you fool enough," he added, flushing with excitement, "to imagine that I was to be frightened by a puny threat like this, when I had my hand on your throat, and could strangle you at a moment's warning. Beware, sir, how you cross my path! Publish your advertisement in the morning papers. Good! Ere twelve o'clock, you will find yourself over the Falls.

And hark'ee, my friend! Don't for an instant flatter yourself with the notion that I am hare and you hound. The hunt, I fancy, will be in the reverse direction. So, get out of my course, or you will find, when too late for succor, my fangs in your side. To-morrow morning, I shall expect to receive, by ten o'clock, at my office in the Custom House, the check withheld at your instance to-day; and by twelve o'clock, the money to make it good must be in the bank. In default of this, I swear by all that is sacred, to drag you and your guilty wife, stripped of your infamous disguises, into open day. Maybe you have a concealed listener—a witness, writing me down, word for word! Ah ha! I trust he will omit nothing."

All this was so far from what Larobé had anticipated, that he sat like one confounded, not knowing what answer to make. Seeing his advantage, Edwin Guy receded towards the door, and with his hand on the knob, added these brief sentences—

"Make your own election. I am prepared for you at all points. Thwart me a step farther, and your ruin be on your own head!"

And not giving time for Larobé to recover himself, or reply, he swung open the door, and passing out, left the astonished and discomfited lawyer to his own troubled and deeply anxious thoughts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Injudicious Friends.

BY H. E. C.

I have wondered, sometimes, which would do us most harm, the friendship of some people or their enmity. I am convinced, from observation and experience, that with regard to a certain class the latter is preferable, so far as worldly success is concerned. The tighter they cling to us, the more they are like the "old man of the sea," to Sinbad the Sailor, strangling our efforts and hindering our advancement.

Always at "sixes and sevens" with the world, we cannot, if closely connected with them, keep the even tenor of our own way—as one who is linked to the arm of a drunken man cannot walk steadily. So these ill-regulated friends, butting against posts and hitting corners in their intercourse with society, you must in some measure share their mischances.

Do they essay to defend you, it is always in a manner calculated to do you infinitely more harm than good. They will always say the wrong thing, at the wrong time, and in the wrong place, setting the conduct they would extenuate in an unfavorable light, instead of palliating it, though actuated by the kindest motives for your welfare. They will repeat something you have said for their ears alone, when it will do you harm, or make you appear absurd and ridiculous—all with the best intentions—having your welfare wholly at heart.

If they wish to assist to advance you to any position, they are certain, by the injudicious measures they adopt, to insure your defeat. Better, as I said, an open enemy than a friend of this description, to drag you down, if you are ambitious of worldly distinction.

He who uttered this prayer, "Heaven save me from my friends; I can take care of my enemies," had probably been tried by such a one.

You may be assured that he who is not judicious and discriminating in his own matters, will not be so in yours; so beware how you trust the reins of your affairs in the hands of another.

Life's pleasures, if not abused, will be new every morning, and fresh every evening.

Content hangs not so high but that a man on the ground may reach it.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is the most flexible, so the truly generous are the most pliant and courteous.

The Old Man.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

Away back in the days of my childhood I remember Mr. Bertram, the stout, strong man, who used to roll great hogsheads of sugar into his own warehouse, and catch up young urchins with one hand and shake them in the air until they cried out with terror. "He didn't know his own strength," the farmers told him, as they cracked jokes with him in the store. He was the man of the town—the influential man. The rich Mr. Bertram was just such a man as the young men now-a-days would like to be when they are married and settled in the world, with their families around them.

The other day I went out with the Doctor, and we called in at a white farm-house on the prairie. As we opened the door I saw a pretty, girlish figure, barely twenty; she was dressing an old man. Her eyes were bright and sparkling, and the roses of youth were on her cheek; he was white-haired and paralyzed, unable to rise from his chair, with rheumatism. A greater contrast you could hardly find; and this was Mr. Bertram. "*Sic transit gloria mundi!*" The pretty young woman knelt down, and gently, as if handling her own infant, she put on the soft stockings and buffalo shoes on his swollen feet, and as she left the room he murmured a "God bless you, child!" while I thought of ministering angels, and sisters of charity, and all such good beings in connection with her. "O, yes," continued the old man, "she's never any different from what you see her, and it's seldom, in this world, you'd find such a daughter-in-law."

Philosophize as you may, reader, it is hard to be old and feeble; it is hard to be paralyzed; it is hard to feel

The flowing blood grow sluggish,
The hand forget its skill,
The very words prove rebels
To the mind's once kingly will.

I have seen young men who always treated old age and childhood with contempt. Take care, young man, you are sowing to the wind, and as surely you'll reap the whirlwind.

Which of us, reader, that has not hallowed remembrances of the dear old grandmother? What grandchild that did not mourn bitterly when she was taken? Many a grandsire has been the sunshine of the house, and has himself lived over his youth again as he trotted on his knee a young Willie, or Jack, or Joe—a miniature of what he himself was some sixty or seventy years ago. These old men are true

philosophers. Long ago they sowed the seed for a green old age in the hearts of their children; and now they are not disappointed. It is beautiful, this warm, lovable feeling between youth and old age. I never see a young man or woman kind and respectful to the aged, that I don't think, "Surely your bread will be given and your water sure; and as you have ministered unto them in their weakness, so will angels surround your pathway, and minister lovingly to you as the evening of life draws on."

CARROLL CO., ILL.

Too Late.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Once, had I met thee, lip and cheek and brow,
Had flushed into love's own crimson, hot and bright;
But cold indifference fills my dead heart now,
It will not open to the genial light!

Years in the past my life had no dark spots
To mar the whiteness of its crystal rooms,
On its clear surface lurked no murky blot,
Within its garden flowered no deadly blooms.

All things within my spirit's happy shrine
Flowed on in concord—not a broken string!
Life's water blushed into right royal wine,
An unstained throne awaited thee, my king!

Fate—the remorseless! well, perhaps 'twere best,
Kept us apart; we wandered ways of gloom—
Both pierced and torn by wild and drear unrest,
Both burning incense by a shrouded tomb.

Now, in the wane of life, we've met as others meet,
With clasp of hand and ceremonious smile—
Too callous'd e'en to feel one sad regret
For shipwrecked days lost on the rocks of Time!

Go then thy way! I will go mine! so be it!
If I die first on hither shores I'll wait;
Be patient, at the last we're sure to meet,
But in this life we've met too late! Too late!

If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect on the flames; if not extinguished, or a great headway is gotten, lie down on the floor, roll over and over, or better, envelop yourself in a carpet, rug, bed-cloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woollen.

The Art of Conversation.

Professor Hart, in his excellent essay on "The Mistakes of Educated Men,"* devotes a few pages to the importance of cultivating the Art of Conversation. He says:—

To be able to converse well is quite as valuable a gift as that of popular eloquence. You may think this an exaggeration. Popular eloquence is so very showy a gift, that its importance is not likely to be undervalued. But so far as I have been able to observe, the actual resolves of men are mostly brought about, not by this distant play of artillery, but by the close, hand to hand encounter of private conversation. There it is that the death grapple takes place, the home thrust is given. The ablest administrators of affairs have been celebrated for their skill in this line. Of various critical affairs, with which I have had by reading or by experience some intimate acquaintance, the real turning point has been generally decided, not by public debate, but by talking face to face, man to man. The celebrated AARON BURR had a bewitching power in this way, which wanted nothing but purity of character to have placed him at the head of the Republic. His power of bringing men over to his way of thinking, and of leading them to put themselves absolutely at his service, amounted to actual fascination. And it was all exerted by a consummate style of personal address. Of him it might well have been said:

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kinds of arguments and questions deep,
All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep;
To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will;

That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old; and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted;
Consents bewitched, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Asked their own wills, and made their wills obey."

So wonderful an instance of the power of conversation is not on record. Coleridge and Sam. Johnson perhaps might be cited. But they were talkers rather than conversers. They merely harangued to an admiring little

* Published by J. G. Garrigues, 148 S. Fourth st. Philadelphia.

senate. They were indeed eloquent, but they did not converse. Their talk was quite a one-sided affair. Johnson, particularly, was of a most imperious temper, allowing no rival, no interruption or contradiction. Now the distinguishing character of conversation is that it is strictly a co-operative act, and hence arises much of its subtle power. It is not talking at a man, but talking with him. It is getting him to talk. It is bringing yourself adroitly within the lines of his defences, so that if you are really the stronger man of the two, there is no chance of his escape. In the familiar play of private conversation, a man of skilful address and ready wit can quite disarm suspicion, and may so mix up the various thoughts suggested, that those he is dealing with hardly know which thoughts are his, and which are theirs, and adopt often as the suggestions of their own minds what have been really the adroit promptings of his.

But apart from these great occasions of diplomacy, a talent for conversation has an extraordinary value for the common, every-day uses of life. Let one who has this gift, enter into a social circle anywhere. How every one's face brightens at his entrance. How soon he sets all the little wheels in motion, encouraging the timid, calling out unostentatiously the resources of the reserved and shy, subsidizing the facile, and making everybody glad and happy.

To converse well is not to engross the conversation. It is not to do all the talking. It is not necessarily to talk with very great brilliancy. A man may talk with such surpassing power and splendor as to awe the rest of the company into silence, or excite their envy, and so produce a chill where his aim should be to produce warmth and sunshine. He should seek the art of making others feel quite at home with him, so that no matter how great may be his attainments or reputation, or how small may be theirs, they find it insensibly just as natural and pleasant talking to him, as hearing him talk. The talent for conversation, indeed, more almost than anything else in life, requires infinite tact and discretion. It requires one to have most varied knowledge, and to have it at instant and absolute disposal, so that he can use just as much or just as little, as the occasion demands. It requires the ability to pass instantly and with ease from the playful to the serious, from books to men, from the mere phrases of courtesy to the expressions of sentiment and passion. The mere possession of knowledge does not make a

good talker. The most learned men are often the very dullest in society. Their learning is of no more use in ordinary conversation, than is the antiquated lumber stowed away in your grandmother's garret. Yet these men of learning are the very ones who of all men in the community have it most in their power to redeem conversation from its too common insipidity. Those antique pieces of furniture, if only cleared a little of the dust and cobwebs, and brought down from their hiding places into the light of day, might add a sober dignity to the ordinary uses of life. It needs however a nice sense of propriety to be able in general conversation to use one's special professional knowledge so as not to be offensive or pedantic,—so as to avoid the appearance of lecturing. Yet the thing may be done. Every one has some special point on which he is better informed than any one else in the company. The skilful converser is one who can both use his own special knowledge, and can subsidize equally the several specialties of his companions, to the common pleasure of all, who can do this without constraint, without apparent effort, and in such a manner that every one else in the company thinks himself acting quite spontaneously.

Excuse my dwelling a little on this point. There is among our best educated men, I am sorry to say, a large amount of *vis inertiae* in regard to this matter of conversation. Very many such persons are disposed to rely for their success and their position in society solely upon their professional skill and industry. General conversation is a bore to them. They have never duly considered the advantages it might bring them. They are disposed to leave all that to those more ambitious of social distinction. When they are in company, they speak indeed if appealed to, or if it comes entirely in their way to do so, but they feel no responsibility for keeping conversation afloat. Allow me to say, this is all wrong. Independently of all considerations of interest and policy, there is a clear duty in this matter. Every man who mingles in the society of his fellows, is bound to contribute his quota to the common entertainment, just as much as in a joint excursion of any kind he would be bound to pay his share of the reckoning. Educated men, beyond all others, should settle it as a clear duty to learn how to talk well in company. Conversation is an art. But it is an art which can be acquired, and depend upon it, no acquisition gives a surer or more ample return for the amount of effort needed.

Domestic Arrangements OF THE TURKS.

The interior arrangements of the Turkish apartments and their furniture, are very peculiar, and quite unlike those of European or American drawing rooms, being entirely adapted to the habits and tastes of the Orientals. There is never any doubt or hesitation as to the place suitable to be occupied by any one who may happen to enter a room; nor is it possible to mistake the different ranks of its occupants.

Generally there is a sofa on three sides of the room, sufficiently ample to accommodate the ladies in their style of sitting, which is not cross-legged, as is usually represented in pictures, but with the limbs folded under their persons, and carefully concealed by the drapery of their long robes; for to show these parts of the person while sitting is considered a great breach of etiquette. Hence no Osmanli lady is ever to be seen perched on the very edge of the sofa, but leaving her slippers on the floor, she steps upon the couch, and gracefully bending her knees, sits reclining against the cushions behind her.

On the floor, at the foot of the sofa, are placed mattresses, furnished with cushions, and these are called *erkean mindery*, or seats of homage, where humbler visitors, or members of the family, are allowed to place themselves. The angles or corners of the sofa, are regarded as the seats of honor, and the places on either side rank in regular succession down to the seat of homage; but the most honorable person in the company may, at her or his option, occupy any part of the couch, when the rest place themselves on each side, according to their own rank. The servants are always present, and stand in a row at the lower end of the room, their arms humbly folded on their girdles, attentive to the slightest nod of their superiors.

There are several windows on each of the three sides of the room, so as to permit a full view of the surrounding scenery, while they are seated; for the Osmanlis are very fond of sunlight and the beauties of nature. The windows of the harem are all furnished with close lattices, permitting those within to see without being seen.

The more modernized *salons*, have only a sofa on one side—European couches, chairs, tables, and mirrors, being substituted for the other sofas. They also endeavor to imitate the Euro-

peans in the style of the window draperies, which are often of the most brilliant hues.

There is one peculiarity in the Oriental houses. You may wander from one end to the other, and not see a single bed-room, or any of its appurtenances—which has induced many persons to report them as sleeping on the sofas, and never dressing or undressing. It would, however, seem more natural to suppose that the Osmanlis never had any but day dreams.

The fact is, that the beds are all packed away in large closets during the day-time, and spread upon the floor at night. In the houses of the wealthy, the mattresses and coverlets are made of the richest materials, and the sheets of beautiful silk gauze, manufactured in Broossa. The whole appearance of the bed, so brilliant in hue, and rich in ornament, is very different from the style of a European couch.

Every house has an infinite number and variety of extra beds and bedding, to be spread on the floors of any of the apartments, for the accommodation of visitors—hospitality being one of the most religious precepts and observances of the Orientals.

In the sultan's palace, however, and in the families of the wealthy, especially of those pachas who have resided in Europe, bedsteads have been introduced.

Upon rising, the person claps her hands, as the apartments are never furnished with bell-ropes, and immediately the attendants appear—one holding the basin, another the ewer, and a third presenting the towel, richly embroidered at the ends.

The usual method of warming the houses, is by the *mangal* and *tandur*. The *mangal* is generally made of brass, highly polished, somewhat in the form of an hour-glass, about a foot and a half high, and two, or two and a half in diameter; and contains a large pan of ignited charcoal.

The *tandur* consists of a wooden frame, about the height and size of a table, lined with tin, under which a pan of fire is placed, and the whole is covered with a thickly wadded quilt. This is surrounded by sofas, and they sit with their legs and feet under the covering.

More cozy than any capacious arm-chair, or softly yielding fauteuil, is this same *tandur*. The genial warmth excites a wonderful sympathy in its occupants. They warm to each other, and to the world in general, and never neglect to take cognizance of their neighbor's affairs and doings. From the palace of the

sultan to the cottage of the crone, they benignantly travel, bestowing on each and all a blessing, or when necessary, even a cursing. The ups and downs of pachas, probable and accomplished—whispers of the sultan's favorites, or of the efendi's coquettish ladies—the style of Adilé Sultan's feradjé, or the grand vezir's fees, are each and all passed in review, until you wonder how ever a set of miserable imprisoned women should be such arrant gossips. Ah! one cannot believe the fair sex so unjust to themselves, even in Turkey, as to neglect the observation of those interesting little items of public or retired life, which become great and weighty affairs, when discussed by ruby lips, and in the cadence of sweet-toned voices.

They possess a most lady-like love of chit-chat, and so little do they covet repose for their delicate jaws, that should conversation lag, they keep them in motion by the use of mastic, which is always in readiness, preserved in little jewelled boxes.

It is only of late years, that those hot, repelling machines called *stores*, have been introduced; but they have by no means superseded the social and old-fashioned tandur, whose warmth and luxurious cushions, often beguile its occupants to slumber, during which the fire is overturned, and thus occur many of the conflagrations so frequent in Turkey.

There are two occasions when the still air resounds with the echoes of human voices. The chant of the Muezzin from the minaré, slowly and musically vibrating through the atmosphere, enticing all to linger at the casement or in the thoroughfare, to catch its melodious accents; and the terrible cry of *yangun var!* Fire! Fire! accompanied by the reverberations of the watchman's club striking upon the pavement.

A thrill of horror pervades every heart, for there are no bounds to the devouring element.

There are two towers, one at the Seraskér's in the city itself, and the other on the Galata hill, which command an extensive isometrical view of the whole metropolis and its suburbs.

Here guards are stationed, who descry the first indications of fire, and immediately give, from the top of the towers, the requisite signal, by hoisting, in the day-time, an immense globe, painted red, and at night by producing a bright and steady light—these signals remain until the fire is extinguished.

At Candilly, on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, and half way up the stream, there are a battery and a flag-staff stationed on the

mountain-top called *Kenan-tepessy*; as soon as the signals are seen, the fire-globe ascends the flagstaff, and the battery discharges a certain number of guns, according to the locality of the conflagration.

From the towers, detailed officers, *Neübetgees*, are dispatched to the different ministers and guard houses, where the engines are kept, who create a tremendous sensation, as they rush wildly about, brandishing their batons of office, and with a protracted yell, warning every one to clear the way. The different *Bekgees* or district watchmen, now take up the cry—striking their iron shod clubs on the pavement, and repeating with all the power of their lungs, *yangun-var! Stambolda!* or, there is fire at Stamboul.

The firemen assemble at their respective quarters, and shouldering their engines, rush to the scene. These firemen receive no pay, but are exempt from taxes, and allowed certain other privileges—yet they always manage to extort certain compensations for their services, from the victims of the devastating element. The engines are small and portable, on account of the narrowness and steepness of the streets, nor is there any connexion-hose attached to them, the water being supplied with buckets; yet it is astonishing how much they effect, even with such inadequate means.

The inflammable materials of which the houses are constructed, the narrow streets, winding up the hillside like footpaths, the irregular and projecting dwellings, from which the people could shake hands with their opposite neighbors, if it were only the fashion in Turkey, contribute to make a most desirable promenade for the Fire-King when he sallies forth.

The flames leap from house to house; the burning cinders fly in all directions, and the fire kindles at many and distant points; so that in less than half an hour, a large district is often wrapt in flames.

The general panic is so intense, that the whole community is roused; the pashas desert their couches, and even the sultan himself sometimes repairs to the scene, to animate, by his presence, the efforts of the desperate firemen.—*The Sultan and his People.*

NEVER affect to be "plain" or "blunt;" these are the synonyms of brutality and boorishness; such persons are constantly inflicting wounds which neither time nor medicine can ever heal.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Transplanted.*

BY L. L. E.

He was in my arms at evening,
So full of health and glee,
I thought, as I kissed him,
"No fairer child can be."
The pretty head which nestled,
Close to my loving breast,
The fairy limbs so active,
The snowy perfect chest,
The sweet blue eyes so radiant,
The rosy, cunning mouth,
Lovelier than the blossoms
Of my own, my native South,
All so bright with beauty,
How *could* I lift the veil,
And see beside my baby bending,
The "Death King," cold and pale?
My pretty bud that evening,
So full of health and bloom!
How *could* I guess thy cradle bed
Was soon to be the tomb?

He was in my arms at midnight,
Sick and drooping—precious lamb!
But I strove to quell the throbbings
Of my heart—no longer calm,
And to cherish the sweet life-spark,
Which I feared might die away,
In the tender little nursing
Who on my bosom lay.

He was in my arms at noon-tide,
Ah! sad revealings of the day,
Last eve I held my rose bud,
And *now*, his cold, cold clay.
His fairy limbs so active,
Are very quiet and still;
His pretty mouth so rosy,
Is very pale and chill.
His eyes, so sweet and beaming,
Are hid by lids of snow,
From his lip has gone the smiling,
And from his cheek the glow.
The tiny, dimpled fingers,
Which loved in mine to rest,
Are quietly folded
Upon a pulseless breast.
Fold up the little garment
Which but yesterday he wore;
Put away his pretty playthings,
He will never need them more.
Never, never! am I dreaming?
Is he really, truly dead?
The child which but last evening
On my bosom laid his head;
Had I but seen the gleaming
Of this sharp sword ere it fell,
I think I might, submissive,
Have said, "Thou doest well;"
Tho' in this sudden smiting,
My soul will not be still—

* Dedicated in love to Mrs. H. B.—

O Father, give me patience
To bear Thy Holy will.
E'en *this* cloud has its "silver lining,"
This night of grief its rising star,
For taken in his bloom and brightness,
My baby lives in Heaven afar;
Nor had he long and weary sickness,
No drinking of the bitter cup—
But just as if the blessed Saviour,
Gently stoop'd and took my baby up.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

My Baby.

BY M. D. R. B.

One of the most important events—perhaps *the* most important—in a woman's life, is that which gives her a right to use these two endearing words. "my baby." From the moment that its infant form is clasped within her yearning embrace, and she feels close to her own throbbing pulses the mysterious beating of its little heart, or its soft warm breath upon her caressing cheek, there mingle together two life currents which can only be discontinued by death. Its almost inaudible murmur is to her the sweetest music, its wail of pain touches the most sensitive chord of her nature, and she seems endowed with another sense, so to speak, that she may minister to its many wants. What heart can feel like a mother's? what eye so watchful, what ear so acute as hers to detect the incipient signs or sounds that tell of distress or disease? And then, she is never weary of looking at and admiring this new wonder, as it lies cradled upon her bosom—its winsome, delicate features—its tiny, dimpled fingers, that can just clasp hers—its sparkling eye, already beginning to flash with the dawning light of intellect. What cares she that to the crowd it is "just like other babies?" To her it is something entirely different; it is "my baby."

But "my baby," while it brings love with it, causes many changes in a household. The young wife, now that she has become a mother, will find that she is obliged to make many sacrifices for its sake; that she must give up some of her out-of-door pleasures, and even relinquish in some measure what is called "society," for the good of her offspring. Late hours, and the subsequent disorder and languor of both the physical and mental system, after undue excitement on the part of the mother, will inevitably endanger the health of the child, especially if it be nursed, as in most cases it should be, by herself. These so called privations will be no trial to a genuine homebody, but it may lead to the opposite extreme. It is possible to become too much absorbed in her new existence—too careful lest the breezes and sunshine, that vivify and adorn with a warmer flush of loveliness the

face of nature, should presume to kiss the cheek of either her darling or herself. The consequence is, that the mother becomes what is called "delicate," and her child, in most cases, inherits her shattered nerves and broken constitution.

There is a "wisdom" that is "profitable to direct" in either case. Where "my baby" is perfectly healthy, and has been permitted from the first freely to enjoy the fresh air, it may be suffered to revel in it as a native element; but if habits of seclusion have early been adopted, it will be necessary to guard watchfully against sudden changes, and only commence the work of reform gradually. For instance, if "my baby" has been used to be bundled up at a temperature of 65° in the nursery, do not expose its delicate chest and arms for the sake of being admired, either in apartments or out of them, where the atmosphere is sensibly cooling off. You may not feel the change so much, but "my baby's" pulse beats more rapidly than yours, and parts with its caloric more freely. A high-necked, long-sleeved apron, or flannel sack, should be an indispensable article in every infant's wardrobe, and saves many a mother's darling from those fearful midnight attacks of croup, which, with its long drawn, suffocated breathing, so closely resembles, and so often precedes the death rattle.

"My baby" will also require a great deal of your time, and disarrange many of those plans which you had so nicely laid out for yourself, when you began housekeeping as a young amateur, and thought all its machinery could go on like the mechanism of a clock. There is now another who has a voice in the matter, and one that will most assuredly be heard, if its claims are not attended to. Where the pecuniary circumstances of the parents afford it, better help should be engaged at this important stage of your infant's existence than at any other time. Not to attend upon your little one to the exclusion of your own watchfulness and ceaseless care, but to ease you of other domestic burdens, so that you may devote yourself to this precious task, which has been assigned to you by an All-Wise Creator.

In the lower walks of life it is to be feared, that mothers are so closely pressed down by the endless routine of household drudgery, that they are either obliged to neglect their children, or worry themselves into an early grave, by striving to satisfy the exigencies of both. Many a helpless babe is obliged to cry itself to sleep, or condemned to the life-long deformity of "squinting eyes," from lying neglected all day in the cradle, gazing at its little fingers, held in unnatural proximity to the line of vision. Do not be too ambitious of having what is called a *good* baby, that is, in the mother dictionary, one that is seldom heard, and will be contented to be laid down unnoticed. Toss your baby; talk to it; or, if not able to give it all the exercise it needs in that way, do not be afraid to let its father give it a

ride on his shoulder, and you will be rewarded by its sparkling laugh, its merry musical crowing.

When "my baby" cries, examine at once into the matter. It is common to say, "it is cross," but there may be other causes. If there are no pins out of place in the dress—and here let me say that, as soon as possible, tapes and shoulder-straps had better be substituted for pins—if little amusing arts all fail, either hunger, pain, or thirst, may be the reason of its cries. Most persons settle upon the first in all cases, and that sedative is apt to be applied as a quietus, until the overloaded stomach of the child is actually disordered, and the cry unmistakably proceeds from the second cause. The third is seldom apprehended. Few ever think of giving "my baby" a drink of pure cool water. Try it next time it frets, and see how eagerly the little thing will put its parched thirsty lips to the delightful draught.

But "my baby's" wants are not merely physical and animal. It has an immortal nature; it has within it the germs of a thinking, intelligent mind, and you are destined to develop those faculties, to educate that mind. Begin to do so at once. In making a plaything of your child, do not sport with its often fits of ill temper; do not let its naughty tricks be the subject of amusement, and told over again with words of displeasure, but secret smiles of approval. "My baby" soon begins to see through all this. He knows what "rogue" and "mischievous fellow" are worth, when he is almost smothered in kisses, for being so smart, and yet persisting in some petty act of disobedience. And when you talk to him, do so as to one who is learning a language, and really wants to know the exact word that is used for an object. Many forget this. For the first twelvemonth at least, the child hears nothing that is like the language of its parents. "Mudder's pooty itty darlin'"; "itsy, footsey, tootsies," and other like abominations, pass current in many a nursery. The consequence is that the little one, when he begins to talk, uses a mongrel dialect that is like no other language under the sun. Remember that after the few first months of helplessness your child is learning; *learning*; and you are imprinting lasting impressions on that delicate, flexible mind; you are forming it for an endless existence.

Mothers, if ever a Godlike, holy mission is assigned to mortals, it is when a tender, helpless babe is committed to your care. It is not a light thing, the training of these little ones, nor is it one that should be despised by the richest or the greatest on earth. Those who can deliberately pass over this sacred charge into the hands of more mercenariness, and neglect, for the claims of fashion and frivolity, the dearest ties of nature, can have no interest in this talk about "my baby." But to you, O, devoted young mother, let me say—cherish as some of the sweetest moments of your life these precious hours, when you have your darling in your

arms, and can say "my baby." Disease and death may pale that rosy cheek, those little clinging hands may be clasped in that of the great destroyer, those sparkling eyes answer yours no longer, and their fringing lids be closed heavily for the last time. Or there may come a day—may it never come to you, O, trusting mother—when you may find "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child;" when the yearning love of your heart may be thrust back, and your counsels and warnings despised and rejected. But even then a mother's tenderness will not fail. Memory will go back to that blessed time, when he was only "my baby;" and the mother's heart, even from the depths of its crushing agony, will wail out that plaintive cry: "Would to God I had died for thee, O, my son, my son."

PARKERSBURG, PA.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

"What Does it all Mean?"

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Charlotte—Charlotte!" said mamma, with a very sober face, shaking her head.

Charlotte sat by the window, knitting stockings for the soldiers. I was in the corner opposite, putting the parlor of my playhouse in order. Charlotte's ball dropped from her lap as mamma spoke, and rolled towards me. I picked it up and carried it to my sister. There was a look, partly of trouble, partly of pain, on her face. She received the ball without thanking me, and continued half apologetically,

"Well, I didn't mean to say anything very bad, but I do think it abominable for Tom to go off with such a horse as that and take his friend with him, when he knows perfectly well that we shall be half-distracted with fear that their necks are broken, until they return."

"But, my daughter, Tom's rashness doesn't excuse his sister for saying that, 'if people will be so foolhardy,' it matters very little if their necks are broken."

Charlotte looked up now, with a smile and a small blush.

"I know that was going a little too far, mamma, but—"

"But your words were worse than you were, which may be said of a great many people," and mamma smiled now.

"But I know very well that you feel anxious about Tom and his friend, although you have a happy faculty of keeping your troubles to yourself, which your daughter doesn't inherit," pursued Charlotte.

"When my daughter has lived as long, and passed through with all that I have, she will have learned that fretting one's-self for possible evil and mischance, does very little good." Mamma's smile was very fond and sweet, as she looked at her oldest daughter, only it was touched with a little shadow of unhappy memories.

Just then, mamma was summoned away by the call of a neighbor. Charlotte kept on steadily at

her knitting; but there was a troubled look on her face, and she glanced out of the window every few moments, and once I heard her sigh—a long, deep sigh, that it hurt me to hear. I left my playhouse, with the small furniture tumbled about in a pretty confusion, and went to my sister.

"Don't feel so bad, Charlotte. Tom and Mr. Howe will get back safe, I know."

"How do you know, pet?" she asked, and now her smile was the very smile of my sister Charlotte.

"Somehow I'm certain of it. But it was all Mr. Howe's fault that Tom went."

"No, it wasn't, either," looking up decided and indignant. "What makes you say that?"

"Oh, because I heard him tell Tom last night that he never saw a horse yet that he couldn't manage, and he urged him to try our gray; so you see if anybody should have his bones broken it really ought to be Mr. Howe!"

"Oh, don't," exclaimed Charlotte, with a little shudder, and a real scowl at me.

"Why, don't you think so too, Charlotte?" in great surprise.

"I don't think either of them ought to have their bones broken, I'm sure," making her knitting needles fly.

"But if," I said, "Charlotte—if either one must have his bones broken, wouldn't you rather it should be Mr. Howe's than your own brother's?"

Charlotte blushed and laughed, and then looked ready to cry.

"Do go away, you troublesome, inquisitive little goose," she said, at last, and her voice sounded just as her face looked.

I was shocked—indignant.

"Charlotte Ross, I think it is a burning shame to you, if you'd just as lief Tom should break his neck as Mr. Howe. It shows you like your brother very little, or Mr. Howe very much."

"Augusta!" and Charlotte looked at me with a strange, half-frightened look, and then her face settled down into a great sadness, and she burst out crying.

I was very sorry then that I had spoken. I put both arms around her neck and told her so; but

it was several minutes before she wiped her eyes and kissed me; and at last I returned to my play-house, but I had lost all interest in my toys for that day.

My brother—my noble, darling brother, Thomas, who they tell me is just like the father I cannot remember, is twenty-five years old. Charlotte is three years younger, and I—the household baby, as Tom calls me, am just ten.

"There are five little graves," mamma says, speaking low, "betwixt Charlotte and me."

Mr. Lucius Howe is a college friend of my brother's, and he has been making us a visit of two weeks. He made us another two years ago before he started for Europe, and Tom has been at his house often. They are the warmest of friends, and Mr. Howe is a handsome and very agreeable gentleman, but it never entered my mind that anybody could like him as well as my brother, Thomas Ross.

Last night, before tea, the two gentlemen arrived home in good spirits, and sound bodies; and Charlotte was very quiet and dignified, and only said,

"I think both of you young men have been very imprudent to ride after that animal. I half expected you'd bring broken necks home."

But, dear me! her voice was so light, and she tossed her head in such a way, one would have been puzzled to know whether she meant what she said.

"Well, Miss Charlotte, your fears were altogether unnecessary," answered Mr. Howe, in his funny way. "You perceive our necks are in good order."

After tea the gentlemen went into the library, and sat down on the sofa. I followed them, and climbed up in my old place by my brother, and put my cheek to his.

"I love you, Tom," I couldn't help saying, for somehow I felt he had been dreadfully wronged, and he is the best brother in the world, and mamma says he just makes an idol of me.

"Don't you love me a little too, Augusta?" asked Mr. Howe, with a twinkle in his roguish eyes.

I turned and looked at him a moment in some doubt.

"No, I don't think I do—much!" I said, speaking the truth.

"What an unhappy man I am!" he exclaimed, putting on a doleful face, but I saw a laugh hiding itself around the corners of his mouth; and Tom laughed outright.

"What a little literalist she is, Howe," he said.

Somehow I *was* provoked at the laugh, though I didn't understand exactly what my brother meant.

"You wouldn't like Mr. Howe either, if you knew what I do, Tom."

"What do you know, Pussy?"

Mr. Howe leaned forward to listen, and the words came before I thought twice.

"Why, I just think that Charlotte loves him now, as well as she does *you*!"

How they did laugh—Mr. Howe and my brother together; it seemed to me that the room must come down. At last Mr. Howe said—

"I never had vanity enough to suspect anything like that!"

Tom pinched me under the chin.

"Little girls must think twice before they express such opinions," he said.

I thought the words conveyed a little bit of a reproof, and anxious to justify myself, I added,

"Well, I thought so, because Charlotte as good as said she shouldn't feel any worse to have your bones broken than she would to have Mr. Howe's!"

The two young men laughed again, louder and longer than before.

"What *is* the matter with you?" asked Charlotte, coming suddenly into the library, and I thought I had never seen her look so pretty as at that moment.

I was going to explain, but Tom shook his head at me, and said,

"Oh, only some nonsense of ours, Lottie."

In a little while my brother took me out of the room.

"Have I done anything wrong, Tom?" I asked.

"I guess it'll come right, Pretty, foolish child!" and he laughed again to himself, and in the midst of it all mamma called from the next room that it was my bed time.

It must have been nearly midnight, when I was awakened by somebody's dropping a soft kiss on my forehead. I looked up, and there stood Charlotte with the tears in her great brown eyes.

"What is the matter, Lottie?" I asked. "Has Mr. Howe been telling you?" for, somehow, *that* flashed first into my mind.

"No matter if he has, dear. You'll understand all about it sometime. Turn over and go to sleep, now," and she left me with a smile so sweet and radiant, and yet that touched on a tender seriousness—a smile such as I had never seen on the fair face of my sister, Charlotte Ross.

And I settled down to sleep again, saying to myself, "What does it all mean—what *does* it all mean?"

The Principle of Love IN PUNISHMENT AND WAR.

BY MRS. O. S. BAKER.

"Oh, my son, your clothes are torn, your cheek bruised; what has happened?"

"Nothing but a little knock-down with Ned Wilkes."

"Can it be possible, James, that you have been quarrelling and giving blows, when I have so often tried to teach you how wicked it was to fight?"

"Now, mother, please let me ask you a few questions; why shouldn't boys fight as well as men? and why should you blame my fighting, and call it wicked, when it is not many months since you told father you approved of his desire to join the army? And though you cried a great deal after he had gone, you still said you were proud of him that he enlisted, though you knew he had enlisted for the express purpose of doing that very wicked and unchristian thing, fighting!"

"Let me bathe your face, my son, then go change your dress, and when you come back to me I will try to explain myself, if it be indeed possible; my James does not understand his mother."

When James Morton returned to his mother, his heart reproached him, as he met her serious gaze; and he hastened to express his sorrow, if he had wounded her feelings.

"Don't fret, dear mother, lest your son is going to be a rowdy blackguard, given to street fighting on every irritation. The present case justified my conduct, I am sure, for I but interfered to drag little Sam Rush from under the cowardly blows of that bully, Ned Wilkes. And don't be teased, mother," added James, as he saw a half smile breaking over Mrs. Morton's face, "because of my foolish questions. I know that an appeal to force is sometimes justifiable, and that, practically, it is not always right to obey the maxim 'resist not evil.' Still, mother," he continued, throwing himself on the low seat by her side, "I confess I would like to hear a little talk from you on that head; as it does not seem quite clear to me, at all times, why, in contact with the world as it is, we so frequently find it necessary and justifiable to turn our backs on all our fireside and Sunday-school teachings."

Mrs. Morton pressed her lips to the face flung down in her lap—the boy's face, so closely resembling that one, which, for aught she knew, might now be lying cold and stark on the blood-stained banks of the Cumberland. But, forcing back her starting tears, and willing her mind to the duty before her, as only a conscientious woman can, she replied to her son.

"The fireside teachings to which you now allude, I suppose, are love, forgiveness, and forbearance."

"Yes, mother, and to have ever been taught the injunction, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' fills me with a profitless remorse, because I find, in contact with the world as it is, I cannot but utterly fall short of obeying it. Now behold this afternoon—in order to practise the golden rule towards little Sam, I had to break it as respects his assailant, as his black eye will testify for some days. Don't look distressed, dear mother, he is a bigger boy than I am, and I could not, if I would, hurt him near as much as he deserved. But this is what troubles me; the child is told to obey the golden rule, to harm no one, and the like; yet he soon discovers

it is a law alike of God and man that harm must be done to the evil doer. He sees his own parents, and that as a matter of duty too, visit their displeasure upon their disobedient child. He sees the golden rule was only intended for the good; and, as no one is good, I don't see the use of preaching love when it cannot be practised."

"It is practised, my son, more than you seem to know. The very weakness and perversity of our human nature itself, demands the principle of love, and testifies to its desirableness, its divinity, and also to its active existence. For it is only because of their exercise of such a principle, that poor, mutually erring mortals can tolerate each other!"

"You appear to misunderstand the office of love, and to believe the law, that evil consequences to the disobedient must follow his sin, flows from a principle entirely opposite to it. But you are mistaken, when punishment is inflicted, not alone from the desire to forcibly restrain evil from being repeated, but also to so reform evil doers as to take away their wish to repeat it, then does punishment take on one of the highest forms of love."

"The troubles and doubts, of which you speak, will easily be resolved, if you can see and believe that, however many let hate rather than love rule their motives, in inflicting just retribution, yet legitimate punishment comprehends the reform of the sinner, rather than, or far more than mere retribution. In this light, it is perceived to be not inconsistent with the spirit of love to inflict punishment. But, because of the tendency of human beings not merely to do wrong and crime, but to punish such disproportionately and in the spirit of mere revenge, in cases where the individual punishing is personally interested; civilized society gives its private members but a limited right to go beyond moral suasion, in the exercise of what they may consider justice. Consequently, the power to forcibly control and punish is, in such society, delegated to those holding certain positions, and is amenable to certain established conditions or laws."

"In the family, to resist evil by affixing and administering penalties on wrong doing, rests naturally and legally with the parents. Each community commits such power to certain officers and courts of justice. And the nation as a whole, consigns such jurisdiction into the hands of authorities it has established to receive it. And all this power is, in free countries, guarded against abuse by established regulations which enable any person, charged with infringement of law, to show testimony and plead reasons why punishment should not fall on him."

"As an individual, and, laying aside the fact of your minority, you have, under the law, no right to administer the punishment of force, save in self-defence, and to prevent the commission of an evident outrage or crime; and not then, unless the exigencies of the case are such, you have no time or means to call legal authority to your aid. But I

trust, my dear James," added Mrs. Morton, "that you will take no advantage of this statement, and get into future collisions with the school-boys, on other than the narrow and rare grounds I mention."

"Never fear, mother, I have not forgotten your teachings about noticing mere wounds to my vanity. Unkind neglect, and unjust words, too, except when they take the shape of an infamous slander, never can hurt me, you say, unless I let the memory of them rankle in my thoughts."

"Yes, my son, I would have you bear in mind the example of Christ, in whose recorded life there is no instance in which he resented personal attacks on himself. And that from no lack of courage, as the boldness and fearlessness with which he maintained the principles he advocated, and the denunciations which he hurled at crime in high places, amply testify."

"And now, mother, as to the righteousness of the war."

"As to the righteousness of the war, my son; these rebels are simply offenders against the laws and government of their country. Being too numerous and strong to be stayed by the usual methods of restraining offenders, our government was forced to procure the aid of its citizens, in order to quell and bring the criminals to punishment. An ordinary police is liable to be injured while dispersing a mob; but they are expected not to shrink from their effort to maintain the rule of law and order. And our army, our military police, though they die in camp and field, as they do by thousands, feel that with them rests the duty, the responsibility, and the privilege of now maintaining the supremacy and majesty of the laws and government of the United States! I am willing, my dear boy, let my heart ache when it fears for his life, as it may; still I am willing, and proud that your father is of those who strive in behalf of this government—a government, which, however imperfect it may be argued to be, is still, by the testimony of those who have from every nation under the sun, fled here for home and shelter, demonstrated to be the best government on earth!

"That God evinces the principle of love, in permitting the punishment of civil strife to fall upon our nation, will, I am convinced, be fully evident in the future. History proves that heaven often forces nations along the road of human progress even against their will. And I believe the ultimate result of this war will be to gradually enlarge the boundaries of individual freedom; and consequently to increase the ability to develop human capacities to a fuller culture and higher exercise!"

An intelligent farmer being asked if his horses were well matched, replied, "Yes, they are matched first rate; one of them is willing to do all the work, and the other is willing that he should."

The Cripple Boy.

BY LYDIA PEIRCE.

I went out this morning, mother,
Where the school-boys were at play,
For I thought, in watching their joyous sports,
To while an hour away.
They tossed the ball, they jumped the rope,
They climbed the "old oak" too,
And many things they did, mother,
That your boy ne'er will do.
While I watched them there, alone,
I tried not to repine;
But, tears would come, for oh! I knew
Such joys could ne'er be mine.
I loved to see them leap and run,
To watch their noisy glee,
And the music of their merry laugh,
Gave a quiet joy to me—
Till they came and *mocked me*, mother,
And then, I can't tell why,
I felt as though my heart might break,
Ere they should see me cry.
And I held my head erect,
And slowly limped away,
Leaving the boys, who taunted me,
To enjoy their merry play.
I limped home here to you, mother,
To hear of that bright clime,
Where there is joy forever—
Where there's no grief like mine.

Parlor Amusements.

THE PORK BUTCHER.

The enterprising individual who has purchased the stock and good-will of the Pork Butcher's business—in other words, the Conductor of the Game—says, "I have just killed a pig; who'll take some of it from me?" Then addressing one of the players, "Will you?"

The latter replies in the affirmative. The Pork Butcher then asks him, what part he will take? The answer is according to the taste of the purchaser; as a hand, a leg, a cheek, the feet, &c.

This is merely a forfeit trap for the unwary. The secret is, that whatever part of the pig you name, you must touch the corresponding part of your own person. Failing in this, you pay a forfeit.

I'VE BEEN TO MARKET.

The company being formed into a circle, one of the players says to his neighbor on the left,—

"I've been to market."

The neighbor inquires,—

"What have you bought?"

"A coat, a dress, a nosegay, a shoe;" in fact anything that may come into the head of the customer, provided he be able, on pronouncing the word, to touch an article such as he has named. Whoever neglects or is unable to perform this ceremony, pays a forfeit. Naming an article previously indicated is similarly punished.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Remember the Needy.

BY J. E. M'C.

"Mother, see how nicely Suzy's new shoes fit," said Gracie, as she finished lacing the dainty buskins over the little one's feet. "What shall I do with these old shoes? They are pretty well worn out, I think."

"You might as well take the strings out and drop them into the range. Such things look unsightly thrown away, and they can be of no use, I'm sure."

Ah, mother, if you could see that pair of little blue felt in the alley yonder, as they patter over the cold, bare floor, you would feel that even these well-worn shoes would be a boon indeed to the little sufferer. Especially in seasons like these, when want is pressing doubly sore on the very poor, should every housekeeper remember the direction of Christ to his disciples, "Gather up all the fragments that nothing be lost." Though he had just created food for five thousand people; and though able to command the resources of the entire universe, he chose to teach his people in all ages, not to undervalue or waste the smallest portion of his favors.

"The poor ye have always with you, and whenever ye will ye may do them good." This is a legacy the ascended Saviour has left his church on earth, even His sorrowing, afflicted ones, "The poor shall never cease out of the land," says the great lawgiver, "therefore I command thee to open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to the poor and to the needy,"—and hear also the precious promise annexed, "for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all thou puttest thine hand unto." Oh, it is safe to have the Lord for a paymaster, and they that give to the poor lend to Him.

The best way to keep the "moths and rust" from destroying old garments, is to distribute them among the poor. Every mistress of a house should make herself familiar with the suffering in humbler walks of life, and she will never be at a loss where to bestow her bounty. It will rather be a source of regret, that she must leave so much still unrelieved; for with the revenue of a prince, even the true philanthropist will still see before him vast fields of sorrow and destitution that he has not the means of relieving. Such acts of charity bring the sweetest pleasure which the heart can know. Said the noble Howard, as he brought a cluster of grapes to cool the parched lips of a dying soldier, "What a joy it is to do good to even the bodies of men." No one need want for opportunities of experiencing this pleasure. Just "keep a look out and sooner or later the time will come for doing the good deed."

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PUFF PASTE.—The art of making puff paste consists in keeping the dough firm and cool, at the same time that it is thoroughly kneaded; if it becomes at all warm and sticky, it will never be light; it should be skilfully handled, and made in a cool place; also baked in a moderately quick oven.

FRIED RICE.—Any cold rice left from dinner, or prepared for that purpose, may be made out with the hands or a spoon into cakes about an inch thick, dipped in an egg-and-flour batter, and fried a handsome brown in the frying-pan, with a small piece of butter.

COLD FISH.—By the following plan a good dish may be made from any kind of cold fish:—Free the fish from the bone, and cut into small pieces. Season this with onions and parsley chopped, and salt and pepper. Beat two eggs well with a tablespoonful of catsup. Mix the whole together with the fish, and put it in a baking-dish with two or three small slices of bacon over it. Bake before the fire in a Dutch oven. Serve with melted butter or oyster sauce.

INK SPOTS, HOW TO TAKE OUT OF LINEN OR CALICO.—Cut a lemon in half, and press the stained part close over one half of the lemon, until it is wet with the juice. Then place on it a hot iron, and the spots will soon disappear.

TO REMOVE STAINS FROM THE HANDS.—Rub the hands well with pumice-stone, or with the juice of a lemon; or, take one ounce of prepared coral and four ounces of lemon juice; dissolve the coral in the lemon juice, and keep well corked. Apply it with a sponge two or three times a day. It is quite harmless, and may be relied on.

YORKSHIRE HUNTING PUDDING.—One pound raisins, stoned and cut; one pound fresh beef-suet, shred very fine; five eggs, half-pound currants, four spoonfuls of fine flour, some good milk, a cup of brandy, nutmeg and sugar to your taste. Butter a basin, and tie a cloth very tightly round it. Let it boil four hours, at least.

TO MAKE RUSSIAN CREAM.—A pint of cream, the juice of a lemon, and sugar to sweeten to your taste, beaten to a strong froth, and flavored with vanilla or cordial. For the meringues, beat the whites of six eggs for twenty minutes; add to them, six tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar. Bake the cakes, or rather dry them, about three hours in a very cool oven.

ORANGE CHEESECAKE.—A quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, three eggs, a wine-glass of milk or cream, two ounces of sponge-cake, the rind of one orange grated, half a nutmeg, one tablespoonful of brandy, or two of rose water. Pour the milk or cream over the sponge-cake to moisten it. Then stir together your butter and sugar, whisk your eggs, mash the cake very fine, and mix all together with the liquor and spice. Line your pie-plates with paste, fill with the mixture, and bake in a moderate oven.

LEMON CHEESECAKE.—A quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a wine-glass of milk or cream, two ounces of sponge-cake, three eggs, the grated rind of one and juice of half a lemon. Slice the cake, and pour over it the milk or cream. Beat the butter and sugar together, and stir into it. Mash the sponge-cake very fine, and add to the above. Grate the yellow rind, and squeeze the juice of half a lemon, and stir in. Cover the pie-plates with paste, fill with the mixture, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Out-door Amusements.

The stern discipline of the camp and the battle field, and the hardships and self-denials at home incident to a state of war, will do much to destroy the love of ease and the effeminacy which were gradually sapping the vigor of our national character. Muscular vigor and true manhood are developed by a military drill more effectually than by amusements, but the *London Telegraph* has a good article on the influence of out-door sports upon English pluck and manhood:—

"The real meaning and the lasting charm of athletic sports is, that they tend to bring out personal hardihood, endurance and pluck; and a show of real pluck is immensely dear to the British heart. It is the pluck of Lord Palmerston that makes so strong an appeal to the people. They greet Earl Russell with a lustier cheer who remember the testimony of one of his friends, to the effect that he was plucky enough to say he would take command of the Channel Fleet at an hour's notice. This is really one of the feelings stirring in the bosom of a mob when it cheers or hisses under the gallows. The roughs detest a coward under any circumstances, and would willingly hug a man who can die game even on the scaffold. One of the most popular books written for years, "Tom Brown," is so because of its pluckiness, its out-of-door feeling, its heartiness and robust English character. One of our manliest preachers of muscular Christianity, too, has been very appropriately called a disciple of Thomas Carlisle and Thomas Cribb. Indeed, of late years we have been undergoing a reaction against the views of life and education that were for a time in the ascendant. People were too rapidly getting into the over-intellectual state of the child who asked her grandmother what she should think, and they quite as much needed the old lady's reply, "My dear, don't think." We were to live as though mind was everything, and Bishop Berkeley's saying was accepted, and there was no

matter. We were to listen in the lecture-room, study at home, and spend our lives betwixt book and bed. This sort of thing was getting us all into a state of maudlin sentimentality. Fortunately, a tide of fresh health has set in, and we have our present army of rifle volunteers. We rejoice that this is so, and would help on the change in every possible way.

"The life of the present day is so often lived at fever heat, it is so rapid and restless, as to produce a morbid nervous condition. The mental wear and tear is enormous. It is the pace that kills. We need all the aid we can obtain from the country, all the "healthy animalism" and *physique* that are to be drawn from sport or play, to strengthen us in the struggle. As in social matters we support all those means and influences that help in their various ways to produce a healthy national life, so we claim all out-of-door sports, pastimes, and athletic games as Godsend of good. An old proverb tells us that the days spent in the chase are not reckoned in our length of life. Those who cannot enjoy the chase in search of health, or tramp the heather with a gun, we should like to see at the foot-race and wrestling match, in the cricket-field or gymnasium. And we wish the training of this national feeling to be in better hands than those of the prize-ring patrons. Bread and theatres was the cry of the Roman people. Ours is bread, education and out-of-door recreations. Much of the healthiness and physical beauty of the Greeks was owing to their baths and races. We would far rather hear of the thousands that attend the trial of strength, skill, pluck and metal shown at a foot-race, than read of them crowding to see the performance of Blondin. The one encourages a right admiration of sound manly qualities; the other feeds a morbid love of false excitement. In Blondin's case it is not only the exhibition of skill, but the suggestion of imminent danger that thrills through the acres of muslin, and rustles along the leagues of silk below that bridge of life and death, narrow as the one which leads into the Mohammedan Paradise.

How to Break Bad Habits.

Evil habits, though they sometimes become apparently irresistible, and incurable, and lead many clever men into speedy destruction, yet none ever become so powerful that they may not be corrected. The firm and resolute determination is more than half the battle gained. Here is the way to break off from pernicious practices. Understand clearly the reasons and all the reasons, why the habit is injurious. Study the subject till there is no lingering doubt in your mind. Avoid the places, the persons, the thoughts, that lead to temptation. Frequent the places, associate with the persons,

indulge the thoughts that lead away from the temptation. Keep busy—idleness is the strength of bad habits. Do not give up to the struggle when you have broken your resolution once, twice, ten times, a thousand times. That only shows how much need there is for you to strive. When you have broken your resolution, just think the matter over, and endeavor to understand why it was you failed, so that you may be upon your guard against a recurrence of the same circumstances. Do not think it a little nor easy thing that you have undertaken. It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day, which may have been gathering strength in you for many years.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

REPORTS OF MODES,

By Woods & Schuyler, New York, 69 Worth St.

The illustrations of fashions, mentioned below, "The Olivia," and "The Clotilde," have been politely supplied for the *Home Magazine* by the eminent New York establishment of Woods & Schuyler, 69 Worth Street.

These (with another, which we are promised for our next number,) are chosen from their most recent novelties, for that large class of ladies who do not feel disposed to pass immediately from the recent styles to the *extreme* mode which is now becoming adopted. They will, however, favor us with further illustrations, in which the very latest fashions will be presented, so that all tastes may be gratified.

THE OLIVIA.

This, as also the companion to it, was sketched from garments made of light summer fabrics, but they are made likewise of silk, either styles being equally adapted to light cloths or black taffeta.

THE CLOTILDE

Possesses a peculiar elegance; when made in black silk, it is a style that bids fair to become a wide-spread favorite; its character partakes of both cloak and mantilla form. The ornamentation upon these garments varies according to the taste of the wearer. We should remark that embroideries worked by the needle are widely in favor.

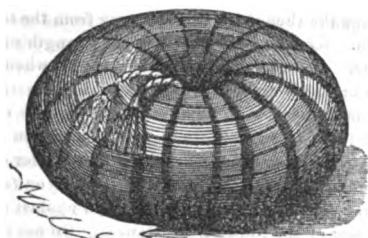
We are gratified to have an opportunity of calling attention to the cloak and mantilla house of Messrs. Wood & Schuyler. The firm is one in which taste, energy and enterprise are combined; and from its connections and facilities, the public

may rely on being served with the best material and most approved styles.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The costumes represented in the engraving are among the most graceful worn this season by small children. Girl's dress of plaid silk—under-body of white Swiss or mull—very pretty for summer dress. Boy in Garibaldi style, with pants of light summer cloth, and jacket of plain merino. We have these tasteful illustrations from the children's clothing establishment of M. Shoemaker, No. 2 N. Eighth street, Philadelphia, (see advertisement on cover,) where ladies can procure, if desired, patterns for children's clothing cut in the most careful manner. A full assortment of made-up garments, of the best material and workmanship, can always be found at this establishment; or garments will be cut and made to order.



A BRIOCHE.

The *bricche* knitting stitch is simply as follows: Bring the wool forward, slip one; knit two together.

A *bricche** is formed of sixteen straight narrow stripes, and sixteen wide stripes, which gradually decrease in width towards the top or centre of the cushion. It may be made in three-thread fleecy or double German wool, with ivory or wooden pins, No. 19.

Cast on ninety stitches, in black, for the narrow stripe, and knit two turns; then three turns in gold color, and two turns again in black. This completes the narrow stripe.

* So called from its resemblance, in shape, to the well known French cake of that name.

The conical stripe is knitted as follows: Knit two stitches, and turn; knit these two, and two more of the black, and turn; continue this, taking each time two more stitches of the black, until within two stitches of the top, and turn; the wool will now be at the bottom or wide part of the stripe. Commence again with the black, as in former narrow stripe, knitting the two black stitches at the top.

By a *turn*, we mean one row, and back again.

The colors for the conical stripe may be blue and drab, or any two, or four colors, which assort well together, or they may each be different, thus: white, blue, scarlet, stone-color, bright green, crimson, lilac, deep gold-color, ruby, white buff, French blue, and chrysophas green.

When the last conical stripe is finished, it is to be knitted to the first narrow stripe, and the *bricche* is to be made up with a stiff bottom of mill board, about eight inches in diameter, covered with cloth. The top is drawn together, and fastened in the centre with a tuft of soft wool; but they are generally preferred with a cord and tassels, as represented in the engraving. It should be stuffed with down, or fine combed wool.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the latest edition of the German Conversations-Lexicon. Illustrated with maps and numerous wood engravings. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

By an arrangement with the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. are the American publishers of their new Encyclopædia, a work sufficiently condensed to be included in six or seven volumes, yet so copious as to give under one alphabet clearly expressed information on every subject. Three volumes have already appeared, bringing the work down to E, and in addition to these, parts 42 and 43 are issued. Each part contains sixty-four double column royal octavo pages, and the price for the parts is fifteen cents each.

The great excellence of this work is conceded by all competent critics. The fact of its preparation by the Messrs. Chambers, assisted as they are by able collaborators in Europe as well as in this country, is of itself sufficient to give it favor, for a familiarity of over thirty years with their many useful, and always carefully produced books and periodicals, has created confidence in the minds of the people. This confidence will be now increased, for their Encyclopædia is the most ably constructed and perfect of all their works, and is just the book for the study and the household, being in itself a library of universal knowledge.

Its literary merits are of a high character. Its fulness on American themes, the matter embraced in articles touching our country being mostly written on this side of the Atlantic, gives it a particular value here.

In the pages of this great work we get information on science, art, mechanics, manufacture, agriculture, jurisprudence, history, metaphysics, topography and geography, medicine, literature, the fine arts, antiquities, biography—in fact, on all the varied themes of human interest, not in extended disquisitions, but in brief, clear statements, unburdened by the technicalities of the schools.

The cheapness of "Chambers' Cyclopædia," brings it within the reach of all. Fifteen cents a number, for the amount and quality of the matter given, and the excellence of paper and printing, is a very moderate price. This cheapness adds importance to the work, in bringing it down to the means of all classes. It deserves, and will, we are sure, attain a large sale.

MARGARET HOWTH. A story of to-day. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A story to set you thinking in a vague, unsatisfactory way, over the problem of human life. It is the product of an earnest mind, dealing with marred, deformed, and strangely developed men and women, walking for the most part in shadow, and battling with internal enemies. As a story, it

is unskillfully wrought. The narrative is broken and unsatisfactory; but whoever reads it will not soon forget Margret, Lois, Holmes and Dr. Knowles. Lois is the best drawn character, and her presence in the book is like a stream of tender, dewy light, across a darkened landscape. Margret Howth may be called a remarkable book. The superficial novel reader, will not consider it as of much account; but men and women who think, will, after turning the last page, be very much inclined to go back, and read over again many pages, in order to get deeper down into human nature.

THE EARL'S HEIRS. By the author of "East Lynne." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A well constructed, and interesting novel. The author writes skillfully and with fine constructive powers, holding the reader's attention from the opening to the close of the story. It deals with English life.

LIPPINCOTT'S GEOGRAPHICAL SERIES. A Primary Geography, on the Basis of the Object Method of Instruction, Illustrated with numerous Engravings and Pictorial Maps. By Fordyce A. Allen, Principal of the Chester County Normal School, West Chester, Pa. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

If large, clear type, the whitest of paper and the finest of engravings, are things to be desired in a school book, then this first book in "Lippincott's Geographical Series," presents a leading claim to favor. As a specimen of typography, it is nearly faultless. The plan of the book is novel, yet strictly inductive; and the author's design in the arrangement of his lessons, is so to present natural objects to the child's mind, that he may be led to observe, compare, and comprehend what he sees, thus receiving, at every step of his progress, whatever is presented, understandingly, and not into the memory alone. So carefully has this end been kept in view, that only the most familiar things of the child's daily life are first considered, in lessons advancing from the half colloquial to the narrative. Thus, the child is first led to note the five senses, as the avenues of knowledge; then to observe the seasons and their changes; then familiar vegetation, and domestic animals; then races of people inhabiting the earth—all briefly, of course. The author then takes his pupil on a journey, showing him streams and rivers, portions of land, villages and cities, railroads, bridges, mills, furnaces, mining and lumbering operations, mountain ranges, steamboats, waterfalls, lakes, islands, and shores, so that all the leading objects on the earth's surface are offered to the child's mind while it is interested and observant.

Returned from this imaginary journey, which has been made through the help of beautifully executed engravings on every page, the pupil is next shown a map, representing many things seen in his journey. And now, he is prepared to be interested in a study of the maps themselves, which are merely

in outline, with mountain ranges, boundaries of states and countries, principal rivers and capitals, indicated. These maps are pictorial, each one containing, besides what we have just said, a representation of something peculiar to the state or country;—As in Pennsylvania, farms, manufactories, coal mines, iron furnaces, the rattle-snake and wild turkey; in New York, flour mills, grain growing, canals, railroads, dairy farms, the deer and bear; in Kentucky, wheat, tobacco, corn, hemp; in Maine, ship building, lumbering, saw mills, the moose and deer. And so, this localizing of industries, animals and things peculiar to different parts of the earth, goes on, and the pupil blends with simple outline geography a large amount of information, pleasantly given, and sure to remain fixed.

In our brief reference to the peculiar features of Mr. Allen's Primary Geography, teachers and parents can see in it, a new and valuable auxiliary to education. So much depends on beginning right with little children, that too great importance cannot be given to primary books. This one, it strikes us, has features of excellence not possessed by any other now in use.

LEISURE HOURS IN TOWN. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Genial, sensible, and philosophic, the "Country Parson," while making you better acquainted with human nature, and, consequently, with yourself, bears you up into a region of healthy thought. If he unveil your weaknesses, it is so kindly done that you are neither hurt nor discouraged; but feel stronger and more hopeful. You draw to his side, assured that a warm heart beats in his bosom, and accept him as a friend.

"Leisure Hours in Town," contains several papers which have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. The most noticeable of these are "Concerning People who carry Weight," "Concerning People of whom more might have been Made," "Concerning the Sorrows of Childhood," and "Concerning Veal."

As a frontispiece to the volume, we have a portrait of the author, A. H. Boyd. The clear, strong eye, mild, but firm face, and well balanced head, in no way disappoint your ideal of the "Country Parson." He cannot give us too many books, if he writes on in the vein that distinguishes the first three volumes with which he has favored the reading public.

CADET LIFE AT WEST POINT. By an Officer of the U. S. A. With an Historical and Descriptive Sketch of West Point, by Benson J. Lossing. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

This entertaining narrative of Cadet Life, is by a graduate of West Point, now an officer in the United States army; and, in a pleasant way, gives us an insight into the discipline and routine of that famous military school, and of the social life of the

cadets. The writer tells his story in that lively, picturesque manner, which is so charming to the reader. The book cannot fail to have a run, particularly at this time.

THE OLD LIEUTENANT AND HIS SON. By Norman Macleod. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

This is an excellent story, and well told. It has the additional merit of white paper and clear typography, not always to be had in a cheap novel. The publisher believes in giving a good dress to a good book.

CAN WRONG BE RIGHT? By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

Uniform in style with the last named book, we have a novel from the pen of Mrs. Hall, so well known for her "Sketches of Irish Character." As a story writer, she has great power. Her truth to nature, and the deep pathos she throws into many scenes, lends fascination to her pages. This fine story appeared in *St. James's Magazine*, of which she is editor, and we are pleased to see it in book form.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, from the Discovery of America to the Inauguration of President Lincoln. For the use of Schools. Compiled from authentic sources. By William Roberts. Philadelphia: Sower, Barnes & Co.

The many years in which Mr. Roberts has been connected with our public schools as a teacher, and his large experience in educational matters, give him a peculiar fitness for the preparation of a book like this. Its style is very clear, the language being so well chosen as to convey ideas and impressions of things with exactness to the mind. This is a great merit. Some writers of books of instruction, are betrayed into the weakness of a literary display, just so far detracting from their performances. Mr. Roberts has wisely avoided this error, and given his carefully outlined history in well constructed, terse, but lucid sentences.

The history is divided into sections, with numbered paragraphs. The first section gives a brief account of early discoveries and attempted settlements. The next section embraces the history of the settlements of the seventeenth century, and the prominent events of the thirteen original colonies. This is followed by the French war, the American Revolution, the Confederation of States, the adoption of the Constitution, and the Federal Union, with a succinct account of every Presidential Administration to the termination of the year 1860.

We regard this book as well adapted for schools, and hope to see it largely introduced.

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS. By J. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "Novels and Novelists," "Crewe Rise," etc. Reprinted from the English edition. New York: Carleton, 130 Grand street. Price \$1.50.

This is a delightful volume, full of amusing and suggestive anecdotes, gathered in professional cir-

cles, from the days of Esculapius down to the times of Sir Astley Cooper and Abernethy. Private manuscript, tradition, and college record, have all furnished something to the book, thus giving it a freshness and piquancy that all classes of readers, but especially those of the medical profession, will enjoy.

We have the contents in a summary, thus:—"There are chapters on rich physicians and poor physicians—on fees; recipés for securing large ones, and amusing instances of their entire loss—on generous and parsimonious patients, and how to manage both—on Doctors in love and Doctors' quarrels and duels—on nervous and imaginative patients, and their treatment—on Female physicians, and literary physicians—on the vices and the virtues of Doctors—on apothecaries and hospitals—on court physicians and country Doctors—on eccentric and speculative physicians—on Quacks—on experimental physicians—on failures and successes—on medicines, instruments, and epitaphs—indeed, on every topic and matter in any way relating to the profession, this book is most entertaining and amusing."

There is a feeble thrust at homœopathy, in an attempt to class this system of medicine with quackeries; but it is so feeble as to be harmless. The author evidently hesitated in his thrust, and turned his lance aside.

TRAIN'S UNION SPEECHES. Delivered in England During the Present American War. By Charles Francis Train, of Boston, U. S. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

These eighty-eight pages of Train's speeches and articles on American affairs (price twenty-five cents), will be sure to meet with a rapid sale. All the profits derived therefrom will go to the support of *The London American*, a paper representing American ideas and interests. This paper has done much towards the promulgation of the truth in regard to our country in England, during the past year, and thus weakened the power of those enemies to civil freedom who sought to involve two powerful Christian nations in a bloody war.

A POPULAR TREATISE ON DEAFNESS: Its Causes and Prevention. By Drs. Lighthill. Edited by E. Bunford Lighthill, M. D. With illustrations. New York: Carleton.

So many persons are afflicted with deafness of one or both ears, and so many more are in danger of a like trouble from neglect or abuse of the organs of hearing, that a popular treatise, such as the one now before us, becomes a public benefit. It is written with method and clearness. First, the anatomy and physiology of the ear are briefly given; then the causes of deafness; followed by an account of the diseases of the external and internal ear; a rational treatment of deafness; the prevention of deafness; symptoms of diseases of the ear; and

a review of some of the popular remedies for deafness. The book is written in a style free from technicalities, and conveys, in an interesting manner, a large amount of information that should be known by every one. Familiarity with its contents would save many from a life-long infirmity.

T. O. H. P. Burnham, of Boston, has published in a neat pocket edition, (price ten cents,) the

"Constitution of the United States; Declaration of Independence; and Washington's Farewell Address." The same publisher has in press a translation of the "Koran, or Mohammedan Bible;" also, of "The Zeud-Avesta" (Parsee or Persian Fire-worshippers), "The Vedas," (Hindoo) "The Book of Kings," (Chinese) and "The Edda," (Scandinavian.)

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"SOME PEOPLE ALWAYS SIGH IN THANKING GOD."

It is probably much better to thank Him so, than not to thank Him at all; but if He were less than the infinite God—if His loving kindness and His tender mercies were not the unfathomable ocean which they are, would He accept such thank offerings as He does—so small, puny, imperfect?

There are in the world men and women enough, who never speak of God without a shadow on their faces, and a sigh on their lips: whose whole idea of their Maker, and Father, and Preserver, seems to be one of darkness, amazement, fearfulness and gloom.

We believe that the rewards and penalties of good and evil doing do not end with this life; we recognize the awful fact of sin in the world—of human depravity, and the salvation that came by Jesus Christ. We believe that God is the eternal enemy of all evil—that He has for it neither complacency nor indifference, but wrath and judgment. But because He is a just and true God—because He hates all iniquity, and hates it not only for its own, but for our sakes—because of all the pain and anguish it has brought upon us, is He less to us the tender, loving Father, whom we should name with joy—whom we should thank with gladness?

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne!"

But, because of these words, did the sweet singer of the Hebrews love his God the less? Are not his psalms like islands, which the soul finds in its journeying over the great ocean of life; where it casts anchor during the storm, and rests secure under the shadow of the great trees, breathing the airs of sweet spices—the tender, loving thoughts of God?

Did not the light of God's countenance shine bright upon the soul of David, the son of Jesse—was He to him only the God of Sinai—the God of thunders, and lightnings, and awful voices?

There are people who seem to think that they best serve God by carrying a solemn face; by sighings and shakings of the head; by creating, wherever they go, an atmosphere of depression and despondency, which they seem to believe is the

only one in which any Christian virtues can get nourishment or develop itself. Now, what a narrow, low, warped conception is this of God—a conception which is refuted by every sunbeam which flashes its golden laugh over the earth—by every flower which lifts its enamelled vase from the ground.

This doleful, sighing, lugubrious habit, which so many good people fall into, does a vast deal of harm to the religion they profess. Where do they get any authority for it? Not from the Bible, certainly, nor from those other "sweet scriptures" in the sky and earth. It is a shame for a mother to chill the tender heart of her child with such gloomy, repellant ideas of God and Heaven; it is no wonder that the young, living soul, turns away with a shudder from the dark and gloomy views which are too frequently presented to it; no wonder that Heaven is to so many little shrinking hearts a great cold meeting-house, of eternal sitting still and psalm singing. It is not God's fault, but sin and Satan's, that the road which leads from earth to Heaven has many thorns, many struggles, many sacrifices; but the God who appoints the way, is a "God of Love."

Sound those words with what plummet of thought you can; compass them with your finest and highest conceptions of tenderness, then see how infinitely you fall below this grand central truth.

Dear reader, whatsoever be your sorrows, whatsoever be the trials and the sacrifices you have to sigh over in your earthly life, there is *One* you may be glad and rejoice for—*One* you may ever name with thankfulness and cheer, and that is your God.

With Him, is no darkness, nor gloom, nor despondency. In the great Heaven of Eternal Love there is a place for you—open to receive you; go in with gladness, and as you walk along the days which lay the foundations of the years, let your heart be full of thankfulness because of your Father in Heaven. Let the thought of Him be the chime of silvery bells in your soul—the sweet psalm which is a faint, far-off echo of the one that the angels sing—the joyful thought about which buds and blossoms the fairest and truest of your hope, and bring to God your thank offering with smiles, not with sighing.

V. F. T.

MAY.

The birds and the buds sing and swell with their own story. After long waiting—for we always wait long for May, through weary days of mist and leaden cloud, through dull, chill days, when there is no promise in sky or earth, she is here at last, with the ravishing joy of sunlight in her face—with the sweet and precious promises on her lips; for May is the year's poet of promise, and she sings to us of the flowers and the fruits—of the gold and yellow flagons of tulips—of the great rubies of roses—of the stars of daisies—of the drowsily swinging bells—of honeysuckle—of the purple enamelling of mignonette—of the azure shells of violets—and, most wondrous of all, the great, luscious, stately lilies, born in the waters, and sleeping on the stream, and making great lakes of white pearl in July moonlight.

And she sings to us, too, this poet of promise, of the sweet nectars of fruit that lie in the budding branches and the kindling vines—of berries which shall hang their pendants of ruby and jet among the green leaves—of the great round goblets of apples, whose cheeks shall be burned into russet and crimson by the long kisses of the summer—of the pears, that shall drop their great vases of green and gold on the autumn grass—of the peaches, whose velvet cups shall be scarred with flames caught from September sun; and of the purple plums, which hang in royal ripeness among the leaves. And these are the promises that May sings, amid the sweet laughter of her eyes and lips, for her muse is a joyous one; and the bays of the year's morning wave fresh and green on her dewy forehead.

Her path is the path of the victor, for the winter has gone to its silent palaces in the far off Arctic—gone silent, chained, conquered; and May has arisen, and sings the victories of the spring—the promise of the summer!

V. F. T.

"WOUNDED AND KILLED."

It takes but a little space in the columns of the daily papers; but, oh! what long household stories and biographies are every one of these strange names that we read over and forget.

"Wounded and killed!" Some eye reads the name to whom it is dear as life, and some heart is struck or broken with the blow made by that name among the list.

It's our Henry, or our John, our James, or our Thomas, that lies with his poor broken limbs at the hospital, or white, still and ghastly face on the battle field. Alas! for the eyes that read; alas! for the hearts that feel!

"He was my pretty boy, that I've sung to sleep so many times in my arms!" says the poor mother, bowing her head in anguish that cannot be uttered. "He was my brave, noble husband, the father of my little orphan children!" sobs the stricken wife. "He was my darling brother, that I loved so, that I was so proud of," murmurs the sister, amid her

tears; and so the terrible stroke falls on homes throughout the land.

"Wounded and killed." Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some home! and falls a long, black shadow upon some hearthstone.

It is a year that we have seen those lists from time to time in the newspapers. God be thanked that they have been as few and short as they have; and God be thanked that we seem now to be walking on the hills of the morning, and that we say to each other in hopeful voices, "when the war is over."

We look off to the future, not as we did last May, with fear and shuddering, but with hope and trust; that the thunder of the cannon, the tramp of the soldier, the flash of arms, and the beating of drums, shall soon be over in our land; and that we shall sit down under our own vine and fig tree, a nation unbroken, united and free!

V. F. T.

"JANUARY AND MAY."

We cannot say much as to the attractiveness of our steel engraving; but, the most attractive things do not always convey the highest lessons. The maiden, tempted for gold or position to waste the sweet wine of her young life in a marriage with frosty age, will think more soberly touching the realities of such a union, after looking at our illustration. The artist has done his work well.

The fine poem, "To Give is to Live," published in our March number, was written by Rev. H. W. Parker, of New Bedford, Mass., and originally appeared in the Boston Congregationalist. We did not know its authorship when we copied it into the Home Magazine.

A CONTRAST.

Professor Hart, in his sensible address on the "Mistakes of Educated Men," draws this instructive contrast between two classes of men who are to be met with in all communities. He says:—

"There are two friends, gentlemen of large means, whose estates and whose annual incomes are about equal. One of these is always short of money, buys everything on credit, and on the longest credit he can command, often when travelling has to borrow money to take him home, and really has to make as many turns and shifts to get along as if he were poor. All simply because he lives just twelve months on the wrong side of fortune. The other man, whose annual income and expenses are about the same as those of his neighbor, never has an open account, buys everything for cash, always has plenty of money in his pocket, and a plenty more in bank, and is apparently without a care in the world, so far as money is concerned. All simply because he lives just twelve months on the right side of his income. The two men have equal resources. In the course of their lives they spend about equal amounts. Yet the one is always poor and harassed, the other is always rich, and at his ease."



THE BLIND PIPER.

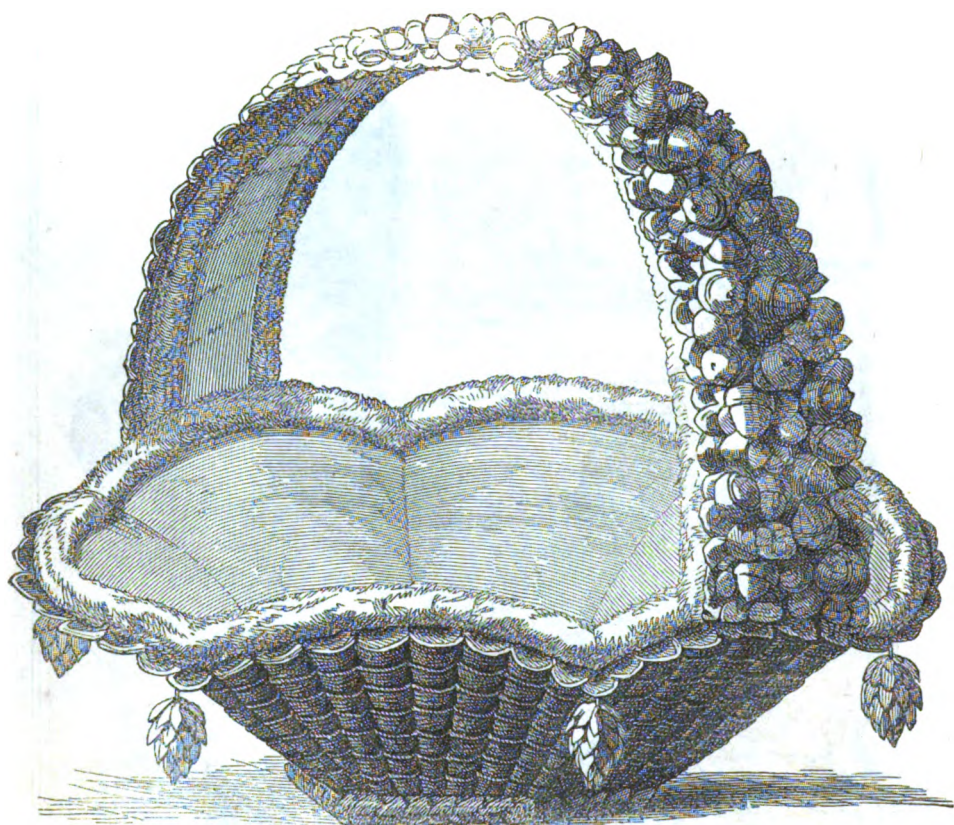
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THE BLIND PIPER.



SITTING FOR A PICTURE.



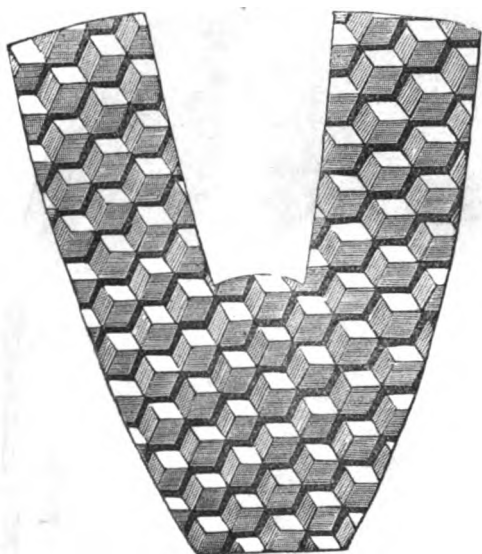
BASKET OF ACORNS AND PINE CONES.



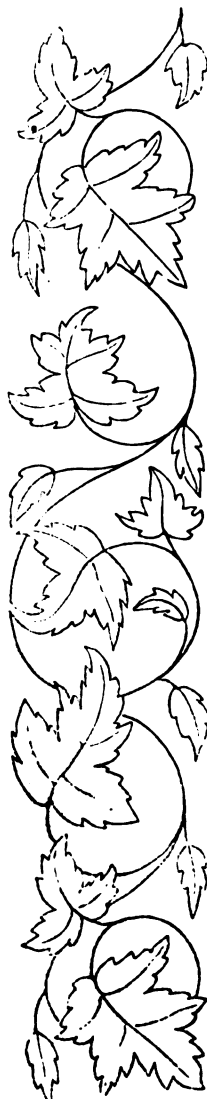
PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



SLIPPER.



SLIPPER.



INSERTION.

Blanche

NAME FOR MARKING.



THE ENGLISH WALKING SACQUE.

From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 376.



THE McCLELLAN.

From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 376.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.



Dress of light blue challie, trimmed with folds of blue silk.



**Rich green and white plaid silk skirt ; white corsage, and
bretelles and belt of green corded silk.**

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1862.

The Dark Hour.

A FRAGMENT.

BY NINA H.

Then from the little porch Hester Grey stepped out into the street; the white country road winding by grassy lanes and fields, and occasional farm-houses. The only dwelling of any pretension in that neighborhood rose from the summit of a hill near by. From its windows lights shone cheerily, and Hester had just lingered in the shadow of the vine-leaves, until two of its occupants should pass; Roland Leigh and his wife—the Helen of other days.

The night was delicious and spring-like; the skies mottled with billows of fleecy clouds, and silvered wondrously by the moon as she glided now and then from out them. Hester walked alone and fearlessly the familiar paths she had trodden a thousand times; only the burden of unrest, which had of late oppressed her sleeping and waking, grew intolerable in this fragrant, sighing air.

Through the soft clouded moonlight the two figures moved on before her; the slender, womanly shape leaning so closely to the side of the other, strong and firmly knit, bending his face towards hers, watching and tender. On they passed together—the united lives; how satisfying, how inexpressibly rich must such an union be! Why of all others was she chosen to walk alone, and Helen, upon whom life had ever smiled, elected, and crowned with the highest gift to womanhood?

Patience, oh, weary woman, treading your lonely way! Upon you, too, the night smiles through its dews and silence, and it repeats for you the same lesson which myriad sore and wounded spirits have read. Love watches over you. It may not beam from human eyes,

or speak with the voice of human passion; but it writes itself in the heart of the way-side blossom, and is never wholly silent in the immortal soul.

Much is said and written of earthly sorrow, and for the sorrowing; but we believe any amount of affliction to be enduring, which does not turn to bitterness within. For all mourners we pray "God help them," but especially for the class who experience such darkness. This bitterness, which no religion can aid, (for there can be no bitterness in a cross so lightened) is terrible beyond expression. The soul can be likened only to a midnight sea, broken into angry billows of storm. Happy the mariner who shall at length perceive through the dread tempest the Divine hand raised to still its tumult, and hear the voice whose echo still charms the ear of time, saying, "I am near thee, on the right hand and on the left, be not afraid!"

No emotion is strong enough to endure forever; in God's good time sorrow shall pass away, if we are but *patient*. Lay by those dead hopes, which no resurrection angel shall waken to beautiful life again. Were they the May blossoms early and fragrant of a morning dream? or, like sunset brightness, shutting over a long and cloudy day? Still, I repeat, hide them from your sight, and believe that upon the rough clouds shall yet awaken the fair buds of a purer and better faith.

We have much confidence in the cheerful philosophy of a recent charming writer, the "Country Parson," whose congregation is so extensive even upon these shores; and he asserts, with undoubted truth, that happiness and goodness are very closely allied. Health of body and soul; how rare and deep a well-spring of peace is touched by these words. But for many reasons, for which we are in

part responsible, few are so fortunate as to be always "walking in the light." To the mass, life is a perpetual struggle. To reconcile the inner world of thought and emotion, the high ideal of the soul with that external sphere over whose events we have so little control; to shape existence into a form it may wear unblushing to eternity, what wonder that with tears of weakness we so often pause by the way. Step by step we rise towards the heavenly hills, round by round of the celestial ladder is passed, but we fail to see the skies opening, and angels of comfort ascending and descending before us.

In this one woman's soul, the type of myriads, there has for months been going on a convulsive struggle with all the evil powers of her nature, until to her diseased and distorted vision everything in earth and heaven appears distorted. The crisis to which every true life must sooner or later come, her own had already reached, and upon the balance of this scale depends an endless future of woe or bliss, whose breadth and height she cannot fathom, no, nor the angels, but the Father only.

The elements of a true and noble nature are hers; strength of will and steadiness of purpose, combined with the delicacy of genuine refinement. But the burden of needs and aspirations, the sudden consciousness of all that she is capable of bearing and suffering, has for the time overwhelmed her. The power for good and evil she carries within herself is fearful, as she pauses to gather at a glance the vast space around her, the starry skies widening on—still on, the shadowed and silvered earth she treads; mysterious and solemn, she seems but an atom in the infinite sea; swept into being without her own volition; to be borne from it unwarned, and bearing through it a weight which is intolerable, but which she dares not throw aside.

Poor Hester Grey! there is but one source of comfort and relief for you and us all, when the dark hour closes round us, and we sink in lonely suffering. The remedy, the active labor which shall lead thought away from *self*, and by slow degrees substitute a healthful interest in the world around, must be your own discovery; and when once the clue is gained, though days and weeks and years elapse ere the cure is perfected, it shall bless you at last. As unerring as the renewal of life in the stern and frozen earth, is the revival of hope and faith in the soul which has been led through this horror of darkness, (no matter how long or

deep) into the higher regions of unwavering trust.

Sweeter than the unclouded sunshine is this awaking to a day through which the spring airs blow, and the glad birds sing, when we had thought never again to feel or hear them! Then, when duty becomes transformed to joy, we begin truly to live.

In the soft light Hester Grey still gazes and dreams, sending out prayers which may never re-echo in the blessing craved, but which are not offered in vain. For her and us there are trials in store so long as we walk the world; but the brave heart, and the patient waiting faith, are in His gift, shall we then suffer alone?

"Pray, though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears—
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, with hopeful tears;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it.
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

Our Country.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Our Country! the birth-place of freedom!
The home of the brave and the free!
With heart and with hand by her side we will stand,
Our Country! we're pledged unto thee.

CHORUS.

Our own Native land, to each heart thou art dear,
Thy glory unsullied must be;
Whatever befall we will rise at thy call,
And prove our devotion to thee.

There are graves from whose depths oft arises
A memory that strengthens and cheers;
And America's son, our beloved Washington,
Stands bright through the vista of years.

CHORUS. Our own native land, &c.

Our Country!—God bless her forever,
And aid us her laws to maintain:
May we never lose sight of the good and the right,
May peace and prosperity reign.

CHORUS. Our own native land, &c.

'Tis the land that we love—'tis the dearest,
And proudly her name we will bear:
From our oath we'll not swerve, but our country
we'll serve,
And be true to the colors we wear.

CHORUS. Our own native land, &c.

America! land of the loyal!
Thy name ever honored shall be;
Here strangers may meet and like brethren greet,
In the home, the dear home of the free.

CHORUS. Our own native land, &c.

Hospitality.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

People mistake in the matter of hospitality—*entertaining* in the best sense of the word, those who come to their houses. They let its “emphasis” rest too much in show—in what will appear best, as well as “in bed and board.” The true aroma of hospitality consists in a cordial spirit; without this, all the appliances of elegance and comfort are empty—unsatisfying.

The true happiness of the guest should be considered, not what will appear best on the part of the host. To effect this, the peculiar tastes and habits of the person entertained should be considered.

I am in the habit of visiting in two families, both in the middle rank of life, possessing some of its elegancies and refinements, and obliged to attend to some of its homely duties, where the mode of entertaining is directly opposite, and I have learned something from the contrast.

At my friend B——’s, when there is company, display is the rule; at my friend H——’s, what you would like best. I visited at B——’s not long since, in company with several other guests. Among them was an old lady and gentleman, who relished and always furnished their own table with plain old-fashioned food, and hardly knew how to make a meal of “nick nacks,” as the old gentleman styled them. This was well known to the hostess.

When we went out to tea, the table shone resplendent with china and silver. Beautifully frosted cake, rich sweetmeats, sea-foam custards, and hot biscuits, that looked like snow-balls, were the staple of the entertainment.

I sat next to old Mr. Manning at table, and knowing his peculiar tastes, I could not help noticing that though he made a great appearance of eating and relishing, it did not go down well. I was convinced it was a “Barmecide feast” to him.

The old lady praised the delicate cake and nice preserves, but I knew they were no more in accordance with her taste than with that of her husband. I knew it had always been her habit at her own table, whatever she might have to *set off* the entertainment, always to provide plenty of substantial for those who preferred them, looking to the true comfort of others more than to appearances.

I heard Mr. Manning speak of it afterwards. “That was a nice feast we had at Mr.

B——’s, to look at,” he said; “and no doubt very pleasant to persons that have a *sweet tooth*; but the old lady and I had to go into the pantry as soon as we got home; and pretty sharp set we were, too, riding ten miles in the keen air, as good as supperless.”

I was at my friend Mrs. H——’s not long afterwards, when a scene occurred, entirely different. She too, was solicitous about the *appearance* of her table, a very laudable pride in a housekeeper, but she did not make this the chief end in the entertainment of her guests. While I was there, she also had a guest—a plain man, who preferred plain, substantial food, and was in the habit of eating it.

I was familiar in the house, and knew how things went on. A brother of Mr. B——’s, an elderly man, boarded with them, and he disliked “*nick nacks*” as much as old Mr. Manning.

“They would do for women and children,” he said, and “were very nice to look at; but for his part, when he sat down to the table, he wanted *something to eat*.”

He was a Vermonter, and was fond of what he called the “national dishes,” baked beans, “*boiled victuals*,” rye and Indian bread, etc., and when he had had these for dinner, he was fond of having them cold for supper, after the manner of many old-fashioned “down East” folks whom I have met. Besides the old gentleman I mentioned, there was a young lady from a neighboring village to tea, a guest of Alice, my friend’s daughter.

I was in the dining-room and kitchen just before supper was ready, and Alice and her mother were there, giving the finishing touches to it. Alice, who had been in the dining-room, arranging something on the table, came into the kitchen again to see about the tea. Her mother stood at the kitchen table, sorting from a platter cold potatoes, turnips, beets, etc., while on another she had arranged slices of cold boiled beef and pork.

“What in the world are you going to do, mother?” Alice exclaimed in consternation, as she glanced at her mother’s operations. “Not going to put all that on the table, I hope, when Miss Gale is here. What would she think? And they live so nicely at home.”

“I am certainly going to put them on the table, Alice,” she answered. “There are plenty of fine lady-dishes for Miss Gale’s appetite. These two dishes are for your Uncle Aaron, who never can make a meal of what he calls “*company victuals*,” you know;.”

and I wished to have him eat more, on account of old Mr. Allen, who I know likes this kind of food as well as your uncle, and he boards now where he can seldom get it. I am going to put on a plate of that nice rye and Indian bread, too; so prepare for the shock."

"Oh, I never care, mother, when it is people who are acquainted with us, and know your peculiarities and Uncle Aaron's; but Miss Gale is so much of a stranger, and so starched up; I am afraid she will think strange."

"For all that," said her mother, "I must put it on. Is not the comfort of those two old gentlemen of as much importance as that of the young lady? I know this particular dish will suit them better than any other, and be a rarity to old Mr. Allen. If your friend has good sense, she will see the matter in its true light; if she have not, it is hardly worth while to sacrifice the comfort of these two old gentlemen to appearances on her account. You will see, besides the enjoyment of eating, how these things will revive memories and associations in the old gentlemen, and help to enliven us all. Will not that be better than to have a third part of the company, and the most important part, too, on account of age, sit down to a table upon which there is nothing they care to eat?"

"It was bad enough," Alice said, "our being without a girl to-day, so we both had to come out to see about supper. I didn't want to be mortified any farther; but I suppose it's all right."

"The accident of our being without a girl to-day is of no consequence, except so far as our added labor is concerned," said her mother. "People in our rank, who cannot keep a number of servants, are subject to these accidents, and it will not lower us in the estimation of any person of good sense. If we chose to do without one all the time, the case would be the same. This feeling springs from false pride on your part; try to put it down. Let your new friend and your new tea-set suffice for show, and let substantial comfort occupy the rest of the ground."

The event proved as the sensible mother predicted. The old gentlemen evidently enjoyed their reminder of old times, and it waked up remembrances that enlivened us; and all were happier, as benevolent, right-minded persons always will be.

HARSH words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize.

An Indignation Visit.

"If Ruthy Ann Johnson said that, she's no lady!" The black eyes of Mrs. Pendergrass flashed fire.

"Well, she did say it, and a little more."

Very quiet and very insinuating was the voice that said this. It came from a little woman, who looked almost too insignificant for a mischief-maker.

"That my Hester was as ugly as sin!"

"Her very words."

"What else did she say, Miss Perkins?"

"Why, she said that she could make a better face out of dough."

Mrs. Pendergrass dropped the work she held in her hands. Her face grew red as scarlet. This was the crowning indignity. All the insulted mother in her rose up in angry indignation. "A better face out of dough!" No wonder Mrs. Pendergrass was "stirred up," to use her own words, "from the very bottom."

"Very well, Mrs. Ruthy Ann Johnson! Very well, madam! Very kind and very neighborly talk, upon my word!"

"I wouldn't be excited about it," said Miss Perkins, in her quiet way. "She's talked as bad about me; but I let it pass."

"You aint Maria Pendergrass," was the meaning response. "A better face out of dough! Give me patience! But, never mind—I'll have it out with her; see if I don't!"

"Ruthy Ann likes to talk," remarked Miss Perkins, making an effort to soothe the feelings she had spurred into excitement. "She's a little glib with her tongue, you know, and is always trying to say smart things. I heard her use them very same words about Phœbe Jenkins, not six weeks gone by. Phœbe is dreadful homely, you know, and has no more expression in her face than a turnip. I was excessively amused, and have laughed over it a dozen times since. I think she was only talking for talk's sake, when she referred to Hester."

"I don't care what she was talking for," replied Mrs. Pendergrass, sharply, "but I can tell her this much, she's got to keep her glib tongue off of me and mine. Hester is as good looking as any of her brats. Wait till I see her!"

Miss Perkins tried to lay the storm she had raised; but Mrs. Pendergrass was touched in a very tender point. She had received a

wound which no words of the mischief-making gossip could heal. When her husband came home at dinner time, she told him, with much feeling, about what Mrs. Johnson had said. Mr. Pendergrass, whose temperament was as different from that of his wife as December is from June, treated the matter very indifferently.

"I never considered our Hester much of a beauty," he said. "But she's a good girl, which is best of all. As to her being ugly as sin, that is a mere extravagance of expression, sometimes indulged in by thoughtless people, such as Mrs. Johnson. It amounts to nothing, and I would let it pass as the idle wind."

"Indeed, and I'll not let it pass, then. Nobody has a right to talk so about my Hester. I shall tell Ruthy Ann Johnson a piece of my mind."

"You'd better not, Maria. No good will come of it. You'll only make an enemy of her," said Mr. Pendergrass.

"I don't care!" The black eyes of Mrs. Pendergrass burned like coals of fire. "I'd rather have such a woman for my enemy than my friend."

"Never make an enemy, even of a dog, Maria. It isn't good policy. Enemies are always dangerous."

But there was no use in talking to Maria Pendergrass. Passion had usurped the throne of reason.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Pendergrass started for the house of her offending neighbor, a woman of equal spirit with herself. Not the slightest forewarning had Mrs. Johnson of the intended visit. She was sitting with her basket in a chair by her side, engaged in the important work of darning stockings, when Mrs. Pendergrass came in with a bustling, impressive air, and a face of no very mild aspect.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Pendergrass," said Mrs. Johnson, pleasantly, rising as she spoke, "I'm glad to see you."

"No you aint!" was the unexpected answer to this cheerful salutation.

"What's the matter? What do you mean?" said Mrs. Johnson, stepping back a pace or two, while her face became as scarlet.

"Just what I say," was replied. "You aint glad to see me, you mean hypocrite!"

Mrs. Pendergrass, at the very outset, went quite beyond herself. She had thought over all the words she would say, and they were to be calmly spoken, but with a very cutting

edge upon them. But, on meeting the neighbor who had so deeply offended her, memory and self-possession fled, and instead of asking, as she had intended doing, whether Mrs. Johnson had spoken thus and so about her daughter Hester, she weakly and foolishly replied with insult to a kind welcome.

"Let me be what I am, no lady would use such language in the house of a neighbor," said Mrs. Johnson.

"You are no lady! You—you—hypocrite!"

Mrs. Pendergrass was blind with passion.

Mrs. Johnson was a large, strong woman, while Mrs. Pendergrass was of rather diminutive stature. Outraged by this sudden, and for all she could see, wholly unprovoked assault, the former advanced suddenly upon her violent neighbor, and grasping her firmly by one of her arms, led her to the front door, and thrusting her out into the yard, said, as she unclasped her vice-like hand—

"Don't let me see you again until you know how to behave like a decent woman." And the door was shut in her face.

Maria Pendergrass was bewildered, confounded, and doubly outraged by this violent assault upon her person; exceeding, as it did, a thousand-fold, in her estimation, the wrong already inflicted through the person of her daughter. There was scarcely any wicked thing that she would not have felt inclined to do, by way of retaliation, on the spur of the moment, had the opportunity been presented. One temptation was, to throw stones and break her neighbor's windows! Another was to kill a pet lamb, that happened to be lying on the grass-plot before the door! and another was to trample on a flower-bed, in which some choice and valued plants were just beginning to unfold their tender leaves in the genial sunshine.

But she refrained; not in consequence of a preponderance of right sentiments, but because the acts would too feebly express her great indignation.

The fiercer the tempest, the sooner it is over; violent passions quickly exhaust themselves. By the time Mrs. Pendergrass reached home, the thermometer of her feelings had lost many degrees. The range was far below fever heat.

We cannot say that she felt particularly well satisfied with her own performances in the rather serious comedy at Mrs. Johnson's, which reached so sudden a termination. She had studied her part thoroughly, but, on the

stage, forgot even the opening passages, and blundered in consequence most terribly. Instead of helping matters any, she had made them ten times worse, by presenting herself as an assailant, instead of one demanding explanation and redress.

"I'm glad I didn't break her windows, nor kill her pet lamb, nor trample on her flower-bed!"

Mrs. Pendergrass said this to herself, quite soberly, as she sat alone in her room, less than half an hour after her return from that fruitless indignation visit.

"Now, haven't I gone and made a fool of myself?" she added, with a depressing sense of humiliation, as the remembrance of what she had said and done presented itself with mortifying distinctness. "What must Ruthy Ann Johnson think of me? She'll tell her husband, of course; and he's a fiery, hot-headed little whiffet, and will be after Pendergrass for explanations. I'm mad at myself. Why didn't I talk to her right? I had it all laid out: every word was in its place. I'm a fool! Maria Pendergrass, you are a fool! There!"

Very meekly did Maria Pendergrass bear this self-denunciation; though, had anybody else dared to express a similar estimate of her character, she would have given a very different exhibition of her quality.

"I wish Miss Perkins had stayed at home and minded her own business!"

Ah! that is the reward your tattling mischief-maker usually receives in the end, even from those whose ever-open ears invite the tale of evil.

"I've heard it said that she will stretch the truth, and it's as likely as not that she's done so in this case. What if Mrs. Johnson never said anything of the kind? Or, what if Miss Perkins denies having told me?"

These were sober considerations.

"I've put my foot into it, and no mistake!"

Rather a coarse comparison, Mrs. Pendergrass; but forcible and true. People who make indignation visits, generally do that thing. Your experience is quite up to the average of such experiences.

Mrs. Pendergrass could not summon sufficient courage to speak with her husband about the exciting event which had occurred. She meant to do so, in order to prepare his mind for a return indignation visit from Mr. Johnson, which she was very certain would be made before the evening closed. Momently, from the time he came home at sundown until

ten o'clock relieved her anxious suspense, was she in expectation of this visit from Mr. Johnson.

The next morning found Mrs. Pendergrass in rather a sober state. She could not look back upon the events of the preceding day with any feeling of self-approval. Her behaviour at Mrs. Johnson's was certainly of an extraordinary character, as was also the treatment which she had received. Every passing hour she looked for some message from Mrs. Johnson, or for the visit of a friendly neighbor to inquire about the strange stories that were buzzing through the village. But the entire morning passed without her seeing a living soul beside her own family.

As for Mrs. Ruthy Ann Johnson, the subsidence of her disturbed feelings was almost as sudden as the excitement which had extinguished, in a moment, every fraction of self-control. When she grasped the arm of Mrs. Pendergrass, and thrust her violently from her house, she was angry beyond measure. When she turned back from the shut door, and sat down by the basket of stockings, from which she had started away on being so roughly assailed by her neighbor, the whirlwind of passion was over, and bowing her face upon her hands, she wept violently. The provocation she had received was great, but she did not look back upon it in any spirit of self-justification.

The afternoon wore away, and evening brought the return of Mrs. Johnson's husband. She wished to talk with him about the unpleasant affair, but he was an excitable and not very wise little man, and she feared to trust him with her version of the story, lest he should do something that would only make matters worse. So she had to bear the burden of unpleasant thoughts alone.

Like Mrs. Pendergrass, she passed most of the next day in a condition of unhappy suspense; every moment expecting some annoying message, or visit in company with interested friends, from the neighbor she had handled so roughly. She did not go out to see any one, for she really felt ashamed to look a neighbor in the eyes, after she had disgraced herself by such unwomanly conduct. No one came near her all day, and this she regarded as unmistakable evidence that Mrs. Pendergrass had been all over the village, giving her version of the story.

The third day brought no change in the aspect of things, and no special comfort to either of the unhappy ladies. Both felt dis-

graced in the eyes of their neighbors, and each was angry with the other for having provoked her to unseemly anger.

In the meantime, Miss Perkins was gliding in and out among the various families in the village, smooth of tongue, insinuating, yet all-seeing and all-hearing. On the fourth day, Mrs. Johnson's came in turn. She received her usual welcome, but soon saw that her friend—every lady in the town was her "friend"—seemed ill at ease, and was under considerable restraint. Every moment, Mrs. Johnson expected to hear some question or remark on the subject of her late trouble with Mrs. Pendergrass. But not the slightest allusion was made thereto. This was strange. Mrs. J. could not understand it. What had Mrs. Pendergrass said? Something very discreditable, or else Miss Perkins would not be so silent on the subject—a silence evidently meant to save her feelings. At last, unable to bear this suspense any longer, Mrs. Johnson determined to open the way for Miss Perkins by saying—

"When did you see Maria Pendergrass?"

"Well, let me think." Miss Perkins spoke almost indifferently. "It is now three or four days, I believe, since I was there. Yes, now I remember. It's just four days. I saw her on Tuesday."

That was the memorable day!

"In the morning or afternoon?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

"It was in the morning. Why do you ask?" And Miss Perkins looked curiously at her friend.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes dropped to the floor.

"You haven't seen her since?"

Mrs. Johnson looked up with a more confident manner.

"Not since; nor have I heard of her being out anywhere, which is a little curious, now I come to think of it, for she goes about a great deal, you know. As Mrs. Jenkins says of her—'She's always on the run.'"

"Maybe she's sick," remarked Mrs. Johnson.

"I shouldn't wonder; for I don't know of anything but sickness that would keep her three days in the house. By the way," added Miss Perkins, smiling, "don't you remember that funny speech you made about her Hester once?"

"No; what was it?"

"I've laughed about it a hundred times since: it was so ludicrous, and yet so true. Helen, you know, is as homely as mud."

"She is not handsome, certainly," replied Mrs. Johnson. "But, she's good; and that is worth far more than beauty."

"Just what you said, afterwards, to take the cutting edge off of your funny speech."

"What was the speech. I have entirely forgotten it."

"You said that you could make a better face out of dough. Ha! ha!"

"It was thoughtless and unkind, and by no means expressed my true feelings towards the child. Ludicrous ideas often present themselves to my mind, and I have the bad habit of clothing them in language at times when it were better to be silent."

"Somebody who heard you say this, was kind enough to tell Mrs. Pendergrass."

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Johnson looked surprised and grieved.

"It's true; and she was very angry about it."

"I don't wonder," said Mrs. Johnson. "It was thoughtless in me to make the remark, but wicked in the one who repeated it."

"Wicked and malicious," replied Miss Perkins, who thus thought to divert all suspicion from herself.

After that, conversation flagged.

"I wonder if Mrs. Pendergrass is sick?" Mrs. Johnson had been silent for some minutes, and the remark evidenced considerable interest.

"I shouldn't wonder," said Miss Perkins.

"Suppose we call over and see her?"

To this, Miss Perkins assented, and Mrs. Johnson made herself ready with particular dispatch.

"How's your mother?" Miss Perkins asked of Hester, who opened the door for them.

"She's right well. Wont you walk in?"

You may be sure Mrs. Pendergrass started when she saw them, and turned all manner of colors. Mrs. Johnson, as she advanced towards her, said—

"Will you answer me a question, Mrs. Pendergrass?" She spoke calmly and respectfully.

"Certainly; say on;" was answered, with some little show of offended personal dignity.

"Who told you that I had spoken unkindly of your daughter?"

"Miss Perkins," was the firm answer.

"Oh, no—no; Mrs. Pendergrass, you forget. It wasn't me; you forget." Miss Perkins was all in a flutter.

"Not at all. My memory is very clear on the subject. You were my informant, and nobody else."

"What did she say?" inquired Mrs. Johnson.

"Why, that you said my Hester was as ugly as sin."

"I never used the language, nor anything like it," was positively answered.

"Oh, but Mrs. Johnson, did you not say that you could make——"

"Yes, Miss Perkins, I did utter that thoughtless, silly speech; I regretted it in a moment afterwards. And I also said that she was good, and that was best of all. Did you tell that, also?"

"No, Mrs. Johnson, she did not, evil mischief-maker that she is!" said Mrs. Pendergrass, rising, and extending her hand.

Mrs. Johnson grasped it, and replied—

"Forgive my foolish speech, that had in it no real meaning, and would have done no harm if there had been no evil tongue to bear it to your ears."

"And forgive my hasty words, uttered in blind passion," said Mrs. Pendergrass. "I have been sufficiently punished."

"And so have I. As for your Hester, I have always liked her; and have said, many and many a time, as Miss Perkins well knows, for I have said it to her, that I wished my Ruthy was as thoughtful of her mother, and as kind among her brothers and sisters. As to good looks, I don't think there is anything to boast of on my side of the house. Ruthy is plain enough, I am sure, and if you couldn't make as good a face out of putty, I wouldn't give much for your skill."

A gleam of kind feeling threw its warm rays over the flushed countenance of Maria Pendergrass. The outraged mother was fully satisfied. She saw that neither ill-will nor contempt had darkened the mind of her neighbor, who had, as every one knew, "a funny way of speaking" sometimes, but meant no harm, and was a true woman at heart.

In a few moments, a change came over the face of Mrs. Pendergrass, as her thoughts took a new direction. A sudden fire flashed in her small, black eyes; her brows fell, and her flexible lips took a firm, angry curve. Turning to the astonished and confused Miss Perkins, she said, sharply—

"And now, my lady, you shall have a piece of my mind!—you tattling, mischief-making, wicked!"

Mrs. Pendergrass was losing herself, and would have gone quite passion-blind again, had not Mrs. Johnson laid a hand firmly upon her arm, and said—

"Maria! Maria Pendergrass! Don't waste

words on her. She isn't worth a decent woman's indignation!"

She grasped her neighbor just in time, as a drowning man is sometimes caught and saved at the last instant of immersion, and drew her back, to the dry ground of reason and self-possession.

"Right, Ruthy Ann! Right! Thank you for the timely words!" And Mrs. Pendergrass caught her breath, like one who had been on the verge of suffocation. "I must say this, however;" and she turned again to Miss Perkins.

"Don't darken my door again. You have done so once too often."

Miss Perkins arose, and turning meekly away, retired slowly, and with the air of one who had been deeply injured.

"The sneaking hypocrite!" ejaculated Mrs. Pendergrass.

"I would have liked her better if she had shown fire and fight," said Mrs. Johnson. "But your secret detractors are always spiritless cowards. Let her go! She is not worth, as I have said, a decent woman's indignation; and I am vexed when I think that her smooth tongue and false heart were able to arouse into such angry turbulence the feelings of two women who had been friends from girlhood up to middle life. And now, Maria, if you hear of any more of my foolish speeches, come to me in all friendly frankness; not as you did!"

"Don't fear another indignation visit, Ruthy Ann!" said Mrs. Pendergrass, interrupting her neighbor. "I'll never make such a fool of myself again—never!"

"Have you spoken of it to any one?" asked Mrs. Johnson, a little gravely.

"No; have you?"

"Not even to my husband. I was too much ashamed of myself."

"Good!" said Mrs. Pendergrass, "it is our own secret."

"And our own it must remain. By its memory we will be faster friends."

Many a good laugh had they afterwards to themselves, about the skill of Mrs. Johnson in making faces out of dough and putty, and over that ludicrous indignation meeting, which both had the good sense to forgive, and the humor to enjoy.

They were friends, though within an ace of being made enemies for life, as thousands are made, by thoughtless words, too freely, yet innocently spoken. It is the tattler who is the real social criminal. Her offence is capital, and there should be no reprieve.

Alone.

BY MRS. M. E. ROCKWELL.

I.

The summer day is almost gone,
The cooler breezes fan my cheek,
The waves in rippling murmurs speak,
The flowers breathe of peace alone.

Oh, weary, troubled, doubting soul,
Accept the offering of the hour,
Break from this subtle, torturing power,
Let the sweet influence make thee whole.

All these long summer days, a cloud
Dark, cold as winter, weighs me down,
My heart lies frozen 'neath its frown,
My spirit with great woe is bowed.

The summer day but mocks my grief,
Her bird-songs and her gay flower-hues,
Her radiant sunshine, morning dews,
And waving bough, and shining leaf.

But this sweet eve is fair and calm,
I lift my weary eyes, and see
She hushes day, and brings to me
Her soft hands, full of fragrant balm.

And when the noisy day is flown,
Her cool, pure breath shall fan my cheek,
Her waves and flowers their lessons speak,
Till I may make her peace my own.

II.

Soothed by the hour, if not to peace
To calmness, and more pensive grief,
From selfish thoughts I find relief
In thoughts of Thee—a sweet release.

While I sit wrapt in mantling gloom,
Which shuts all gladness from my sight,
Where sounds thy voice? Thine eyes of light
Bring radiance to what distant room?

Oh, Friend, I know, where'er thou art,
I know that joy walks by thy side;
Love is thy strength, and Truth thy guide,
And Peace lies folded to thy heart!

And while all with my friend is well,
Shall I thus weakly mourn my lot,
When still I may—myself forgot,
See the fair land where he may dwell?

Rather thank God 'tis I must meet
The storm, while he stands firm and grand
As mountains pointing skyward stand,
Unvext by wand'ers at their feet!

III.

I watch thy life-work from apart—
Half claim thy triumphs, also mine;
The power, and skill, and grace, are thine,
But each is shined within my heart.

I watch. Thy life sweeps grandly on!
To memory only, I must turn
For treasured words and looks, or learn
Forgetfulness of all that's gone.

Forget I cannot—thus I sit
Alone by my deserted hearth,
And muse of all the joy and mirth
A transient brightness brought to it.

Fold your heart's treasures closer yet,
Who love and are beloved again!
Who never knew the stormy pain
Of love which strives but to forget.

Who ne'er for one brief moment, all
Joy's portals opened, wide and fair,
And saw your whole life's sweetness there,
And then Despair's black curtain fall.

But judge me not, or deem me weak,
If, sitting through these darkened hours,
With folded hands, and idle powers,
My few brief songs too sadly speak.

IV.

Midnight has come. My heart, be still!
Through the deep hush, new tones I hear;
No song of Love, or Hope, or Fear—
The voice of strong, courageous Will.

"What if thou suffer? Shall the field
Thy hand should work be all untilld?
How then shall be thy garners filled?
Where the rich harvest life should yield?"

"Go forth, even weeping—if the seed
Be precious, that thy hand doth bear;
Not human love, but toil and prayer
Shall aid thee in thy hour of need.

"Be strong, and labor. Turn from Grief;
Cast Love and Hope beneath thy feet;
Sow wide the grains that make life sweet;
Each one shall bring a ripened sheaf."

My woman's heart is weak. My feet
Press wearily the thorny path;
Pain and Despair, like sp'rits of wrath,
Me with new tortures daily meet.

Yet I will strive. Strength has begun;
Goodness, and Truth, and Beauty, stand
Stretching me each a helping hand,
And Love shall crown, when work is done.
Iowa, August, 1861.

A Thing Slowly Learnt.

[In the *Country Parson's* recent volume, "Leisure Hours in Town," is a chapter on things slowly learnt. We copy a portion of this chapter, the reading of which will help a great many persons to see themselves as others see them; and to understand why they are of less importance in the eyes of other people than they had imagined.]

"One thing very slowly learnt by most human beings is, that they are of no earthly consequence beyond a very small circle indeed; and that really nobody is thinking or talking about them. Almost all commonplace men and women in this world have a vague but deeply-rooted belief that they are quite different from anybody else, and of course quite superior to everybody else. It may be in only one respect they fancy they are this, but that one respect is quite sufficient. I believe that if a grocer or silk-mercier in a little town has a hundred customers, each separate customer lives on under the impression that the grocer or the silk-mercier is prepared to give to him or her certain advantages in buying and selling which will not be accorded to the other ninety-nine customers. 'Say it is for Mrs. Brown,' is Mrs. Brown's direction to her servant when sending for some sugar; 'say it is for Mrs. Brown and he will give it a little better.' The grocer, keenly alive to the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, encourages this notion. 'This tea,' he says, 'would be four-and-sixpence a pound to any one else, but to you it is only four-and-threepence.' Judging from my own observation, I should say that retail dealers trade a good deal upon this singular fact in the constitution of the human mind, that it is inexpressibly bitter to most people to believe that they stand on the ordinary level of humanity; that, in the main, they are just like their neighbors. Mrs. Brown would be filled with unutterable wrath if it were represented to her that the grocer treats her precisely as he does Mrs. Smith, who lives on one side of her, and Mrs. Snooks, who lives on the other. She would be still more angry if you asked her what earthly reason there is why she should in any way be distinguished beyond Mrs. Snooks and Mrs. Smith. She takes for granted she is quite different from them: quite superior to them. Human beings do not like to be classed, at least with the class to which in fact they belong. To be classed at all is painful to an average mortal, who firmly believes that

there never was such a being in this world. I remember one of the cleverest friends I have—one who assuredly cannot be classed intellectually, except in a very small and elevated class—telling me how mortified he was, when a very clever boy of sixteen, at being classed at all. He had told a literary lady that he admired Tennyson. 'Yes,' said the lady, 'I am not surprised at that: there is a class of young men who like Tennyson at your age.' It went like a dart to my friend's heart. *Class of young men*, indeed! Was it for *this* that I outstripped all competitors at school, that I have been fancying myself an unique phenomenon in nature, *different* at least from every other being that lives, that I should be spoken of as one of a *class of young men*? Now, in my friend's half playful reminiscence, I see the exemplification of a great fact in human nature. Most human beings fancy themselves, and all their belongings, to be quite different from all other beings, and the belongings of all other beings. I heard an old lady, whose son is a rifleman, and just like all the other volunteers of his corps, lately declare that on the occasion of a certain grand review her Tom looked so entirely different from all the rest. No doubt he did to her, poor old lady, for he was her own. But the irritating thing was, that the old lady wished it to be admitted that Tom's superiority was an actual fact, equally patent to the eyes of all mankind. Yes, my friend: it is a thing very slowly learnt by most men, that they are very much like other people. You see the principle which underlies what you hear so often said by human beings, young and old, when urging you to do something which it is against your general rule to do. 'Oh, but you might do it *for me*.' Why for you more than for any one else, would be the answer of severe logic. But a kindly man would not take that ground: for doubtless the *Me*, however little to every one else, is to each unit in human-kind the centre of all the world.

"Arising out of this mistaken notion of their own difference from all other men, is the fancy entertained by many, that they occupy a much greater space in the thoughts of others than they really do. Most folk think mainly about themselves and their own affairs. Even a matter which 'everybody is talking about,' is really talked about by each for a very small portion of the twenty-four hours. And a name which is 'in everybody's mouth,' is not in each separate mouth for more than a few minutes at a time. And during those few minutes, it is talked of with an interest very faint when

compared with that you feel for yourself. You fancy it a terrible thing when you yourself have to do something which you would think nothing about if done by anybody else. A lady grows sick, and has to go out of church during the sermon. Well, you remark it; possibly indeed you don't; and you say, Mrs. Thomson went out of church to-day; she must be ill; and there the matter ends. But a day or two later you see Mrs. Thomson, and find her quite in a fever at the awful fact. It was a dreadful trial, walking out, and facing all the congregation: they must have thought it so strange; she would not run the risk of it again for any inducement. The fact is just this: Mrs. Thomson thinks a great deal of the thing, because it happened to herself. It did not happen to the other people, and so they hardly think of it at all. But nine in every ten of them, in Mrs. Thomson's place, would have Mrs. Thomson's feeling; for it is a thing which you, my reader, slowly learn, that people think very little about you.

"Yes, it is a thing slowly learnt: by many not learnt at all. How many persons you meet walking along the street who evidently think that everybody is looking at them! How few persons can walk through an exhibition of pictures at which are assembled the grand people of the town and all their own grand acquaintances, in a fashion thoroughly free from self-consciousness! I mean without thinking of themselves at all, or of how they look; but in an unaffected manner, observing the objects and beings around them. Men who have attained recently to a moderate eminence, are sometimes, if of small minds, much affected by this disagreeable frailty. Small literary men, and preachers with no great head or heart, have within my own observation suffered from it severely. I have witnessed a poet, whose writings I have never read, walking along a certain street. I call him a poet to avoid periphrasis. The whole get-up of the man, his dress, his hair, his hat, the style in which he walked, showed unmistakably that he fancied that everybody was looking at him, and that he was the admired of all admirers. In fact, nobody was looking at him at all. Some time since I beheld a portrait of a very, very small literary man. It was easy to discern from it that the small author lives in the belief that wherever he goes he is the object of universal observation. The intense self-consciousness and self-conceit apparent in that portrait were, in the words of Mr. Squeers, 'more easier conceived than described.' The face was a very

commonplace and rather good-looking one: the author, notwithstanding his most strenuous exertions, evidently could make nothing of the features to distinguish him from other men. But the length of his hair was very great; and oh, what genius he plainly fancied glowed in those eyes! I never in my life witnessed such an extraordinary glare. I do not believe that any human being ever lived whose eyes habitually wore that expression; only by a violent effort could the expression be produced; and then for a very short time, without serious injury to the optic nerves. The eyes were made as large as possible; and the thing after which the poor fellow had been struggling was that peculiar look which may be conceived to penetrate through the beholder, and pierce his inmost thoughts. I never beheld the living original, but if I saw him I should like in a kind way to pat him on the head, and tell him that *that* sort of expression would produce a great effect on the gallery of a minor theatre. The other day I was at a public meeting. A great crowd of people was assembled in a large hall: the platform at one end of it remained unoccupied till the moment when the business of the meeting was to begin. It was an interesting sight for any philosophic observer seated in the body of the hall to look at the men who by and by walked in procession on to the platform, and to observe the different ways in which they walked in. There were several very great and distinguished men: every one of these walked on to the platform and took his seat in the most simple and unaffected way, as if quite unconscious of the many eyes that were looking at them with interest and curiosity. There were many highly respectable and sensible men, whom nobody cared particularly to see, and who took their places in a perfectly natural manner, as though well aware of the fact. But there were one or two small men, struggling for notoriety; and I declare it was pitiful to behold their entrance. I remarked one in particular, who evidently thought that the eyes of the whole meeting were fixed upon himself; and that as he walked in everybody was turning to his neighbor, and saying with agitation, 'See, that's Snooks!' His whole gait and deportment testified that he felt that two or three thousand eyes were burning him up: you saw it in the way he walked to his place, in the way he sat down, in the way he then looked about him. If any one had tried to get up three cheers for Snooks, Snooks would not have known that he was

being made a fool of. He would have accepted the incense of fame as justly his due. There once was a man who entered the Edinburgh theatre at the same instant with Sir Walter Scott. The audience cheered lustily; and while Sir Walter modestly took his seat, as though unaware that those cheers were to welcome the Great Magician, the other man advanced with dignity to the front of the box, and bowed in acknowledgment of the popular applause. This of course was but a little outburst of the great tide of vain self-estimation which the man had cherished within his breast for years. Let it be said here, that an affected unconsciousness of the presence of a multitude of people is as offensive an exhibition of self-consciousness as any that is possible. Entire naturalness, and a just sense of a man's personal insignificance, will produce the right deportment. It is very irritating to see some clergymen walk into church to begin the service. They come in, with eyes affectedly cast down, and go to their places without ever looking up, and rise and begin without one glance at the congregation. To stare about them as some clergymen do, in a free and easy manner, befits not the solemnity of the place and the worship; but the other is the worse thing. In a few cases it proceeds from modesty: in the majority from intolerable self-conceit. The man who keeps his eyes downcast in that affected manner fancies that everybody is looking at him. There is an insufferable self-consciousness about him; and he is much more keenly aware of the presence of other people than the man who does what is natural, and looks at the people to whom he is speaking. It is not natural nor rational to speak to one human being with your eyes fixed on the ground; and neither is it natural or rational to speak to a thousand. And I think that the preacher who feels in his heart that he is neither wiser nor better than his fellow-sinners to whom he is to preach, and that the advices he addresses to them are addressed quite as solemnly to himself, will assume no conceited airs of elevation above them, but will unconsciously wear the demeanor of any sincere worshipper, somewhat deepened in solemnity by the remembrance of his heavy personal responsibility in leading the congregation's worship; but assuredly and entirely free from the vulgar conceit which may be fostered in a vulgar mind by the reflection, 'Now everybody is looking at me!' I have seen, I regret to say, various distinguished preachers whose pulpit demeanor was made to me inexpressibly offensive by this taint of self-consciousness. And I have seen some, with half the talent, who made upon me an impression a thousand-fold deeper than ever was made by the most brilliant eloquence; because the simple earnestness of their manner said to every heart, 'Now, I am not thinking in the least about myself, or about what you may think of me: my sole desire is to impress on your hearts these truths I speak, which I believe will concern us all forever!' I have heard great preachers, after hearing whom you could walk home quite at your ease, praising warmly the eloquence and the logic of the sermon. I have heard others (infinitely greater in my poor judgment), after hearing whom you would have felt it profanation to criticise the literary merits of their sermon, high as those were: but you walked home thinking of the lesson and not of the teacher; solemnly revolving the truths you had heard; and asking the best of all help to enable you to remember them and act upon them.

"There are various ways in which self-consciousness disagreeably evinces its existence; and there is not one perhaps more disagreeable than the affected avoidance of what is generally regarded as egotism. Depend upon it, my reader, that the straightforward and natural writer who frankly uses the first person singular, and says, 'I think thus and thus,' 'I have seen so and so,' is thinking of himself and his own personality a mighty deal less than the man who is always employing awkward and roundabout forms of expression to avoid the use of the obnoxious *I*. Every such periphrasis testifies unmistakably that the man was thinking of himself; but the simple, natural writer, warm with his subject, eager to press his views upon his readers, uses the *I* without a thought of self, just because it is the shortest, most direct, and most natural way of expressing himself. The recollection of his own personality probably never once crossed his mind during the composition of the paragraph from which an ill-set critic might pick out a score of *I*'s. To say 'It is submitted' instead of 'I think,' 'It has been observed' instead of 'I have seen,' 'the present writer' instead of 'I,' is much the more really egotistical. Try to write an essay without using that vowel which some men think the very shibboleth of egotism, and the remembrance of yourself will be in the background of your mind all the time you are writing. It will be always intruding and pushing in its face, and you will be able to give only half

your mind to your subject. But frankly and naturally use the 'I,' and the remembrance of yourself vanishes. You are grappling with the subject; you are thinking of it and of nothing else. You use the readiest and most unaffected mode of speech to set out your thoughts of it. You have written *I* a dozen times, but you have not thought of yourself once.

"You may see the self-consciousness of some men strongly manifested in their handwriting. The handwriting of some men is essentially affected; more especially their signature. It seems to be a very searching test whether a man is a conceited person or an unaffected person, to be required to furnish his autograph to be printed underneath his published portrait. I have fancied I could form a theory of a man's whole character from reading, in such a situation, merely the words 'Very faithfully yours, Eusebius Snooks.' You could see that Mr. Snooks was acting when he wrote that signature. He was thinking of the impression it would produce on those who saw it. It was not the thing which a man would produce who simply wished to write his name legibly in as short a time and with as little needless trouble as possible. Let me say with sorrow that I have known even venerable bishops who were not superior to this irritating weakness. Some men aim at an aristocratic hand; some deal in vulgar flourishes. These are the men who have reached no farther than that stage at which they are proud of the dexterity with which they handle their pen. Some strive after an affectedly simple and student-like hand; some at a dashing and military style. But there may be as much self-consciousness evinced by handwriting as by anything else. Any clergyman who performs a good many marriages will be impressed by the fact that very few among the humbler classes can sign their name in an unaffected way. I am not thinking of the poor bride who shakily traces her name, or of the simple bumpkin who slowly writes his, making no secret of the difficulty with which he does it. These are natural and pleasing. You would like to help and encourage them. But it is irritating when some forward fellow, after evincing his marked contempt for the slow and cramped performances of his friends, jauntily takes up the pen and dashes off his signature at a tremendous rate and with the air of an exploit, evidently expecting the admiration of his rustic friends, and laying a foundation for remarking to them on his way home that the parson could not touch him at penmanship. I have observed

with a little malicious satisfaction that such persons, arising in their pride from the place where they wrote, generally smear their signature with their coat-sleeve, and reduce it to a state of comparative illegibility. I like to see the smirking, impudent creature a little taken down.

"But it is endless to try to reckon up the fashions in which people show that they have not learnt the lesson of their own unimportance. Did you ever stop in the street and talk for a few minutes to some old bachelor? If so, I dare say you have remarked a curious phenomenon. You have found that all of a sudden the mind of the old gentleman, usually reasonable enough, appeared stricken into a state approaching idiocy, and that the sentence which he had begun in a rational and intelligible way was ending in a maze of wandering words, signifying nothing in particular. You had been looking in another direction, but in sudden alarm you look straight at the old gentleman to see what on earth is the matter; and you discern that his eyes are fixed on some passer-by, possibly a young lady, perhaps no more than a magistrate or the like, who is by this time a good many yards off, with the eyes still following, and slowly revolving on their axis so as to follow without the head being turned round. It is this spectacle which has drawn off your friend's attention; and you notice his whole figure twisted into an ungainly form, intended to be dignified or easy, and assumed because he fancied that the passer-by was looking at him. Oh the pettiness of human nature! Then you will find people afraid that they have given offence by saying or doing things which the party they suppose offended had really never observed they had said or done. There are people who fancy that in church everybody is looking at them, when in truth no mortal is taking the trouble to do so. It is an amusing though irritating sight to behold a weak-minded lady walking into church and taking her seat under this delusion. You remember the affected air, the downcast eyes, the demeanor intended to imply a modest shrinking from notice, but through which there shines the real desire, 'Oh, for any sake, look at me!' There are people whose voice is utterly inaudible in church six feet off, who will tell you that a whole congregation of a thousand or fifteen hundred people was listening to their singing. Such folk will tell you that they went to a church where the singing was left too much to the choir, and began to sing as usual, on

which the entire congregation looked round to see who it was that was singing, and ultimately proceeded to sing lustily too. I do not remember a more disgusting exhibition of vulgar self-conceit than I saw a few months ago at Westminster Abbey. It was a week-day afternoon service, and the congregation was small. Immediately before me there sat an insolent boor, who evidently did not belong to the Church of England. He had walked in when the prayers were half over, having with difficulty been made to take off his hat, and his manifest wish was to testify his contempt for the whole place and service. Accordingly he persisted in sitting, in a lounging attitude, when the people stood, and in standing up and staring about with an air of curiosity while they knelt. He was very anxious to convey that he was not listening to the prayers; but rather inconsistently he now and then uttered an audible grunt of disapproval. No one can enjoy the choral service more than I do, and the music that afternoon was very fine; but I could not enjoy it or join in it as I wished for the disgust I felt at the animal before me, and for my burning desire to see him turned out of the sacred place he was profaning. But the thing which chiefly struck me about the individual was not his vulgar and impudent profanity; it was his intolerable self-conceit. He plainly thought that every eye under the noble old roof was watching all his movements. I could see that he would go home and boast of what he had done, and tell his friends that all the clergy, choristers, and congregation had been awe-stricken by him, and that possibly word had by this time been conveyed to Lambeth or Fulham of the weakened influence and approaching downfall of the Church of England. I knew that the very thing he wished was that some one should rebuke his conduct, otherwise I should certainly have told him either to behave with decency or to be gone.

"I have sometimes witnessed a curious manifestation of this vain sense of self-importance. Did you ever, my reader, chance upon such a spectacle as this: a very commonplace man, and even a very great blockhead, standing in a drawing-room where a large party of people is assembled, with a grin of self-complacent superiority upon his unmeaning face? I am sure you understand the thing I mean. I mean a look which conveyed that, in virtue of some hidden store of genius or power, he could survey with a calm, cynical loftiness the little conversation and interests of ordinary mortals. You

know the kind of interest with which a human being would survey the distant approaches to reason of an intelligent dog, or a colony of ants. I have seen this expression on the face of one or two of the greatest blockheads I ever knew. I have seen such a one wear it while clever men were carrying on a conversation in which he could not have joined to have saved his life. Yet you could see that (who can tell how?) the poor creature had somehow persuaded himself that he occupied a position from which he could look down on his fellow-men in general. Or was it rather that the poor creature knew he was a fool, and fancied that thus he could disguise the fact? I dare say there was a mixture of both feelings.

"You may see many indications of vain self-importance in the fact that various persons, old ladies for the most part, are so ready to give opinions which are not wanted, on matters of which they are not competent to judge. Clever young curates suffer much annoyance from these people: they are always anxious to instruct the young curates how to preach. I remember well, ten years ago, when I was a curate (which in Scotland we call an *assistant*) myself, what advices I used to receive (quite unsought by me) from well-meaning but densely stupid old ladies. I did not think the advices worth much, even then; and now, by longer experience, I can discern that they were utterly idiotic. Yet they were given with entire confidence. No thought ever entered the head of these well-meaning but stupid individuals, that possibly they were not competent to give advice on such subjects. And it is vexatious to think that people so stupid may do serious harm to a young clergyman by head-shakings and sly inuendos as to his orthodoxy or his gravity of deportment. In the long run they will do no harm, but at the first start they may do a good deal of mischief. Not long since, such a person complained to me that a talented young preacher had taught unsound doctrine. She cited his words. I showed her that the words were taken *verbatim* from the *Confession of Faith*, which is our Scotch Thirty-nine Articles. I think it not unlikely that she would go on telling her tattling story just the same. I remember hearing a stupid old lady say, as though her opinion were quite decisive of the question, that no clergyman ought to have so much as a thousand a year; for if he had, he would be sure to neglect his duty. You remember what Dr. Johnson said to a woman who expressed some opinion or other upon a matter she did not

understand. 'Madam,' said the moralist, 'before expressing your opinion, you should consider what your opinion is worth.' But this shaft would have glanced harmlessly from off the panoply of the stupid and self-complacent old lady of whom I am thinking. It was a fundamental axiom with her that her opinion was entirely infallible. Some people would feel as though the very world were crumbling away under their feet, if they realized the fact that they could go wrong.

"Let it here be said, that this vain belief of their own importance which most people cherish, is not at all a source of unmixed happiness. It will work either way. When my friend, Mr. Snarling, got his beautiful poem printed in the county newspaper, it no doubt pleased him to think, as he walked along the street, that every one was pointing him out as the eminent literary man who was the pride of the district; and that the whole town was ringing with that magnificent effusion. Mr. Tennyson, it is certain, felt that his crown was being rest away. But on the other hand, there is no commoner form of morbid misery than that of the poor nervous man or woman who fancies that he or she is the subject of universal unkindly remark. You will find people, still sane for practical purposes, who think that the whole neighborhood is conspiring against them, when in fact nobody is thinking of them."

Poesy.

BY M. W. EDGAR.

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tone of prophet-years?

MRS. HEMANS.

Ye who have climbed Parnassus' sacred mountain,
Only to grasp the coronal of fame!
Ye who have sat beside the clear, deep fountain,
And bartered its bright waters for a name!

Would ye awake once more a lyre that slumbers—
The lyre of prophet-years, untuned so long?
Would ye recall the "old victorious" numbers,
Like the out-breathings of the seraph's song?

Then rise ye minstrels from the earth's low groveling,
And walk by steps of faith the upper sky—
Commune with *Him* in yonder glorious dwelling,
Fountain of beauty, truth and purity.

And in the bright, still sunshine of devotion,
Receive the inspiration ye desire,
Till nobler thought and holier emotion
GIVE BACK THE LONG LOST MUSIC TO THE LYRE.
BRIGHTON, MICH., 1862.

The Worsted Shawl.

BY S. B. L.

How many a human history would be unfolded, that is now unknown, could the daily garments we wear reveal their origin and the progress of their completion! Let me tell you one story of a shawl I have lately seen; and if there are any who, from infirmity, think there is nothing for them to do, that even their one talent must be laid by in the napkin of inaction, I will assure them, that, by patience and cheerful vigilance, a little done at once amounts to a very respectable degree of attainment or performance in the end.

A lady, who has been a weak and delicate invalid for many years, but who has always endeavored to do what she could, was much pleased with a pretty netted shawl, while residing at a Water-cure establishment for medical aid. She determined to imitate this shawl for a beloved niece, and immediately, in her weakness, set about it. Nearly ten months it was in the process of making; but at last it was done, shaded and netted in the nicest manner. Weak arms and poor sight required much patience. During a great part of the time she would net only twelve stitches once an hour. Of course there were hours and days when she was obliged to lay it entirely aside from her debility.

Every woman who sees this work, and knows the person who made it, is struck with astonishment, that anything so pretty and valuable could be accomplished under such circumstances.

Who *cannot* bring about her purpose, in one way or another, for doing good, as best suits her powers, if one seeks this cheerful, patient perseverance? even though she asks with Shakspeare, "Ah me! what poor ability's in me to do the good!" How much wisdom lies in the answer, "assay the power you have."

From the same hand and heart came the verses here given; first published in the *New York Christian Inquirer*.

WAITING.

Sitting at the heavenly portal
Waits she, day and night,
Seeking from the tender Father
Health, and strength, and light.

Seasons coming, seasons going,
Find her waiting there;
Year on year, successive rolling,
Hears the earnest prayer—

"Grant me, O thou gracious Parent,"
Pleads she day by day,
"Health and power once more to serve Thee,
On my homeward way.

"Gladly would I lay before thee
Deeds of active love;
Thus by service towards thy children,
Love to thee would prove.

"Yet if weakness still enthrall me,
Give me heavenly light;
Through the paths of lowliest duty
Guide my steps aright.

"Let me not despise the mission,
Gentle words to speak;
Pity offering to the fallen—
Comfort to the weak.

"Slighting not the humblest power
Kindly lent me still,
Like the star-light and the dew-drop,
I would do Thy will.

"Thus may dust and ashes praise Thee
Till new vigor come,
Or this frame, its hold releasing,
Send my spirit home."

So she sitteth, watching, praying,
At the heavenly gate,
Knowing that the good All-Father,
Blesseth those who wait.

Conscience and the Fiend.

Conscience and the Father of Evil stood by the side of Pierson, the cobbler, as he stopped, pipe in hand, in front of the grog-shop, on his way to deliver a pair of old boots newly heel-tapped. He could not see either of them, it is true, but he knew them well by their voices, for he had had much to do with them both, in his time. He was not so hardened as to disregard either of them entirely, though, for many years, he had contented himself with a distant and cold respect for the theoretic precepts of the former, while he seemed greatly to prefer the practical lessons of the latter.

"What stops you, Jimmy Pierson? Why do you stand here, fumbling in your pockets? Why don't you go in at once, and call for your glass and tobacco?" whispered he of the cloven foot, at the left ear of his disciple.

"I am hunting for my last sixpence, friend Nicholas."

"And is it possible," said the lady of the solemn brow, upon his right, "is it possible,

James, that you would spend your last sixpence for poison, when your poor wife is nursing the baby at home with hardly a crust of bread in the house, and the oldest boy half dead with the cold he caught by running of errands barefoot, though his father was brought up a shoemaker!"

"It isn't kind of you, madam, to be twitting me with my misfortunes," replied Crispin, with a dolorous look and a tear in his eye. "You know very well that if I was not so poor, the old woman would be well fed and all the children decently clothed."

"Well, never mind her croaking, my lad," rejoined the Fiend; "it is enough to make a demon weep to hear such hard-hearted virtues trying to cut a poor man off from the only solace that cruel fate has left him; so, go in at once, call for a stiff one, and drown dull care for a while at least. Conscience herself will let you alone while the liquor lasts."

"That's true," said the unhappy man, and made a step in advance.

"Hold!" cried Conscience, with unwonted energy; and her voice shot through his frame like a flash of electricity. "You talk of your poverty! What caused that poverty, you wretched being? Were you poor when you enticed pretty Jane Williams from the side of her mother, to make her the wife of a drunkard? You were not a drunkard then, James: you *made* shoes, where you now only mend them; and you had everything comfortable around you. What went with the little capital that supplied you with leather? Did you not toss it away, penny by penny and sixpence after sixpence, for the vile poison that they sell inside here? Did you not stand and laugh, like a great overgrown boy, to hear the coin clink into the brandy-bottle, or plunge '*che-bung*' into the beer-barrel, while pretty Jane was hardening her hands over the wash-tub, and wrinkling her smooth brow with care, as the family increased and the income dwindled away? You know that you were too drunk to call yourself a man when you lost your last ten dollar bill, set aside for hides of soles and uppers, and tumbled yourself down from cordwaining to cobbling, on a wager as to which had the longest face, a horse or a donkey! Go on your errand, James, and save the sixpence to buy a cough-mixture for poor little Willie!"

Pierson drew down the angles of his mouth at this appeal, as he stood fumbling mechanically in his pocket;—for he had actually forgotten for the moment the object of his search,

in certain soul-sickening recollections of Jane Williams, bounding down the garden path to meet him when he laid his hand upon the latch of the gate, at her mother's cottage, in the golden twilight of a summer day, some twenty years ago. He turned up first one ear, and then the other, as if listening for the advice of his more agreeable and less exacting familiar; while his countenance actually twitched with ludicrous irresolution.

But the Fiend was prudent. He bit his sardonic lip, and beat an inaudible tattoo with his hoof upon the pavement, till he thought the deep impression made by Conscience had, in some degree, faded. Then he ventured slyly to remark: "Perhaps you had better do as she says, my boy, but—sorry for you! How weak and sick you will feel in the afternoon! You'll certainly lose half a day."

"That's true, and I can't afford it," thought the cobbler, brightening a little.

"Take your glass," said Conscience, "and how weak and sick you'll feel in the morning! You'll lose a whole day."

"That's true too," thought he, more perplexed than ever; "I must lose three days, for I can get no more money till Saturday, and work without liquor I cannot."

"Were you sick and feeble of mornings before you began to take liquor?" inquired Conscience, demurely.

Friend Nicholas grinned horribly, but had nothing to say. There was silence for some moments, when James cried out, very testily: "I wish one or other would be off and leave me—I would follow either of you gladly if t' other were away; and to tell you the truth, friend Nicholas, though I love *you* best, because you never twit me with my faults, you bother me so between you that I would not give a toss of this sixpence to determine which to follow."

The Fiend was not slow to seize the happy moment when the cobbler drew forth the truant coin:—"That's fair," said he, "and I'll leave you to Conscience till Saturday night, if you say so. If she can make a fool of you, after twenty years' experience, so be it; for you will then be hardly worth my care! I can't be of much use to you till your earnings come in—so, say it's a bargain, and seal it with a treat!"

"Agreed," cried Pierson, and stepped forward with the alacrity of habit, forgetting that he had only money enough for a single glass, and that, by the customs of the bar-room, it was his place to treat the company. But just as he reached the threshold he felt something

like a smart tap upon his right shoulder, and a voice that went through and through his ears, like a thunder-clap, called out, "Remember the cough-drops for Willie!"

He stood aghast and trembled for a moment, but the Fiend whispered him huskily, "Be a man, Jemmy, and don't be frightened at the shadow of your own thoughts!"

This was the crisis of the cobbler's fate, and he was on the point of yielding, when Conscience, making a compromise, as she sometimes will, between expediency and the abstract right, ventured to abate a little of her severe dignity, and condescended to resort to an innocent finesse. "Come, come, my good fellow," said she, "you know you have no work on hand this afternoon, so there'll be no time lost if you should be a little sick this afternoon. Then, as for to-morrow and next day, you know you'll have to feel miserable at all events; for you'll have no money to buy liquor with, and since you have been unfortunate nobody will trust you. Now just give up one glass for the sake of poor little Willie."

Pierson yielded at once to her softened tone, and bringing his foot down firmly as he turned his back on the door of the grog-shop:—"Mr. Nicholas," said he, "I've made up my mind. Conscience has been very kind, all along; she has never left me, though I have not been alone with her for an hour these twenty years: I'll buy the cough-drops for Willie, and meet you again on Saturday night.—Then we'll have a regular blow-out together."

"Just as you please," said the Fiend, tartly, since you will have it so. It's a pleasant, dozing time you'll have of it with the sour old lady, so I'll send you a few amusing dreams to entertain you o' nights till we meet again."

So saying, the Fiend retreated, and Pierson went on his way with a lighter heart than he had known for years; for Conscience was singing in his ears, all the time, about the happiness that comes of making others happy. Little Willie got his cough-drops: Jane smiled when she saw that he was perfectly sober; and, although he felt sick and miserable that afternoon, he did not mind it much; for Conscience was all the while telling him how nobly he had behaved in struggling with temptation.

Next day, however, matters were far worse. There was a ringing in his ears, a terrible emptiness of stomach, that felt just like hunger, though the very idea of food was loathsome, and his head seemed to be expanded into a vast balloon, freighted with emptiness. He was so miserable that he became vexed at Con-

science, even when she spoke to him approvingly, and he would certainly have sallied forth in search of stimulus, in spite of her solicitations, had he possessed the means. As it was, he wore away a weary day in a state of physical weakness that at least rendered him incapable of making others uncomfortable; and he passed a miserable night in dreaming of all kinds of vague and undefined difficulties, for which, as he well knew, he had to thank his absent familiar.

It was not until Saturday morning that he became fully aware of the kindly recollections of his friend Nicholas. The influence of his good genius was by that time totally obliterated, and he would have welcomed the Fiend with the fervor of an affectionate brother, had he presented himself in person, and in the garb becoming and proper for the prince of darkness. But his Satanic majesty is a humorist and *roué*, as well as "a gentleman;" and, like England's merry monarch, he is fond of travelling in disguise through the humble walks of life. Being really irritated, on this occasion, by the contumacious rectitude of Pierson, in relation to his last sixpence, he resolved to amuse himself with a little pantomime, at the expense of his votary,—the characters to be dressed up in the garb in which they are usually painted on the imagination of elderly ladies who are not very spiritual in their notions, and children by the cottage fire, when aunty is telling them terrible stories on stormy winter nights, by the light of tallow candles.

On Saturday morning the cobbler arose with the sound of rushing waters in the interior of his head,—all visual objects dancing before him, as if seen through a running stream, where the rays of light are bent and twisted about by a varying refraction, such as we see above an oven or a heated stove. His ideas, also, were confused; and when, in utter desperation, he sat down to write a note,—begging a journeyman mechanic, for whom he had done a little job, to antedate the usual weekly six o'clock settlement with his employer by a few paltry hours, and send him a shilling, for the love of one he seldom addressed except blasphemously,—his hand shook so violently that he could not hold his pen. His consciousness of surrounding things soon became indistinct; objects seemed to change their shapes continually; his mind began to wander; chairs, tables, and bureaux took life, and skipped about merrily on their ill-fashioned legs;—and soon the pantomime began.

On the instant, the room was filled with all manner of hideous shapes; lizards, snakes, ugly dogs, and quarrelling cats, were skipping about on all sides—hissing, growling, snarling, and menacing him with the most horrible death. The cold sweat poured from his brow, and his countenance writhed with agony. Presently his friend Nicholas appeared in the centre of the group, with an enormous fiddle in his hand.

"Ha! ha!" said the Fiend, "driven Conscience away again, Jemmy? I thought as much. Can't get along without a little of the creature? Well, well; I've come to take you where you'll have plenty of it, gratis. These are your future brothers and sisters, Jemmy; they are ready to wait on you to your new home.—Embrace him, Jack," said he, addressing a huge grimalkin, with the head of a grizzly bear; and most prodigiously did his majesty appear to be amused at the loathing and horror with which the cobbler turned from the ideal contact.

"Now don't be ashamed of your own kith and kin, Jemmy. These hobgoblins were all drunken shoemakers in their day; so let us have a dance before we go. It's a long way down, and you had better make your limbs supple before starting, or you may chance to go head foremost. The temperance men have cut away so many rounds from the ladders and so many props from under the stairs, of late, that it's not so easy to get—you know where—as it once was; and the more's the pity! Come, children, let us have a little sport in honor of the occasion."

With that he drew the bow across the bass string, and a stunning peal of thunder shook the house. Then he touched a note *in alt*; and it was like the creak of a wheelbarrow, large enough to trundle half creation over the big stones in the pavement of the milky way, and as sharp as a northwester playing upon an old sign-board. The cobbler's teeth chattered, both with fear and discord; but the music went on, and so did the dance, till the floor rose and fell, and the walls rocked to and fro, and it became evident to the trembling wretch that he was about to be crushed beneath them. He saw his wife among the crowd, but somebody had set on her head a wreath of rattlesnakes. Little Willie was there, but the witches had turned his legs into a fish's tail. There was also a beautiful creature,—oh! it was exquisitely beautiful,—that he had never seen before; but he knew it was an angel, and wondered how it could bear to

stay in such a place. He tried to call to his wife to drive the tormentors away, and endeavored to pray to the angel for the same purpose; but every time he opened his mouth, a little squab figure with a bob-wig, green spectacles, and a gold-headed cane with a live snake for the staff, kept thrusting into his mouth some bitter pills and a mixture smelling of assafoetida and ether, that took fire the moment it touched his lips, and choked his utterance. To add to his rage and despair, the Fiend kept taunting him, at the end of every bar, with, "A very pretty blow-out, for Saturday night; is it not, Jemmy?" And all the while, he heard a smothered voice which he knew to be that of Conscience, calling out from an empty cupboard, over which the Fiend had pinned an old tattered bed-spread,—“All your own fault, Jemmy! Serves you right, Jemmy! Told you how it would be, Jemmy!” With the regularity of the ticking of a clock, and an effect like the ancient death-torture by the ceaseless dropping of water on the head.

By a kind providence, there is a limit to the extent of suffering which human nerves are capable of feeling. Beyond this limit lie palsy, death, or sleep. What influence the little squab figure in green spectacles may have had in determining the latter alternative in the cobbler's case, the reader must determine. How long the horrors continued, Pierson had no means of knowing; but, at last, he sank into a lethargy so deep that even the Fiend's fiddle could not wake him.

When Pierson awoke to consciousness again, he found the room darkened, and his wife sitting at the bedside.

"Are they gone? don't let them come near me," were the first words he uttered.

"Let who?" asked his startled helpmate. "You are wandering still, James. They said you would be yourself again when you woke. Be calm, that's a good man, do!"

"I am calm enough now, Jane; but who was the little man with the gold-headed cane?"

"Who but the doctor, dear? He never left you for more than one hour at a time, till he put you to sleep. But sure he's much bigger than you!"

"And who locked Conscience up in the cupboard, and smothered her with the counterpane?"

"Oh, dear! Now you are wandering again! What *shall* I do?"

"Never mind, Jane; I'll be all right directly. Get me my clothes; for I must go and collect five shillings that are due me for the week's

jobbing. They all agreed to pay me to-night, when the hands were paid off."

"Bless your dear heart, this is not that Saturday; it's next Saturday. You have been raving crazy for five days, and asleep for two days and nights; so do be quiet and recollect yourself!"

"I begin to understand it all now," said Pierson; "I have had the horrors, for want of a little liquor, which I had not money to buy. Is Willie well?"

"Yes, pa," replied the little fellow, leaping on the bed, fixing his large, dark eyes upon his father's face, and then throwing his arms round that father's neck, in very gratitude.

"Ah, Willie! that sixpence cost me dear, but I'm glad you had the cough-drops, though you came to tease me so often while I was sick,—wallowing about the room on a fish's tail! But, Jane," he added more seriously, "there *was* an angel here, and no mistake; she sat over in yon corner, on the broken chair;—who was she?"

"An angel, indeed! But I am almost afraid to name her to *you*. You know, James, when you was fairly taken down, there was not a stick in the cellar, nor a slice of bread in the cupboard, and what was I to do? I remembered that Mr. Scattergood was the richest man in town, and that it was he who made a cobbler of you, by refusing you credit for a couple of hides. So as I could do nothing else—now don't be angry, Jemmy—nothing else than beg or starve, I went and told him how things stood with us; for, thinks I, James has more claim on him than anybody else."

"And he turned you out of doors, of course."

"Not he! he said you were a good-hearted fellow, and if you would only quit the bottle, so that what he did might make things better instead of worse, he would be glad to help you."

"Did he, though?"

"Indeed he did; and his daughter—that's the angel—was by, and she spoke up and said: 'Pa, I'm a Daughter of Temperance, and it's my duty to do all I can to persuade Pierson to mend his ways for the sake of his poor family; so, let me go and provide for them: and if he gets well, you'll be kind to him and trust him for leather, will you not? My Conscience will never give me any rest if you refuse!'"

"Her *Conscience*, did she say?"

"Yes, James; and her father smiled and kissed her. He promised all she asked, and

we came away together; and from that time, we have lived better than we've done these ten years; and the baby is fattening up, and Willie's as spry as a lark. Just look at his new shoes!"

"Her *Conscience*, do you say?"

"Yes, Jemmy dear, her *Conscience*; and now, wont *your* *Conscience* persuade you to take the pledge?"

"I'll take no pledge, Jane. If a man's word will not bind him, neither will his oath; but if ever another drop of the creature touches my lip, may Nicholas carry me off next Saturday night, in a real regular *blow-out*!"

From this time, Jemmy Pierson began to rise in the world. He became a respectable cordwainer once more, and, after a few years, a wholesale dealer in shoes. He now lives "in town," and is as rich or richer than Mr. Scattergood. Whenever he sees an unhappy tatterdemalion "making worm fence" along the public street, he shakes his head and exclaims: "Pity that somebody does not steal his last sixpence, shut him up with his own *Conscience* for a week, and then, kindly give him a lift in the world: my word on it; he'd never drink again!"

Kings and Queens of England.

HENRY II.

Henry II. was crowned December 19, 1155. The kings, after the conquest, to Henry II., were called Normans. Henry's surname was Plantagenet; also, thirteen kings who succeed him are called Plantagenet. Henry was a grandson of Henry I. The English were much pleased with the accession of a prince descended from their ancient kings; the Saxon blood which he inherited from his grandmother made him very popular, and the people rejoiced to have the old Saxon line restored. He was twenty-one years of age, of middle size, strong, active, and handsome; accomplished in manners, and lively and interesting in conversation; he was prudent, valiant and humane; generous, studious and learned; and was qualified to shine in the capacity of politician, legislator and warrior; he was delighted with the conversation of learned men, and had a remarkably good memory.

The condition of England at this time was truly distressing; on every side, famine, poverty and desolation were visible; multitudes fled into exile; others took refuge in

sanctuaries of the dead and fed on pulse and roots; whole villages were deserted, and many died of hunger.

He began by correcting abuses and restoring privileges that had been extorted from the people, which gave them great confidence in his future wise administration. He dismissed the foreign soldiers who had been hired by Stephen, and who had committed many disorders in the nation; he made many benefactions to churches and monasteries, and gave charters to several towns, by which the citizens claimed their freedom, and had privileges independent of any superior but himself. These charters were the ground-work of English liberty. Thus the feudal government was impaired, and liberty began to be more generally diffused among the common people.

Henry was the most powerful king of that period; he was the undisputed monarch of England, and had large possessions in France; when he was sixteen, Normandy became his province; the next year by the death of his father, Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, three provinces more were added to his possessions; and when he was eighteen he married Eleanor, who before had been the wife of Louis the Seventh, king of France, who brought him a number of rich provinces. The alleged reason of the separation of Louis and Eleanor was that they were cousins, as the Roman Catholic Church forbids marriage between persons even distantly related. She was many years older than Henry, and gave him much trouble in after life by encouraging the rebellion of their sons, and by her turbulence and disquietude.

Henry also came into possession of all the provinces which his brother Geoffrey had inherited, by his death, which took place about this time. He then obliged Malcolm the Fourth, king of Scotland, to relinquish the territory that had been ceded to his grandfather by Stephen. After which he subdued the Welch, who had caused him some trouble. And next he had a war with the king of France, which was terminated by the marriage of his eldest son, who was five years of age, with Margaret, the French king's daughter, who was but six months old. He also concluded a marriage between his third son, Geoffrey, who was then in his cradle, and Constance, the daughter of Conon, Duke of Bretagne; and the marriage was celebrated five years after. Geoffrey was to be Duke of Bretagne on the death of Conon.

Henry next turned his attention to the church, where he found the sale of indulgences

raised more annual revenue than the crown. The church claimed exemption from all civil jurisdiction; murders, robberies and assassinations were committed by ecclesiastics with impunity; more than one hundred were proved upon men in holy orders since his succession. In order to correct abuses in the church, Henry raised Thomas à Becket, his chancellor, to the See of Canterbury; but no sooner was he fixed in this high station, which rendered him for life the second person in the kingdom, than he began to defend the privileges of the clergy, which it was Henry's aim to abridge. A man in holy orders committed a murder, under circumstances that justly excited the indignation of the people; the king insisted that he should be tried by the civil magistrate, which Becket opposed, alleging the privileges of the church.

Henry called a council of the bishops and nobles at Clarendon, who framed a constitution, which provided that churchmen accused of any crime should be tried in the civil courts, and that laymen should not be accused in Spiritual courts, besides other provisions; this was signed and sealed by all the prelates, with a promise under oath to keep it in good faith. Becket at first declined putting his name to it, but at last complied. Henry sent a copy of the constitution to Pope Alexander the third for ratification, which he annulled, probably at Becket's solicitation. From this time the haughty and overbearing spirit of Becket called forth all the energies of the king. He rejected the constitution he had signed and sworn to obey, and rode in triumph through England, proclaiming war against Henry, and threatening with spiritual thunders all the prelates who assisted at his coronation. He filled Henry with anxiety, and all Christendom with intrigue for six years; when he fell by the hand of the assassin.

By his acts, Becket appears to have been governed by pride and ambition, but he was added to the list of saints. After the death of Becket, Henry undertook an expedition against Ireland, and with very little trouble the island was wholly subdued, and became an appendage to the English crown, and has continued so to the present time. The joy which this conquest caused was very great. Henry had given a new face to the country, which had never been in so flourishing a state.

The domestic relations of the king were unhappy; his queen was always giving him trouble; it was said that she poisoned Rosamond, a daughter of Lord Clifford, whose

name has been transmitted to posterity in history, tragedy and popular ballads, as the most beautiful lady ever seen in England, because the king was pleased with her. She induced their sons to rebel against the king many times, and they were as often compelled to submit; after doing much mischief, she attempted to escape to the court of France, but was seized by the king's order and imprisoned. Their eldest son, Henry, died soon after, of a fever, in the twenty-sixth year of his age; he expressed the deepest remorse for his undutiful conduct; as he left no children, Richard, the second son, became the heir. Geoffrey, the third son, also died at Paris, in the flower of his age. John, the fourth and the youngest son, was sent to Ireland as governor of the island, and was received with the greatest applause by the Irish; but his conduct soon alienated their affections, and the king had to recall him.

A marriage was now contracted between Richard and Alice, the daughter of Louis the seventh, of France; she was young, and was sent to London to be educated. Henry now enjoyed seven years of tranquillity, the happiest period in his reign. He endeavored to raise the mass of the people to some share of political consequence, and to abolish the feudal power; the lapse of more than a century since the conquest, had mitigated the system of tyranny, and softened the Norman ferocity. He introduced various arts of elegance and splendor, but the wealth and magnificence of England in the twelfth century, would appear contemptible if estimated by the standard of modern ideas; their houses were very mean, a few were built of stone, but they were mostly constructed of wood and covered with thatch, with paper windows. Their furniture also was poor and mean.

Henry died of a lingering fever, at the castle of Chinon, in 1189, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fifth of his reign. He was interred at Fontevraud, in the choir of a nunnery which he had founded.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

THERE is a bit of a sermon and a snatch of a song wrapped up in the fact, that not out of the clear but out of the cloud, come bows of promise, and out of the tempest spring elements of beauty, even as pure, white lilies from the bosom of the stormy water. The hope that never kindles in a laughing eye, is sure to be curbed in the falling tear.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

Edwin Guy was not, usually, an early riser, but the next morning he was abroad a little after daylight. The object was soon apparent. Taking a position at the corner of one of the streets crossing Baltimore street, he waited for a short time, when the carrier of a newspaper came by, from whom he bought a copy of the "American," which he thrust into his pocket.

"Am I too late for the 'Chronicle?'" he asked of the carrier.

"Too late, sir." And the carrier hurried on his way.

No matter for that, a "Chronicle" must be had, and it was obtained from a door knob at the expense of a subscriber. There was no difficulty in getting the "Sun." Returning to his home, Guy commenced an examination of the three morning papers, in a hasty, nervous manner, confining himself to the advertising columns. Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before he was fully satisfied.

"As I thought," he then said, speaking aloud, and with the air of one relieved from an uncomfortable suspense. "A man in his position will think twice before endangering the mine over which he stands."

At ten o'clock, Edwin was at his desk in the Custom House; not employed in his usual duties, but waiting. He waited in vain. The check which had been demanded of Larobe, was not restored. If the lawyer hesitated, and held off from attack, he was not to be driven from an assumed defensive. The check for four thousand dollars being in his possession, he did not mean to give it up.

Having acted in the matter of extorting money from Mrs. Larobe without consulting his lawyer, Edwin Guy found himself standing alone amid dangers, difficulties and temptations, with no counsellors but cupidity and desperation. The one quickened into life all his mental resources adapted to the occasion, while the other made him bold and unscrupulous. He had grown impatient of legal strategy and delay, and abandoning his covered position, dashed in upon the enemy, gaining a single advantage; but, already, the enemy, rallying in force, had recovered a portion of its losses, and was pressing down upon him with a vigor that threatened his safety.

The question which, for the time, most perplexed Edwin, was in reference to his legal adviser, Glastonbury. To brave, alone, the perils of his new position, in face of an enemy so full of resources as Larobe, left the issue very doubtful. But, on the other hand, to inform Glastonbury of what he had done, would involve not only a division of the spoils in hand, but a return to strategy and delay, which he could no longer brook. He had moved upon the enemy, and at a dash discomfited and weakened him; and, now, all his impulses were in favor of trusting to his own counsels, and his own weapons. Acting under legal advice, he would be in a straight-jacket; but free, alert and vigorous, while his own will and thought gave sole direction to every movement. From ten o'clock, the time he had fixed for the return of the four thousand dollar check, until twelve, Edwin Guy debated this question of consultation with his lawyer, but without coming to a final decision. The threat he had made, at parting with Larobe, could not be executed without legal process; therefore, not without Glastonbury. But, it was only a threat, meant to intimidate. That it had been, in a degree, effective, was seen in the fact that no advertisement of the notes extorted from Mrs. Larobe had appeared. It had not been effective, however, in recovering the check which had been retained by the bank officers.

At twelve o'clock, with this perplexing matter still unsettled in his mind, business connected with his duties in the Customs, required Edwin Guy's presence in a remote part of the city, whither he repaired. It was night before he returned, and then the Custom House was closed. If any communication from Larobe had found its way to his desk, he could not know it until morning. This left him in a state of suspense and uneasiness. Conjecture was busy; but, conjecture increased instead of allaying uneasiness. Nothing was left but to wait for the next day, and whatever it might bring forth. In the morning, he again arose before the sun, and again made diligent search through the morning papers for the threatened advertisement. But, Larobe had not yet made good his word. Like Edwin, he regarded a defensive attitude, just now, as safest.

Days went by, without further communication between the belligerent parties. Guy felt a painful sense of uneasiness, for, while he remained idle, he understood enough of Larobe's character, to be well satisfied that preparations

for assault and meditated destruction must be in progress. Still, he hesitated on the question of consulting Glastonbury.

One, two, three weeks elapsed, without the sign of a movement on either side. Guy had dwelt on the relation he now held to his step-mother and her husband, until his mind was completely bewildered. He could not see clearly in any direction. Whatever he proposed to do, was met by the apparition of some suggested consequence that it seemed folly to brave. He had about concluded to make a clean breast of it to Glastonbury, when he received a note from that individual, desiring him to call. Guy repaired to his office, anticipating an almost angry interview with his lawyer. In this, however, he was disappointed. Glastonbury received him with a composure that amounted almost to indifference, and after he was seated, said, with a quiet smile, and in a tone that betrayed hardly a pulse of interest,

"So, you have undertaken to manage this case yourself."

The young man colored, and, in some embarrassment, which he vainly tried to cover, replied—

"No; I have only ventured a movement or two, by way of experiment. That is all."

"Successful?" Glastonbury drew a cigar from his mouth, and turning his head on one side, slowly blew the smoke from his lips. He looked the picture of cool indifference.

"Yes." Edwin tried to absorb a portion of the man's coolness.

"Ah? To what extent?" There had been a draft on the cigar, and now the blue smoke was again curling lazily about his head.

"I have four thousand dollars in cash, and notes to the value of twelve thousand, all payable within nine months."

"From Mrs. Larobe?"

"Yes."

"You'll hardly get beyond the four thousand, my young friend."

"Why not?"

"Because, in this dash upon the enemy, you have given up a strong position, which cannot be regained. In the open field you are no match for him. I'm sorry for this imprudence. It has given Larobe the power of effectually barring you against any further interest in your father's estate."

"I am not able to see that, Mr. Glastonbury," answered the young man, growing serious.

"It is nevertheless true. The law does not recognize as legitimate these forced trans-

actions, and goes on the assumption that right is weak where might is umpire. If it had been settled, that legal redress was scarcely possible, and that right must be had through extortion, then your desperate course would have justification on the ground of a last resort. It was not well, I think, to throw away the advantage you possessed, in this doubtful venture. But, the deed is done, and there is no help for it now."

"Still, you do not explain how I am barred thereby from legal action," said Edwin.

"You gave Mrs. Larobe some kind of a receipt?"

"Yes."

"Of what tenor?"

"In full of all claims against my father's estate."

"Will not that bar you against recovery?"

"If the notes and checks are paid, yes."

The lawyer shook his head. "Your receipt is in full of all demands against your father's estate."

"For a consideration. In default of the consideration the original claim becomes good," said Edwin.

"You were not dealing with an executor, or legal representative of your father's estate, remember," answered Glastonbury, "whose failure to abide by the contract restored your legal claim. The transaction was with an individual, whose promises to pay you accepted in lieu of all interest in the estate. It will be hard, I think, in the face of that receipt, and also in the face of your extortion of terms under threat, to obtain from any court a favorable decision. Very sure am I, that no lawyer of any standing at the bar could be found willing to undertake the case on a contingent fee."

"Which means," said Edwin, "that you abandon it?"

"To waste time and labor in attempting to reach an impossible advantage, would be an act of folly," softly answered the lawyer. "A new line of warfare having been adopted, it becomes necessary to abandon the old. We must now see what advantage lies in the assumed position, and make the most of it. You have four thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"And notes for twelve thousand more?"

"Yes."

"To whose order are these notes drawn?"

"To my own."

"Ah! That was a mistake!"

"They should have been to Mrs. Larobe's order?"

"Assuredly."

"Right. I was a fool not to have seen that. But there's no help for it, now."

"You must realize on these notes as quickly as possible," said the lawyer.

"Sell them?"

"Yes. Get them off of your hands at once, for any sum they will bring, and leave the purchaser to collect at maturity. They will not be paid; you may rely upon that. A third party can sue them out with fair prospect of recovery against Mrs. Larobe; but any such attempt on your part would certainly fail of success."

"I have thought of that," replied the young man, "but hesitate about offering the notes. I cannot feel that it would be safe to trust them in the hands of a broker."

Glastonbury answered, "No, not by any means," speaking with decision. "We do not know to what extent a knowledge of their existence may prevail, secretly communicated to brokers and money-lenders."

"What then is to be done? How are we to sell the notes?"

Glastonbury's indifferent manner had quite passed away, and he looked serious and business-like. Nearly half a minute elapsed before he answered, with a thoughtful air—

"You have put the question most difficult to meet. The thing must be done; but how to do it?—there lies the problem."

And the lawyer went to thinking again. "There is a man with whom something might be effected. He has the money, and likes large slices in the way of discounts. I don't know about him, but he may be induced to advance on this paper." Glastonbury talked as if to himself.

"Are you personally acquainted?" asked Edwin.

"We see each other now and then, in a business way."

"Could you approach him on this subject?"

"That is just the question I am debating. It will not do, my friend, to trust this paper with any third party. Either you or I, must negotiate direct. Again, its value is in jeopardy every hour it remains in your possession. Suppose a caution appear in the 'American' to-morrow morning, giving notice that it has been fraudulently obtained and will not be liquidated. Its market value is gone; for no capitalist will touch it. It should be endorsed to make it negotiable, and then pass from your immediate possession."

Edwin Guy put his hand, almost mechani-

cally into his pocket, and drew out his wallet. Removing the three notes, he unfolded and laid them on the lawyer's table. Glastonbury took, and carefully examined them.

"Perhaps I had better see the person of whom I spoke just now," continued the lawyer, "and try him with the shortest note."

"Very well. You understand the matter entirely, and will act, I know, with all needed prudence."

"He's another Shylock in his greed of money," said Glastonbury; "and will demand a heavy discount, seeing that it is a woman's note, and the endorsement of no value."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, Mr. Glastonbury. Sell the paper for whatever it will bring. I leave all in your discretion," was Edwin's prompt reply.

"Put your name on the notes." And the lawyer pushed a pen towards Guy, across the table.

The endorsement was made.

"A third party holds them now. Legally, they have been negotiated, and are no longer your property," remarked Glastonbury, as he took possession of the notes. "Their value is simply commercial, like any other article bought and sold in the market, and good against Mrs. Larobe in the face of all allegations. You understand me?"

"O yes."

"Very well. To-day, if possible, I will see my man, and try what can be done with him. I do not think he will bite on the instant—he isn't that sort of a fish; but generally surveys the bait from all sides. When he does take hold, however, it will be with a will."

"Shall I see you to-morrow?" asked Guy.

"To-morrow?—to-morrow?" He questioned in a doubtful way. "Yes, you may call in; but I have a case down for argument, and shall, most likely, be in court all day."

"In that event," said Edwin, with some anxiety of manner, "you will not be able to see our capitalist. Of all things, we have most to fear from delay. Too much time has already been lost. An advertisement, such as you referred to, is likely to appear at any moment."

"Very true, and it is, therefore, my intention to open the matter of negotiation at once. I shall not wait until to-morrow. Still, two or three days may intervene before a transaction can be effected. He will demand too large a slice. One half, at least."

"One half!" There was no feigned astonishment in the voice of Edwin Guy.

"He's another Shylock, as I told you," said Glastonbury, coolly.

"So I should think," replied Edwin.

"But, of course, I shall not yield to any such demand."

"Of course not." Edwin was far from being altogether satisfied, or from feeling altogether safe in this new relation to his lawyer. Something in the man, never observed before, stirred a latent suspicion of unfairness in his mind. There was nothing clear upon which his thoughts could rest; only a vague impression that disturbed his confidence. And this dwelt with him for all that day, and kept him wakeful through the succeeding night.

CHAPTER XV.

On the next day, Edwin Guy made over half-a-dozen ineffectual attempts to see his lawyer. Glastonbury was occupied in court until a late hour, and then, instead of returning to his office, where Guy sat impatiently waiting for him, went home to dinner. Twice during the evening the young man tapped at the office door, but found the room tenantless. Until nearly ten o'clock, he lingered in the neighborhood of St. Paul's and Fayette streets, but did not meet the individual he was so anxious to find. The vague uneasiness felt on the day before, had increased. Suspicion crept into his mind. Doubts oppressed him. If Glastonbury chose to keep the notes, or return them to Mrs. Larobe, what redress had he?

On the morning that followed, Edwin was at Glastonbury's office by half past eight o'clock. The lawyer had not yet arrived. Nine o'clock, and he was still absent. The young man became too restless to sit still.

"Ah! here you are!" he exclaimed, at last, as a form darkened the door, and he looked into Glastonbury's cold, still, unreadable face.

"Anything new happened? You look flushed, my young friend." A single glance from the lawyer's searching eyes, left with Guy the uncomfortable impression of having been read through and through.

"Nothing," he answered. "Only, I am naturally anxious to hear whether you have succeeded in that negotiation. There are always so many slips between the cup and lip, that I shall be nervous until all is safe. Have you seen the person of whom you spoke?"

"Not yet, I called at his office twice on the day you handed me the notes, but did not succeed in finding him. Yesterday, as I said would be the case, I was in court until a late hour. This morning, I determined to make

sure of him, and called at his office on my way down. Unfortunately, he left in the early train for Washington, and will not be home for a day or two."

Edwin made a gesture of disappointment.

"Sit down." And the lawyer blandly waved his client to a chair, himself taking one at the same time.

"I have thought of another party," he said, "with whom something may be done. But I want, first, to see my man, who has slipped off to Washington. He's close-mouthed, and will never speak of the paper, should he decline to purchase; and that, you know, is a thing to be considered. If we can work the whole twelve thousand with him, the operation will be safe from beginning to end of the negotiation. But, if we go into market before seeing him, a false play may lose us the game. We cannot be too circumspect, Mr. Guy."

"But every hour is an hour of risk, Mr. Glastonbury," said the young man, not able to conceal his nervousness.

"The risks are less to-day, than they have been at any time since you obtained the notes," replied the lawyer. "Legally, they have been already negotiated, and no valid plea to their collection can be set up. A public notification cannot, now, render them worthless."

"But it can prevent my realizing the money on them," said Guy.

"True. Still, our case would not be desperate; and that is a great gain, you know."

"You will not, then, be able to see this person for two or three days?"

"He may get back to-morrow; and I will see that no time is wasted after his return, but gain the earliest possible interview. Don't grow impatient, my young friend, nor do any more desperate things. The well done is, in most cases, slowly done. Rome wasn't built in a day."

Guy had partly made up his mind, in case none of the notes were discounted, to get them back into his possession again. But, sitting face to face with the lawyer, and hearing what he had to say, left him in doubt as to the propriety of asking to have them returned. If Glastonbury meant in anything to play him false, he was now too much in his power to take the risk of making him an open enemy. To his hasty and obscure thought, it seemed wisest to let things rest as they were. So, he went away, but half satisfied.

In the mean time a reconciliation had taken place between Mr. and Mrs. Larobe. The former had left his rooms at the City Hotel,

and was now domiciled under the shadow of Washington Monument. A fact like this produced the usual gossip and remark, and a great many stories, bearing on the causes that produced the reconciliation, circulated from lip to lip. Some of these were wild and improbable enough. Hints of unaccountable things, said to have occurred in the family, found their way to the public ear. Servants are keen eyed, and not always discreet. The visit of Edwin, and its effect upon Mrs. Larobe—the call of a mysterious stranger, the very sight of whom caused Mrs. Larobe to drop to the floor as one dead—the summoning of Mr. Larobe, and the establishment of a policeman in the house for a night and a day—all these things were, in some form, reported by the domestics, and variously exaggerated afterwards. Visitors reported a singular change in Mrs. Larobe. She was no longer the cold, self-poised woman, who, under all circumstances, had borne herself so evenly. In a great many cases she denied callers on the plea of indisposition, or gave the custom-sanctioned falsehood—"Not at home;" but, the few acquaintances who saw her, rendered sad accounts of her condition. "She looks ten years older," said one. "You'd think her just recovering from a long illness," remarked another. "She has a scared look," said a third, "and is so nervous, that she starts at the slightest unusual sound."

"Doctor," said Doctor Hoffland, speaking to his son-in-law, the husband of Lena—"there are some strange stories about in regard to Mrs. Larobe. Have you seen her lately?"

The two men were alone in Doctor Hoffland's office, where the younger physician had called one night for consultation, touching a difficult case.

"I was there yesterday."

"Ah! Is the change in her appearance and state of mind so very remarkable?"

"It is; very remarkable. I have been calling every week to see her oldest boy, for whom, I fear, medicine will not do much. I noticed some time ago, a change in Mrs. Larobe's appearance; but, she evaded, with apparent displeasure, the few inquiries I ventured to make in regard to her health. Yesterday, however, she consulted me about some of her symptoms. She said, that she had spells of dizziness, followed by fainting—that she was not able to sleep at night—had no appetite, and felt herself growing weaker every day. She thought there must be heart disease—enlargement, probably."

"Ossification, if anything," remarked Doctor Hoffland, in so cold and ironical a tone, that his son-in-law looked at him in surprise.

"No symptom of either," was returned. "Every valve and muscle is doing its work well. The disease has another origin."

"Where?"

"It is mental."

"You think so?"

"Yes."

"Have you obtained the clue?"

"No. The cause is hidden. But, there is no mistaking the signs. Something has occurred to shock her entire nervous system."

"She has been reconciled to her husband," remarked Doctor Hoffland.

"Yes. Mr. Larobe is with her again, and, when I have seen them together, he has been kind and attentive. But I notice in her one peculiarity. She never looks at him; but, always aside or beyond him. This reconciliation, depend on it, is only on the outside, and for mutual safety, or mutual gain. There is no heart in it."

"How could there be; when both are selfish and cruel? You are, doubtless, correct in saying, that this apparent reconciliation is for mutual safety, or mutual gain. For mutual safety, I opine. They have been, I fear, partners in some great wrong that is now struggling towards the light."

"Do you really think, Doctor, that Mr. Guy had foul play?"

"I have always thought so," replied Doctor Hoffland. "The circumstances attending his removal from home, and subsequent death, were, to my eyes, veiled in mystery. Depend on it, Adam Guy's passage from this world to the next, was not in the orderly processes of nature."

"Some people say that he is not dead," remarked Doctor Holbrook.

"What!" There was unfeigned astonishment in the countenance of Doctor Hoffland.

"When some people get to surmising, they will surmise anything. I thought you had heard this wild conjecture among the rest."

"No. Not dead! What basis is there for such a story?"

"I am unable to say. The gossip runs, that it was not Mr. Guy who fell from the mad-house window, but another lunatic; and that Mr. Guy is still living."

"A wild conjecture enough," remarked Doctor Hoffland.

"And it is further said, that he has recently

escaped from confinement, and is now, or was within a few weeks, in Baltimore."

"Why Edward! You confound me!"

"And furthermore," continued the young physician, "it is said, and believed by many, that he actually called, not long since, at the house of Mrs. Larobe, and that at the sight of him she fell insensible to the floor. When the servants, alarmed by the fall, ran to her, she was lying as one dead. A strange, wild looking man had been admitted, who would not give his name; and in meeting him in the parlor, this result followed. The stranger went out hurriedly, and the servants found their mistress alone."

"Is all this talked of seriously?" asked Doctor Hofland.

"O yes; and credited into the bargain. There are people who stand ready to believe any improbable thing. It is said, moreover, to make the story good, that her husband, from whom she had been living separate, was summoned immediately on her restoration to life, and that he procured a policeman, who remained in the house all night and through the next day. The presumption is, that the escaped lunatic was captured, and restored to his prison."

Doctor Hofland drew a long breath. His brows fell—his lips were shut tightly—a dark shadow fell over his countenance.

"Strange! Very strange!" he said, speaking in an undertone.

"But improbable," rejoined the young physician.

Doctor Hofland did not respond.

"You don't think there is anything in all this?" Doctor Holbrook spoke in some surprise.

"It has a strange look, Edward. Let us go over it again. A man of singular appearance called on Mrs. Larobe, and at the first sight of him, she fell to the floor insensible? So the story runs?"

"Yes."

"Do you credit this on any sufficient evidence?"

"Something of the kind actually occurred. This, I believe, is a well established fact."

"What about the story of a policeman being established in the house, by direction of Mr. Larobe, for a night and a day?"

"On occasion of one of my visits, I saw a man sitting at the lower end of the hall. He was standing near the same place when I came down stairs."

"Had he the air of a policeman?"

"He was a stout, firm set man, of rather coarse texture."

"Did you see Mrs. Larobe at this time?"

"Yes."

"What was her appearance?"

"She was so altered that I scarcely knew her. The change since my previous visit, a week before, was most extraordinary. There was not a particle of color in her face; and it bore the impression of a painful shock of some kind, the remembrance of which had not yet faded from nerves and muscles. 'Are you sick?' I asked, showing the surprise I felt. She turned her face partly away from my earnest eyes, answering faintly—'Not now. I had a terrible sick headache all night.'"

"Were you satisfied with her answer?"

"No. Sick headaches are bad enough, sometimes. But, no sick headache ever wrought such effects as she displayed, in a single night."

"She did not recover from the shock, whatever it was?"

"No."

"How long afterwards was it before she and her husband made up their difference?"

"I saw Mr. Larobe there at my next visit, within three or four days."

Doctor Hofland became silent. After musing for some time, he resumed.

"What else is said?"

Before the young physician had time to reply, the office door opened, and a woman came in. She was coarsely dressed, and untidy.

"Are yez Docthur Hofland?" she asked, looking at the elder of the two men.

"I am Doctor Hofland," was answered.

"Can I spake wid yez a minit?" The woman's air became slightly mysterious.

"Certainly." Doctor Holbrook arose, and retired to the inner office.

"Well, my good woman, what will you have?"

The visitor commenced fumbling in her bosom, from which she drew a crumpled piece of paper.

"Maybe it don't mane ony thing," she said, in a low, half confidential way, "but my mon jist thought he'd humor him; and I've brought it till yez." And the Irish woman reached out the paper.

Doctor Hofland saw that it was folded and sealed, and bore his address. Opening it, he read, in an almost illegible hand, to his deep astonishment, the words—

"Save me.

ADAM GUY."

Repressing, as far as he had power to do so,

all visible emotion, Doctor Hofland requested the woman to be seated, and then asked—

"Who gave you this?"

"My mon, Hugh."

"Hugh?"—

"McBride, an it plaze ye."

"And who gave it to your husband?"

"Ye'll not do ony thing to bring harm on him, sir? Ye'll not give information. My mon is tinder-hearted, he is, and couldn't deny him. It's all agin the rule. But Hugh is tinder-hearted, you see; and the poor mon was so coaxin' and wheedlin'. An it's sich a pity on him! Hugh says, he's not so furgone as thim that's put him in wants to make believe."

"The man that gave Hugh this?"

"Yis, y'r honor. An ye'll promise not till give information on Hugh. He's so tinder-hearted."

"Don't have any fear about that, my good woman. Nobody shall touch a hair of Hugh's head. Where is he now?"

"He's there, y'r honor."

"Where?"

"Wid the lunatics. Och! Sorra! An it's a dredful place to be in for my Hugh, he's so tinder-hearted, ye know."

"In what street is the asylum?" asked the Doctor.

"Asylum? 'Taint the asylum, Docthur. There's no childther there. O no, 'taint the asylum."

"A private institution?"

The woman shook her head in a mystified way.

"The house where Hugh takes care of the lunatics, I mean."

"Dade y'r honor, and that's jist the perplexin' thing. We darn't tell."

"Then why did you bring me this letter?"

"Don't the letter tell?"

Doctor Hofland thought it best not to give an answer to this question.

"Then there must be something wrong; and it's my advice that you get your husband out of this business as quickly as possible," he said, with a soberness that made a visible impression on the woman. Then rising, he stepped to the door that opened into the office where Doctor Holbrook was seated, and said, in a low, hurried whisper—

"Go for a policeman, Edward! And be as quick as possible." Shutting the door with a gentle hand, so that his visitor might not, through betrayal of excitement on his part, suspect anything wrong, he came back, and resuming his chair, went on—

"You were right in bringing me this letter, Mrs. McBride. I know the poor man, and must see him at once,"

"Och, indade, sir! And that'll niver do. We'r bound till secrecy."

"Are you bound, Mrs. McBride?"

"Not meself, sir; but l'ugh's bound, and that's all the same."

"I don't know about that," said the Doctor. "If a man goes into unlawful business, and become a party to wrong and oppression, I am not able to see how his acts bind his wife to the same things. This, let me tell you, is a very serious matter; more serious, a great deal, than you have imagined, and the quicker both you and your husband are out of it, the safer will you be. I must see this lunatic immediately."

"Och, Docthur, Docthur! I'm all bewildered. Let me go home till Hugh. I must talk wid him. You've set me to shiverin' all over. If ony harm should come till Hugh! Oh, sorra! sorra!" And the frightened Irish woman commenced wringing her hands.

"No harm will come to him if he does right. But, right or wrong, he is safest with the law on his side."

"Wid the law? How dy'e mane Docthur?"

"Through this letter," answered the Doctor, holding up the crumpled note he had received, "I am advised that an old and wealthy citizen is unlawfully confined under pretence of his being a lunatic; and it has, therefore, become my duty, to see that he is released, and harm be to all who stand in my way!" The Doctor's voice grew stern and menacing; and the woman's fright increased.

"There is no occasion for you to be alarmed, Mrs. McBride," resumed Doctor Hofland. "Your way is plain. Take me to the house where this man is confined, and none shall be the wiser for your agency in the matter. I will see to that."

"Twon't do, Docthur! Dade un I can't. I must go home and talk wid Hugh."

"Better say nothing to Hugh. He may get bewildered, and betray himself. Just show me the house, and I'll take all the responsibility beyond that."

But the Irish woman insisted upon it, that she must see her husband, and made a movement to go.

"Sit down, Mrs. McBride; sit down!" said Doctor Hofland, as the woman rose from her chair. "I want to ask you more questions. Do you know who this person is who gave your husband the letter?"

"Indade not, sir."

"Does your husband know?"

"He don't know ony on um. Only Mr. Black knows who they be."

"Mr. Black, who keeps the house!"

"Dade, an' Doothur, I can't stay here another minit. Ye'r jist confoundin' me. I must see Hugh." And Mrs. McBride started up, and was at the door ere Doctor Hofland could make a movement to prevent her departure.

"Stop, stop, ma'am! A word more—"

But the Irish woman gave no heed. She jerked open the door ere Doctor Hofland was half across the office, and gaining the street, disappeared from view in the darkness of a murky night. He was on the pavement in a moment afterwards, glancing eagerly up and down the street, but she was nowhere to be seen. Any attempt to follow her, must, he saw, be vain work; so, after standing a little while, quite as much confounded as the Irish woman had been, Doctor Hofland went back into his office to await the arrival of his son-in-law, Doctor Holbrook, with a policeman.

CHAPTER XVI.

On the same evening, sat Mr. and Mrs. Larobe, alone, in agitated conference. Mr. Larobe had said to his wife, in remonstrance—

"Jane, you must rally! Your appearance and conduct are attracting universal attention, and occasioning remarks and conjectures so nearly approaching the truth, that I am in terror every moment."

"I try to rally," was answered, in a gloomy, depressed tone of voice; "but have lost command of myself. I seem to be like the Italian prisoner—in a cell, the walls of which contract around me every day. Imagination goes constantly forward to the moment, when flesh and bones will be crushed into a lifeless mass."

"Madness, Jane! You are but holding out your hands to destruction. Be the calm, self-poised woman again. Throw off this nightmare. All eyes are upon you, and the word of wonder, touching the change in your appearance, goes freely from lip to lip. People look at me in a strange, curious way, as I pass along the street; and I know it is because of you. Everything is safe now. Day after tomorrow, he will be removed from the city."

"Only from the city." Mrs. Larobe's voice had in it something so icy, in its low, even utterance of this sentence, that her husband felt a chill along his nerves. He looked into her face; but her leaden eyes did not return

his gaze—did not hold outward things on the sensitive retina.

"If my advice had prevailed, this would not have been," she said, with a slight quickening of the voice.

Mr. Larobe understood his wife, and shuddered inwardly. The movement of his chair a few inches back, was involuntary.

"There is no safety in these timid measures, Mr. Larobe," she added, with stern emphasis, her voice rising to a fuller volume. "Unless strong enough to walk resolutely to the end, it is folly to enter a perilous way. I saw and urged this in the beginning; but you temporized and interposed, thus cursing our years with a perpetual menace. While he lives, we are in imminent danger. It is his life or our lives! Shall we hesitate in our election? Justin Larobe!—Answer me!—Would not the news of his death, so you were freed from any responsibility touching the act, be the sweetest that could this moment sound in your ears?"

"I will not deny it."

"You would not care as to how he died; whether by violence, or in the order of nature—so you were not involved?"

"No; I would not care."

"The passage can be made swift and easy."

Larobe shuddered again, as if a cold wind had struck him.

"And it must be made!" Mrs. Larobe's pale face grew dark from sudden congestion of blood in the veins. She spoke like one fearfully in earnest.

"Murder will out, Jane!" answered her husband, in a voice so altered, that his own ears scarcely recognized the sound. "Murder will out! Blood stains are never washed away. Risk anything but that!"

"I am not superstitious," replied Mrs. Larobe, with covert contempt for this weakness, in her tones. "If the door is left unguarded, murder will out; if the washing be careless, blood will remain. But, there are locks and bolts a-plenty; and whole rivers for cleansing. Let the work be well done, and all signs removed; and it must be done! Death itself were better than this horrible life. He must not be taken from the city. A feeble, exhausted old man, the prick even of a needle would let life and misery out together. Why torment him longer? It is cruel! Let him die; and in his rest and peace, we shall find rest and peace also."

"The murderer never has rest and peace," answered Mr. Larobe, solemnly. "The world's criminal record is full of admonition. Call it

superstition, or what you will, Jane—earth refuses to hide the blood of murder. No—no. This, depend on it, is not the way of safety; but the way to sure destruction.”

“I have made up my mind to walk in this way,” said Mrs. Larobe, with a cruel resolution in her voice.

Her husband felt the shivering wind sweep over his spirit again; and, with an involuntary movement, receded to a greater distance. The dull, leaden hue had left her eyes which now had a steely glitter. Her body was more erect; her head drawn back; her lips shut firmly.

“This present life is intolerable, Justin!” she added. “I am not strong enough to bear the burden. You see that I am sinking under it, daily. I shall lose my senses in a month, and betray everything in unconscious ravings. Even now, I catch myself muttering aloud, in the presence of servants, all of whom seem to be watching me with sharp suspicion. So surely as you live and as I live, Justin, there is but one way of safety. If that be not taken, we are lost. My poor brain cannot hold out much longer. I feel that it is giving way. If this terror is left hanging over me, madness is inevitable; and then, though I may be safe from punishment, you will be lost, for confession will drop from my unsealed lips. I am sure that I shall be moved to confess everything.”

A change in Mr. Larobe's face, showed that his wife's last argument had reached him. He did not reply immediately, but took time to weigh the argument, and get to its real value.

“I am disappointed in you, Jane,” he said, at last, in a voice that was hoarse and impeded. “I never expected to see you break down in this way. Self-reliant, unimpassioned, cool and wary, I thought you able to walk steadfastly to the end. What does it mean?”

“I cannot tell what it means,” was answered in a depressed tone. “But the fact is upon us, and we must deal with it as best we can. The nerves are not wrought of insensate brass. At least, not mine; and under the present strain, they must give way. When that calamity reaches me, I shall have stepped past all danger; but you, Justin Larobe, will be in most imminent peril! I warn you in time! Two ways are before you; both difficult to walk in,—and it is for you to take that which is safest.”

There was dead silence for nearly ten minutes. Both sat motionless.

“I must sleep on this,” said Larobe, breaking, at length, the stillness. “To-night, all my thoughts are confused. In the morning, they will be calmer and clearer.”

“Sleep!” Ejaculated his wife, with an emphasis that made him start. “Sleep, on the edge of a volcano! or over a mine with the train ablaze! There is no more sleep for me, until this terror is removed. Why hesitate, Justin? Why put off until to-morrow, what so needs to be done now. Let to-night's darkness hide from us, forever, this hideous skeleton, that is blasting our eyes at every turn.”

“I cannot see the means,” said Larobe.

“Work like this may not be done with ordinary agencies. There is no living soul that I would trust with the power over me which an accomplice in such a crime would possess. If he is to be taken out of our way, by whose hand shall it be done?”

There followed a long pause.

“Is not Black to be trusted?”

“I would not trust him.”

Another long pause.

“It might be done, and the mystery of the doing left impenetrable.” Mrs. Larobe spoke slowly, but with confidence.

“How, and by whom?”

“First the will, and then the way. You had him taken to Black's, and can remove him at pleasure.”

“Yes.”

“Remove him to-night.”

“Whither?”

“To some place where he will be wholly in our power.”

“You talk without reason,” said Larobe, with some impatience. “The very fact of removing him to-night, and without previous notice of intention, would of itself create suspicion. Depend upon it, Jane, this deed cannot be done with safety. Every step will be in difficulty, and no matter how lightly and cautiously taken, foot-prints must remain behind; foot-prints, along which the bloodhound of justice will follow as surely as fate.”

The brief animation died out of Mrs. Larobe's countenance. It grew pale, contracted, and shadowed again.

“I must sleep on this,” resumed Mr. Larobe, repeating what he had said a little while before. To-morrow morning, I shall see clearer. To act now, would be to act blindly.”

Mrs. Larobe made no response. Her husband did not look at her while he spoke. Indeed, he rarely looked into her face, for it had become a thing repulsive in his eyes; a sight

to be avoided. For nearly a minute, he sat waiting her answer—but, as she still kept silence, he glanced towards her without turning his head. In doing so, he met a glance stealthy as his own, watching him from the covert of half shut lids—snaky, cruel, and malign. In an instant it was withdrawn; but, it left a strange shiver of fear in his heart. In all his life, he had never seen so remarkable an expression in any eye. It was as if a fiend had looked at him—a fiend thirsting with an insatiate desire to do him harm.

"Sleep if you can," said the woman, coldly, and rising, she left the room.

He did not sleep. And the long delayed morning found his brain no clearer than on the night before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Heroisms of Home.

The world in which we live is a vast theatre where the heroism of great acts is fully displayed, public life being the stage on which society is always gazing with fixed attention, or future generations receiving all that has been done in the past. The acts of great men, those acts which have made them great, are chronicled in the archives of their country, stored up for the admiration of future ages. The statesman, the patriot, the conqueror, the philanthropist, are all conspicuous in their elevation, and the homage the world pays to them is full and free, because it is unselfish, being neither diminished nor deteriorated by its envy. Men envy only those who rise a few grades above themselves; the really elevated, stand above the reach of that malignant passion.

But there is another class of heroisms hidden from the world, concealed in the privacy of home, seldom seen, and when seen not always appreciated. Self-sacrifice, self-denial—sometimes even self-immolation, are all comprised in these heroisms; and yet, though springing from this lofty parentage, their birthright and quality are neither recognized nor understood. Their distinguishing features are thickly veiled from the general eye; they have no brilliancy, and make no impression.

The admiration of the world often stimulates, and frequently largely recompenses the great acts of great men. They are performed in the glare of day, and acknowledged and estimated by an admiring audience; while, on the con-

trary, these heroisms of home have no reward save in the conscious satisfaction of hard duty well done, and sometimes in the warmer affection of the little social circle that gathers round the domestic hearth. Generally, however, even this return is denied them, since those acts which are indeed 'and in truth the most nobly heroic, are not recognized even by those in whose behalf they are performed.

And yet, like all those Christian graces, which, in their unpretending humility, are accounted as of the highest price in that sublime code of ethics promulgated in the eleventh commandment, as the summing up of all the ten, these heroisms of home work an amount of good on the aggregate of human happiness, which distances, in an immeasurable degree, those lofty deeds of courage and daring which the world agrees to follow with admiring eulogy. We regard with a thrill of emotion the noble impulses of humanity that prompt the hero—for so he well deserves to be designated—to throw himself into the raging surf, grappling fearlessly with mountain waves, though his body is dashed to and fro on their crests, like a straw in the impotency of its strength, yet with a determination as unbending as the rocks from which he had sprung. We admire the hero—for so, too, is he—who, with cool presence of mind, stands between the raging flames and the surging sea, and, with superhuman courage, dares both their aspects in his desperate energy to save his perishing companions from the double horrors of their threatened destiny; but we admire still more the patient continuance in well-doing, which is not an impulse, but a long-sustained combination of uncomplaining endurance and toilsome exertion. The instances of these heroic actions startle us with their brilliancy, coming upon us like meteors, "few and far between," while the heroisms of home are daily, hourly innumerable. The hero saves from the waves or snatches from the flames some perishing victim; and honor, all honor, be to his wide-spread name. But the heroisms of home save many a shrinking sufferer from a living death sadder than that of waves and flames. They permeate through society like those hidden springs which fertilize the earth, never rising above its surface to glitter in the sunshine; but diffusing blessings silently, and "doing good by stealth." These unseen rills, gliding thus noiselessly, cover the land with harvest gladness—paint it fair, and load it with flowery perfume; while the broad rivers, rolling on in their majestic tides, scarcely do more than

decorate the borders of their own triumphal way.

It is thus that the heroisms of home produce an amount of good that ameliorates the suffering and heightens the enjoyments of society. Home-life and public life are the two existences every individual is called upon to lead. The last of these is an artificial one. These conform to rules, and act the part assigned them. The statesman, the lawyer, the doctor, the tradesman, have all their respective appearances to support. They mystify, they conceal, they color, they talk in character. At home they are *themselves*. At home they necessarily relax, having no adequate motive for simulation. Their pleasures or their pains are genuine. Self-interest imposes no necessity for the assumption of any of the varying shades and degrees of hypocrisy. Sometimes even they know how to be jocular on themselves in their own public life. The falsehood of appearance is acted only abroad. Everything that is *real* belongs to home. Hence the importance of all that belongs to that home-life. Hence the value of all that helps to render that home-life happy; and hence, too, the reason why we have presumed to call those acts and deeds the heroisms of home.

We need scarcely say that these heroisms belong, not by any means exclusively, but most generally to women. Home is the temple of domestic love and duty, and its hearth the altar on which we had almost said the very fires were sacred. Those actions, therefore, we would gladly endeavor to place in their just light of worth and influence, as springing from the very religion of home, if we may be allowed the expression, are strictly those which seem great to the heart alone, in contrast with those performed in the face of the world, and are great in the appreciation of the intellect.

There is another point of view in which these heroisms ought to be regarded, seeming rather to enhance than to diminish the value of their origin. The heroisms of the world are performed with a full knowledge of their dignity, and the admiration certain to follow them as their merited reward. The heroisms of home are done with but a slight appreciation of their value, and often with a total unconsciousness that the most generous instances of self-denial and exertion deserve either attention or commendation. They are *only natural*. They are nothing more than the spontaneous impulses and instincts of the heart. Those who performed them could do no less. Just as ambition often leads on those heroisms of the

world which place their actors broadly in the public eye, so does humility, following in the wake, hold back from observation those whose heroisms are purely and simply of home.

These generous and gentle instances of devotion, performed as they frequently are, in the solitude of sick-rooms, in the close privacies of domestic life, or in the loneliness that ever follows shrinking poverty, in blessing others, often miss the blessing that should return unto themselves, at least as far as this world is concerned. Being done in single-mindedness, they have no reference to the reward of admiration; being done in secrecy, they have none of the comfort of sympathy; being done from the heart, they are passed over as the mere fruits of its impulses; and thus, were they not of Divine growth, their very root must perish.

It is a trite truth to say that the glare of celebrity confuses the justness of our views respecting what is right to such a degree as sometimes to lead us to "put good for evil, and evil for good," so that it may be useful for us occasionally to contemplate home duties and home sacrifices with that steadfast gaze which makes our vision clearer, bringing up the holy and beautiful form of truth out of the deep well of its obscurity. We *visit* the world, but we *live* in our homes, and therefore home duties ought to take their just position of importance. We go abroad for a time, but we retrace our way continually to the little spot chosen as our resting place. The world may use us ill, but we return to our castle and shut it all out, barring the doors between us. We may escape from the great battle-field, so full of unloving unkindness, but we can never escape from the home so perfectly typified by every tinted shell on the great ocean's shores.

Can we then estimate too highly those heroisms of the heart which germinate and expand in a spot so dear to us as home? Is it not our duty to follow them with an admiring and even revering affection. Ought we not to testify our sympathy, so that while in weary watching and painful solitude, and much privation and exhaustion of spirit, some lovely woman gives up without a murmur the cherished hopes of her life; she may know that the spirit, though not the identical act of her disinterestedness, is appreciated, understood, and sympathized with deeply and widely, and that she herself is performing, though in weariness of feeling and dejection of soul and spirit, not merely an every-day act of trivial duty, but indeed and in truth one of the "Heroisms of Home."

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIV.

Another harvest had been gathered in—another summer had passed. The battle of Brandywine had been fought in the early autumn, and at last, Lord Cornwallis had entered Philadelphia with his army.

It was a sad day for the patriot hearts in the old city, when the triumphant pageant of the enemy swept along the streets. They gazed on the magnificent procession with hearts that failed them, as they contrasted the "splendid legions of British and Hessian grenadiers, the flashing arms, the flaming uniforms, the waving plumes, the martial music," with that army which had marched through the city a few days previous.

They remembered those worn and haggard troops, barefooted and half clothed, as they moved along the old streets, the sharp, worn faces telling their own pathetic stories of suffering and sacrifice to the death. And now, along the very paths hallowed by the tread of those bared feet, came the victorious enemy, flaunting their insolent triumph in the face of a people whose national existence they were striving to crush, and filling the air with their swelling strains of "God save the King!"

Burgoyne was still on the Hudson, and New England had poured in from her harvest-fields the flower of her yeomanry to dispute the passage of the British general to Albany.

The night of which I write was in the opening of October. The frosts were late that year, and its red scars gleamed only here and there amid the dead green of forest and orchard. It was a still night; the pulse of the earth beating low with the year's ripeness; the moon, large and round among her stars, looked down on the face of the earth, and the white, solemn light lay on every object.

About two miles to the south of the home-
stead of Deacon Palmer, was a long range of low beetling rocks, against which the waters of Long Island Sound beat and struggled with every returning tide. The top of this rock was covered with low, dark pines, amid which the night winds moaned and shivered, while on each side lay a long strip of yellow sand, like a crimped and faded ribbon.

The tide was coming in—the white surf rising and falling like broken lilies on the waves; various sail were flashing to and fro on the

Sound, looking in the moonlight like great sea birds with silver wings; but the largest of these, a schooner, lay still, about two miles from the shore, from which before the evening was late, a small boat put off suddenly, made for the land, and swept within the black shadow of the overhanging rocks, which effectually concealed her from observation.

Three men debarked from the boat, made her fast, and then taking their oars scrambled swiftly but cautiously down on the sand. Two of them were ordinary sailors, in shaggy green jackets and tarpaulins, while the other was evidently an officer of some kind, although he wore a citizen's dress, for reasons of his own. This last man looked about thirty. His features were good, but the face had something repellent in it to fine instincts. There was a certain coarseness, and boldness, and sensuality about the lower part of it; and there was a shrewd, half defiant and half stealthy glance in the eyes, when you watched the man narrowly.

"Wall, lieutenant, where's the cargo?" said the younger of the sailors, sweeping the shore, the rock and the pines, with a brisk glance. "I thought it was to be on hand afore we landed?"

"No, Sam," said the other putting his hands in his pockets, very coolly, "you'll have to wait here two or three hours, before the load gets along; for it isn't safe to run the risk of being caught by these rascally rebels, at trading with the Long Islanders." The sailor gave a whistle at this, which, though not disrespectful, certainly indicated a good deal of impatience.

"What's the use of settin' us on shore so long afore there's a chance of loadin' up? I'm ready to turn in heart and hands to work, lieutenant; but this turnin' land lubber and stayin' round like a fish washed on dry ground, for half the night, don't suit my taste," and the young sailor took a jack-knife and a roll of tobacco from his pocket.

"Well, Sam," answered the other; in a voice designed to be conciliatory, "the truth is, I wanted time to cruise round here a little, and take the soundings. There's likely to be a descent on this coast before long, such as our troops made on Danbury last spring, and I want to spend an hour or two in spying out the land, and see where we shall be likely to get the best hauls."

"That's a fair game with an enemy," answered the sailor, who seemed to have a sort of privilege of free speech.

"Well, you and Jack can go up in the pines yonder, and take a snooze as well as you could in your bunks out there, only keep one eye open, for if good luck's perched on our banner, the cargo 'll be along soon after nine o'clock," answered the disguised officer, who mingled nautical and military phrases in a fashion somewhat original.

"Ay—ay, sir," touching his tarpaulin, and the lieutenant after these brief orders struck off to the right, while the sailor and his companion steered for the belt of pine woods.

Alone, in the wide old kitchen, sat Grace Palmer that evening. The doors and windows were open, and the sweet spices of the woods came in at both, and so did the white, solemn moonlight. Grace sat before a small round table, intently bowed over a book, upon whose pages a pair of candles poured their soft light. One cheek rested on her hand and broke her right profile; but the left was brought out with singular distinctness. You saw the sweet, pure face, the rich bands of hair, the delicate womanly figure; and a pair of eyes saw this, peering through the dismantled hop vines by the window—a pair of stealthy, watching eyes, whose first look had been one of surprised admiration, but which as they gazed grew into a dark, gloating one, which would have frozen the unconscious girl with terror if she had seen him. The light from the kitchen windows of the farm-house had probably attracted the stranger, for he had entered the garden by the back gate and stolen surreptitiously round to the back window, and planted himself where he could command the entire room and its only occupant.

There was no one in the house that night but Grace and Benny, who was sleeping soundly up stairs. The Deacon and his wife had gone over to New London to an evening meeting, and Robert had only waited until the harvest was gathered in, and then hurried away to join the army of Gates at the north, whither Connecticut was pouring in her militia, at the summons of her patriotic Governor!

The stealthy, gloating gaze continued for more than a quarter of an hour, intermitted by an occasional glance around the kitchen, and over the outside of the house. The stranger was evidently revolving some purpose in his mind, for he shook his head several times and muttered to himself. Finally he turned suddenly and walked around to the kitchen door.

Grace was aroused by a loud knock. She rose in haste, went to the door, and encountered a stranger, who taking off his hat, in-

formed her in courteous phrase that he was on business to New London, had missed the stage, and had come on foot nearly twenty miles, and was now thoroughly fatigued. He desired to secure a night's lodging and a supper.

"Will you walk in, sir? I can give you the supper, and when father returns I don't doubt but you can have the lodging," said the hospitable girl.

The stranger walked in, took the chair which Grace offered him, and she bestirred herself to get him a supper, as in those times it was nothing unusual for strangers to get benighted and apply at the farm-houses for a meal or a night's lodging.

In a little while the table was spread with an abundant repast, most grateful to the appetite of a weary traveller. This one certainly exerted himself to be agreeable; made various inquiries about the neighborhood, and chatted about the crops and weather, in a style that, though familiar, was not, at first, presuming.

Grace's first impression of him had been favorable, and she therefore replied to his remarks with more freedom than she would otherwise have done. But something in the man's manner, and a closer view of his face, effected a rapid change in her impressions. Before the supper was over Grace grew very reserved, while it seemed to her the stranger's manner was almost impertinent, and she began to feel uneasy, reflecting that she was quite unprotected in the house, and she was glad that it was nearly time for her father to return. Grace had, in accordance with the fashion of those times, placed a pitcher of cider on the table, but her guest replenished his glass so frequently that she regretted she had provided it with anything stronger than water; especially as with every fresh indulgence, the traveller became more garrulous.

At last the traveller finished his supper, and rising up approached Grace familiarly. She started and glanced up in surprise, and met those gloating eyes that seemed to devour her face. With a sick shudder the girl attempted to move aside, when she found herself seized around the waist and her cheeks blistered with hot, fierce kisses, before she could extricate herself from the brutal soldier's embraces. She writhed herself away in a moment, every limb shaking with horror and indignation as she turned on him—

"How dare you, sir—Go out of that door this instant."

The man cowered a moment as he met the blaze of storm and wrath in that white face;

but it was only a moment as he reflected that she stood there, defy him as she might, a helpless woman, wholly in his power, and he drew towards her again.

"Those airs are very becoming, my pretty bird; but your wings are clipped, and it won't be of any use to flutter now."

The wretch was half intoxicated by this time, and he made another effort to seize Grace about the waist. She dashed aside the large arms with superhuman strength, and rushed out into the hall. The front door was barred—her pursuer was close upon her; she heard his loud laugh, his horrid oaths, and sprang up the stairs; up, up with the speed of a spirit flashed the trembling feet of the terrified girl, and close on her track came the strong pursuer; if she could only gain her own chamber; and then it flashed across her that the key to the door had been lost for some time; but as she gained the topmost stair her wild eyes grazed on an old musket, which lay on a sort of shelf in one corner of the upper hall. She knew it was loaded, for her father had told her so, when he placed it there, a few days previous, on his return from a day's hunting.

The girl sprang forward and seized the gun. Her pursuer had now reached the landing, but paused, for the moonlight fell broad and full into the old hall; he saw the white face of the girl, and the eyes that blazed out of it. She had never fired a gun in her life, but she pointed the old musket steadily now, and her voice rung loud and strong on the night—

"Stir another step forward, and you are a dead man from that moment."

He could not doubt from her voice and face she was in earnest now; he stood still a moment, and then with an oath broke out—

"I don't believe that rusty firelock is loaded, my girl."

"Try it at your peril," her hand on the trigger, her white face set with a fixed resolve, that left no room for doubt. So, the two confronted each other—the dauntless girl—the baffled villain—and there was none but God and the listening angels to see. The man stood still—he had plenty of brute courage, but he saw that another step forward would be his last on earth; he glared on Grace with eyes full of baffled rage; then he shook his clenched fist at her, muttered a fearful oath, and went down the stairs. Grace heard the sullen, heavy feet as they went along the front path—she heard the gate open and shut, and then she moved cautiously to the window, and watched the man as he went down the road, in

the white moonlight, to the lane. He turned here, and glanced back at the house, shook his hand at it fiercely once more, then turned hastily, and Grace was alone in the sweet, solemn light, with no sound but her loud heart.

She went down stairs, shaking in every limb, as leaves do in equinoctial gales, but she carried the old musket with her, which had done her such good service, and she passed her hand over it with a light caress, and smiled the sternest smile which had ever unbent the lips of Grace Palmer, and which would have reminded one of pictures of the old martyrs, as they walked chanting hymns of victory to their death. She had hardly reached the kitchen door, for she was about to seek protection at the nearest neighbor's, when she heard voices, and the next moment her father and mother came in sight. She started to meet them, but could not get beyond the gate. Her father found her here, and had to carry her into the house; but she did not lose her consciousness, and in a little while the horrified parents knew all that their child had passed through in the last hour. There were joyful thanksgivings under the farm-roof of Deacon Palmer that night.

About ten o'clock that same night, a long wagon might have been seen coming cautiously out of the woods, on the right of the curtain of pines, and making directly for the low beetling rock which overlooked the water. The man who drove it wore a hat slouched low over his forehead, and a large, light overcoat buttoned up close to his chin. An old canvas cloth was thrown over his wagon, and his whole dress and bearing, with the drooping head and bent shoulders, gave one the impression that he was some drowsy clodhopper on his way to the sea shore after clams or fish.

The wagon drew up under the thick shadows of the low pines. The driver alighted with a dexterity which indicated a suppleness of limb that would have quite taken one by surprise, who had seen him before he entered the pines; he placed a small tin horn to his lips and blew twice, emitting a long peculiar note, which at that time of night, and under the circumstances, had something sinister in it. In a moment two sailors, who had been lying on the ground at a little distance, sprang hastily up and approached the wagon.

"I say," said the younger of these, glancing under the slouched hat, "is your name Jarvys?"

"I reckon it aint anything else, my hearties," exclaimed a loud voice, and divesting

himself of the slouched hat and coat in an incredibly short time, the driver revealed the face of Richard Jarvys.

"That craft o' yours can't sail many knots an hour, mister."

"We've been on shore ever since eight o'clock," said the older of the sailors, in a slightly indignant tone. "Hang it, I've had to steer five miles out o' my course and hang out false lights to get here at all. The villains are getting sharp round here, and are likely to overhaul a craft if she looks suspicious."

"Where's the lieutenant?"

"He's set sail alone to take soundin's along shore, that may serve him if he anchors round here again," explained the older sailor.

Richard Jarvys laughed a coarse, hoarse laugh.

"He's a sharp one!" was his laconic comment, and then stripping off the canvas cloth, he disclosed several large boxes of butter, with hams, dried beef, cheeses, and various farm produce, packed so closely that it was evident the most had been made of the space the old wagon afforded.

"Heave to, my hearties," said Richard, "and I'll give a helping hand. It's well to get this load on board as soon as possible, for there's no telling how soon some spy may be sticking round here."

The men certainly needed no second warning. The wagon was drawn to the other side of the pines, and stout muscles bent with a will to the work, and in a few minutes the promiscuous load was all safely bestowed in the bottom of the little skiff. This was scarcely done when the disguised lieutenant appeared in sight. Richard Jarvys and he shook hands with the warmth of old cronies, and the latter complimented his friend on his "making the most of opportunities."

The subsequent conversation which transpired between the traitor and the British officer, was of too coarse a nature, and too frequently interspersed with oaths, to soil our pages. But in the midst of some vituperations on American character and cowardice on the officer's part, to which Jarvys the younger briskly assented, the lieutenant broke in with—

"But I say, Jarvys, these rebels have some of the prettiest women that ever made a fellow's mouth water. I've caught a glimpse of one to night."

"Where?" asked Richard, with some curiosity.

"At a farm-house about two miles to the south of us. She was as handsome as a picture;

but she'd got the spirit of a young tigress, and it blazed out before I left. She'd have shot me dead on the spot, sir, as quick as I would a fox. I saw it in her eyes; but they looked splendid, though!"

"How did you come across her, lieutenant?" asked Richard, his face full of greedy interest. His companion looked at him, hesitated a moment, and then slapped Richard on the shoulder—

"I'll tell you the whole yarn, Jarvys," he said, lowering his tone slightly; and drawing his arm in Richard's, the two men retired a short distance to the neighborhood of the wagon.

This conversation had transpired in a loud voice, in the hearing of the two sailors. The elder paid little heed to it; but the younger, standing with his hands in his pockets, just where the dark line of shadows cut the beach sands, had evidently caught every word. The moonlight fell full on his brown, sea-beaten face; but it was a shrewd, honest face for all that—one that in peril or need a little child or a dying man would have trusted.

A flash of indignation went over the sailor's face as he heard the lieutenant talk, and as the men disappeared he muttered to himself—

"It's a fair thing to meet a man in deadly fight, and a country that's in arms agin her rightful king don't deserve over tender handlin'; but when it comes to insultin' or harmin' a woman, I say the man that'll do that should be hung up to the first branch that's strong enough to hold him and a rope; and I'd do it with this 'ere right hand, without flinchin'. I fancy that are lieutenant's got some mischief a brewin', and I'll jist steer round and heave to under them thick trees, and find out if he's settin' any trap to catch a woman."

And bidding his companion watch the skiff, which lay heaving in the lap of the black shadow cast by the overhanging rocks, the young sailor was soon lost sight of among the pines.

A few questions satisfied Richard Jarvys that the lieutenant had seen Grace Palmer, and he listened greedily to the man's narration of his interview with the Deacon's daughter, and the deed by which she had at last compelled him to leave the farm-house, full of baffled rage and vengeance.

"I know how she looked, Morgan. It was just like Grace Palmer," was Richard's comment, when the other concluded; and there rose up before his memory the radiant, scornful face of the Deacon's daughter, as he had seen it last.

"What—you know the girl, then?" asked the lieutenant, eagerly.

"Yes; and I bear an old grudge against her and her psalm-singing old father, and I'd like to pay it off," growled Jarvys the younger.

"I'll give you my next quarter's pay if you'll show me a way to trap that girl. I'd like to take down her pride, though. Her eyes flashed like a panther's in a dark night," said the lieutenant, with an oath.

Dick mused a few moments as he lay under the pines, breathing out on the night their sweet balsam and myrrh. He struck up the sodden leaves into a dingy brown shower with the heel of his boot.

"I wouldn't do it for money; but I might do it for revenge," he said, looking up, and a shaft of light came down through the pines and fell on his face, dark with evil thoughts, just as God's gaze drops clear and white on all the passion and sin of human souls, and there is no darkness that hideth from it.

"I like to hear you say *that*, Jarvys," returned the officer. "A man will do more for revenge on a pretty woman whose served him ill, than he will for money. Give us your hand, Jarvys."

And the two men shook hands in iniquity, although no settled purpose or plan of action developed itself in the mind of either. The lieutenant drew nearer his companion.

"It wouldn't be running any great risk to run a skiff over from Long Island some night, and with a fair breeze we could get back in a couple of hours, even if we had a hundred and twenty-five pounds extra freight in the shape of this psalm-singing Deacon's pretty daughter. I've more than one man I could trust to do the business, and if we could only set a trap for the bird some dark night—"

The man stopped here. Perhaps even he had enough of human feeling remaining to shrink from putting this fiendish plan into words. Richard understood his companion.

"If there's a chance within the next two weeks it shall not slip, Morgan," he muttered down his throat, so low had he fallen in accordance with that "fearful logic of evil" which leads from bad to worse. "But I must bide my time, and you may rely on it I've got some especial reasons for liking to settle up old scores with this girl, though if it should be known round here, that I had a finger in the pie, my neck would have a hangman's rope round it before another sun rose—"

"Whist, is the word," said the lieutenant, getting up from the ground as did his com-

panion. "I must hurry off, for it's getting late, and it isn't safe to lurk long within an enemy's lines. But, Jarvys, you're on hand here; keep one eye open, and if you see a good chance for snaring the game, I'm your man; and two other pair of stout arms can carry it off, let it snap and scratch as it may."

"It would be fierce enough, you may depend on't," said Richard, with a laugh that would have made an honest man shudder. "But I'll keep a sharp look out, and send you a signal if there's any chance of good luck."

"We want a dark night, and a clear coast," said the lieutenant, in a low voice, bringing his face down close to his companion's.

"I know we must make quick work if we're in for it," said Richard, under his breath.

And the two men went out together from the dark shadows of the pines, and the calm, solemn stars shone down upon them, and the "night was holy," but not for them. And as they went out a shadow which had lain a few feet from them—a shadow darker than any which the pines threw on the sodden grass, and which did not move when the night wind went softly among the tree tops, rose up and took a shorter cut to the little skiff, rocking on the waters.

CHAPTER XV.

"I shall be home by eight o'clock to-night, mother."

Grace Palmer turned as she stood by the kitchen door, and said these words. She was tying on her bonnet, and from her left arm was suspended a small basket covered with a snowy towel, suggestive of some dainty intended to stimulate the appetite of an invalid.

Mrs. Palmer was diligently occupied with her pans of milk in the pantry.

"I hope you'll have a pleasant day with grandma," she said. "Tell her I think that elderberry wine will set well when she has a faint turn; and as for that blackberry jelly, I never had the luck I did this year. It come in no time. That new receipt's worth a dozen of the old ones."

These last remarks were made to herself. Grace was quite out of hearing; but she little suspected that her last words had reached any ears but her mother's, or that half Indian boy, who had for several years been employed in Ralph Jarvys's family, had, of late, been skulking about the homestead, eagerly listening and watching for any movement on the part of its few inmates, or that the half breed hurried off across the lots to his master's, as

soon as he had heard these words, and had a long secret interview in the barn with Richard, after which the boy started for the river, put off in a small skiff, and stood for the Long Island shore.

Mrs. Comfort Palmer lived in a small brown cottage, about a mile and a half from her son's. The old lady had been unusually feeble the last year, and Grace had gone over to afford her grandmother such assistance in various domestic matters, as old age and growing infirmities rendered necessary.

It was one of those days which are like goblets filled to overflowing with the purple wine of the year. What sweet spices were in the air from pine, and sassafras, and fern—what still winds, as though they had come from some far off islands of balm and peace—what a heavenly serenity in the blue deep sky—what a tender, solemn beauty in the sunshine! That day, with its face hallowed and inspired with still, solemn beauty, drew the soul of Grace into its exaltation of calm and praise.

She heard the rolling metres of its joy and triumph—she knew the God who had ordained that day, and set it a joy and praise in the earth, only uttered through it faintly and afar off the blessed story of the calm, and peace, and joy in which He dwells eternally, and which He has prepared for those who love Him! And through those October hours, with their splendors of coloring—their banners of sunshine, Grace Palmer worked diligently about the little brown cottage—setting the rooms in order, arranging the bundles of mint, and rue, and wormwood, and pennyroyal, and motherwort, and labelling the brown packages with such large round capitals, that the dim eyes which had gazed on life for more than ninety years could make them out without the aid of glasses. And in the afternoon, she sat down before the small front window, and settled herself to mending stockings, and the peace in her heart flowed like a river.

Old Mrs. Palmer bestowed herself down in a large rocking-chair opposite her granddaughter, and there was a twinkle of satisfaction in her dim eyes as they looked out on the day. But a shadow fell suddenly upon the old woman's face, and she said, drawing a deep sigh, and speaking more to herself than to her granddaughter—

"It was just such a day as this, seventy year ago, this blessed autumn, and yet it don't seem so far off as yesterday, when I think of it—"

"Think of what, grandma?" asked Grace,

who had caught the last words, and who was just in that fine, sympathetic mood when a story or legend, that comes down to us through a long pathway of silent years, has a peculiar fragrance and charm.

"The day that Cousin Increase came to our house, and sister Hope and he went down into the blue meadows to gather spearmint. I can see the golden head that was as bright and shinin' like, as that tallest feather of golden rod a wavin' by the stone fence yonder, as it went bobbin' and flutterin' like a bird out of the kitchen door; but it never came back—it never came back, Grace!"

The old woman's voice struggled and sank, the long buried memories came like the spring-tides over her soul, and flooded the banks of the years of her life!

"Tell me about it, grandma," said the girl, softly, as she slipped her darning-needle back and forth among the blue bars of yarn.

"I haven't spoken of *that* day to a human bein' for more than twenty years," continued the old woman, taking off her glasses and wiping them with her handkerchief; "but I never see a day like this, with the air full of sweet smells as a bed of mint, and the sunshine poured like a bright flood o' glory over all the earth; but that day comes back and stands still afore me; though all them for whom it brought a mornin' of joy and a night of sorrow, have laid themselves long ago on a pillow which no hands ever sewed but the sunshine and the rains.

"Daniel, and Joseph, and Samuel, my three brothers, had gone off huntin' that mornin', and there was nobody left at home but the women folks, mother, and Hope, and I. We didn't think of bein' afraid, though there had been rumors of Injins skulkin' around the frontiers, and a few miles west of our house a family had been surprised at dead of night, by the dreadful war whoop, and the next minute the Injins had broken in the door, and afore the frightened family could get out of their beds and take to the woods, three on 'em were scalped. Of course this made a mighty commotion through the whole region at first, and my brothers never went to sleep without seein' that the dogs were set to watch, and that their guns stood well loaded by their bedsides; but as the days wore off tranquilly, and no more was seen or heard of the savages, we sort of grew quiet again, and went along as usual. I suppose it's human natur' that folks should get used to danger in a new country, with wild beasts on one hand and savages on the other.

"My sister, Hope Crandall, was a pretty creetur as ever the Lord sent to make love and light in a household. She was two years older than I, and jest about your height, Grace, with a pair of eyes that was jest the color of the sky to-day, and cheeks like the red side of the peaches on the tree by the barn, and lips that made you think of a pair of rose buds with the first sunlight on them after a night's shower, and a head that was never still, but danced and fluttered like a bird's. She was the merriest, happiest thing, light as a snow flake, bright as a sunbeam, singin' like a robin in May, from mornin' till night, about the house. Poor Hope!"

What memories, sweet and bitter, set round and sanctified this name, Grace did not know; the old woman was silent awhile, and the girl's rapid needle ploughed its noiseless path amid the furrows of yarn. At last Mrs. Palmer resumed—

"We all set the world o' store on Hope; and there wasn't a gal for twenty miles around that could hold a candle to her at a singin' school, or a corn huskin', and she fairly turned the heads of the young farmers in the neighborhood. But Cousin Increase won the prize, and he deserved it!"

"Who was Cousin Increase?" The young, steady voice slipped with sweet and singular contrast among the old woman's tremulous tones.

"He was the son of my father's brother's second wife, by her first husband. He was a handsome young fellow, straight and lithe, and brave as a lion, runnin' over with fun and spirits, and yet tender-hearted as a little child. Well, *that* mornin', I remember mother sat by the chimney corner quarterin' apples for winter use, and I was in the pantry stampin' the great yellow balls o' butter with the pattern of an anchor, which my father had brought from the old country when he was a boy. Hope was talkin' to me where she stood jest outside the kitchen window, for she was nailin' up a rose brier that the wind had shook down a night or two before. Suddenly a voice that made us both start, said, 'Let me have the hammer, Hope. I can do that a great deal better than you.'

"Hope gave a little scream, and turned her pretty head—'I declare, Cousin Increase, what a fright you gave me. I should as soon thought of seein' the man in the moon as you this mornin,' she said, with her laugh that was a sweeter thing to hear than the first robins in March.

"Should you, Hope. Let me have the hammer?"

"No, you shant,' with a toss of her golden head. 'I'm goin' to nail up the rose brier myself.'

"They had a playful little struggle betwixt the two, and I kept on at work with my pats of butter, for Cousin Increase hadn't seen me, and I s'pose Hope had forgotten all about my bein' in the pantry. He got the hammer in a few moments, and Hope pelted him with green brier leaves, and called him a wicked assailer of helpless women, for she was in high spirits that mornin'.

"At last Increase got to work, and I remember his sayin'—'I ought to have my own way this mornin', for I've walked ten miles since breakfast.'

"Why, Cousin Increase, what in the world have you done that for?" asked Hope, who stood by him now, watchin' his work.

"Jest for the longin' I had to see your sweet face once more, Hope Crandall, said the young man, and his voice said more than his words did.

"Cousin Increase,' said Hope, and then she stopped short suddenly, as though she didn't know exactly what next to say.

"The hammer dropped from the young man's hands. He looked up in the sweet blushin' face, that was like a carnation pink with the white and red vanishin' in and out of it.

"It's the livin' truth, Hope,' said Increase Dale, as I had never heard him speak afore. 'I've carried that sweet face o' yours in my heart a shinin' and a smilin' down all the hours o' the last week, and at last I got to hungerin' and thirstin' for the sight of it until I couldn't stand it any longer, and I jest started off this mornin', resolved to have the blessed sight of it once more.'

"Oh, Increase,' answered Hope, with her little trill of a laugh, as though her breath was too short to carry it out, and it broke and fell through of its own sweetness, 'what a way you men do have of sayin' things to us girls! It's well we know how much it's good for.'

"Cousin Increase seized them little white hands. 'I do mean it in my soul afore God, Hope Crandall!' he said, in a voice that didn't leave room for a doubt. 'And Hope, I have been dreamin' all this week of not seein' your face to-day only, but of havin' it by my side all the days of my life—of havin' it to make sunlight and gladness in a home of my own, to make strong my arm and brave my heart, and sweet my toil for that home—oh, Hope, it'll be a lovin' heart that'll shelter that face o'

yourn—fairer than all the picters and flowers in the whole world; and if the roof isn't as high, and the home wont be as grand which I offer you as some others could, still you'll never find a man that'll try harder to make you happy, or that'll love you jest the same let whatever of change, or sickness, or sorrow come to you, Hope."

"I heard all this behind the pantry shelves, with the butter stamp in my hands, and the tears was a runnin' down my cheeks when Cousin Increase got through. It raly seemed to me that he was inspired for that pertickerler occasion. I al'ays knew that Increase was a likely young man, but it appeared to me that our minister himself couldn't have got through with it handsomer'n that. No gal in the world could have helped feelin' it! As for Hope, she stood stock still a minute, and then I heard a little sob, not louder than a baby's."

"Cousin Increase put his arm around her waist, and I knew then how the matter would turn; but it came into my mind all of a sudden that I had no right to be standin' there and listenin' to things which was sacred betwixt my sister, and Cousin Increase; so I got out of the pantry on tip-toe, and a good long while after the two young folks came into the house. I knew with the first glance that the matter was all settled. I never had seen my sister look quite so pretty as she did that day, with the roses runnin' up into and blossomin' out wide in her cheeks, and her face full of a new, bright, shy gladness! Poor Hope!" The old woman's voice broke down here, again!

"Why, grandma! what makes you call her 'poor,'" asked Grace, her stocking lying still in her lap, the darning-needle making a bright shaft in the half mended heel. "I dont think she was, I'm sure."

"Wait until you've heard the whole story, Grace," answered the voice of the old woman, half under its breath, and with such solemn impressiveness that a chill passed over the listening girl.

"We all of us had a happy day of it. I was glad for my sister's sake, and I loved Increase like a brother, and I wondered what the boys would say when they came to hear of it; and I busied myself with thinkin' what a handsome bride my sister would make with roses in her hair, and a silk dress brought all the way from Cheeny or London. I was a young thing then, jest out of my fifteenth birth-day, and I pictured to myself all the talk and wonder there'd be the first Sunday that Increase and Hope would be cried in meetin'. I was thankful

enough that I hadn't got to go through with that are; and I wondered how Hope would stan' it; and then there would be the grand quiltin' to come off, and all the bustlin' and fixin' and the weddin' cake!

"Ah, well, we aint young but once in our lives, and it was a massy that what was jest ahead was hid from me. But that afternoon my mother, who was dryin' her herbs, found out that she hadn't laid up any spearmint to mention, and she was sot that she never should dare ventur' upon a winter without it, and Increase and Hope offered at once to go after some; for it grew thick on a bank about half a mile from our place, near a spot of water called Blue Pond, lyin' jest beyond a pretty thick piece of woods."

"I remember they asked me to go along, but I thought it was nat'ral the young folks should like to be alone, and made some excuse for stayin' behind, and they sot off. I can remember, too, that Hope turned and smiled jest as she got to the back door. 'Comfort,' she said, 'I'll be back in time to help you get supper for them boys. They'll be as ravenous as a pack o' wolves let loose, I expect,' and then she went out."

"But, Grace, it has al'ays seemed as though that smile of my sister's, as she stood in the kitchen door, had followed me like a shinin' light through all the long years of my life, and never flickered nor gone out, for it was the last time my sister Hope ever smiled on me!"

"Grandma!" there was wonder and terror in Grace's exclamation.

"Wait a minute, dear child, and you shall know all there is to tell, and that's fearful enough. I sat at my spinnin' wheel and chatted with mother that afternoon about Increase and Hope. I didn't tell her what I had overheard; but I saw she suspected that somethin' had been said to Hope; and when I told her that I'd made up my mind Increase would be her son-in-law some day, she looked pleased, and said she thought it would suit father, for Increase was a likely, forehanded young man, with steady habits—though he was a little givin' to sowin' wild oats; but then it wasn't reasonable to expect young folks would be old uns."

"I began to feel a little uneasy as the day began to settle down, and to glance out of the east winder towards the turnpike, to see if Increase or Hope were on their return, though there wasn't nothin' in the world to be afeard on, as I could tell, and I tried to shake it off. But I grew more and more uneasy as they

didn't come. At last I sot away my spinnin' wheel, and was goin' to put on the tea-kettle, for the sun had got on top of the mountain, when suddenly our next door neighbor came runnin' into our house pantin' and breathless—

"'Miss Crandall,' he cried out, 'has any of your folks gone over to the woods east of the turnpike, this afternoon?'"

"'Why, yes,' says mother, 'my daughter and her cousin's gone over to Blue Pond to gather some spearmint for me.'"

"'Wall, my man, who's been to work in the fields at the south of the Pond, has jist brought me word that he's heard firin' in that direction, and a few minutes later he seen two savages makin' tracks through the bushes on the right."

"'Oh, Mr. Jackson, who knows but what they've shot my daughter?'"

"'I see my poor mother's face, as it looked that moment, standing by the chimney-piece, and it was no whiter when I saw it years after, as they laid the grave cloth over it."

"'Wall, maybe there's no harm done, Miss Crandall,' said neighbor Jackson. 'I'll hunt up the farm-hands, and we'll start right over to the Pond,' and he hurried off in a way that showed he feared there might have been foul play."

"'He had got only a few rods from the door when he saw some one beckonin' to him from the turnpike. I must hurry over this part, Grace,' speaking in a faint, rapid voice, as though the words hurt her. "Neighbor Jackson found Increase there; he had been shot in the leg, and had crawled more than a quarter of a mile from the woods in quest of help—" Mrs. Palmer paused here."

"'But Hope, grandma, what became of her?'" gasped Grace."

"'She saw the Injins first. They both fired together; but Hope saw that one had aimed at the heart of Increase, and she sprang before them! Child, she saved his life with her own!'"

"'Oh, grandma!'" Grace covered her white face with her hands."

The old woman rose up and walked back and forth, wringing her aged hands, and sobbing passionately for the sister, whose grave more than seventy springs had quilted with fresh grasses."

"'It broke all our hearts,'" sobbed Mrs. Palmer. "I shall never forget the moment when they brought her back to the house, with her damp hair lyin' all about her white, cold face—she that went out of it so full of life and joy an hour before!'"

"'Was she quite dead, grandma?'"

"'Not quite, child. She opened her eyes

once and knew us all, and what had happened. It was about an hour after she was brought home, and the boys had got back then. She said good-by to us all, and told Increase that the home she was a goin' to would be brighter than the one he had promised her on earth, and that he must not grieve for her, for every day and every night would bring him a little nearer to her, and then, Oh! Grace, I can't tell any more!" for Mrs. Comfort Palmer had walked down the years to the land of her youth, and the bitter anguish of that hour came back to her when she stood by the bedside of her murdered sister."

And Grace wept too, for this great aunt of hers, whose life had gone out in its first years of blossoming, and it was a long time before she asked, softly—

"'And Increase, grandma?'"

"'It didn't kill him, but that was all. He was laid up at our house for four months with a broken limb and a brain fever. We thought he'd never get up again; but he did at last, and even mother, though her heart was broken, used to try to comfort him, when he'd say,

"'If it had only been me instead—if I could only have given up my life for Hope's!'"

"The next spring the doctor said he must take a sea voyage; and we persuaded him to go in a tradin' vessel to Virginny. He got stronger with new life and change of scene; and used to write mother and me cheery letters, though he al'ays spoke of Hope with a sweet, sad tenderness, which showed that his heart carried her memory in the hope and trust that God would have us carry those who are with Him."

"'At last, in the next fall, Increase started for home. But in a heavy storm at sea, the ship foundered and went down. There was only a few of the crew saved, and in a little more than a year Increase was with Hope; and for the pleasant home he was to have made her on earth, they had one not builded with hands."

"'But its builder and maker was God!'" answered Grace, and the smile was holy that flashed up triumphant through her tears."

"'I've rested on that thought, Grace,'" said the old woman, wiping her wrinkled face, stained with tears for the sorrows of her youth."

"'Oh, I haven't lived ninety years to prove the God I've trusted unfaithful to His promises, or that He ever sends a burden so heavy that He isn't able and ready to carry it for us.'" "

Grace looked at her grandmother. The passionate grief of that aged face had subsided, and the calm and the peace that God gives had taken its place."

"Oh, grandmother?" exclaimed the girl, "it's a good thing to go down into old age bearing such testimony as this!"

"Yes," smiled the pale lips, "all of 'em got to the end of the journey long ago, and left me far behind. But they didn't go without each leavin' a signal for me, and I've followed on and I shall be with 'em pretty soon—pretty soon, *now*," and the old woman repeated the words, as though they had a pleasant sound to her; and Grace looked at her grandmother and thought that the smile on her aged face made it beautiful, for it was the smile of a heart at peace with God!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It is Beautiful.

BY A. E. N. K.

Last words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The calm, still hours of midnight had passed by,
And left their record with the angel band;
The stars, that like sweet spirits kept their watch,
Began to pale, and gently in the east
Aurora's rosy fingers folded back
The ebon veil of night.
The Orient heavens were flecked with clouds
Of gold and amber, amethyst and purple,
Soft fading out to the faint rosy blush
Of ocean's fairest shells;
And while the heavenly hosts thus marshaled in
The day-god, to fulfil the great command,
"Let there be light," an angel convoy came,
Noiseless as bursts the flowers into bloom,
And bore a *lesser light* from earth away:—
Noiseless as falls the crystal dews of even
Upon the grassy fields and leafy boughs,
Came down the white-robed throng.
The woman-poet trustingly reclined
Upon the manly arm and faithful breast
Of her true poet husband. Thus she spoke,
(While gazing upward wrapt in wild delight)
"*It is beautiful.*" The angels loosed the foils
That bound her here, and from the lovely casket
Took the priceless pearl, the unbound spirit,
And bore it in their arms as tenderly
As the fond mother folds her first born babe.
The poet Browning felt the form grow chill
Within his clasp—and gazed—but gazed on earth.
But still the silvery sound of that loved voice
Was on his ear, and "*It is beautiful,*"
Was all that he could hear.
And "*It is beautiful,*" perhaps her ear
Caught the refrain from a celestial choir,
And while her lips echoed back the strain,
Her soul went forth upon the wings of song:—
'Twas thus the new fledged spirit took its flight,
Bearing from earth away a beacon light.

HUDSON, MICH.

I Love Him.

BY ERNEST ELTON.

I know he is poor but his heart is true,
There's a world of wealth in his eye of blue,
And I honor his manhood—so do you;
And so I love him.

His face is browned by the wind and rain,
By the sun that ripens his waving grain,
But his life is pure for it bears no stain;
And so I love him.

He has no treasure of gold and lands,
His wealth is all in his heart and hands,
And the cottage that down by the willow stands;
Yet I can love him.

The cottage is small and plain, you say,
And has been decaying these many a day,
Yet I shall share it, that all the world may
Know how I love him.

As the battle of life together we try,
If the dear God smile on—he and I
Will build another this one hard by;
And still I shall love him.

And I'll wear his name like a priceless crown,
And I'll never take heed of the great world's frown,
And together we'll journey up hill and down;
And still I shall love him.

You can buy a bride with your shining gold,
Like unto you, stern, and hard, and cold,
But the story shall ever be all untold,
How fondly I love him.

And your gilded carriage as you pass by,
I shall see, but ne'er with a longing eye,
So he call me darling, what care I,
While I know I love him?

And the clatter of wheels shall come to me
Mingling with murmur of bird and bee,
But a glance of longing none ever shall see,
While I can love him.

For your harp's rich tones we'll have loving words,
The willow's whisperings, songs of birds,
And when falls the twilight, the lowing of herds;
And still I shall love him.

For the pillow of down where you rest your head,
I'll pillow mine on his breast instead,
For love can soften the hardest bed;
And I know I love him.

And we'll never pine for your raiment rare,
For the jewels that deck your proud bride's hair,
Though simple and plain the clothes we wear;
Still I shall love him.

And when you grow tired of your marble halls,
Of your weary life and its gilded thralls,
Come where the voice of true love calls,
And see how I love him.

LAY SERMONS.

If I Were Only in Heaven.

"If I were only in Heaven!"

There are few mortal lips from which these words, or something equivalent to them, have not fallen in hours of pain, sorrow, or disappointment, when hope in the world grew faint, and the old foundations of happiness seemed crumbling into ruin.

"If I were only in Heaven!"

The words came sighing through pale lips.

"And you expect to go there?"

The tone in which this was said expressed a doubt.

"We all expect to reach Heaven at last. God is merciful."

"He is good to all, and kind even to the unthankful and evil. But what is Heaven? Three times, within a few days, I have heard you wish yourself there."

"Heaven is a place of happiness; there are no tears there; no sorrow; no pain; no cruel disappointments, nor heart-rending separations. Heaven is Heaven. The very word is full of signification."

"And you expect to go there?"

A second time was this uttered, and now the doubt it expressed quickened in the mind of the complainer a feeling that was rather more of earth than Heaven.

"You seem to question my fitness," she said, with just a shadow of indignation in her voice.

"Far be it from me to judge the state of any one. God alone knoweth the hearts of his children."

"And still, you ask, in a doubting way, if I expect to go to Heaven when I die."

"To a place of happiness, which lies in the far distance, and towards which we sail through life as mariners on a perilous voyage?"

"Yes; the haven of felicity."

"Where you trust to moor your time-worn bark when the stormy ocean is crossed?"

"Yes; trusting in God's mercy."

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed," said she who had assumed the office of monitor.

The pale cheek of the complainer flushed, and her sad eyes threw out some rays of light that gleamed from an earth-enkindled fire.

"Heaven is not in the far distance," continued her friend. "We do not reach it at the end of our earthly journey. We must enter long, long before that time, or its sweet rest and peace can never be ours. And we are in Heaven when our souls are filled with heavenly affections. This infilling of the soul alone takes place on earth; and thus we enter. We must have some of the joys of Heaven here, or we cannot receive its fuller delights when mortal

puts on immortality. The life of Heaven must be born in us in time, or it cannot be developed in eternity. Your present state, my dear friend, is not one of preparation for that paradise towards which your eyes stretch so longingly, but one of self-affliction and vain repinings. You are closing your heart to heavenly influences, instead of opening it to their reception. I speak plainly, for you have all at stake."

The flush faded from the complainer's cheeks; her eyes lost the sudden brightness which had gleamed out upon her friend; and she sat silently pondering this strange language—strange to her—while a shade of fear crept into her heart. Were her hopes of Heaven resting, indeed, on so sandy a foundation? Was she vainly looking beyond the darkness in which she sat to a world of brightness and beauty? Would there be no Heaven for her to enter when the weary burden of life was laid down? The questions crowded upon her.

"Come out from beneath the shadows in which you have surrounded yourself," said the friend, "and enjoy the cheerful sunlight. Instead of idly longing for a Heaven that lies afar off, receive Heaven in your heart, in the delight that flows in with all good deeds. Be a worker in the vineyard of your Lord, not a weak repiner; a faithful servant, not a talent-hider. They who are entering Heaven grow more and more peaceful in spirit; more and more resigned to the Father's will; more and more willing to work and wait in patient hope. Instead of wishing themselves in Heaven, as a place of rest afar off, they are daily tasting of its sweet felicity."

"You take away the foundations on which my feet have rested. You scatter my hopes to the wind. I have looked to you for consolation, but you have none to offer."

"If I have broken the foundations on which your feet rested, it is that you may plant them more surely on the Rock of Ages. If I have scattered vain hopes to the wind, it is in order that living hopes may spring up in your heart. If you have looked to me for consolation, and found it not, then, I pray you, look higher; even unto Him who says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"But my heart is crushed. I have no strength; no hope in life; all that I held dear has departed; and I have only wished to die and be at peace."

There are other crushed hearts; others without hope; others from whom all the dear ones have departed. Think of them, and of their loneliness and suffering instead of your own; and as pity comes into your heart, think whether it is in your power or not to ease a pain; to send a ray of comfort into a mind sitting in darkness; to speak a

word that may reach the mourner with consolation. God is the great Comforter, but He acts through angels and men in His ministrations of good, thus making his blessings double. They who act with him are partakers in the peace, joy, and consolation that flow through them, and are thus received into Heaven, while, as to the body, they are still in the world of nature."

For awhile after this plain-talking friend had left, the lady sat in her usual place in the dim, closely-curtained room, where most of her time was spent. But the truths which had been uttered in her ears did not pass as the idle winds. She dwelt on them, pondering their scope and meaning, and seeing them in clearer and clearer light. But states of feeling soon turn our thoughts in their own direction. It was not long before she was musing on her unhappy condition, and in the weariness of life that came back upon her, she murmured the oft-repeated words—

"Oh, if I were only in Heaven! If I could only die and be at peace!"

Then came back the suggestions of her friend; and with such a force of conviction that she clasped her hands together, and rising up, moved in some agitation of mind about the room. As she did so, the thought of a poor sick woman in the neighborhood came into her mind. She had heard of her serious illness on the day before, but let the intelligence pass with only a word of pity. It did not once occur that she ought to go, or send to the woman's relief. Now the thought of her came with a suggestion of duty, and acting upon that suggestion, she rung the bell.

"Mary," she said, as a domestic came in to answer to the bell, "have you heard from Mrs. Ellis to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am," was replied.

"How is she?"

"Very sick, ma'am, they say."

"What ails her?"

"Pleurisy, I think, ma'am."

"Have you been over to see her?"

"No, ma'am."

"I wish you would step in and see how she is, Mary. She may be suffering for want of proper attention. I would like to know."

The girl left the room with a look of surprise on her face that did not escape the lady's notice. Its meaning was partly understood.

"How did you find her, Mary?" was asked when the girl returned.

"I wish you could only see for yourself, ma'am," said Mary. "It would make your heart ache. If somebody don't look after her she'll die, and then what will become of her poor little babies?"

There was a look of real distress in the girl's face.

"Is she in want of anything?" inquired the lady.

"Oh, ma'am, wont you just step over and see for

yourself, was answered in an appealing way. "She is in want of everything; I don't believe her poor little children have had anything to eat this day!"

"Mary!"

"Indeed, ma'am, and I shouldn't wonder at all. To think of it, in a Christian neighborhood!"

"Somebody should have looked after her," said the lady, in a tone meant to blame every other person in the neighborhood except herself.

"What's everybody's business is nobody's business," replied the girl.

The sight that met the lady's eyes, when, under the force of a strong self-compulsion, she entered the room where this sick woman lay, gave her, too, the heartache. Alone, exhausted with pain, without fire or food for her children, or medicine for herself, she was stretched on a hard straw bed, which no hand had beaten up or smoothed for days. As the lady came in, a gleam lit up her dull eyes, which turned with an appealing look to the three little children who were sitting close together in silence on the floor. From the instant that weary complainer entered this room, she forgot herself in an overpowering pity. A few questions were asked and answered—then prompt hands and a prompt will, changed the whole aspect of things. There were food, medicine, warmth and comfort, in the rooms where, a little while before, all was cold, desolate, and exhausted. As the lady looked around, and thought of the change a few words and deeds had wrought as if by magic—saw the look of peace, rest and hope which had settled over the sick woman's pale face, and followed her almost smiling eyes, as she looked after her cleanly dressed and now happy children—she felt a deeply penetrating glow of satisfaction, and a sense of tranquillity to which she had long been a stranger. She had forgotten herself in an earnest desire to help another, and the heavenly delight that always springs from good deeds done from right impulses was flowing into her soul.

"How is it with you to-day?" asked the friend who had spoken so plainly. It was a week after this first visit to the sick woman. She was holding the lady by the hand, and looking earnestly into her countenance, which had more light and hope in it than she had seen there for a long time.

"As well as I could expect." A faint smile hovered around her sad lips, hiding the pain which lay there like a shadow from some mountain of sorrow.

"Ah! what little girl is this?"

A child had entered the room with a quiet, half-timid step, as if not feeling the confidence of a genuine home feeling.

"The child of a poor sick woman in the neighborhood," was answered. "The mother was very ill, and as there was no one to see after this little one, I brought her home. She has been here for several days."

"You have been to see her mother, then?"

"Oh, yes; I've called over every day to see after her. She would have died, I believe, if I had not met her case promptly. It is shameful to think how, in the very midst of a rich neighborhood of people calling themselves Christians, a sick woman may be left to suffer and die without a hand being raised to help her. I wouldn't have believed it, if this case had not come under my immediate notice."

"I see," said the friend, still holding the lady's hand, and smiling into her face, "why that old, sad, life-weary look has departed."

An answering smile lit up suddenly the lady's countenance.

"Has it departed?" she asked, half wondering at her friend's remark.

"Yes, and may it never return to tell of brooding self-torture, and idle longings after that heavenly peace in the far-off future, which never comes except as the fulness of a heavenly peace that flows into the soul while patiently doing its work in the harvest-fields of time. You have opened the gate of Heaven, my dear friend, and your feet are upon the threshold. The first draught of its pure crystalline air has swelled your lungs with a new sense of pleasure, and given to your heart new pulsations of delight. Do not linger in the outer courts, but enter in, daily, by good deeds done in the name of

our common humanity. Sit no longer idle. A stagnant mind, like stagnant waters, breeds noxious vapors and hideous monsters. Health and happiness come only in active duty. If, at home, you find not work enough to keep your thoughts and hands busy, go abroad, and by good deed and good example, become a co-worker with the angels, into whose blessed company you have so many times desired to enter through the gate of death. We must become associated with them here, my friend, or we cannot enter into their society above. Heaven is a state of mutual love; but if we are mere lovers of self here—idle repiners instead of active servants in the Lord's work of doing good—how can we pass by death into Heaven? Death only separates the soul from its mortal body; it makes no change in its quality. What we are as to quality—good or evil; selfish or unselfish—when we depart hence, will we remain to eternity. And so, my friend, if you wish to come fully into Heaven when you die, press forward through the gate by which you have now entered, and the further you progress here, the higher will be your position when, at the close of this earthly life, it shall be said unto you—'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!'"

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Children's Playthings.

BY J. E. M'C.

The little son of an acquaintance, at whose house I was calling, took me into the extension room back of his mother's parlors, to show me his playthings. The little room was fitted up handsomely with damask lounge and curtains, and abounded with all manner of costly playthings. He ran along carelessly from one to another, showing me this and that, until he picked up a treasure, which he presented with great animation, saying—"and here is a gate big feather!" It was a good-sized turkey quill, which he had found in some of his travels; and not even his curious green turtle, which could move its head and legs, could compare with this wonderful possession.

I could not help thinking how little it takes to satisfy our early ambitions, and how useless it is to expend large sums for children's toys, when simple home-made ones give them really far more pleasure. My little friend Kate, has a rather sorry specimen of a cloth baby, which she has trudged around with ever since she could walk;

but no attractive gifts of china or india-rubber headed dolls, can make her desert her old favorite. For children a little older, playthings that exercise the ingenuity are best, and give the most lasting pleasure. Richter says—"Do not color the Easter eggs for your children, but let them paint them themselves. Teach them self-reliance even in their amusements." A box full of common blocks, such as you can pick up under any carpenter's bench, will afford much enjoyment, if you first give a little instruction in house-building, bridge-making, and the like.

There are hundreds of simple toys which are easily made with the scissors and a little needle-work, such as those we see in country fairs, and which mothers could readily learn to make, if only a pattern or a few directions could be obtained.

Above all, if you have an "out-doors" to your home, let your children enjoy it every fair day. There they will find sources of amusement enough, without aid from any one, while the rosy health which the pure air gives them, and the consequent freedom from ill-temper and unhappiness, will free your bosom from much anxiety, and make your home glad and cheerful.

Little Quiz.

BY M. D. R. B.

Intelligent children, whose "bump of curiosity" happens to be rather largely developed, are apt to receive this somewhat disparaging *soubriquet*. And yet it is often unjustly applied, and the natural want most discouragingly rebuffed, by the fretful rejoinder to the child's "Why and Wherefore" of "don't bother mother," or the more decided and always disagreeable phrase, "Hold your tongue."

And yet when we reflect how natural a proceeding it is for the little one to seek for information from the parent about all that puzzles it so much in the every-day objects which surround it, we ought to have more patience, and accept the "bother" along with the dear little inquisitive body who originates it. It is because older people do not enter into the feelings and wants of children, that they permit themselves to be annoyed by their frequent questions. Remember that all they see is new to them; they are learning a language; they are adapting words to the various things represented by them, and they thirst for information.

No doubt there are restrictions proper to be observed in thus indulging the laudable curiosity of the child. When it first begins to use its new faculty of speech, it is too often made a wonder of, and allowed to feel itself a most important personage in the family. Its pretty speeches are repeated and commented on in its presence, and thus it is encouraged to multiply trivial and useless questions, as if for the pleasure of hearing its own voice. Do not let this be prolonged to weariness on either side, more especially when strangers are present. Mothers frequently so absorb themselves in their offspring, that they almost lose their identity, and can scarcely be recognized as the pleasant companions they were pronounced to be before the cares of maternity claimed so large a portion of their time. If they have visitors, their ears are filled with a detail of nursery arrangements, minute accounts of the "teething" of this little darling, or the safe recovery from measles or whooping-cough of that. Their dress, their diet, their various dispositions, are commented on with a precision very interesting no doubt to the mother herself, but often wearisome to her guest. If the children are pretty and smartly dressed, they are not unfrequently brought in, not only to be seen but heard, and are expected to furnish their share of the entertainment, by going through all their little arts of display; and are even allowed, if old enough to understand the subjects under consideration, to take part in the conversation, or claim the mother's attention to their own.

But truly judicious parents will pursue neither course exclusively. To make our children the most prominent personages in every assembly, and permit them to weary us and worry themselves by this

habit of constant questioning, is as unwise as it is annoying. On the other hand, to deny them the pleasant society of our friends, and so exclude them from all instructive and entertaining intercourse, would be unjust and wrong. Let mothers have patience to respond wisely to all proper questions of their children, when by themselves or in the family circle, but they should be also taught that their mothers have rights too. When she is reading or conversing they should not be allowed to tease her by trifling inquiries, that could as well be deferred to another season. Children may be taught to listen as well as to talk; and there are few pleasanter sights than that of beholding the well-trained children of a family, allowed to take their places in the social circle, and be entertained by the conversation of parents and their guests.

One great disadvantage of indiscriminately answering all the questions of children, is to induce habits of indolence. It is much easier to ask than to look into the matter for themselves. As they grow older it would be best to point them to other sources of information than those you can furnish from your own mental stores, and so lead them to a spirit of research and investigation for themselves. Scientific questions, the natural phenomena which may be observed in our daily experience, and the "thousand and one" subjects about which mothers are constantly "quizzed," would lose none of their interest by being "found out" by themselves. After the desired information is gained, a free conversation about it will be found both more instructive and more lasting than if their curiosity had been at once gratified. For instance—take a book, and what a multitude of questions might be asked concerning it. The substance—paper—when first used—the substitutes for it by the ancients—the invention of printing, with its modern improvements—the multiplicity of books, their use and abuse—these are but hints of a plan which might be carried out indefinitely.

Bear in mind that children are naturally inquisitive. When it is not proper for them to know tell them so, yet tell them gently and decidedly. But when the subject of their inquiries is harmless or really useful, do not repulse them harshly by the epithets "Little Quiz," or "Little Tease."

Some of the greatest discoveries in modern science were made by the active minds of those, who have been perhaps termed by their impatient parents "Little Quiz." The great NEWTON, when a mere child, is said to have taken a small watch to pieces, that he might see into its mechanism. Truly this was annoying, and no doubt was viewed as an act of wanton mischief. But it resulted in his contriving, while yet a boy, a clock, whose machinery was set in motion by water; and still later those great astronomical instruments, by which he made such grand discoveries in the wonders of the celestial system. WATT, the inventor of the steam engine, also had an inquiring

mind; and perhaps annoyed his mother also, when he asked why the lid of her saucepan was so covered with drops; and why, when the water was heated to a certain point, the spout gave out such volumes of vapor. But behold the questions of the child, were the workings of that mind which produced the greatest motive power in the world.

Our children may not be destined to become

such mighty actors on the stage of life, but we should look upon them as having within them the germs of an intelligent nature, and be willing to lend our aid to turn their innate love of investigation into such channels as shall benefit them and make them blessings to society.

PARKERSBURG, PA.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

On the Bridge.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

I couldn't stay in the house, try as hard as I would; for at last the snow, whose white breadths folded long, and smooth, and straight over the earth I had grown so weary of gazing on, had rolled away. You might have found a few soiled drifts and patches on the cold side of the fences, or in dark hollows among the hills, where the sun only made hurried visits in the bright April noons; but it was snow wasting away without comeliness or beauty—out of time—out of place!

But this day, flashing its golden thread through the heart of April, called to me and I could not turn aside from the marvellous beguiling of its voice. I went out and looked on the landscape of pictures which the morning unrolled before me.

Only a little way from the house was the river, its blue waters asleep between the low gray banks; and over it was the old brown bridge. It is a narrow foot-bridge. The parapets are worn with age, and if a man treads heavily along the boards the bridge is sure to be seized with an ague. I stood still awhile on the door steps and watched all this beauty. The gardener was busy raking the dead leaves from the strawberry vines, there was the sweet smell of the springing grass, mingling with the spicy scent of the pines; and the swallows and robins, those advance guard of the innumerable company of summer birds, were skimming through the fragrant sprinkled air, and filling it with joy and praise. I went slowly down the winding of the garden paths to the old bridge. It seemed to me that my small heart had been taken into the great throbbing heart of the day and beat in harmony with it.

A little way beyond the bridge is the small depot, standing alone on a green bank by the roadside, and looking like a very little tent in the distance. The railroad track lies very close to the bridge, and as I stood there looking dreamily into the blue mirror of the waters, a voice close to me, asked—

"Can you tell me, little girl, at what time the train stops here?"

I turned hastily. Somehow the voice of the questioner just suited the face. There stood before me a little girl whose years must have been very near my own, and they are not many. She had a sweet face, somewhat pale and thin, and where, as Aunt Lucy says, there ought to be great round roses in the cheek of every child, there was only faint, flickering buds in hers. She had bright lips though, and large blue eyes, that had an earnest, innocent way of looking at you, which always draws me towards them.

This little girl was dressed very neatly, in a dark straw hat with trimmings of black velvet ribbon, a little black silk apron, and a worsted dress of small plaid.

"Are you going on the train?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I am waiting here for—for my father."

"Does he stop at this depot?"

"I suppose he will, if he's on the train. He used to stop at Malden, but the cars that stop there are three hours later, and mamma said last night there was a chance of father's getting in, in time to take the morning train, and then he must stop at old bridge depot."

"Have you walked away from Malden depot this morning?" I asked, quite amazed, for it is four miles off.

"Yes, and we live half a mile beyond that—but oh, you can't tell how I wanted to see my father." Her voice faltered here, and the tears came quick into the blue, earnest eyes.

I was very curious now.

"Is it a long time since you saw your father?"

"Oh, yes! such a long time; he went to the war before the battle of Bull Run."

"Oh, he's a soldier, then?"

"Yes, he's a captain in the ninth regiment. He's been in three engagements, and had his arm severely wounded once, but he's better now, and got a furlough, and we want to see him so much—mamma, and John, and I."

"I don't wonder," I said. "If my dear father had been gone a year to the war, and there was the least bit of a chance of seeing him so much sooner, I'd set out and walk straight to Malden depot."

The little girl looked up and smiled in my face,

a bright, grateful smile, as though she saw that I understood and appreciated her feelings.

She slipped her arm into mine. "What is your name?" she asked.

"Fannie James. Now what is yours?"

"Mary Griswold."

"You must be very tired," I said, "walking so far. Suppose we go and sit down on those stone steps, just beyond the bridge, and wait for the train? It's so much pleasanter than staying in the dark depot."

"I'd rather wait out doors a great deal," said Mary Griswold, in her bright confiding way.

So we went together and sat on the low steps, and the little girl told me that her brother was two years older than she, but he was lame, and a shadow came into her blue eyes, and they had all suffered so much since her father went to the war; and whenever they heard there had been a battle, her mother had waited with such dreadful anxiety until tidings should come from her husband, and she had read over the list of the "killed and wounded," with such a white face, and always put down the paper with such a shudder of gladness, and a "Thank God—thank God, John's name isn't amongst them!"

"Those were bright days," the little girl said, with a smile on her lips which her eyes repeated, "when letters came from her father. He wrote such fond, funny letters, that if they were crying one minute, they couldn't help laughing the next, at his pictures of camp life; she supposed he wrote in this style just to keep up all their spirits at home—he was such a dear, good, thoughtful father."

At that moment we caught the far-off sound of the whistle, as it swelled long and shrill through the distant gorge of the mountains, and the echoes away up in their dark bosoms hunted it back and forth.

"That's the train!" exclaimed Mary Griswold, starting up, and she stood still, listening, with her lips apart and her eyes fixed on the track that lay between the low hills on either side, two long straight black stripes.

"Oh, I do hope he's on board!" getting, up and standing close to her, and hearing her loud heart. It seemed to me that I was just as much excited as she.

"There—there it comes," she whispered, in a hoarse voice, under her breath.

So it did—we heard the train as it rushed and thundered along the track, and then the gray smoke and the black engine burst in sight, and then with a loud, wild snort, like some huge animal in pain, the mighty mass thundered up to the depot. Oh how the greedy eyes of Mary Griswold drank in those cars! The door opened—the conductor came out, and there followed him three or four gentlemen, and then there came a tall, dark man in officer's uniform.

"Father! father!" oh, what a cry was that which broke from Mary Griswold's lips. She rushed forward and stretched out her arms.

The man looked down in amazement. Then a sudden light came over his dark, weather-beaten face. He rushed down the steps—he took up the little girl and hugged her tight to his heart. I couldn't help crying!

"My dear little daughter—how came you here?" said the soldier.

"We thought you might come on this train, and so I walked in from Malden to see you. Oh, father, I'm so glad—so glad," and her eyes were running over with joy, and her soft hand went up and down his face, stroking it fondly.

"Bravo, my little girl—you're worthy to be a soldier's daughter!" said one of the gentlemen, who stood by witnessing this scene.

Mary's father looked up and smiled, and bowed at these words.

"How are mother and my boy?" he asked next, as though he was in a hurry to hear.

"They're both well, papa, and oh, what will they say when they find you're home!"

The officer seemed in a hurry to know.

"I must get a carriage, darling, and hurry back with my little girl. She must have wanted to see her father very much to walk so far for it!"

"But you're glad I did, papa?" nestling up to him.

"Very glad, my little daughter."

Mary Griswold's father would have hurried her off, but she stopped just one moment to say "good-bye" to me, and to tell her father that I had waited for him too. He shook hands with me, then, and kissed me very much as my own papa would have done. And then a carriage came in sight. The officer bailed the driver; in a moment Mary was safely bestowed inside, and her father sprang in after her. She put her head out of the carriage and smiled and waved her hand to me; and so I lost sight of her.

It was worth going farther than the "old bridge to see," I thought to myself as I went back, and the banners of sunshine lay broad on the grass, and the soft winds were full of the sweet myrrh of the pines, and the sweet bird's sang, and the world that God made was beautiful!

LITTLE folks should begin early to preserve order in everything—form habits of order. Those loose, slipshod, slatternly habits are formed in childhood, and habits once formed cling for life. Young friends, begin early to keep things in their proper places; study neatness, order, economy, sobriety, everything just, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report.

THERE are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," the "Can'ts." The first effect everything, the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

"Given to Hospitality."

BY J. E. M'C.

Helen Gleason was busy over her cooking stove frying crullers and chatting pleasantly with good Aunt Lois, who sat knitting by the window, when Silas Crane came in on an errand. It was a sharp, frosty morning, and Helen's heart warmed towards the little pinched-up figure, in his out-grown garments, as she placed him a chair by the warm stove. His eye wandered hungrily towards the bright tin pan piled up with the delicious brown cakes; but the kind-hearted young housekeeper did not need any such suggestive.

Slipping two royal big ones into his hand, she said, "You have had a long, cold walk, Silas. Eat those now, and I will give you some more to eat on your way home. They will help keep the cold out," she added, with a bright smile, which warmed the poor lad's heart as much as the fire did his cold hands.

"I am glad you gave the crullers to that poor child," said Aunt Lois, after Silas had gone. "I know he was hungry by the way he eat them. You are beginning housekeeping right, Helen. Always have a spare slice and corner for any one who needs it. Old-fashioned hospitality is getting sadly out of date, and grand state parties, on rare occasions, can by no means supply its place. My mother said to me, when I was first fitting up my own little home, 'Remember, daughter, to always have something on hand to give a chance guest, and do not allow one to go away from your house without offering some refreshment, where you have reason to suppose it would be grateful.' Even a plate of good bread and butter only, would be better than to allow a traveller to set out on his journey again without any refreshment. Do not ask first if you shall prepare something, for in almost every case it would be declined, as few would like to give the trouble. Arrange your little tray neatly with whatever you have to set before your visitor, and then proffer it without ceremony, so he may feel at liberty to decline, if he really does not wish it. Such little acts of kindness to tired travellers are often remembered long afterwards, with pleasure and gratitude. I always thought it high praise for the sweet writer of 'Sunny Side' that 'even the stranger who partook but for a day of her hospitality, went away to speak years afterwards of her unaffected grace and dignity, and the sweetness of her manner and pious conversation.'

"It is easy for the systematic housekeeper to always have in her store-room a little jar of plain cakes, a pot of sweetmeats, and slice of cold meat, which it would be only a minute's labor to make ready for a visitor, to whom they might give much

substantial comfort. If the tea-kettle happens to be boiling it would take but a little time to make a nice cup of coffee or tea, which would add much to the simple lunch.

"This lesson was well impressed on my mind by a little personal experience. Your uncle had some business in a town ten miles distant, and I thought I would go with him for the ride, taking little Ned, who was not quite three years old. I stopped at a widow's where I was a little acquainted, until he should finish the matter which had brought us there. The business detained him much longer than we expected, and the sun began to get low. Neddy grew impatient for his supper, and I was faint for want of mine. At length I begged a glass of milk for him, as the family kept a cow, and that made him more contented. I felt very uncomfortable to keep the lady and her children from their supper, for I knew the poor little things were as hungry as my baby. I thought, as I rode home that frosty moonlight evening, with my tired boy asleep in my lap, that no traveller should ever leave my door without at least having food set before him."

It is sweet to remember and practice the injunction, "Do good to all men as you have opportunity," and especially so when the service is performed for one "of the household of faith." We have the blessed assurance of our Saviour, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

YEAST CAKES.—Correspondents of the Rural New Yorker furnish these two recipes for Yeast Cakes:—

1. Pare and boil six good-sized potatoes in about two quarts of water; when done, skim them out, and put into the water two good handfuls of hops. Let them boil about ten minutes. In the meantime, wash your potatoes, turn your hops through a colander or sieve upon them, then put all back into your kettle, and heat up again, that it may be scalding hot, then turn upon a sufficient quantity of flour to make a good stiff batter. Let this stand until you can bear your finger in it, then put in a tea-cupful of good home-made or brewer's yeast. Set in a warm place to rise. When very light, place in your pantry, and let it stand until next day. You can make the whole or a part of this into cakes, as you choose, in this way: Put into it a sufficient quantity of Indian meal, to make it stiff enough to mold with your hands into a loaf; cut this into slices about a fourth of an inch thick, and put them on your molding-board or waiter to dry. Set it in some warm place, (as over your stove or fire-place,) turning the cakes every day until thoroughly dried. Cakes made in this way will soak in a very few

moments, and we know that they make most capital bread.

2. Seeing a request in your paper for a recipe for making yeast cakes, I send you mine, which I know to be good. Take three pints of water, six good-sized potatoes, peeled and sliced; one pint of hops; a small handful of tansy. Put the hops and tansy in a bag, and boil all together till the potatoes are done; then sift through a colander, and add two tablespoons of ginger, two of sugar, half teaspoon salt, half do. saleratus; one pint of yeast. Thicken with Indian meal, keep warm until light, then knead in meal sufficient to cut out into cakes. Dry in the air, but not exposed to the sun; and when dry, and kept in a dry place, they will keep for one year.

BATH PATTIES.—Dissolve three ounces butter and three ounces loaf sugar in half-pint milk. When cold, stir in three ounces flour; but care must be taken to have it smooth. Add to it four eggs, well beaten. Butter your cups, but do not put your ingredients into them till the instant before going to the oven. Serve with wine sauce. (Some currants may be added.)

RICE SOUFFLE.—Boil two ounces of rice in milk; add the yolks of two eggs, a little sugar, and some

candied orange-peel; then boil it again, and make a wall with it around the edge of a dish. Have ready some apples pared, and the cores scooped out; stew these apples in a little lemon-juice and sugar, filling the apertures with candied sweetmeats. Fill the shape with the apples, and cover them with the whites of eggs, beaten to a froth, with white sifted sugar. Harden in a cool oven.

CHOCOLATE PUFFS.—Beat very stiff the whites of two eggs, and then beat in gradually half a pound of powdered loaf sugar. Scrape down very fine an ounce and a half of the best chocolate, (prepared cocoa is better still) and dredge it with flour, to prevent its oiling, mixing the flour well among it. Then add it gradually to the mixture of white of egg and sugar, and stir the whole very hard. Cover the bottom of a square tin pan with a sheet of fine white paper, cut to fit exactly. Place upon it thin spots of powdered loaf sugar, about the size of half a dollar. Pile a portion of the mixture on each spot, smoothing it with the back of a spoon or a broad knife dipped in cold water. Sift white sugar over the top of each. Set the pan into a brisk oven, and bake them a few minutes. When cold, loosen them from the paper with a broad knife.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE ENGLISH WALKING SACQUE.

The English Walking Sacque having become quite popular for promenade costume, we present this month one of the newest designs. It is cut with vest front, and a little longer than the extreme style. The lappels and cuffs may be either plain, or stitched, or embroidered with colored silks. It is made of silk and light cloths.

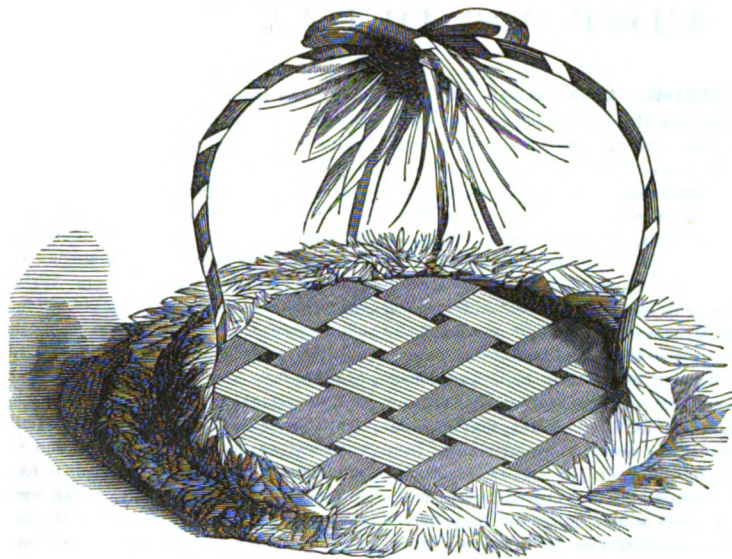
THE MCCLELLAN

Is a style particularly adapted to silk. It is trimmed with Guipure lace, with a bead heading, and has the new and beautiful flowing sleeve so much admired for dress and for becoming adaptation to different forms. In its really recherché appearance it is unsurpassed.

The above described elegant styles are from the cloak and mantilla establishment of Messrs. Wood & Schuyler, No. 69 Worth street, New York, and give the latest fashion. The drawings are from actual garments. Persons visiting New York will find it to their interest to call at this establishment for articles in their line. The house is one combining taste, skill, energy, and it intends to lead in its speciality. Last month we gave two of their taking fashions, and the two now given are even more attractive.

CROCHET PURSE.



**BONBON BASKET.**

Take a white glazed paper and a colored glazed one—a pretty green, or a bright red, both look well; cut them into strips, exactly double the width intended to be shown, and fold them so that the two edges may just meet at the back of each strip; cut a round in pasteboard the size of a supper plate, lay the folded paper upon it, the colored one way and the white the other, weave them in and out, so as to keep the squares regular, tack round the edge of the pasteboard with a needle and thread, cut off the superfluous parts of the paper, sew a wire all round, slightly raising up and contracting the circle, carry each end of the wire over the top, and fasten so as to form a handle of the wire double; twist white and colored paper round this handle, securing the ends with a little strong gum-water; take strips of the white and strips of the colored paper, fold them down the middle, cut fine, open and curl, and carry these all round the edge of the basket; take a little silver paper, cut it very fine, crimp it, and fasten it on the centre of the handle, to hang down like a fringe or tassel.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHANNINGS. A Domestic Novel of Real Life. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

A domestic novel of great interest. Mrs. Wood has, after writing well for some years, made her way to the public heart, and secured a position among the first story writers of the day. Those who have read "East Lynne" and "The Earl's Heirs," will hardly fail to secure the present volume.

THE BAY-PATH: A Tale of New England Colonial Life. By J. G. Holland, author of "Letters to the Young," "Lessons in Life," &c. New York: *Charles Scribner.*

This story appeared in 1857, and was well received by the public. Since that time, the author has published several volumes which have reached the aggregate sale of one hundred thousand copies, and made the excellence of his genius known to a

very wide circle of readers. "The Bay-Path," a story of New England Colonial life, having been for some time out of print, Mr. Scribner has done a good service in re-issuing it in the present excellent edition. As essayist, poet, and novelist, Dr. Holland has shown himself to possess rare ability. No American author has, in so short a period, so well established himself with the public. The quality of his work will make his reputation enduring.

TRAIN'S GREAT SPEECHES IN ENGLAND ON SLAVERY AND EMANCIPATION, Delivered in London, on March 12th and 13th, 1862. Also his Great Speech on Pardoning Traitors. By George Francis Train. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers.* Price ten cents.

The dashing, off-hand, brilliant speeches of Mr. Train, have had a telling effect abroad. American readers will be glad to procure an edition of the three addresses published as above.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR SORROWS AND THEIR USES.

We suppose that there must come to all of us, just as the storms and the nights come to the year, hours of sorrow and anguish of soul—hours in which there is no sweet light of the sun, nor even the faint, far glimmer of the stars—hours in which we look on all sides and there is none to help, for there is no time when we feel how utterly alone we are—how far off and powerless is earthly love, or shield, as we do in some great shock and surge of anguish which shakes the centre of our souls, and sweeps over them as the spring freshets sweep over the banks, burying under their chill and blackness all hope, and joy, and beauty. Sorrows are there so heavy and hard to be borne, that it seems they can never pass away—the soul shrinks from its burdens, and stands at that window whose only outlook is a landscape of darkness and despair.

And yet as every winter is lost and forgotten in the sunshine, and the singing of birds, so the bitterness of these sorrows pass away—the anguish which drank up for awhile the very springs of our life, and hope is slowly healed. God, who numbers the hairs of our heads, sends his angels to comfort us, and lo! there is the soft, faint gray-light in the east, and then the tender flush, and at last the daylight again—the strong, blessed, *rejoicing* daylight.

Dear reader, it is useless to make up our minds to having simply a “good time” in this world! Sooner or later, sorrows and bitter trials will come—no love will arrest them—no care will shelter us from them—God’s loving tenderness will not interfere to save us from all suffering and endurance here; it is written that man is of few days and full of trouble.

And we don’t mean to imply here, that all our trials are sent to us of *Him*. Sin and mistake are constantly working out mischief in this world; but there is One who hath overcome the world, and all things shall work together for good to those that love Him.

And reader, the best way is to settle it with ourselves at once and forever, that we shall not have altogether a smooth, down-hill bed-of-roses sort of way in this life. Any real, stanch, brave living is tough up-hill work—work that strains the sinews and calls for all the moral forces of one’s nature. And the great question for us to settle is, how we shall receive, and carry, and use our sorrows? In this lies the whole matter. They may overcome us for awhile, as equinoctial gales do the forest, but when the winds are passed by the trees stand up again, fair and stately as ever; and the birds lodge in the branches thereof. And so are our sorrows to be received. We may bend under them, but neither death, nor loss, nor change in this world should break us. They should make our hearts mellow with quick and tender sympathies and charities—they should

give a new richness and flavor to the fruits which hang on the boughs of our lives, so that that which before was small, and sour, and gnarled, should now be full and sweet, with juices like wine, for the sun and the rains have beat upon and ripened them.

Is it better to take what comes, and to take it bravely, trustingly. We all know of sorrows which it seemed to us we could never bear as we saw their first shadows looming up over the horizons of our skies—sorrows from the thought of which we turned shuddering, feeling that if they came down upon us, there could never be for us again light, or song, or peace for a single hour.

And yet the sorrows came down—sorrows of death, and change and loss; they beat the stately castles of our hopes to dust—they tore the quivering fibres of our hearts—our souls went mourning in sackcloth and ashes; and yet, the time of healing and renewing came, and God’s south wind blew over our souls, and we live and smile, with a smile chastened and sobered by old memories, and the world is beautiful to our eyes once more.

Not with its lost beauty. The sorrows that sweep over us leave their traces. They enlarge and ripen us—they teach us that the end of living is not mere enjoyment, but doing good, and improvement of our own characters; but we cannot carry the old, careless, free hearts, the light joyousness of spirits; life has now become something real and earnest to us. There is a work to be done, a victory to be won.

So, dear reader, by all the sweet uses of sorrow, by all its pain and discipline, by the thorns which must pierce us, the bruises we must carry, by the battles we must fight, some in high, but most in lowly places, whose witnesses are the great cloud which no man beholdeth, and by the evil which we must overcome, may we be made meet for the kingdom of heaven!

V. F. T.

CHARACTER.

Education alone wont give it to you; cultivation of mind and manner never bestowed it; it must be in you and of you.

“*Infirmity of purpose*,” “*lack of force of will*,” is one of the most deplorable defects in any man or woman’s nature. This going sneaking and sidling through life in a sort of moral apologetic attitude, makes one a *coward*, whether they know it or not, and that is always mean and contemptible.

Why, there are people, like the sands of the sea for multitude, who would rather let a foul injustice go unproved—who would rather hear any base principle promulgated, sooner than come out with a stern reproof, or an absolute denial and condemnation of it.

There are people in the world that go for “peace”—peace in their domestic atmosphere—peace in the moral one; peace socially; peace in

church; peace in politics; peace everywhere. God help us when there is no peace! If one has a truth to utter, come right out bold, fearless, strong, regardless of what others may say and think, provided it be uttered in a spirit of true kindness and charity.

Don't be afraid. People respect and reverence moral courage, and you may be sure you won't be thought less of in the end for standing up to your principles. It costs something to do it sometimes; but then it costs something to live in this world and do right at all; but in the end, it *pays better*.

Wherever we meet this honest, outspoken sincerity, we do it reverence. It gives a man power, if he is coarse and ignorant, in many ways. Not that coarseness and ignorance are not always a misfortune; but there is something in a true, fearless spirit, that attracts one, though the manner be rough, and the man be coarse. After all, we love to meet a free, hearty, honest, independent soul, let the hands be hard as they may, and the king's English woefully mutilated. There is something of the morally sublime in this soul-courage, that stands by, and holds up for the truth, not in a spirit of opposition—not in defiance and indifference to the feelings of others, but in loving loyalty to right, that does not crawl nor cringe, but when there is fitting time and occasion speak the words of truth and soberness. One feels better after it. There is no sense of lost self-respect—of lack of moral courage; and, after all, nobody can wrong us as we wrong ourselves.

Dear reader, don't be one of the silent, timid, shrinking kind, when there are words to be spoken—good to be done. We ought to have too high and true an ideal of living—of *character*, for this, and doing all that is possible for maintaining "peace," let neither truth, nor right, nor justice, be sold for it.

V. F. T.

PANORAMA OF JOHN BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

To see this, makes a life-long memory of beauty. One is borne into a land of enchantment, and vision after vision of grace and beauty rises before the rapt eyes. We wander through that wonderful country of dreams which kindled the heart of the prisoner poet, John Bunyan's.

What child has not bent enchanted over the wonderful pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—who has not been soothed and strengthened by its teachings?

If you ever have a chance, go and see it, and you will confess the half had not been told you.

V. F. T.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.

The newest and most popular thing under the sun is the Photograph Album, whereof, a year ago, scarcely one in a thousand, even in our largest cities,

had heard. It was first made in France, as was the no less popular *carte de visite*, for which there is now such an extraordinary demand throughout the country. The album varies in size and capacity, from a small duodecimo, holding twelve pictures, to a magnificent quarto, designed for the reception of from two to four hundred, and in price, from seventy-five cents to thirty dollars.

Foremost in the business of producing these elegant novelties, is the firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, who manufacture an article undoubtedly superior to anything that is made. Though but a few months have elapsed since the first one came out of their extensive binderies, they now have between ten and fifteen thousand dollars invested in this branch alone, which gives employment to more than one hundred and fifty hands. From the beginning, they have not been able to keep pace with the demand. Recently, in looking through this part of their establishment, we were interested in noting the exceeding care with which every portion of the work is done. The material is of the very best quality, and all the parts are adapted to each other with an exactness that not only gives the most perfect symmetry, but also the greatest possible strength. In all that appertained to the work, we noted a fidelity to excellence that explained the reason why their Albums were regarded by the trade as superior to all others.

The introduction of the Photographic Album, which is rapidly finding its way into every household, has given a surprising stimulus to the photographic art, which is at present chiefly confined to the production of the *carte de visite*. Besides portraits of friends and distinguished personages, pictures and works of art are now made in this style, and in the albums of our young lady friends are seen copies of rare statuary, pictures from the old masters, and the choicest gems of modern art. A wonderful educator of the taste is this new fashion going to be. For twenty-five cents each, perfect copies, sun-painted, of costly pictures, engravings, or marbles, may be obtained, and the poorest, as well as the richest, enjoy the fair and beautiful.

Mr. Lossing, whose "Field Book of the Revolution" has been a most important illustrative addition to our historic literature, is now engaged in the preparation of a work similar in character, to embrace the fields made memorable by battle during the present war. He will visit all the grounds, taking sketches of the most noted points, and writing down facts while fresh in the memory of living witnesses. It cannot fail to be a work of the most absorbing interest. From what Mr. Lossing has done in the same line of art and literature, we may fairly look for something of unsurpassing excellence. Mr. George W. Childs, of our city, is to be publisher and he has already given the enterprise a widely-spread announcement.

SPRING RHYMES.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

Oh, these witching April days,
Filled with soft, delicious haze;
Skies o'erhead so deeply blue,
All around so fresh and new;
In the very air floats dreams,
Music murmurs in the streams,
And the birds unite to sing
In this melody of Spring.

Who can choose but dream the while
Nature doth our sense beguile?
After winter's dreary reign
'Tis so good to breathe again!
So, with bird-notes in our ear,
And the song of chanticleer,
Making vocal all the air,
We to dream-land will repair.

But, alas! our dream-wings stay,
Ere we make much onward way;
For, to happy souls alone
Dreams take on a happy tone.
Saddened, ours will earthward tend;
Time alone can healing send.
Ah! for us no dreams can be
Boothers of reality

That frowns darkly—darkly lowers
O'er our vision's topmost towers;
Settles down on heart and brain,
Binding us to earth again.
Thus the *real* sternly deals—
Into all our life-way steals;
Dreams must melt before its sway,
Every fancy float away.

Only *Faith* can upward bear
Souls a-weary grown with care;
That can gild the darkest way,
Turn December into May,
Lift our thoughts above the earth.
Where the Heaven-dreams have their birth;
Only *these* are changeless, fast,
And enduring to the last.

God, then, grant us strength to bear
All our weary load of care;
Give us faith's pure, living streams,
Let them triumph o'er our dreams.
Then, with humble hearts and true,
Doing what we find to do,
Will go onward; for the rest
God will do as seemeth best.

"A Good Man is Blessed in his Deed."

We commend the following from the pen of the blind preacher, Milburn.

The self-educating power of a good life is worthy of consideration. Whatever the influence of our conduct on others may be, *its effect upon ourselves is yet greater.* The most fearful result of falsehood is its destruction of the principle and capacity of truth in ourselves. Dissimulation deceives no man so much as him who practises it; and whatever the gambler's winnings, he loses more than he gains. The rogue cheats not only his dupe, but himself; and the thief steals from himself an infinitely more valuable treasure than from the man he robs.

Upon the other hand, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." A kind word, a generous action, a self-forgetting heroism of affection, the devotion of patience, of self-control and magnanimity, shed a sense more deep and precious on the soul from which they come, than upon that to which they are offered. He who argues for truth, and not for victory, will convince his neighbor of the right, and at the same time gain candor and openness of mind. He who deals fairly, walks humbly, and shows mercy, blesses others, but himself more. To spend a life of disinterestedness and self-sacrificing love, is the divinest education on earth. "He that watereth, shall be watered himself;" for charity liberalizes the nature which practices it: and goodness to the owner, is a ready treasure served "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.

The following will interest housekeepers—

"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pekoe" or "Pecco" means "white hairs," the down of tender leaves. "Powchong,"—"folded plant." "Sou-chong,"—"small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

"It is the rush-light in the meagre fingers of Poverty, that reveals the nooks and crannies in the human heart, and what a lurking place for bats of thought it is, just as the pittance that Poverty gives to Want is the truest generosity in the world."

A new planet, of the thirteenth magnitude, was discovered near the star Beta Virginis, at the Harvard College Observatory, on the 8th instant. Ferona was the name given it, and it is the seventy-third discovered.

"To give moral subjects their true relief, you require, as in the stereoscope, to look through two glasses, that of the intellect and that of the heart."

We refer to the advertisement of Mr. F. E. Thurston, on the cover of the Magazine, who will supply his beautiful *carte de visites* by mail, postage paid. They are among the most brilliant and effective specimens of photography that we have seen. The series of twelve subjects, "Women of the Bible," are exquisite. So is "Rebecca," from Ivanhoe, "The Infant Redeemer," "The Good Shepherd," by Murillo, "The Amazon," "Maternal Instruction," etc. In fact, all the pictures and portraits on his list are attractive.



ARTHUR'S

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EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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July to December.

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1862.

Index to Arthur's Home Magazine.

VOLUME XX.—JULY TO DECEMBER, 1862.

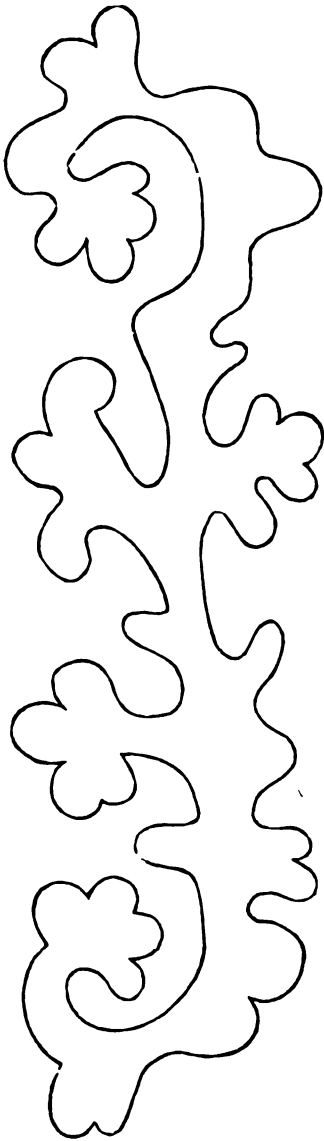
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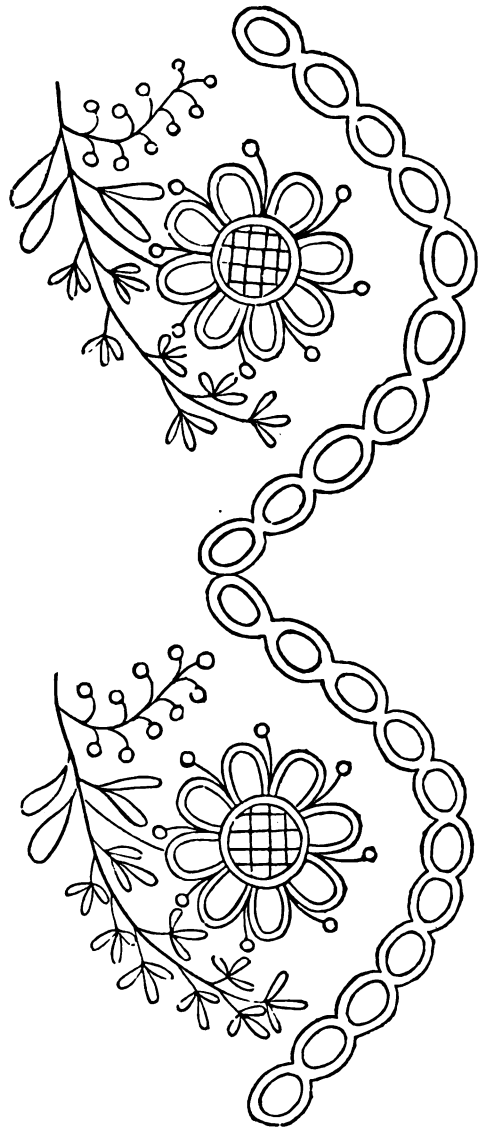


THE CAMELIA

**From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 64.**



BRAIDING PATTERN.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



BRAIDING PATTERN.

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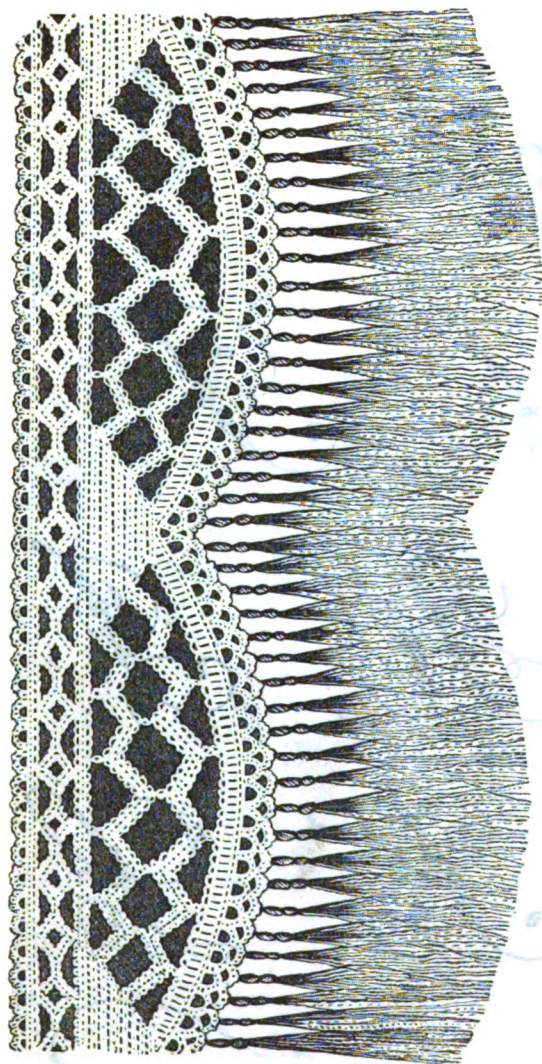
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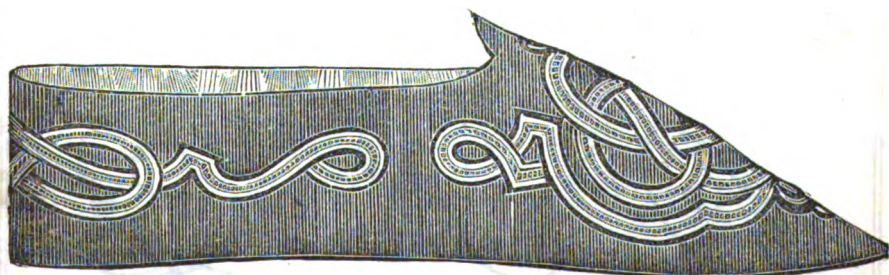
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CROCHET FRINGE.



INSERTION.



SLIPPER.



HOME DRESS.

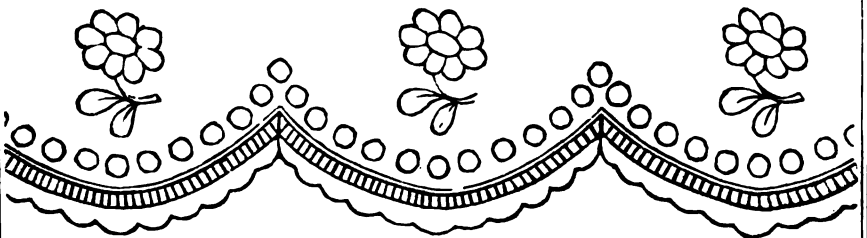
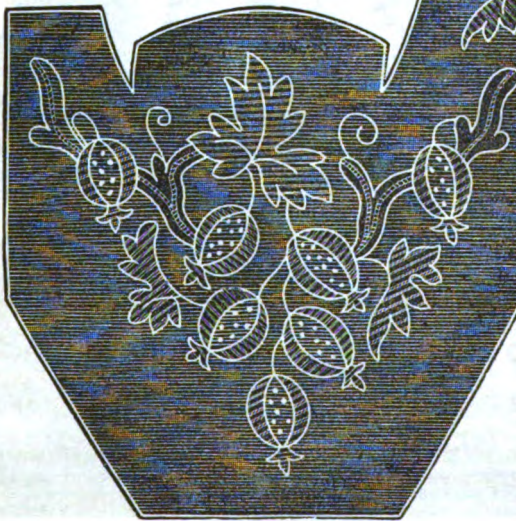


NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



NAME.

SLIPPER.



NEEDLEWORK.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1862.

The Little Gothic.

BY E. A. SANDFORD.

The gay season was drawing to a close. The lovers of pleasure were becoming satiated with the social amusements to which they had, for many weeks, devoted themselves. The usual forms of pleasure-seeking had been all gone through with until they had lost the charm of novelty, and the power to excite or interest even the latest *debutante*. The restless waves of society began to settle down into that quiet which always precedes the dispersion of the waters.

The lady who would give a party at the beginning of the season might expect to please almost without an effort, while she who would receive her friends now, must look well to their entertainment, that it be not a repetition of the many preceding.

Mrs. Gibson gave a masquerade ball. This was rather a novelty. At least, it was a departure from the stereotyped forms of social entertainment. Many who accepted her invitations, had never before appeared *en masque*—some had not recently appeared in society at all—a few were celebrities who would escape being lionized; others were world-weary ones, tired of assuming what they could now really put on.

Charles Roland mingled very little in society, but his occasional presence was greeted with pleasure. He had a willingness combined with great ability to please, when he was called out; but for some unknown cause, he avoided society as strenuously as it sought and courted him. He was one of Nature's finest models of manhood, developed by the most careful culture. He had the power of exciting a strange interest in those who met him. All wished to know him more. But to those who had

known him for years, he was as much involved in mystery as to the acquaintance of to-day.

Mrs. Gibson extended an invitation to Mr. Roland; not that she dared to hope he would accept it, but the relations of the family to him were such as to demand this courtesy. He did accept, however. His reasons for so doing he would not have liked to give; it would have revealed a chapter in his heart-history which none had ever read.

The ball was given at an oriental villa, situated near the city of Brooklyn, on the side of the sea. The furnishings of the mansion were in keeping with its architectural style, all reminding one of the luxury, and elegance, and quaint, rich beauty of those famed palaces in the land of the rising sun.

On entering this dwelling, and mingling with the strange crowd with which it was thronged, Charles Roland's feelings were overpowering. A crowd of memories was suggested by every room. Every nook was eloquent of the past—the certain, relentless past, at which he could look, and in view of which he could feel; but no act or volition of his could now effect a change.

This man of culture and of self-control, who for years had governed or concealed every trace of passion or self-centred feeling, was subdued, as in the presence of an overmastering spirit, and became as a little child.

Turning aside, he entered the conservatory. Two ladies were there before him, engaged in earnest conversation, which his presence did not interrupt.

"Theorize, speculate as you will, Mrs. Gibson; mention all the fair examples which the past or present can give, I shall ever be of the opinion that a really pure and noble mind can love but once. It may have other senti-

ments which may serve instead of love, and lead to what is called a union. But the heart's best gift can be bestowed only once. As the Christian can worship but one all-perfect God, so the heart can have but one earthly idol—one shrine on which to offer its devotions."

"Suppose that shrine be broken, Margary: how then will this impulse to adore find exercise?"

"Still, the comparison holds good. Wanting a real, tangible object, we may worship the imaginary, the unseen, which is the only really perfect. But if this ideal has once been given form and individuality, the same must be retained. We cannot, unless we would be heathen in very deed, worship a plurality, or a succession of gods, even though they be self-created and imaginary."

"You talk like one having a double experience."

"That I have ever intelligently worshipped what Christians call God, you will not believe. If I have adored man, may God, if there be a God, forgive me."

"Ah! Margary, I read your 'Worship' in the Express of Saturday."

"Do not speak of my brain children. They are offspring of the imagination. Half the pleasure I take in writing, is the amusement I find in the absurdities to which I can give expression."

This was said in a playful, derisive tone, but one which indicated more feeling than she would have chosen to express. Mrs. Gibson excused herself as having already been away from her guests too long, and Margary was left with Mr. Roland. She had excited a deep interest in his mind. He had ascertained that his "Sir Margary," the author who wrote as if interpreting his heart, was a veritable woman. He resolved to pursue the advantage thus clandestinely obtained, and ascertain whom the fair disguise concealed.

With his usual address, he was soon conversing with her. Their conversation turned on common-place. Feeling the security of her disguise, she unconsciously threw an amount of feeling in everything she said, which too much betrayed her real self.

"This is a beautiful place," said she. "It corresponds well to my idea of 'the better country.' Indeed, I have often thought in passing, that this looks like 'a house not made with hands.' It appears as though it might be a production of the soil—a palace of Nature's construction, formed by her invisible forces, or redeemed from the sea."

"How would it affect you to live in such a place?" said Charles.

"To live here?" She hesitated. "I cannot tell. My dreams have never taken this direction." Then, as though soliloquising, she said: "Yes, it is what I need; it would act as an opiate on my poor ambition—still the heart-throbbing, which is so oppressive. One might here luxuriate in beauty, and be satisfied—might, like a veritable Persian, here worship the sun—and the sea."

"You have a strong impulse to worship," said Charles.

"The female heart is weak," said Margary. Then looking about her, she continued: "At whatever season the breath of these exotics would lull the tired senses, and act as a balm to the troubled spirit. One might here find rest."

"How do you like the *Little Gothic* nearer the sea?" said Charles.

"It is beautiful," said Margary. "It is positively necessary to the landscape here. It may be called the complement of this. Indeed, I think it must have been constructed—pardon me, *produced* for this purpose, as they tell me it is not occupied."

Charles sighed audibly, but it was not heard or heeded by the lady.

"It is such a true miniature cathedral," she continued: "a chapel, or perhaps itself a crystallized prayer of the spirits gone down to the waters. The Gothic is said to require magnitude to give it expression—that it otherwise loses its idea, and becomes a caricature. But the proportions of this *Little Gothic* are so perfect, that it contradicts this often just criticism."

"Have you observed the cross terminating the tower?" asked Charles.

"I have," said Margary, and sighing, turned away.

* * * * *

When the early spring flowers had faded, and the summer fruits were ripening, Margary, now Mrs. Charles Roland, was mistress of the oriental mansion by the sea. She did not marry the mansion. Her heart, whatever it may have been, was not mercenary. It was a surprise to her when her husband conducted her to her home—a joyful surprise.

What had become of her pet theory—the inability to love a second time? Or, had she bestowed her hand without her heart?

There had between them been no heart revelations. Both had forborne all questionings and allusions to the past; and she had believed his sincere and low-breathed "I

admire you, Margary," had satisfied her heart. And this woman, created like others, to love infinitely—to love eternally, had thus forever closed this only earthly spring of the divine passion.

Hers had been a strange history. She was left motherless in her childhood, with a father, noble-minded and generous in his nature, but professing infidelity. From her mother she had inherited strong reverence and religious sentiments; by her father, she had been early indoctrinated in the sentiments of Atheism. Education had so far overcome her natural impulses in the right direction, that her mind was thoroughly sophisticated, and the tendrils of her affections, which would have reached upwards for support, were twined about things of earth.

Ambition early became her ruling passion. When her heart was sought and won, this passion was not overcome; its direction was only changed, while its intensity was doubled. To the high position which she had aspired to attain herself, she now hoped to be led by a stronger hand. With him she would live and labor, if they might together enjoy the trophies of success—fame—worldly consideration—honor.

Her lover, Mr. Wayland, had chosen a profession which, in the hands of genius, leads to worldly honor, and he already stood high in its ranks. Her heart was all enthusiasm and hope.

Unexpectedly, the Nazarine passed by, and Wayland heard His voice—received the glad tidings of peace, and laid his heart, intellect, fortune, genius, *all* upon the altar of the Highest. He heard and accepted a call to proclaim a crucified Redeemer.

This was a blow to Magary. It severed those ties which had not been approved—been consecrated to God. Her ruling passion, stronger than her affections, would not give way. All hopes of what she regarded as earthly good, she thought were blighted if she retained her relation to Wayland. She did not understand nor believe the divine beatitude, "Blessed are the meek, for *they* shall inherit the earth."

She felt the fires of genius burning within, and her ambition again centred in herself. She chose the path of authorship as the most sure way to success. She gave an easy expression to beautiful thoughts—unfolded the secrets of the soul which it was an instinct with her to read—ingeniously touched the springs of passion, and with skilful fingers

played upon that at once delicate and powerful instrument—the human heart. The world heard and was gratified, critics praised, society applauded, and she had gained what she sought. She had been "true to the dreams of youth," and what she had chosen as a life-object was accomplished.

But success, once sure of possession, lost the enchantment which distance lends it, and became a weight—a burden—a something to which the imagination had given a false importance, but to which the heart refused to attach itself.

She was weary now—world-weary, and would *rest*. She would be appreciated—admired by one manly heart, and live no longer in the wide world, but retire to the quiet and seclusion of home.

He, too, sought *rest*, which he had failed to find by devoting himself to the worldly good of his fellows. He had sought to buy peace by a life of self-forgetful benevolence—by serving the world in a worldly way. Neither had heeded the voice—"Come unto Me, and *I* will give you *rest*."

The silver cross glittered on the tower of the Little Gothic. At noon-day it glittered in the sunshine—at night, it glittered in the moonlight. The first beams of morning were here reflected; it caught the lingering rays of evening. It stood motionless, with arms extended, guarding—what? This was a mystery. Who planned the Gothic?—for what purpose was it built?—or, who was its owner? were things that no one knew, or seemed to dare inquire.

In a small inland town, curiosity would have sought means to satisfy itself; but in the city were too many other objects of interest to attract their attention. It was generally said to be *haunted*, or inhabited by spirits of the wind, or sky, or sea, and the credulous chose to make no further investigations.

To Margary it became an object of painful interest. Naturally superstitious, her fertile imagination conjured up all events possible or otherwise, connected with this charming little residence of the fairies.

There was a small parallelogram of ground at the base of the tower, containing choice varieties of flowering plants, carefully cultivated by some unknown hand. It was said the sea-nymphs came up from the water, and wrought here by moonlight, and while they wrought, the waves and the wind chanted beautiful dirges on the organ of the sea.

The Gothic is beautiful, thought Margary, if it were not for the cross? Who placed it there?—and when?—and why? It was a constant reminder to her of another Gothic, the spire of which was terminated in like manner, at whose altar Wayland was ministering. All those holy and beautiful associations which Christianity has wreathed about the cross for centuries, were lost upon her. It was to her as to the Jew, only an object of aversion—an emblem of death.

Charles saw that evening was approaching. The day had been short—quite short; but long enough to make him very weary. The morning of his life he had sought *happiness*; later, he had sought *peace*; then *rest*. But, like Noah's dove, he found no place to repose on all the billowy, heaving sea of life; nor had he found the olive-branch of peace. When he knew that consumption was doing its work, he was glad to lay off the vestures of mortality. He was not attached to earth, as he had not been satisfied with anything earth had yielded. He began now to look with a kind of satisfaction, not upward, to the skies, but downward, to the grave.

"Oh, let me *rest*," he oft would say—
 "When will the evening close the day,
 And the tired have blessed leave to creep
 Under the cool and quiet sod,
 Into the sleep, so long and deep
 That falls on the weary eyes from God."

One morning, Charles asked that his chair might be wheeled before the window looking towards the east. He sat, for some time, silently regarding the Little Gothic. Calling Margary to his side, he said—

"I shall not trouble you any more with my impatience. I have finally found *rest* and peace in believing. The Saviour came to me last night, and weary, worn, and subdued, I fell into his extended arms, and found rest upon his bosom. That emblem," he said, pointing to the cross, "has now to me a deeper meaning than words can convey.

"Margary," he continued, it is due to you that I should tell you something of my life—that I should explain some mysteries which have troubled you. I once loved, Margary, with all the intensity of an ardent nature. My love, my Alice, lies buried at the base of that tower. This oriental villa, where we now reside, was her early home. She planned that little Gothic, and directed its furnishing. As the time approached when we should occupy it, she began to fade; and when the

day arrived on which our earth-union was to be celebrated, the Father took her. Though she loved me well, she loved the Saviour better, and went willingly, gladly from the little Eden here to the Paradise above.

"I used every art to attach her to earth, and begged that our union might be solemnized; but she steadfastly refused to do anything that might divert her mind from Him whom she most loved. Just before leaving me, she said—

"Let a cross—an emblem of my belief in the Holy Catholic Church, be my only monument."

"When she was gone, I could not dissociate her and this Gothic—could not think of making any disposal of it, or of putting it to any other use; so I buried her by the tower, placing the cross above.

"Will you, Margary, when I am gone, have her removed—have us both laid in Greenwood, and let a marble cross keep guard by our graves?

"And will you, dear one, have this little Gothic house, and the temple of your heart, too, Margary, renovated? Let the dead and withered leaves be cleared away from about it—the accumulated dust of years be removed from its furnishing, and let it be occupied by those whose lives will be a constant offering to the Highest."

All this was done. Charles sleeps sweetly in Greenwood, by the side of his Alice. Wayland, with his early and only love, Margary, dwell in the little Gothic by the sea. He still proclaims the glad tidings of peace, which she has heard and accepted. Their united life is one benediction.

PLANTING THE THORNS.—Many a parent wonders at the catastrophes which have gathered about the path of his child, as he or she has blundered from the first to the second, and then to the third folly, and brought one calamity after another not only upon himself or herself, but upon a father's household. The mother has stood paralyzed in the contemplation of her child. They need not wonder long; they have initiated their child into a life of ungodliness. Many and many a father, and many and many a mother, prepares thorns for their dying hour, steeping the heart of their son or their daughter with the elements of sinful pleasure, until the habit has been formed that has covered their dying day with a gloom which is almost equal to that of despair.

Letters to the Girls.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

NO. XVI.

Our noble soldier boys were all going off on the eight o'clock train, and relatives, friends, and acquaintances were at the station, to bid them a sad good-by. The platform was crowded with husbands talking with their wives and children, mothers wiping their eyes to take a long greedy look at their boys, sisters weeping over their brothers, and the merest acquaintances shaking hands as if life-long friends. A smoke in the distance, and every eye was turned as the words, "the cars are coming," flew from lip to lip. All nations, all vocations sent their offering. Rough-looking hod-carriers jostled side by side the genteel scholar and tradesman, and the black coats of the clergy brushed the coarser fustian of the humblest day-laborer, and among them all scarcely any but had a loved one to bid him a fond good-by. The pause was but momentary, and as the conductor shouted "all aboard," one, a mere boy, ran up into the cars, and his poor Irish mother rushed after him, and hugged and kissed him as distractedly as if death even then was tearing him from her embraces. Eyes unused to weep overflowed with tears, and mothers with children but a little smaller, shuddered to think "if it was their boys," and when the sympathetic emotion was at its height, a light, coarse laugh, mingled with the words—

"She run right up into the cars and hugged and kissed him before them all! Do look at her shoes!" struck upon my ear, and then another flippant outburst of merriment.

I turned to look at the speaker. She was dressed in a gay, flounced robe, with a black beaver cap, decked with gaudy ribbons and plumes, and her hand kept flaunting a parasol, that betokened more the wealth than taste of the owner. My eyes were not turned from her before she again ejaculated—

"Do see Mrs. Serrogate. How bad she feels! I declare I could cry with her to think her son must go!"

I knew Mrs. Serrogate well—a woman whose whole life was one round of pleasure—whose children were turned off to a domestic as young as possible, and left apparently without further thought or care, only that they should be always well dressed, and this woman won the softened tone and pity, and the poor Irish mother the jeering words and scornful laugh. But Mrs. Serrogate has on a fashionable robe and stylish

hat, and the other a scanty dress, that hangs in close folds, and coarse cotton cap, and brogans on her feet, unsightly and ungraceful.

"Ah, that made the difference!" I said to myself, as I glanced a second time to the speaker, and saw the disfiguring lines of pride on the otherwise fair face, and the thin nostrils distended as if the very air she breathed was something to be scoffed at. O pride! pride! Did any of you girls ever stop to think what an unreasonable, untangible thing pride is? How little reason the most affluent have to be puffed up by it, and how much cause the humblest have to feel its breathings. If I should ask you what should bring pride, some of you would say beauty, more riches, a few talents, others cultivated intellect, and so on through almost endless enumeration, almost each would give a different answer. Then can there be any standard? The lady passing my window, in a dress of dark chintz, has a father who lost all his wealth by sterling integrity, not saving even a shelter for old age, but giving it up unasked, to try to right the wrongs of an iniquitous partner. That lady eats the plainest food, and earns her dollar dresses by hard labor; but the pride that fills her heart at the thought of her noble father, is more than the title of millionaire could bring. The mother across the way has children with melodious voices, but plain in feature and uncouth in action. Her pride is fed on the sweetness of their warblings, till she actually believes the whole neighborhood is filled with envy over her children. The young student, passing almost into a new world with his axioms, and problems, looks down with pity on some poor tiller of the soil, who adds, subtracts, and multiplies by his fingers, and that same poor tiller of the soil, wipes the sweat from his brow, and feels a throb of pride that he can turn a furrow straight as a shadow, and can brace his shoulder to the heavy burden, not tremble and grow pale like the poor book-worm, who can scarcely carry his own form. The married lady often feels pride in some real or fancied superiority in her husband, and the unmarried one that she was above that ignoble shame that binds so many to uncongenial, if not unworthy partners, for fear of the title *Old Maid*.

And why is this not right? If one values integrity above wealth, another melody over awkwardness, a third scholastic lore above strength and endurance, why have they not reason to feel pride in what they value highest, and if there is no standard, who has the right

to say nay and stand aloof, virtually declaring I am superior to you?

How humbling this thought should be, that what one imagines places him on an eminence above his fellow mortals, possibly two-thirds of mankind sneer at and cast it away as worthless trash. That envied beauty—beauty of rounded cheek and smooth outline, sweet, placid, yet, oh how expressionless! often so highly prized by the possessor that every thought seemed resting on the pivot *vanity*; yet would that plain lady, that people have always called plain, yet looked the second time when she spoke, as if through the bright and kindling eye they caught strange gleams of beauty, whose dwelling place is the soul—ah! would she exchange!

And here girls let me ask what have you to be proud of? We are all very patriotic now—a-days, and feel so proud to talk about our fathers and brothers in the army; but perhaps that poor Irish woman, in her coarse brogans and cotton cap—that I trust none of you would have sneered at—was more patriotic than us all. Possibly he was her only one, and she a widow, for no father came to bid him good-by, and his cheek yet ruddy with youth, and no down upon his lip, to give him up a mere child. How many of us, patriotic as we are, but would have cried, “spare him at least a little longer.” Thus girls it seems no earthly wisdom or majority gives us a standard for pride, and the Heavenly one, which is of great price, a meek and quiet spirit, brings the possessor no pride.

BEREA, OHIO.

Reginald Iyle's Love.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

CHAPTER I.

My story is founded at Oaklands. The Oaklands I write of, is not to be found on the map of any state in our glorious old Union—yet Oaklands really exists; a pretty name for a pretty country place. Let me step into the large parlor of the roomy house, and tell you how Oaklands appeared one summer in 18—. I will not give the precise date, for I have an awkward way of blundering into ridiculous mistakes whenever I attempt to remember dates of any description. To avoid this, I shall only say that it was in May, in the first part of the month.

Two gentlemen were sitting by the low, open window, conversing pleasantly. Their eyes

rested on green fields flecked with wild flowers, and barred with golden sunbeams. Fountains of music gushed up in the sweet-scented air, and bird-wings fluttered in the vines trained up to the windows. The old orchard was an ocean of beauty, the faintest breeze stirred its billows into motion—pink bubbles and white crested foam, seemed the sprays of flowers as they rippled over the sturdy trees. Many a wood-lark found its nest velvet-lined, and crimson-cushioned, on its return at eventide to its favorite tree.

Just at the foot of the garden could be seen the meadow sweet with clover, and the streamlet flashing in the sunlight like a silvery ribbon, its edges embroidered with blue-bells and violets; and wound gracefully around them all, was the hedge of privet, with its glossy, myrtle-like leaves, and the blossoms scattered in amongst the dark foliage, like flakes of snow. The garden was purple with lilacs, and blushed and paled with roses, pinks and syringas. The view was a lovely one, and the two men who gazed upon it appreciated its beauty.

A voice clear and musical floated to them across the meadow, and fluttering after it, in careless grace, came a slight, bright-eyed girl, her hands full of clover blossoms and early golden grain, and her cheeks rosy with healthful exercise.

The younger of the two gentlemen smiled a proud, happy smile, when he saw her. His whole face said, she is beautiful, and good, and loving, and she is *mine*. His friend read the thought, and said deridingly—

“You are very proud of her, no doubt—you think she would never have loved any other man as she loves you. You believe her to be a miracle of constancy; that in the hour of adversity her love would wind itself even closer around you. You will learn better, against you have seen as much of life as I have. I tell you, Reginald, there is no such thing as genuine love existing in the hearts of the other sex. Do not look so angry, but I would wager my life, that at the first evil turn of fortune, your peerless Beatrice would vanish like a mist, and leave you to grope your way through life in pain and darkness.”

“Stop now, Fairfax, if you value my friendship. You know nothing of Beatrice Duncan. Because it has been your misfortune to meet with women whose lives are a perpetual falsehood, you have no right to think *all* women are treacherous. I know that Beatrice Duncan does love me, that she has a soul above falsehood, and as pure and true a heart as beats

in the wide world." Reginald Lyle's face was flushed with honest indignation, as he turned to his skeptical friend.

"I believe you think so, Reginald, but from what I have seen of Miss Duncan's disposition, I very much fear you are mistaken. It is very easy to prate of a lasting love, so long as cupid's wand is inlaid with pearls, and flashing with diamonds. Even you would not *dare* to test her sincerity." The cold, stoical words and mocking smile exasperated Reginald Lyle almost beyond endurance.

"If any other man living should speak to me in that manner, I would make him recall his words, if it cost me my life. But you know not what you are saying. Not *dare* to test Beatrice Duncan's love! Why Fairfax, I should not fear to tell her I was penniless—she would cling to me all the same."

"Try it, my dear fellow! Only try it! If the experiment doesn't give you a new estimate of human nature, I will acknowledge myself fairly defeated. It will be the easiest thing in the world to do. Just allow me to get up some feasible story of broken banks and disastrous speculations, and the work will be done. You will be amazed to see that Beatrice considers gold one of the necessary attributes of love."

"If I consented to your proposition, Fairfax, I should be acting a lie. I cannot reconcile the idea with my conscience."

"You are afraid, I see. I supposed you would be. Your conscience is very tender." His lip curled scornfully. It stung Lyle into desperation.

"I am *not* afraid. To convince you, I consent to act a mean subterfuge for the first time in my life. Circulate any and every story of misfortune that you choose, so long as you do not touch my honor. You will be ashamed of your cynical views of womanhood, when you see how nobly Beatrice will brave the storm for my sake." His voice was full of a proud defiance.

"We will see! But here comes your charming lady-love now, so I shall leave you to 'make hay while the sun shines!' The lady will not be so smiling-to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

The numerous guests of Oaklands were assembled on the wide porch after tea, enjoying the fresh breeze, and amusing themselves in a variety of pleasant ways. Beatrice Duncan was certainly the loveliest of the happy group; the soft folds of her thin robes giving her a flaky, ethereal appearance, as she floated

around from one to the other; her hair taken back loosely from her face, and confined with a spray of jasmine; and a knot of violets on her bosom.

Reginald Lyle had good reason to be proud of her, and to love her. Her frank, artless manners, had quite won his heart, long before he was aware of it. But this evening he did not choose to make one of the pleasant party on the porch. Fairfax had insisted that he should remain absent long enough to give him an opportunity to relate his pretended misfortune. His friend's words had not shaken his confidence in Beatrice, yet a gloomy feeling, for which he could not account, oppressed him.

He wandered out into the garden and sat down under the lilac bushes. From his flowery retreat he could see his friends, and hear the hum of their voices. He saw Beatrice flit out into the yard, and gather her hands full of creamy roses and then disappear, and he knew she had carried them to her room. He felt how cowardly he had been, to submit to such a scheme as Fairfax had proposed, and wished himself safely out of it a hundred times over. What would Beatrice think of him, when she found he had tacitly deceived her? Would she forgive him for his contemptible part.

Meanwhile, Beatrice had carried the roses to her room, and woven them with the jasmine in her hair; pleased when she glanced in the mirror and saw how pretty she was looking, because she knew it would please Reginald, and her heart fluttered gladly at the thought. She ran down stairs joyously, expecting to find him ready to greet her, but he was not there.

She was surprised to notice that a sudden and painful silence fell over the group at her appearance, and her wonder increased as she saw more than one pair of eyes bent upon her in a manner half pitying, half curious. What did it all mean? She looked from one to the other inquiringly. As they noticed her look of embarrassment and distress, there was a lame attempt at conversation, but the fluent tongues had suddenly grown clumsy. Mr. Fairfax came to her relief—he was the only one who seemed to be perfectly at ease. He paid her some graceful compliment, offered her his arm, and together they promenaded up and down the white gravel walk.

"You noticed the pause that followed your arrival a moment ago, Miss Duncan? I see you are wondering at it now. We have heard bad news this evening—very bad news, concerning a dear friend of yours too. Shall I tell you?"

She looked up in a pained, startled way.

"Concerning a friend of mine, Mr. Fairfax? What is it? Do not hesitate to tell me!"

"As well that I should tell you as any one I suppose, for you will have to know it, sooner or later. Our mutual friend, Mr. Lyle, has lost every cent of his magnificent fortune. Owing to some unlucky speculations, too tedious to relate, he is to-night a ruined man." The speaker's voice sounded quite grave and earnest.

"How sorry I am, and yet so very glad it is no worse. I was afraid some accident had befallen him. Where is he? I must go to him—he needs words of cheer and comfort now. Poor Reginald!" Her voice quivered, and her face, at first as white as her dress, flushed up painfully.

"You are too much excited; wait till you are calmer." His low, authoritative voice kept her at his side, and they continued to walk on slowly and silently. Fairfax spoke first.

"Miss Duncan, I once knew a man who appeared to be the soul of honor. He was my friend. He met and loved a beautiful girl. She returned his affection, and they were betrothed. His future seemed a bright one, but the demon of suspicion took possession of him. He began to doubt the faith of the peerless creature he had won. He could not fathom the pure depths of her spotless soul. He believed she loved him for the sake of his wealth, that without it, he would be nothing to her. I tried to reason him out of this foolish belief, but in vain—nothing would satisfy him, but to test her love. At last to please him, I became the medium of his hypocritical plot. Do you comprehend me?"

He did not need to ask her. The red, burning spot in her cheeks—the proud, haughty flashing of her eyes, told how the iron had probed her heart. She spoke very quietly—

"I am not so blind as to fail to discover that you speak of Mr. Lyle. And this is his confidence in me—his estimate of my worth! I appreciate the delicate cowardice of his conduct, and must thank you for disclosing it, and at the same time, I do not undervalue the peculiar sense of honor that has prompted you to act at first a meddlesome, and afterwards a treacherous part. Good evening!"

She left him standing mortified and baffled in the path, and running lightly up to the porch, was soon apparently engrossed in a lively conversation. He had hoped to gain her confidence and her love, but his very duplicity had foiled him. It filled his heart with a bitter, wicked triumph though, to know

he had placed an obstacle in the path of Lyle's happiness.

CHAPTER III.

All this long time, Lyle sat under the lilacs in an impatient, remorseful mood; watching with eager eyes the group in his view, and wishing the time would ever wear away. He saw Fairfax draw Beatrice's arm in his own, and wander down the walk, and he knew almost the words he must be saying to her. He noticed the quick, frightened start that Beatrice gave, and he knew the falsehood had been told. His heart throbbed heavily—surely she would come to him, to assure him that her love was ever the same.

But the moments grew longer and drearier, and still she did not come. Then he saw her in the midst of her friends, laughing and jesting, and for the first time in his life he began to doubt her. He got up with a leaden, dead feeling in his heart, and walked through the flowery paths of the garden, thinking every moment she would see him and come. Could she be the mercenary creature Fairfax had thought her? He would not believe it. Her clear, ringing laugh grated unpleasantly on his ears—she could be gay when she believed he needed comfort.

He sauntered up to the porch, sad and miserable. Beatrice did not even turn her head when she heard him address a friend, and when at last their eyes met, hers were full of coldness and scorn. He said to himself, now that she thinks me poor, she no longer loves me. The thought was agony, and yet he wondered at his own blindness, in not having known it before. He was not handsome, he was not graceful, and why should she have loved him? He went into the parlor, and sinking into a chair, covered his face with his hands; trying to shut out Beatrice and all thoughts of her.

There was a light, airy step in the hall, and Beatrice entered the room, seemingly unconscious of his presence. She gave a start of well feigned surprise, as he looked up.

"Ah! are you here, Mr. Lyle?"

Mr. Lyle—always before it had been Reginald. He sprang up abruptly before her, determined to know the worst at once.

"Beatrice, do you know of my misfortune?"

He blushed for shame, at the dissimulation.

"I have heard."

She toyed in a careless way, with the lace on her sleeves, not even raising her eyes to his face.

"It is a terrible thing to be a poor man, but ten thousand times worse to learn that with your riches, your dearest friends desert you."

"It must be."

Still the listless manner and averted gaze. He drew her almost fiercely to the window, where the faint light fell over them both. His face was livid with suppressed pain—

"Look at me, Beatrice! I am not a handsome man, I am not a fascinating man?"

She looked at him quietly and curiously, as if it were for the first time in her life.

"No, you are not handsome or fascinating—simply passable."

Her voice preserved its indifferent tenor, and her eyes fell to the floor in an absent, dreamy kind of way.

"It was not for my personal appearance that you loved me then; it was not *me* that you loved at all, but my paltry wealth. Oh Beatrice—Beatrice!"

The blood rushed in an angry torrent to her face, and her eyes seemed to burn him with their flames. But she was calm and self-possessed again in a moment.

"Since you have formed so flattering an opinion of me, I shall not contradict it."

"Beatrice, you have cruelly deceived me. I trusted in you, as I shall never again trust anything living. You have shaken my faith in the human race—I could not have believed you what you are. How you must have triumphed when I fell an easy victim to your skill. How you have flattered me up with sweet hopes and loving words, and all the while your heart was cold and false to me. How your very kisses bound me to you with their sweetness—to think that they were *bought* with the prospect of future magnificence. Take back your honeyed smiles, your false vows, fairest and yet most heartless of women. Oh! Beatrice, how I have loved you!"

He caught her up in his arms, covering her face with farewell kisses; his tears shining like dewdrops on the roses in her hair.

She jerked herself from him scornfully, her face hot and feverish.

"You forget yourself; you forget your own words, freeing me from all ties to you. You forget the broad chasm the world has placed between us—you forget that *you are a poor man!*"

She emphasized the last words bitterly, as if to impress them upon him.

"You have doubted me—you have trampled upon all the best and finest feelings of my soul. I give you back scorn for scorn, bitterness for

bitterness. Take this bauble, you may need it now."

She slipped the heavy diamond ring from her finger, and flung it at his feet, then bursting into a passion of tears, fled from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

Beatrice Duncan never paused in her mad flight, till she found herself in the cool, quiet depths of the orchard. It would be impossible to tell what she suffered now, and what she had suffered in all that torturing interview. She had not thought it would end thus; she had intended to punish him for his want of faith in her, but farther than that she had not intended to go. If she had known how grossly Fairfax had misrepresented Lyle's conversation, she would have gone back to him then, with her heart full of love and sorrow. But she did *not* know, and there was no undoing what had already been done. Reginald Lyle was hers no longer. He had wounded her feelings, and her pride and passion would not permit a reconciliation. It was almost midnight when she returned to the house. No one had missed her—they probably thought she had retired. She went to her room, and drawing out her desk, wrote:

"To think that after all I have said to you, Reginald Lyle, after the long months you have known me and read my soul, you should think me so base and depraved! I loved you, because I believed you a man of pure, unsullied honor; because I believed you had faith in my goodness of heart. I did not dream you possessed a soul so sordid that it tainted your very thoughts. I would have scorned so mean and idea. You have never loved me as you ought, or you would not have doubted my devotion. Had your treacherous friend performed his part of that mocking farce as he should have done, you would have had no reason to distrust me again. When he told me that falsehood, my first impulse was to seek you out in your trouble and sorrow, and tell you how doubly dear you were to me, because there *were* clouds hanging over you. Before I could obey that impulse, he told me of the pretty plot you had prepared to entrap me. I loathed him for his treachery; I *pitied* you for your weakness. Yet I did not intend to allow this to sever our future lives. I intended to torture you for awhile, as you deserved to be tortured, for your unfounded doubts, and then to throw off the hateful mask. But after all that has passed between us to night, it will be better for us to go separately through life. I

would not marry you now, unless I *knew* you had perfect trust in me. I do not give you up without regrets—you have been very dear to me, and I shall always think of you kindly. Farewell."

She did not weep then; she was fearfully calm and quiet. But she kissed again and again the little locket containing his miniature, calling it many and endearing names.

Lyle read the letter through with a dreary hopelessness. He saw all that he had lost, and yet, with his fine sense of honor, felt that he deserved it. He did not know how doubly treacherous his friend had been to him. He plead some urgent business to his friends, as an excuse for an early departure from Oaklands.

He did not seek for an interview with Beatrice; he believed all attempts at a reconciliation would be in vain. If he had only gone to her then, while they were both calm, everything would have been explained. He did not see the white, wan face, that looked out at him as he departed, and perhaps it was as well.

Beatrice found that the beauties of Oaklands had vanished with Lyle. Her friends, one and all, united in pronouncing her a heartless flirt, for her conduct to him; yet she never vindicated herself by blaming Lyle, as she could justly have done; never let them see beyond the surface of her heart. The summer passed along drearily; she felt she would be glad to see the dead leaves, and yellow, sickly grass of autumn; the splendors of the summer mocked her with the past. Fairfax had watched her with increasing love and admiration; had tendered his heart and hand, and had been decisively and scornfully rejected. She shrunk from him with an innate feeling of fear and contempt.

It was August; sultry, drooping, panting August. The guests still lingered at Oaklands; it was too pleasant a retreat to be easily parted with. Beatrice sat idly and dreamily looking over the latest paper from the city. Suddenly her eyes filled with light, and her color deepened.

Reginald Lyle *had failed*. There was no doubt of it now; he was a ruined man. Beatrice must have been more than heartless, for a glad smile wreathed her lips, as she read of the downfall of the man who had loved her better than his own life.

She picked up a little slip of paper and wrote—

"You will not doubt me now, Reginald, when I tell you that I love you, and that I will

gladly share your life with you. Come back to me; I am lonely, lonely without you.

"BEATRICE."

She did not wait long for a reply. Two days later, as she sat in the garden under the very lilacs where *he* had sat *that* evening, she heard the firm, well-known step on the walk. She knew before she fairly had seen him, that it was Lyle.

She went up to him quietly and gladly, extending her small, fair hand. He picked her up in his arms, kissing her tenderly.

"My precious Beatrice—my own true-hearted darling!"

That was all he said, yet as they walked together up the path, the past was forgotten and forgiven.

Later in the evening, there was a long, quiet talk in the parlor, and they both learned for the first time, how cruelly Fairfax had deceived them. There was perfect peace and harmony at Oaklands that night, and a week later, a quiet wedding, where the peerless and wealthy Beatrice Duncan, became the happy Mrs. Lyle.

Kings and Queens of England.

RICHARD I.

Richard, a son of Henry II., was crowned in London, September 3, 1189, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He had received the ducal crown of Normandy at Rouen, soon after the death of his father. His character was of a romantic cast; he loved wild adventure and martial enterprises, and his bravery and courage procured him the surname of the Lion-heart. He was tall and well-formed; his eyes were blue and sparkling; his hair a bright yellow, inclining to red, and his manners pleasing. He was conspicuous as a poet, an orator, and a politician. He possessed much talent, and gained great ascendancy over men's minds. His faults were rashness and impetuosity, which the people at that time scarcely considered deserving the name of faults.

One of his first acts was to release Queen Eleanor, his mother, who had been kept in prison sixteen years. She was not only restored to liberty, but intrusted with the government of Normandy, with very extensive powers and privileges.

From the moment of Richard's accession to the throne, he regarded Palestine as the theatre on which he expected, by martial exploits, to

acquire immortal fame and eternal salvation. To effect this, he visited Philip Augustus, at that time king of France. The interview between the two monarchs was friendly, and to their mutual satisfaction. They agreed to unite their forces, and march at their head to the Holy Land, in order to recover Jerusalem from the Mahomedans, who had taken possession of it a short time before. It was expected by his subjects that while on this visit to Philip, the king would marry the princess Alice; but he did not fulfil the contract which had been entered into by their fathers fifteen years before, and after he was crowned he appeared to think no more about it, though the suspension of the marriage had before served him as a pretext for many complaints and revolts.

Animated by religious zeal and martial ardor, Richard urged his preparations for the crusade by every possible means. It was necessary to raise large sums of money to support the army he was to lead. His father had left in his coffers nine hundred thousand pounds sterling; but this amount he considered insufficient for the expedition. He levied new sums by every means that policy could devise. He sold most of the crown lands, castles, and estates; also, offices of trust and power. This greatly increased the influence of the clergy, which were already too powerful, as the bishops and abbots had the most money, and were the chief purchasers. Many pointed out to the king the danger of their power; but he was so much engaged in raising money that he had little anxiety for the welfare of his subjects. After extorting presents from some by threats, and borrowing from others, he finally obtained the necessary amount. He feared the ambition of his brother John, and to prevent him from seizing the throne in his absence, secured him in his allegiance by an accumulation of favors.

Having everything ready for his departure, Richard committed the regency to the bishops of Ely and Durham. He sailed from Dover with all his forces, September 14, 1190, and after joining the French armies at Verelai, they proceeded to Messina, where they arrived safely December 11. Here they remained till March. In their army were one hundred thousand fighting men. Richard and Philip had entered into the most solemn engagements of mutual support, but many were the mistrusts and reconciliations of the two kings, which were probably increased by the Sicilian monarch. They were both proud, but very different in character. Richard was brave and gen-

erous; Philip fearful and deceitful; so it was natural they would disagree.

When Richard was in France, he fell in love with Berengaria, daughter of the king of Navarre, and he now prevailed on his mother to bring that princess to Messina. They arrived the day before he was obliged to sail, but the marriage did not take place, as in the Catholic church none are solemnized during the season of Lent.

Queen Eleanor returned to England, and the Queen of Sicily, who was Richard's sister, accompanied the princess. On account of a storm, they stopped at Cyprus a short time, and there Richard and Berengaria were married. The king of Cyprus did not give Richard leave to enter the harbor; but he took possession of the island and left a governor in command, and immediately sailed for Acre.

On their arrival in Palestine, the English and French kings seemed to forget their secret jealousies for a time, and to act in concert. But Richard displayed so much true valor and martial superiority, that Philip was soon disgusted with his success, and regarded him as a rival; and, under pretence of bad health, returned to France, leaving ten thousand of his troops under the Duke of Burgundy, to whom he gave secret orders to annoy Richard in every way in his power. Before his departure, he renewed his oath of peace and amity with Richard, and then went directly to Rome, to procure from the Pope an absolution from his promise, as he wished to invade England. But the Pope positively refused to sanction such an outrage on the rights of one who was then risking his life in the cause of the church.

The Christians had besieged Acre for more than two years, and not less than three hundred thousand had perished from sword and sickness, among whom were many persons of an elevated rank, from the different countries of Europe. Richard, by his courage and valor soon reduced the place, and gained the universal esteem of the army. And now, being the sole conductor of the war, he went on from victory to victory. Saladin, the most heroic of the Saracen monarchs, with three hundred thousand men, was obliged to flee before him, and forty thousand of his army were slain. Ascalon and other cities surrendered, which opened the way to Jerusalem, which was the object of Richard's long and ardent expectations. He concluded a treaty with Saladin, by which the seaport towns of Palestine were to remain in the hands of the Christians, who were to visit

Jerusalem in perfect security. Richard thus concluded his expedition with glory.

He settled his affairs in the east, and sailed for England; but his vessel was wrecked, when he assumed the garb of a pilgrim, hoping to travel through Germany without being known. But he was seized and imprisoned by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who sold him to Henry, emperor of Germany, who put him in a dungeon, and loaded him with irons. Philip, king of France, exerted all his powers to purchase Richard of Henry, so that he might seize on England and Normandy; but the Pope and the diet of Germany compelled Henry to restore Richard to his own subjects, which he agreed to do if they would pay a million and a half of dollars for his ransom. Such were the princes who were the champions of the cross. Perfidy and corruption ruled in that enthusiastic age of barbarism. After great exertions, about one-half of the money was obtained, which Queen Eleanor took to Germany, and accompanied her son to England, where he was received with great demonstrations of joy by his subjects.

He had passed fifteen months in the prisons of Germany. The Duke of Austria dying soon after, acknowledged the injustice of his conduct, and on his death-bed released Richard from all obligation to pay the remainder of the money for his ransom. After his return, he had a war with Philip, which lasted four years, and was terminated by the mediation of the Pope. It was productive of no event of national importance. The bishops of Ely and Durham had oppressed the people and disputed between themselves many times during the absence of Richard; and at last the lower classes took up arms against the clergy, but were soon defeated, and the leaders put to death. England made very few improvements during the reign of Richard; the excessive taxes were extremely oppressive to his subjects, but they were satisfied with his glory and splendid achievements, though the nation derived no benefit from his exploits. While besieging the castle of Chalus, in his own dominions, he was wounded by an arrow, and died April 6, 1199, at the age of forty-two years. He reigned ten years, and left no children.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

AN Athenian, who was lame in one foot, joining the army, was laughed at by the soldiers on account of his lameness. "I am here to fight," said the hero, "not to run."

Clasping Hands.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

Oh, the glorious feeling binding kindred hearts in shining bands!

Oh, the pure electric thrilling in the clasping of the hands!

When we meet the unforgotten, the loved of other years;

When happy smiles are beaming through a mist of joyous tears;

We ask them of their wanderings, and speak to them of ours;

Of life, with all its checkered paths—of thorns and blooming flowers;

Of sunny landscapes, far away; of all the sainted dead,

The blessed and the beautiful, who from this earth have fled.

We talk of future hopes and fears, while thoughts and feelings grand

Leap up and claim an utterance in the clasping of the hands.

Hast thou assayed, dear one, to look into another heart,

To read its hidden mysteries—to draw its leaves apart?

To play upon the music chords which give such varying tones?

Thou canst not learn the meaning all from out the lips alone.

Draw nearer; take her hand in thine; dost feel the coming spell

Which makes thy heart rush out to hers, yet why thou canst not tell?

'Tis the sweet electric thrilling—the closing, clustering bands,

The glorious spirit linkings in the clasping of the hands.

I care not for the chilling clasp which parts at finger-tips,

Born out of cold formality under the heart's eclipse;

Senseless and void; a counterfeit; a cold, un-

meaning thing;

Better the hand should have no part in such an offering!

The voices of the friends we love, and e'en the raptured kiss,

May fill the soul with joyfulness—with pure, ecstatic bliss,

And yet they lay no offering more pure on friendship's shrine,

More holy and more beautiful, sweet, friendly grasp, than thine.

For there are times when lips move not—when heart, too full to speak,

Can nothing tell, save by the throb, and wild, tumultuous beat.

How sweet the grasp of sympathy which meeteth then our own,

More prized because so delicate, so kindly in its tone.

Sweet spirit-bridge for the soul to cross, with its gleamings to and fro,
 I shall bless thee in whatever land my feet shall chance to go;
 I shall bless thee when my cheek turns pale, and fainter grows my breath;
 When my spirit's wings, just plumed for flight, pause at the gates of death;
 When unto all the scenes of earth my last fond look is given,
 And angels beckon me away unto the courts of Heaven;
 Then, if there be some loved one nigh, who near my couch should stand,
 I would wish to bid my last good-by in the clasping of the hands.

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

My Friend, Mrs. Howe.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

It was a most doleful day to be out riding in an open buggy. A pleasant thawing morning in February, had coaxed my husband and myself out to pay a long promised visit; but the night before our return the wind suddenly shifted, and when we arose in the morning, it was with the unpleasant prospect of a ride of twenty miles over the roughest of roads, the wind blowing almost a hurricane, and the air full of sharp, icy particles of snow. If Mr. Merwin had not been a precise man, and therefore imagined he could not be away from his business a day later than he had arranged for, we should not have started; but he was, and so we were on the road.

Pins and string were of no avail against the fierce blast, and my veil had blown aside, and my shawl unfastened for the fifth time, in as many miles, and we were both in that state when a seat by a warm grate in our own home seemed the greatest earthly paradise, when the wheel sank down into a deep rut, the horse started and jerked, and the mischief was done. We were left at the bottom of a long hill with a broken axletree, and not a house in sight. Mr. Merwin stood perfectly aghast, and I, as any other poor, benumbed woman would, sat down on a stone and began to cry. We were so absorbed in our trouble, that we did not notice a carriage on the opposite hill, till it was alongside, and the gentleman, who was an old friend, was out shaking us by the hand.

"It is the most lucky thing in the world that I came along just now," exclaimed our acquaintance, Mr. Howe, as he lifted me on to my feet, and took his fur muffler off of his own

neck to wrap around mine. "You would have been chilled through in ten minutes, and I will have you at home in less time than that, and I promise you that you'll not stir out again to-day. Susy has been poorly this winter," he talked on in reply to my inquiry about her health, "but she is recruiting up now, and we are going to have a nice dinner party to-day. That's all that took me out to get some loaf sugar, and raisins, and a few fixin's. Susy will be so glad to see you! Whew, how the wind does blow! enough to take one's coat off their back; but you won't feel it much in my carriage; the top will keep it all off! We'll tie the buggy on behind. A wheelright lives next door to us, and if you can't stay longer, he will have it all right by morning."

I was almost thankful for the break-down, as I settled back on the comfortable seat, completely sheltered from the piercing blast by the two men in front, and listened to the cheery talk of Mr. Howe, which was as exhilarating as the sight of a caller on a dull, rainy day. He was one of those happy persons, who rebound from losses, trouble and adversity, lighter, if possible, than before, as if the weight of affliction had only brushed off a few mere particles that impeded progress, not sunk into the heart, to become incorporated an additional burden to carry through life. Mrs. Howe was the opposite, with face, if not sad with present sorrow, often clouded with apprehensions of coming evil. That she was a partial invalid, with two or three little ones clinging around her, burdening her body, and of course her mind, was an excuse; but to see the devotedness, and unselfishness, and love of her husband, was enough to make many a wife, who, though surrounded with less care, feel that she walked the path of life almost alone, almost envy Mrs. Howe's lot, if it was filled with confining duties, and often the pain that wears out the body.

Mrs. Howe received me very cordially, took me into her own room to disrobe and get warm. Then invited me to amuse myself with the books and papers, and apologizing for her unavoidable absence to the kitchen, to superintend the stuffing of a turkey, she left the room. I was in that quiescent state, when the chilled, half congealed particles begin to thaw out, too inactive for motion, and so I leaned back in my chair, and amused myself with a quiet survey of the room.

It was not so large as to look uncomfortable; the casings painted a neat fawn color, with paper to match, and windows opening into the

pleasantest part of the world—the south and west—with a low cottage bedstead in one corner, and at its foot a crib, large enough for the younger children. A comfortable lounge, covered with bright moreen, one end elevated, and a pillow thrown over it, stood where you could command a sight of the road; and within reaching distance of the lounge was a cradle, with its occupant in quiet slumber.

There was the least bit of disorder. The toilet stand was open, and some soap and brushes were scattered on the floor, and the cover of the crib was awry, and on the windows were more than one mark of little fingers—the little fingers that never can be still. It grew too warm, and I drew back and placed my foot on the rocker, and bent down to take a good look of the baby I had never seen. “As pretty as all the rest,” I exclaimed, half grudgingly, as I saw the short, soft curls tossed back from the high, fair forehead, and the rose-hue on each cheek, fair as the peach-bloom. The full, red lips were half apart, and showed two rows of even, pearly teeth, and the little hand thrust out from the blankets was perfect, plump and dimpled. Oh! if I could have such a one to lie in my bosom and call me “mamma,” came with such a pang, and then the memory of the one I did have, my own dear, dear baby, that could just creep to my side and pout out her soft lips for a kiss, when God took her from my arms, brought the old heart-pang, and I leaned my head down on the chair and tried to pray, as I had done a hundred times before, “Father, help me not to murmur, but to wait patiently till I meet my darling in Heaven.”

I wiped the tears away at Mrs. Howe's step in the hall, and she came in to ask me out into the dining-room, as her help was so ignorant she needed watching, and every moment was precious to visit with me, it was so long since we had met.

I offered to assist in any work, but she refused, saying they were most thorough, and would have been quite if her girl was half decent.

“Where is Esther?” I inquired. “I thought she was a fixture with you.”

“Oh, it was hard times, and I thought I could not pay her price. I get Betsy three shillings cheaper. Mr. Howe did not like it much, but I had been poorly so long, and such a doctor's bill to pay too! I felt that I must economize. But just see here, what a thoughtless thing! to leave these apples right in the stew-pan with a spoon! Why couldn't she

have taken them up and seasoned them, without my telling her. You don't know how she tries me. I sometimes think that is the reason I don't improve faster.”

“What troubles you now, dyspepsia?”

“I do not know. I get such nervous headaches! So many children to look after, and see to their clothes. You don't know anything about it. Not a child to litter up the house, or make you go almost distracted with their noise.”

“But it is so lonesome sometimes, Mrs. Howe, to wake up in the night and miss your baby.”

“I know, if any one could only have one or two—but there! I believe Betsy is letting that cake scorch; it smells as if it was burning,” and she started in haste for the stove-room.

In the interval between finishing up all preparations for the expected guests and their arrival, Mrs. Howe took me in to see her children's wardrobe. She had fine taste, and each garment was exquisitely perfect. A blue embroidered cashmere cloak, and hood of the same delicate color, bordered with soft down, was for the baby's outdoor wear; and a white robe, tucked into infinitesimal distances, went with the cloak and hood. Susy, the mother's namesake, with darker eyes and hair, was fitted out in a crimson dress, ornamented with rich bands of velvet, and a brown mantle trimmed with fur, and cap that would have graced M. Demorest's establishment; and so through each garment to the fine broadcloth of the eldest son.

The afternoon passed off very pleasantly. The guests, though strangers to Mrs. Merwin, were sociable and agreeable. Mr. Howe had strong arms for both the baby and Lottie, the next older, to take all burdens from his wife, and a cheerful word for every one, and a fund of talk, in Mrs. Howe's necessary absence to the kitchen, to make the time pass agreeably.

The dinner was a genuine country one. A roast turkey flanked each end, and a huge chicken pie graced the centre of the table, completely surrounded with dishes of pickles, and preserves, and custards, while a side table almost groaned beneath its load of potatoes, turnips, and vegetables of all kinds, varieties of pies, and cakes, tea and coffee.

Betsy was the only drawback, and I saw Mrs. Howe's complaints were not groundless. She was stupid and awkward, and kept her mistress in constant fear of some unlucky contretemps. “So different from the thoughtful and handy Esther, that waited upon us at a

former visit," I said to myself. The visitors withdrew soon after dusk, and when the last dish, too nice for Betsy's careless handling, was placed by Mrs. Howe in the cupboard, all of us gathered into the nursery, to have a social chat of an hour or so before we separated for the night.

Mrs. Howe threw herself into the large rocking-chair, her husband thoughtfully brought up to the grate for her, and declared she was tired to death. She felt all dinner time as if a thundercloud was suspended over her, ready to burst upon her head. Betsy was so awkward. She was actually afraid some of her visitors would get scalded with hot tea; she filled the cups so full and slopped them over so, passing them, and she made racket enough with the plates to stop a swarm of bees. Mr. Howe laughed at the remark, and pleasantly inquired if he should not go after Esther.

"But you know we cannot afford it. Twelve shillings a week to just do our work, when I do half myself," was the reply.

"You did not use to, and you had time to read and go out more, and did not act worn-out all the time. Mrs. Merwin," he continued, turning to me. "I wish you would help me persuade Delia that it is really economy to hire and pay a good girl, to say nothing about the extra comfort. Now she has been worrying along with Betsy for three months—"

"And saved thirty-six shillings!" interrupted Mrs. Howe. "I appeal to you if that is not solid proof of economy? It half bought my cloak—"

"And prevented you from wearing it once!" here broke in her husband.

"I shall get my argument yet!"

"Then I can be excused from your side," I questioned, as I stooped over the sweet baby, now quietly sleeping on his mother's arm, to give it a double kiss on his fair cheek.

"No, no; just speak out frankly! Delia won't care! She'd been up to see you long ago if she'd had a trusty girl!"

"No bribing, husband, that is not fair!"

"Well, when I was sick so long after mother died, I felt once like retrenching, and hired an inexperienced girl for a small pittance. The first week, she carelessly dropped a costly tureen, and broke two dishes out of a new set, that I valued highly. A fine damask table-cloth was ruined by being thrown among soiled clothes with a towel, fresh from straining currants for jelly. I was always a practical accountant, and I remember now, how vexatiously I laid Saturday afternoon and counted up the

cost of my first week's economy. Three dollars could not make me good. By the end of the second week I had a nervous headache, and the physician was coming every day, and everything was wrong. I sent after my old help, and very gladly kept and paid her until I was well. Does my experience tally with yours in the least?"

Mr. Howe laughed. "Multiply by thirty-three wife, and you will come near the truth! I declare," he added, turning to me, "I have sometimes thought of asking the 'Agriculturist' if good drains could be made of broken crockery. I want something cheaper than tiles to drain that ten acre swamp!"

"You are too bad, Mr. Howe; she has only broken—"

"A set of tumblers, the boiler bottom, and the vase on the parlor stove, and a window sash, and all—"

"But the wind blew that in," explained Mrs. Howe.

"Yes, but who took off the casing and never put it on. You have lost your case, Delia, and you might as well own it. I think if I start for Esther in the morning there will be no opposition, hey!" he questioned good humoredly, as he took the baby from his wife's arms and laid it on the bed.

"Well, who would not be beat with two against them; and you know I always said nature made you a lawyer, or at least a pettifogger."

My husband here looked up from the "Eclectic" he had been so eagerly perusing, and observing it was rather late, we all said "good night," and separated for our different sleeping apartments.

The wind swept in gusts against the window, and the snow and hail, that had ceased for hours, came down with renewed vigor and drove sleep from my eyelids. The pillow that my cheek rested against was the finest cambric, and the blankets almost as soft as the garments winter gives to earth. The exquisite taste and fineness of my friend's wardrobe—each garment matched with suitable trimming, regardless of cost, and the richness and variety of the viands of the dinner table, many of them so perfectly needless, rose up before me, and then the retrenchment of a few shillings where the health of the mother and the comfort of the whole household depended, seemed so strange—the unsealed enigma that the human heart always is.

I felt a strong desire to balance on unseen hand the scales, not only before the eyes of my hostess, but many other wives and mothers,

and let them see for themselves how far the healthful expenditure of even a few shillings, often outweighs in real happiness many dollars spent in the show and tinsel that is so tempting to both young and old housekeepers.

BEEBA, OHIO.

The White Horse.

A KENTISH LEGEND.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a famous freebooter infested the Isle of Sheppey, in the county of Kent, and made frequent incursions into the interior of the county. A nobleman by birth, and probably under the sentence of outlawry, he intrenched himself in his stronghold, where he deposited all the contributions which his successful levies on the traveller's purse had obtained. By adopting the often-practised ruse of shoeing his horse's feet the wrong way, he frequently escaped detection; and even when hotly pursued, the fleetness and sagacity of the noble animal he rode preserved him from his enemies, and carried him to a place of security. Thus the horse nearly rivalled the fame of its rider, whose exploits became so frequent and daring that the whole country rose up against him, offering such large rewards for his apprehension, that at length he found himself so closely beset in his island, that, hopeless of extrication or relief, he was compelled to surrender at discretion, and to implore the mercy of Queen Elizabeth, then on a visit on board the admiral's ship at the Great Nore. The Queen, not disinclined to show favor to a man whose personal valor, determined perseverance and fertility of resource, were qualities highly estimated in those semi-civilized times, and interested by the air of romance that characterized his adventures, offered to grant his life upon terms in keeping with the wild tenor of his lawless career. These conditions were, that he should swim on horseback three times round the ship which the high admiral commanded; and, should he escape the perils incidental to such a trial, his sentence of outlawry should be reversed, and a general pardon extended to all his offences. Curiosity to see the feats of this celebrated horse, and a calculation of the chances which, in all probability, would save the hangman his labor, and give the Knight of Sheppey a less ignoble death, probably induced the virgin Queen to make this proposal to the daring freebooter. It was instantly accepted. Armed at all points, the intrepid bandit mounted his

faithful steed, whose spirits he invigorated with a copious draught of brandy. Plunging at once into the foaming tide, the steed and horseman swam gallantly round the destined ship; the second extraordinary evolution was performed with equal bravery and resolution; but at the third, little more than the heads of the horse and its rider could be perceived buffeting with the weltering waves, which seemed at every instant to threaten their mutual annihilation. Straining every nerve and sinew to the utmost, the gallant animal ceased not to struggle with the restless waves until the last painful pilgrimage was completed, and his weary hoofs rested on the solid shore. The place of landing was wild and desolate; a lofty cliff overhung the narrow beach, and concealed every human habitation. The moment the exhausted courser gained a firm footing on his parent earth, a withered and decrepit hag, whose tangled elf-locks and tattered weeds streaming in the wind, ill concealed the hideous deformity of her squalid form, started from a recumbent attitude, and raising the shrivelled finger with which she had traced unhallowed spells upon the sand, shrieked out an ill-omened prophecy.

"Beware of that horse!" cried the beldam, with a triumphant laugh of malice. "Although he has now saved your life, he shall be the cause of your death."

"Thou liest, fiend of mischief!" cried the Knight of Sheppey. "Thus I falsify thy dark prediction."

Actuated by superstitious fears, the natural ferocity of his temper overcame every sentiment of gratitude and affection. Hastily dismounting, he plunged his sword into the heart of the panting animal.

Restored to the favor of his sovereign, and permitted the quiet enjoyment of his ill-gotten wealth, the Knight of Sheppey lived for several years in uninterrupted prosperity. One morning, anxious to show a friend the scene of his most wonderful adventure, he descended to the beach. The skeleton of the slaughtered horse, bleached by the storms of successive winters, still lay extended on the sand. Repeating the prophecy of the witch, he spurned the head with his foot, and severed it from the body by the stroke. At first, he did not perceive that in the act a small, sharp bone had penetrated his buskin. The wound was inconsiderable and disregarded, but becoming more serious, it ended in a mortification, which speedily carried him to his grave.

His remains were deposited in the vault of

his ancestors, and over them was raised a monument, in which the rude sculptor of the times attempted to delineate his history. It is still to be seen in the church of Minster. A warrior clad in armor lies extended on the tomb, and at his feet is deposited the head of a horse; the vane of the weathercock on the church steeple is likewise formed of a horse's head, which renders it probable that the story, though no doubt exaggerated into the marvellous, had some foundation.

Home Intercourse.

[It is but rarely that we meet an article so crowded with wise suggestions on the subject of home life as the following, which we take from the May number of the Monthly Religious Magazine, published in Boston. The title of "Hints to Make Home Happy" would fitly express its character. Don't fail to read it thoughtfully.]

The home-circle established, the life in the home commenced, of what kind and to what purpose shall the intercourse be between these immortal spirits brought by the will of God into the most intimate relations? Shall it be of chance, a thing unthought of, guided neither one way nor the other; or shall it be under law, always looking to some definite end, to which, however indirectly, it is always drawing nearer?

Perhaps the question is an open one. Some would say that to attempt anything like law in a thing so constant, so free, so familiar as domestic life, would be seriously to abridge it in these its most valuable characteristics. It would make it unnatural and constrained, and render its intercourse but an epitome of the intercourse of men in the world. That we certainly do not want. Heaven forbid that the hollow artificiality and constraint which characterize our social lives should gain a footing in our homes. There should be one place sacred to human nature and the human heart, one place uncontaminated by the restraints of society, which make men to each other so unlike what they are in themselves. There ought to be within the home the fullest and frankest interchange of thought, conviction, and purpose, the most unrestricted living out of the life within. Will the establishment of some controlling power check or prevent this? Will it not rather promote it?

The consequence of all judicious law, tho-

roughly administered, is freedom. Perfect liberty is that which is perfectly submissive to a perfect law. The perfect liberty of the Saviour was the result of his perfect submission to the Divine law. The liberty we admire in the playful limbs of the young animal, in the grace of the swallow's flight, or the proud sweep of the eagle's wing, is the perfect submission to the law which controls and makes possible such results. This is liberty, which never can exist except under law. Where there is no law, liberty is changed to license, and the difference you may see in the graceless plunges of the kite when the string is broke, in the mad erratics of the locomotive when it has left the track, or, among men, in the atrocities of a mob, a rebellion of slaves, or a mutiny of Sepoys. Law is the builder of the world, the conservator and impulse of society, and right laws never fetter, but free. If we are to free the home from many things which threaten it, if we are to check that license which has largely possessed it, if we are to have a true liberty again within it, we must bring it under law, and the daily intercourse—a thing whose influence is never intermitted, a thing never to be considered of small moment—should have its law. It should be the established purpose of the home to make all intercourse between its members—of whatsoever kind it may be—subsidiary, however remotely in some instances, to the advance of the soul in its truest culture, just as it is the object of the Christian man to make everything which he does in life tend towards one end, an object he does not lose sight of in his pleasures any more than in his duties.

What are some of the general laws which will tend to promote a true home intercourse, laws whose pressure shall be felt by all every day, but only as the pressure of the air is felt, as an element of life and freedom?

I should say, first of all, that without the spirit of self-denial a true and improving home intercourse is impossible. It is hard enough to get along in the ordinary intercourse of life with selfish people. They mar every occasion and every scene into which they intrude, and the presence in the home circle of a single selfish person, parent or child, breaks up everything like harmony and satisfaction. In the home relations all selfishness should be abjured, and the most scrupulous and painstaking care be constantly exercised that in no way self-love infringe upon or disturb the rights or happiness of others. Dante, describing his visit to the Infernal Regions, says that

written over the gateway was an inscription ending with these words, "Let him who enters here bid farewell to hope." So over the doorway of each home should there be inscribed, "Let him who enters here bid farewell to self." There is no power in the home, in its nature or its constitution, which can stand against selfishness, whether it be the selfishness of all or the selfishness of one. Give it every advantage, all that position, culture, wealth, may give, yet it is impossible that it should resist the benumbing influence of one selfish soul. It is blighted so, even as the beauty of Eden was blighted by the selfishness of Eve. You and I have seen and felt this, nay, have we not ourselves been conscious that some petty, selfish desire of our own has struck roughly the delicate home-chords, and brought hoarse jangling into the domestic harmony? And are none of us prevalently selfish at home, using its sanctity and seclusion for the exercise of a spirit we dare not show to men? Are there none of us, standing well with men for courtly urbanity, before whom home cowers, all its doings and its sayings, its omissions and its commissions, ordered to meet our will or avert our displeasure? Is there no father and husband of us all who feels it his prerogative to have everything at home to suit him,—his whim, his comfort, his pleasure, the law of all, which anxious wife and timid children study and endeavor to satisfy? Is there no one of us that meanest of all mean things, a domestic tyrant? And are there no children, growing into men and women, wearying parental indulgence and taxing parental love, and alienating brotherly or sisterly affection, by persisting in consulting only for self? Are none of our homes desecrated by these grosser forms of selfishness, or by such as, less offensive in their form, are still as baleful in their spirit? Then are our homes happy homes, then have we escaped that which so largely characterizes the home,—an abode which many seem to think was created for the fullest exercise and the largest license of their own self-will,—but which is, indeed, only a home when all self-will is shut out, when each has learned those mutual compromises which alone make a true living together possible. Self-denial should be the first law of the home.

Again; the difficulties in our home intercourse spring very much from our ignorance of each other. The members of a household should therefore become acquainted with each other. This is not the unmeaning phrase it may at first seem. It is not an uncommon

thing to find those living together intensely ignorant of each other. Whole families grow up in daily contact with each other, yet each as ignorant of each as if a hemisphere divided them. Have you never had a young person come to you and say, "I love to talk with you,—somehow or other I cannot say these things to father and mother, but you understand me? Is there not a deal of this alienation between the members of a household, this lack of home sympathy, which sends the craving spirit abroad to utter confidences which ought to be home confidences? It seems to be taken for granted by parents and brothers and sisters, that, from the fact of sharing the same blood and dwelling under the same roof, they must be acquainted with each other. They think it necessary to study the character of other men in order to get along with them, but they suppose the home requires nothing of this. Now the home is a miniature world. Within its four walls are brought together the widest contrasts in endowment and attainment. There is every possible diversity in a family,—diversity in the degrees of affection, the love of a brother for a sister is very unlike that of the sister for the brother, that of the child for the mother is very unlike his love for the father. Then there are diversities in character. The mature wisdom of the father differs from the tender affection of the mother. And among the children one is brave, another timid; one is enthusiastic, another doubting; one is thoughtful, another reckless; one overflows with humor, another is sedate. These and a thousand other differences appear in the same family, are not accidents, but essential to the idea of a family. In a family meet every variety of human character; the highest possible range of virtue, the strongest possible incentive to excellence, brought into contrast and contact with almost all modes and causes of human disagreement, and these not by any perversion, but by a necessity, of which we need to be at all times aware. The family of but one sex or one pursuit, with no diversity of temper and disposition, is not a family.

It is strange how little a fact so patent seems to be regarded in the intercourse of home life. If you were to say to a father, "You do not know your child," he would consider you guilty of a most unwarrantable impertinence. Not know his own child! what an absurdity. Absurd as it is, observation and experience both assure us that it is very common; and the one inflexible law of the house, the one iron demand, the one and the same expecta-

tion of each and all, prove how little those who stand at the head understand those placed in their charge. The fact about a home which has boys and girls in it is, that it is made up of the most diverse material. We often amuse ourselves with being surprised that there should exist these family dissimilarities. We say, "Who would suppose they were brother and sister?" as if ever since Cain killed Abel there had not been in human homes every conceivable range and gradation of character; as if anybody ever did find similarity the law of the family.

This dissimilarity is one of the most perplexing things about a family, requiring patience, care, impartiality; and if parents would prevent the making of a wretched mistake and failure, they should aim to acquire a thorough knowledge of the composition of their own families,—a study taxing mind and heart severely,—and the whole family government and life should be based upon what they discover. Dealing with children, always a difficult matter, should not be left to the hazard of impulse or caprice, but be guided by knowledge. You feel that certain households go on much more satisfactorily than others. They are not the homes of great external advantage; you would not mark the parents as superior, or the children as unlike all children; but there is a charm about the family that you may not understand, and puzzle yourself to account for. There is no less of exuberant spirit, no less of jocund mirth, no less of ease and naturalness,—nothing to give that painful feeling of the unnatural curb and drill which breaks some families into premature proprieties,—but a freedom which never infringes, a confidence that is never abused, a judgment that seems never to err, control that is not a curb, and a harmony of which such discordant material seems to others incapable. If you could get at the secret of this, you would probably find that the parents had made it a point to know their children, had not been content to know their countenances and voices and manners, and a few outside and obvious peculiarities, but had studied them in each step of their progress, had adapted their intercourse with each to each, had taught their children as they grew to recognize and respect each other's individuality, and so had gradually constructed a genuine family, that truest and most needed of human institutions. I do not believe there is any accident about a good home, any more than there is any accident about a fine tree. Both are the products of

well-considered opposites brought into harmony by a superintending wisdom.

I do not think this knowledge is often sought by the parent. I do not think he sets himself to find out what is going on within the heart and mind of his child. Necessity sometimes forces it upon him, accident sometimes reveals it, or a shrewd guess may detect some things; but the deliberate searching into the peculiarities of his children, and the ordering his and their intercourse by what he discovers, is the rare work of the home-head. How much real conversation goes on in our homes? How much questioning of what is learned at school, from books, from others? how much of what each one learns from himself? how much interchange of thought and feeling? Here is a child's mind, a germ of wisdom, wonder and power, compassed about by infinite mysteries, of which it is on all hands seeking the solution. The child mind does not stand out in God's world as the adult mind does,—callous, or self-satisfied, or sceptical,—but in the spirit of childhood, and with more reverence than we know, asks that it may believe. It turns to us, who are its natural teachers, whom it looks up to with the same love and reverence it looks on all things. What do we? Listen, explain, draw out, lead on? or do we rebuff, and send the opening spirit shuddering back within itself, and teach it in its early hours to keep close-locked all its inner wants? Do we dive, as we might, into the mysterious depths of the child-nature, or taking its wings, not clogged as ours, soar upward toward those other mysteries which wait and watch for our coming? A little spirit peering all aglow with wonder in at the door-way of knowledge, do we lift its feet over the threshold, and encourage it to pursue its way from room to room, touching and tasting and appropriating of the heaped-up treasure stored therein? Is it not rather that the child forces its way, despite the neglect, the indifference, the repulse of parents, who know nothing less than what it knows, or stupidly wonder how it got such things? Home talk! it is the talk of the elders, of sermons, of business, of fashions, of neighbors; it is superficial, if not injurious; or it is too high, and they cannot attain unto it. It gives nothing to the aspiration or the want of childhood, while the set talk with children is hard and forced, a talking *at* them, rather than a talking *with* them; a forcing your convictions, rather than drawing out theirs. Sometimes it seems as if the staple of home intercourse were a tirade against noise, carelessness, and the thousand

vexatious inadvertencies of child-life, and as if that would be all the memory of home intercourse the child would have to carry with it into the world.

I remember to have marked in a book I read some years ago the following passage: "It had grown to be an unhappy instinct with me to get as much as possible out of my father's way." Unhappy indeed; and what a strange statement it would seem, did we not know that this grows to be the instinct of too many children. How often do you see that the mother is the exclusive friend, companion, and confidante, while the father is a sort of bugar, who isn't to be approached or disturbed, whose presence is a restraint, whose departure a relief. This is not the mother's doing, or the child's. The fault lies with the father. His child is a plaything to him. As soon as he tires of his toy, it ceases to give him that sort of pleasure; as soon as it grows disagreeable, he begins to chafe, and hands it over to the mother. The repulse is understood, and works its natural result. The child shuns the father, and makes the mother confidante, learns to persuade her, and gets her to persuade the father, and each time he gains his end the separation is more complete. This is not nature's doing. Nature draws the child, undoubtedly, towards the mother, but she does not draw it from the father. It looks to her, goes to her for some things; but where there is a true relationship, it soon comprehends that there are wants she cannot meet. Her more confiding ways, her more genial sympathies,—nay, let us go back to the great truth at once,—that mystic tie which links from the first and forever the child-life and the mother-life, gives her the place the father never gets; but as childhood passes, and new experiences press, and life is out of doors, and school and other children make their impression, then more and more the boy, at least, feels the need of the father. Fatal is the mistake that father makes who in these years separates himself more and more from his children, and fearfully shall it be visited upon him in the non-intercourse of life, or in the days of his decrepitude and need. I sometimes hear of parents turned to the cold charities of almshouses; sometimes, pitiful complaints of children's ingratitude. But, alas! how little has many a child to be grateful for, who repays with a simple usury the cool indifference or the harsh neglect of his earlier years.

As another law of home intercourse, I should say, not only have, and show that you have, confidence in your children, but give your

confidence to them. I think as children grow into years they desire to have their confidence reciprocated, and I suspect parents would gain very much if they now and then took their children, even while they are children, into their confidence. That is a very proud moment in a girl's life when her father first draws her arm into his, and she feels herself for the moment in that position she has always considered as sacred to her mother; that is an epoch in a boy's life when he finds his mother trusting to him as escort and protector; but a more pure and genuine and wholesome pride is that which the first confidence engenders. It is the letting down of many bars, it is the drawing of two who need each other very near, nearer than many a direct act. I well remember the effect of such confidence upon my boyhood, how it drew me towards my father, and how he trusted me, asked and took my advice, explained his purpose, and left me to work it out. I allude to this, because I think it an important thing in domestic intercourse, which is not apt to be thought of, but which will help to cement and bind parents and children just at that dangerous transition season when they are outgrowing the tutelage of childhood and putting on the self-sufficiency of youth. There are coming up every now and then in households, matters which excite the curiosity of children, which we exalt into mysteries by our secrecy or evasion. There are very many matters upon which a growing child is capable of expressing an opinion, there are many things in which your boy or your girl can help you if you only think so; and it were far better for both you and them to put confidence in them, rather than that they should feel that they are passed by for others. Your own child is not unfrequently a better adviser than a stranger of twice his years and general wisdom; and if he were not, the mere showing of a disposition to trust him in your affairs is a valuable aid to the strengthening of his character, and the establishment of a just self-respect. We err greatly, and ourselves we lose much, by not leaning more on the generation that rises about us. I think this may be the one thing that youth wants at that dangerous transition season,—that neutral ground between childhood and manhood,—to prevent its running from the control of home to those scenes and companionships more dangerous, but which pay the coveted respect to its advancing years. What is, perhaps, the cunning of the world, should be the wisdom of the parent. It is not policy alone, but the mutual

good of each, that should lead parents to give their confidence to their children. If they have that, they are far less likely to crave that which is less.

Let me suggest here, that no parent should, from false pride, or for any other cause, neglect to confess to the child when he has done him an injustice. Running through all the family should be the broadest principle of justice. It should rule in the dealings of child with child, nor less in the parental dealings. It is not possible for us to be infallible, quick, arbitrary, impulsive as we are; judging from passion or insufficient inquiry, we many times mistake, and even when we would not we sometimes err. That mistake should be confessed at any cost. It will never do to let your child feel that you are unjust to it. It is inflicting a deep wound among sensibilities that cannot bear it. And think not your child will not appreciate your confession, and love you the more dearly for it. Have you never seen the surly and half vengeful look give way before the confession, "I have wronged you, my child," or found a sudden flashing of joy through the swiftly raining tears as the words fell from your lips? I tell you, the man who will do thus gains his child, keeps his love, and increases his respect, and saves a spirit which might be lost. As a young man I felt that the position of the College government, which would never allow that it was wrong, was doing a moral injury to myself and others, for which no mere learning could compensate. How much deeper the injury inflicted upon him who feels that it is a father or a mother who has injured, and refuses to right him! What is injurious in an institution would be fatal in a home, and the parent who should refuse to own to his child that he was in the wrong, would find that he had planted a seed which must inevitably grow and spread and bring forth much and bitter fruit.

Another law of home intercourse is courtesy. Good manners and kind feelings should not be company graces, but home graces. Again I say, there is no inherent power in the constitution of home that enables it to stand up against abuses. Most of all places does it depend upon what some one calls "the small, sweet charities;" least of all can it do without those common civilities which are prized so highly in the transient intercourse of life. Coleridge says, "The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look, a heart-felt compliment, and the countless in-

finitesimals of pleasurable thoughts and genial feeling." These are just the things of almost infinite value in home intercourse, and these are the things home intercourse wants. What need is there of courtesy at home? Why should I stop to be polite to those I am with all the time? They ought to know that I feel kindly towards them, to take that for granted, and not to mind the little oversights in manner and act. But home cannot do this. Its life rests upon little things. Because it knows your love, it demands the expression of it, and when that expression goes out spontaneously to others, it cannot but sigh. The heart is always a little jealous, and we must have a care that we do not unwittingly rouse its fiercer fires. Besides, I think the decay of courtesy in families, the absence of ordinary civility towards each other, the suspension of little charities, is something worse than a carelessness. It is the beginning of an end which it is terrible to contemplate. Intermit the pleasant interchanges of the heart, be polite and considerate to strangers, and in your home leave every one to themselves; admire and pay court to every woman but your wife; listen to and adopt the opinion of every man except your husband; leave your sisters to fight their way, while you flirt with other girls; or lavish your amiability and your accomplishments upon all except your brothers;—in short, be known in the home for the reverse of what the world thinks you, and home is little more than a name, and verges fast towards a ruin. If we treated others as we treat each other in the family; if we were as exacting, as unreasonable, as imperious; if we received everything as our right, and gave nothing but with grudging; if kind words and looks, and generous acts and sympathies, were wanting, we should be shut from its society, and left outcast, until penance fit had been made, and pardon sought. Cowardly we compel home to submit to affronts we dare not put upon the world. The unselfish heart is of necessity courteous.

It may seem strange to you that I should add to this catalogue, as a part of the intercourse of home, the necessity in the home of seclusion. When we get to build our houses rightly and religiously, so that they shall not be mere physical conveniences, but educators of the souls within them, then we shall build them with regard to the sometime seclusion of the members from each other. We not only need to be shut out from other families, but the members of the same family require means

of seclusion from each other. It is not safe or healthy, morally, for a family to live always in common. There must be some place to which each can withdraw, sacred from all intruding steps as was the Jewish inner sanctuary; a place to go to for the chastising of a perturbed temper; for reflection upon our mistakes, imprudence, or unkindness; for self-study, resolve, and prayers. In the varied and intimate intercourse of the home, perpetually do we need to pause, to withdraw, to think, and get strength; and one great preventive of a firm inner growth is, that we are obliged to postpone acts and exercises to a convenient season, whose vitality depends upon being embraced at the moment. We need to seize moods of mind, to use hints as they arise, to follow out the suggestions of circumstance or the moment, and we can't do this unless we have some place in the house which is all our own to which to retire unmolested. The idea of the chapel and the oratory might with advantage be borrowed from the Romish Church, and the home receive some decided advantage, not from fasts and flagellations and counted beads, but from the sincere humiliation of the soul at such times as come to us all, when it is perturbed by the intercourse of home. The closet ought not to be a fiction of our rhetoric, but a fact of our homes and our experience.

In the home intercourse it should be remembered that each one has his place and his part. A happy and pleasant home is an impossibility where any one slights his duty. Home is not a place where you are to cosset your own fancies, or be entertained by the rest. You have no right to sit down, listless and dull, and say, "Come, amuse me, and see how pleasant you can make home." You have no right to complain that home is ungenial, till you are sure you have tried your best to make it genial. The men who complain of homes are mostly those of whom the homes complain, men whose dignity is offended at the bare suggestion that they have something to do towards making it pleasant. Home is not a mere place of entertainment, a sort of tavern, and he who turns to it for entertainment merely deserves to be disappointed. Hast thou nothing to do, O man! but to throw thyself upon a sofa, or monopolize the easiest chair, and, holding back all thine own information, demand that wife and children amuse thee? or wilt thou go moodily out to club or to store, declaring that thou wilt not stay where so little is done for thee? And shall the young man say, "My sisters do nothing to make home pleasant to

me," when he has done nothing to make home pleasant to them? I do not think the different members of a home realize how much the pleasant, profitable intercourse of home depends on each, or how hard it is when one and another hang back for the rest to supply the deficiency.

I feel that we are not doing justice to the great privilege of domestic intercourse,—that we are not making the best of our homes,—that we who are parents are strangers to our children, and our children are strangers to us. Perhaps we husbands and wives are strangers to each other. We do not try to know each other. We let things take their own course, we have no guiding or controlling law, and then wonder that our homes are the unsatisfactory, chaotic things they are. Home, like a delicate, sensitive, many-stringed instrument, can only be kept in perfect tone by constant care. Without that, the exquisite harmonies of which it is capable become only clashing and horrid discords,—the jangle of a thing abused and broken. The homes that are bright, happy and successful, are not the special gifts of God, they are not homes endowed with the things position or wealth give, but they are homes wisely regulated, based upon, and growing out of, broad and generous principles. They are homes in which self is subordinate, in which familiarity has led to no abridgment of courtesy, where there is enough, and not too much of discipline, where children and parents grow together, sharing in each other's confidence, partaking in each other's sorrow or joy. I think the idea of home should be a place to grow in,—parents as well as children. It should have progress, this year better than last year; it should have renewal, so that the mistakes of the past may be avoided, and the future lead to something better; it should have a plan, because without plan nothing is ever done. And all this lies in parental hands. By special Divine enactment they are the educators of the home,—to lead it and to mould it. Its success or its failure rests with them. Except in very rare cases, the home cannot be higher than the aspiration of its heads. Then with them there rests a vast responsibility. With the first formation of the family it begins. It is not the mother's work alone, because her life chances to be more immediately and at all times connected with the home, but quite as much the father's. He ought to begin at the beginning, and know his children, not as playthings, not as disturbers of his peace, not as expenses, but, from their very babyhood up to the time he dis-

misses them to the world, as moral and immortal beings, whose destiny in the present, if not the future, he may and does control. He ought never to dissociate himself from the interests of his children, but by word and work prove his interest and sympathy in their experiences, their achievements, and their plans,—little things, perhaps to do, but great things to leave undone. The intercourse of home is not the set, deliberate intercourse of the lips alone,—it is not the great things we attempt merely, but mainly is that intercourse among trivial and occasional things, and out of these,—these which we cannot anticipate, which we do not create,—comes the power of that intercourse, a power that may lift the home to heaven, or thrust it down to hell. Tacitus said of Agri-cola, “that he governed his family, which many find to be a harder task than to govern a province.” It is not government of that old Roman stamp that we wish to have as the result of parental intercourse,—the exercise and control of mere will,—but the government which results from a wise, considerate, intelligent, and impartial love.

Weather Signs.

A few of the more marked signs of weather, useful alike to seaman, farmer, and gardener, are the following:—

Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sky at sunset presages fine weather; a red sky in the morning, bad weather or much wind, (perhaps rain); a gray sky in the morning, fine weather; a high dawn, wind; a low dawn, fair weather.

Soft-looking or delicate clouds foretell fine weather, with moderate and light breezes; hard-edged, oily-looking clouds, wind. A dark, gloomy blue sky, is windy; but a light, bright, blue sky, indicates fine weather. Generally, the *softer* clouds look, the less wind (but perhaps more rain) may be expected; and the harder, more “greasy,” rolled, tufted, or ragged, the stronger the coming wind will prove. Also, a bright yellow sky at sunset presages wind; a pale yellow, wet; and thus, by the prevalence of red, yellow, or gray tints, the coming weather may be foretold very nearly; indeed, if aided by instruments, almost exactly.

Small, inky-looking clouds, foretell rain: light scud clouds, driving across heavy masses, show wind and rain; but, if alone, may indicate wind only.

High upper clouds crossing the sun, moon,

or stars, in a direction different from that of the lower clouds, or the wind then felt below, foretell a change of wind.

After fine, clear weather, the first signs in the sky of a coming change are usually light streaks, curls, wisps, or mottled patches of white distant clouds, which increase, and are followed by an overcasting of murky vapor, that grows into cloudiness. This appearance, more or less oily or watery, as wind or rain will prevail, is an infallible sign.

Usually, the higher and more distant such clouds seem to be, the more gradual but general, the coming change of weather will prove.

Light, delicate, quiet tints or colors, with soft, undefined forms of clouds, indicate and accompany fine weather; but gaudy, or unusual hues, with hard, definitely-outlined clouds, foretell rain, and probably strong wind. Misty clouds forming, or hanging on heights, show wind and rain coming, if they remain, increase, or descend. If they rise or disperse, the weather will improve or become fine.

When sea-birds fly out early, and far to seaward, moderate wind and fair weather may be expected.

When they hang about the land or over it, sometimes flying inland, expect a strong wind, with stormy weather. As many creatures besides birds are affected by the approach of rain or wind, such indications should not be slighted by an observer who wishes to foresee weather or compare its variations. There are other signs of a coming change in the weather, known less generally than may be desirable, and therefore worth notice; such as when birds of long flight—rooks, swallows, or others, hang about home, and fly up and down, or low, rain or wind may be expected. Also, when animals seek sheltered places, instead of spreading over their usual range; when pigs carry straw to their sties; when smoke from chimneys does not ascend readily (or straight upwards, during a calm) an unfavorable change is probable.

Dew is an indication of fine weather; so is fog. Neither of these two formations occurs under an overcast sky, or when there is much wind. One sees fog occasionally rolled away, as it were by wind; but seldom or never formed while it is blowing.

Remarkable clearness of atmosphere near the horizon; distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised (by refraction); and what is called “a good *hearing* day,” may be mentioned among signs of wet, if not wind, to be expected.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was quite dark when Grace set out from her grandmother's for home. The road was a lonely one, lying for a considerable portion of the way betwixt open pastures, and then suddenly glancing to the right, for nearly half a mile, it cut through some half cleared land, where the charred and blackened trunks of old trees rose wierd and ghastly in the dim starlight.

This newly opened road considerably shortened the distance home. Perhaps Grace would have chosen the longer and more frequented one, had she not been preoccupied with the story which her grandmother had told her that afternoon. The tragical history had somehow strangely affected her. The face of the great aunt, which had been dust so many years before her own had seen the light, seemed to shine in all its young, sweet beauty before her thoughts, as she went with her light rapid feet down the road, the still dark pastures lying on either hand, and overhead the large autumn stars in a sky without seam or faintest puffing of cloud. But when she came to the point where the road turned abruptly into the woodland, and the black shadows, and the ghastly trunks of the trees rose suddenly before her, Grace's thoughts came back to the present with a little thrill of fear.

It was a gloomy spot enough in the night, furnishing just the right sort of back-ground for any amount of fearful images and tragedies. But in Grace Palmer both superstition and imagination were controlled by strong moral forces and enlightened judgment, and no fear of spectral apparition haunted her thoughts. Still she was a long distance from any house; she had full half a mile to traverse before the road opened into the meadows, and she entered among the wierd shadows with a little chill of dread.

Her swift feet had not carried her far, when a dark figure sprang suddenly out from the woods into the path and approached her. Her heart stood still, so did she, a cold shudder made a faintness in every limb and prevented her moving.

The dark, swift object drew close to her. She caught under the dim starlight a sailor's tarpaulin, but could not distinguish the features beneath. A voice spoke now, low, but with

that prompt authority which sudden exigencies in life sometimes confer—

"Face about, and get out of these woods, ma'am, as quick as your feet'll take you—there's breakers ahead!"

Something in the man's manner or voice carried in the darkness a conviction of its truth, and Grace turned to fly. Then in her bewilderment and terror a fear came over her that this might be a snare laid to entrap her, and she turned back again, irresolute.

"Hurry off," said the rapid voice, authoritatively. "Take the road to the right, for your life, or more depends on't."

She felt the honest truth of the voice, and yet how came it there—whose was it—and what did it know of her, or dangers that beset her? Grace did not yield to her instincts, but to these second thoughts. She stood still quaking in every limb: but she spoke—

"I shall not stir one step until I know—"

The voice broke in here, full of indignant eagerness—

"Girl," it said, "you're wastin' time that more'n your life hangs on. If I'd wanted to harm ye, I shouldn't sot about it in this way, for the farther I got ye into the woods the better. But I'm here to serve ye, and to save ye too, from one o' the foulest plots that ever the devil put into a man's brain. But every minute's precious, and I'm one agin many, and in the name of that a woman holds sacred don't stand talkin' here!"

Grace could not doubt longer. She turned, and her light feet hardly grazed the ground, but her loud heart fairly choked her breath, and a horrible fear gave new strength and speed to her flight.

The man in the tarpaulin stood still a moment, and then his ear caught a sound of cautious steps on the dry grass; he sprang behind the stump of an old oak, and crouching down was effectually concealed from sight in a moment. He had barely done this, when some one came with swift, but almost noiseless steps, into the road, carrying a tin lantern, which, as he held it out and peered up and down the road, disclosed the wily, cunning face of the half-breed, who lived with Ralph Jarvys.

The small, keen eyes of the Indian had the look of a dog's when it has scented the game; he placed his hand over his mouth and whistled—not loud—the note was soft and incisive, and could have reached to a great distance. A moment later, two men rushed up from below and joined the half-breed; one of them asked, not loud, but eager,

"Have you scented the game?"

"Yes; but it seems to have got scared and took to flight. I jist caught a sight of it run-in' towards the pastures."

"This dark hole must have frightened her, Tim, afore she'd got far into it," said a voice, which might easily have been recognized as the one that had held a conference with Richard Jarvys nearly two weeks before, under the pines on the rocks by the Sound. "After her, all hands—we'll bag her yet," and the three men started on the road over which the trembling limbs of Grace Palmer had sped less than two minutes before.

"There's a shot in this 'ere musket that'll have somethin' to say fust, as true as my mother's last blessin'," murmured the sailor behind the oak stump, and he plunged out, and hurried after the men, and the sound of their heavy feet drowned his that came after.

Grace Palmer heard the men behind her, and an oath of triumph as they first caught sight of her white dress.

"God help me!" cried the poor girl, as she panted forward. But they gained on her. She was no match for the half-breed, who outstripped the others in the race. He had thrown away his lantern now, and seemed to skim the ground. Grace heard him close behind her, and twice her shrieks for help rang out and curdled the night with their loud horror. But the nearest farm-house was a third of a mile distant—she could not hope it would reach the ears of its inmates, and the next moment she was clutched about the waist by a pair of strong, wiry arms, in whose grasp she wrestled and struggled vainly.

"I've got her fast," cried the half-breed, and the others came up, and another pair of arms encircled her roughly, and a voice which froze the blood of Grace Palmer with horror as she recognized it, cried out—

"Ha, ha! my pretty bird, you can fly as well as you can threaten, but wings nor tongue wont serve you now. You're done for it this time."

Hardly had this taunt crossed the wretch's lips when the sharp report of a musket filled the air. Then the half breed loosened his hold on Grace with a low yell of anguish.

"To the boat, lieutenant, or we shall be dead men!" cried one of the trio, in a voice of terror.

In his surprise and alarm the lieutenant had so far released Grace that she struck off his arms, and sprang out from them—he seized her again, there was a second shot, and a

shout in the woods. There was no doubt now but their nefarious plan was discovered; a panic seized the men, for the three took to the woods, and a little later the sailor came up and found Grace Palmer lying senseless on the ground.

"Father, it's more'n time Grace was home," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, glancing up at the tall clock in one corner of the kitchen, and then lifting up a handful of dried currants from a large wooden pail which she was "picking over," before bestowing away for winter use.

The Deacon glanced up from his paper. He was so occupied just then with the movements of the army on the upper Hudson, that he was not in a very receptive or sympathetic mood for anything else.

"Oh, well, don't fret, mother," he said, in a half absent way. "Folks don't usually get home, especially women, as soon as they expect to, when they go a visitin'. They're gettin' General Burgoyne into tight quarters every day. The chances seem to grow smaller of his army's ever seein' Albany."

Mrs. Palmer heaved a long deep sigh. "I hope my poor Robert will get along safe," she said, after the fashion of a woman going at once from the general to the particular case, which of course showed she was not always full of Spartan patriotism and sublime self-abnegation; but then she was Robert's mother, and she couldn't forget that always, even for her country.

The Deacon did not catch this remark, or he certainly would have responded to it. Mrs. Palmer heaved another sigh, and looked at her youngest son, who sat on a low stool at her right hand, and who was just then engaged in smothering a yawn.

"Benny," she said, briskly, "get a light. It's high time you was in bed, after such a tramp as you've had over to the meadows, after cranberries."

"I aint sleepy one bit," stoutly asseverated the boy, opening his black round eyes to their fullest power of distension. "Let me set up till Grace comes. I want to say my prayers to her."

"Benny—you a deacon's son, and talk about sayin' your prayers to your sister!"

Benjamin Palmer was not one to yield his ground without a protest.

"If I mean right, it don't make so much difference about the words, mother," he said, with an air of oracular gravity, that set strangely on his young and roguish face. "And Grace

has been teachin' me a new hymn, a great deal prettier than 'Now I lay me,' and I can't go to sleep till I've said it to her."

"Oh, Benny!" This ejaculation was a laconic admission that the young gentleman had gained his point, and it very frequently terminated any small difference of opinion betwixt Benny and his mother; the ejaculation being usually accompanied by a little covert smile and fond glance on the mother's part, which gave the words an emphasis Benny was quite shrewd enough to interpret.

Another half hour ticked itself slowly away. The Deacon read his paper. Mrs. Palmer diligently blew the dust out of handfuls of currants; and Benny watched his parents with sleepy eyes, and gaped, and nodded, and sat remarkably straight, and looked fierce with animation whenever his mother's eyes went that way. At last Mrs. Palmer spoke again, and this time her tones had the effect of thoroughly rousing the Deacon from his paper.

"Father, it's gettin' late, and I do feel uneasy about Grace's bein' out so. It isn't safe for girls in these war times to be out nights, with Long Island traders all round the country, and the enemy landin' every few nights on our coast. I've no doubt it was a Britisher came here the other night when we was off to meetin', and I can't feel right to have her out after dark."

"Wall, 'tisin't likely Nathaniel'll let her walk home alone."

"Where's she to come across him, I wonder?" the berries making a black cataract from her palm to the pan.

"Why, she's gone over to the tavern, aint she?"

"Father!" there was several meanings in Mrs. Palmer's emphasis of that correlative, "I do believe that paper has crazed your wits. Don't you know I told you at dinner that Grace had gone over to grandma's, to do up little chores round, and put her to rights afore cold weather sets in?"

"Oh, yes, I remember now," said the Deacon, a little apologetically. "Strange it should have slipped my mind. It's a lonely road from mother's—Grace ought to be home before this."

"I hope she wont take the new road that leads round by Cranberry Meadows. Them half cleared woods is an awful place in the night—awful!"

The Deacon went to the window and looked out.

"I don't know but I'd better set out for her?" he remarked, uneasily.

"If you ventur' out, you'll be sure to be laid up with the rheumatis, it's so late in the fall."

Ten minutes more pulsed slowly away in the old clock—ten minutes that were passed in more anxiety on the part of the Deacon and his wife than either would have liked to acknowledge, and then there was a loud knock at the door. When the Deacon opened it, his first glance met a man in a sailor's garb, bearing a limp figure in his arms. Then Mrs. Palmer's shriek rang through the kitchen. She had followed her husband half way to the door.

"Oh, father, they have killed our child!"

It was such a cry as one would pray never to hear again. The sailor came right in.

"No, ma'am," he said, in his loud, hearty tones, that carried conviction with them. "A dash of cold water, or a swig of brandy'll bring the breath back, for she's had enough to skeer it out of her!"

They laid Grace down on the settle, the fair face drooping deathlike on the cushions of red and yellow patchwork. Benny brought a pitcher of water, and stood looking on while his father and the sailor bathed the girl's temples. For once Mrs. Palmer's practical efficiency seemed to have forsaken her. She had started for a decanter of brandy, but her limbs trembled so she had fallen into a chair by the door, and there the poor mother sat, with her face white as her daughter's, watching for the first sign of returning consciousness. It was not long in coming. A start and a shudder; then Grace Palmer opened her eyes.

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter!" sobbed her mother, rushing forward.

Grace stared around her from one to the other. Then a chill of terror, or of some awful memory, convulsed her. She sprang up, and cried out—

"Oh, father, am I safe now—haven't they got me?"

"Safe under your father's roof, my darlin' child!" answered the fervid voice of the Deacon. "Don't be frightened, Grace, nobody shall harm you here:" he had soothed her to sleep sometimes in his strong arms with just that tone.

"But how came I here?" with the fright still in her face.

It was time now for the sailor to step forward—

"It was I that rescued ye, ma'am," he said, taking off his tarpaulin with instinctive courtesy, and his manner had that unconscious eloquence and dignity which the joy of a good

deed, truly and heroically done, confers on the roughest and coarsest man. "I was on hand to serve and to save ye, as I told ye in the woods, though you wasn't over quick to act on my caution, and no wonder, either!"

Grace began to realize the truth now. She sat up and looked in the honest, weather-beaten face of her preserver—

"Oh, father, he has saved me from a fate worse than death!" she sobbed.

"The Lord reward you," answered the broken voice of Deacon Palmer. "You're welcome to anything I possess in this world, but that wont pay you for savin' my child."

"I don't want any pay, sir. I got wind some days ago that there was to be foul play along the coast, and that a woman was to be the victim of some infernal scheme of revenge and villany, and I took a vow that so long as I'd got a right arm to help her she shouldn't be smuggled off without my feelin' I'd done all one man could to save her."

"Oh, young man, have you got a mother?" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, as she turned round from administering a cordial to Grace. "If you have, *she* can best tell how I feel towards you this hour for savin' my child!"

The young sailor drew his hard hand across his eyes;

"It's more'n ten years," he said, "since she laid down where the singin' birds couldn't wake her; but if I ever did a good act, or a kind turn to a mother in distress, I did it for the sake of my mother and the memory of her last blessin'."

The cordial had revived Grace, for she had the fine recuperative powers of youth and health. She sat up now, and leaned her head on her father's shoulder.

"Now, friend, let us know what has happened, and who has tried to wrong my child?" asked the Deacon, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Let the lady speak first, and then I'll add whatever's fittin'," subjoined the sailor.

So Grace told her story briefly, from the time she left her grandmother's door until she sank fainting on the ground, just after her pursuers, seized with a panic, had made their escape. The Deacon did not speak when his daughter concluded, but he turned to the sailor with a face that his wife and daughter hardly knew, it was so stern.

It was evident the Deacon was bent on having justice dealt out to these villains. The sailor understood the look and gesture of his host.

"I sail under his majesty's flag, and I'll be

true to the colors I hang out, so I can't be givin' names, or tell much of a yarn. But you may rely on't there was somebody but Britishers on the Long Island side engaged in this foul play, and if you've got an enemy hereabouts that bears you a grudge for any old scores, you'd better keep a sharp eye round for him."

"There's them Jarvyses, father!" interposed Mrs. Palmer, speaking the thought of both the Deacon and Grace.

A gleam of intelligence went over the sailor's features.

"I've my reasons for not tellin' names," he said. "I'd be glad enough to have the villains brought to justice, but you wouldn't be likely to run down all of 'em, and as I said I can't turn agin the flag I sail under. All I can say now is, that within the last two weeks I had a chance to learn there was some foul play brewin', and I jest promised myself to keep watch and turn the screw the wrong way if there was a chance when the time came. This mornin' I had my suspicions roused, for I see a young head and an old 'un laid together, and I reckoned they'd sail under sealed orders by night. They put off, and I followed 'em, keepin' to wind'ard, and gettin' to shore jist after they did; and havin' a good place for eavesdroppin', the whole plan was mapped out before me; and black enough it was. I'd made up my mind to take a comrade into my counsels, but there wasn't many I wanted to trust with this business, and the one I'd counted on was ordered off, so I concluded to trust my own right arm and a good musket."

"Oh, what can we do to pay you!" exclaimed Grace.

"I've had pay enough already," answered the sailor, getting up. "It's time for me to be off, for there might come an idea into one or two heads which wouldn't be altogether pleasant for me, if I was out of my quarters at sunrise."

"But you wont leave without lettin' us know the name of the man to whom we owe so much?"

"No objections to that, sir. My name is John Watson. 'Tisn't of much account in the world, but it was never siled with a mean deed or a dishonest one."

"John Watson—John Watson!" repeated the Deacon, thoughtfully. "It seems to me I've heard that are name."

"Why, father," interposed Mrs. Palmer again, as she paused midway betwixt the pantry and the table with a pumpkin pie in one hand, and a quadrant of cheese in the

other, for she was resolved that the preserver of her child should not leave her roof without some slight demonstration of her gratitude in the shape of an abundant meal, "don't you remember that George Watson used to talk about a young brother John of his'n, when he was here that last summer, afore he took to followin' the seas?"

Before the Deacon could answer, the sailor had put his hand to his forehead, and cried out, "Is your name Deacon Daniel Palmer?"

"That's it," said the old man, his face glowing eager with a suspicion and a hope.

"Give us your hand, Deacon Palmer!" cried the sailor, in a voice that with all its sudden surprise of joy, was not quite steady. And as the two hard hands gripped each other, he continued—

"There isn't a man in the world whom I'd sooner done a good turn to! I'm the brother of George Watson, the lad that worked for ye through five harvestin's!"

This "lad" was the one whose testimony lawyer Deming had regarded as so important, in the impending trial.

"Where is your brother to be found?" demanded the Deacon.

"Somewhere under seas, so deep that no line will ever sound them," answered the sailor, much affected; and after a little pause he continued, "he was took, out to sea, with the yellow fever, and they buried him somewhere in the Injin ocean. But he alays said that you was the best cap'n he ever sailed under; and I've heerd him declare many a time, that he'd stuck by you to the last, if he hadn't been took with a hankerin' for the seas."

"Poor George! he was a likely, honest lad," subjoined the Deacon, all sense of his own loss swallowed up for the time in sorrow for the young sailor's untimely fate.

After this there were many questions to be asked and answered. The Deacon had a hope that the young sailor could furnish some evidence for his side at the trial; but he had never heard the conversations betwixt his grandfather and his brother, which the latter had related to John Deming. But he listened with intense interest to the Deacon's story, and in the early part of it interrupted him abruptly with—

"Has this old scoundrel got a son?"

"Yes; a tall, well-favored young man, of about twenty-seven. His name is Richard Jarvys."

The sailor slapped his hand on his knee, and gave a long significant whistle. He said nothing. There was no need he should.

"If George was alive, he'd set sail from the farthest corner of the earth to get the claws of this old rascal off your place," was the sailor's comment when his host concluded. "But he's where his word can't be of avail now; and though we sail under different flags, you'd have mine as free as his'n, if it would be of service to you."

"Thank you again, my friend. How is it that you, born in America, have entered his majesty's service?"

"My mother was an Englishwoman, sir, and her brother sailed for twenty-five years in a British man-of-war. I went with him in his last voyage, and I've sailed under the British flag ever since."

"Well, my friend, I wont quarrel with a man whose done me the service you have this night, because he differs from me in opinion."

And then Mrs. Palmer insisted that the sailor should not leave until he had partaken of the abundant repast she had in the last hour spread on the table. During the hurried meal, the Deacon asked his guest if there was any probability that his daughter would be subjected to farther persecutions from the same source.

"Forewarned is forearmed," was the laconic rejoinder. "However, you wont have much to fear from one of the parties, as he's ordered off to New York this week; and for enemies at home, you can set a watch at the lights."

When his guest rose to depart, the Deacon slipped a purse into his hand, but the man dropped down the hard silver on the table, in a very decided way.

"Deacon Palmer," he said, "I owed you all I've done this night for the kindness you once showed to poor George."

"Well, if you wont take father's gift you wont refuse mine!" said Grace, and she pressed into his hand a large gold anchor, with a quaint tracery of leaves, which had belonged to her mother's father.

The sailor received this with manifest pleasure.

"You look as though you needed a good night's sleep to take the fright quite out of you," he said, looking in her white face.

And he left the dwelling of Deacon Palmer, with the prayers and blessings of its grateful inmates on his head. Mr. and Mrs. Palmer did not retire that night, late as it was, until they had talked over the matter of Grace's attempted abduction, and they were well satisfied who was one of the abettors, if not instigators of the plot.

There was no use, however, of making any public accusations, as nothing could be proven; but the Deacon concluded that he would set a couple of watch dogs to guard his house at night, and have a couple of men sleep under his roof, with muskets loaded in case of an attack.

The next morning the joyful tidings of the surrender of Burgoyne's army sounded its mighty tocsin of triumph through the land. It was the greatest blow that had yet been struck for freedom—that mighty army, composed of the veteran soldiers of Europe, had at last laid down its arms before the yeomanry and militia whom they had treated with every mark of scorn and contempt.

It was a proud day for the young land of America, and her people held jubilee in their pleasant homes and under their waving orchard trees that autumn.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was midwinter again, and the path of our story leads now through the darkest night that ever settled down on the army of the Revolution, or gathered its blackness without light of moon or stars about its beloved commander, George Washington.

Sung in sweet song, as it has been—told in stirring story, as it must be, while time shall last, the sublime heroism and endurance of this man and his soldiers during the winter at Valley Forge, transcends all power of lip or pen. We, the rightful heirs of that glorious inheritance our fathers bought for us with such a price of suffering, read in our fair and stately homes, of those bitter, bitter days and nights—of those half-naked, starving, freezing, dying men, and wonder that any love of country, or any exalted spirit of sacrifice, could have induced them to remain through that awful winter at Valley Forge.

Most wonderful, too, is the power of that grave, calm, silent man, over his army, that it held to him with such loyal faith and love through all that time of intrigue, and jealousy, and base calumny, by which those in high places sought to ruin him.

With a large party in Congress plotting his destruction with calumnies industriously inculcated to weaken the nation's hope and faith in him, his motives impugned, and his military course condemned; with neither money, nor food, nor clothing for his army; not daring to let the country know the weakness of that army, because the enemy would thus obtain knowledge of it, which must result in its

speedy destruction, George Washington shines down on us an example of grand heroism, and patience, and self-sacrifice, to which all ages and all history must do reverence.

It was midwinter again, and Mrs. Palmer set a fresh forestick to a pyramid whose foundation was laid on her brass andirons, and then went to the stairs, and called, in that slight note of irritation which is certain to creep into the voice of the most amiable of housekeepers when there is a little jar in the domestic machinery—

"Grace! Grace! Wont you come here?"

"Yes, mother." The brave, sweet voice was a pleasant thing to hear.

And a pleasant thing to see was Grace Palmer, as she came down stairs a moment later, with a spray of green leaves and partridge berries in her smooth bands of hair, just a pretty suggestion of summer, and seeming to a fine instinct a type and subtle testimony of the delicacy and grace of its wearer.

"Grace," said her mother, "I've got more on my hands than I can carry this afternoon."

"Anything new, mother?" her voice promising aid and sympathy.

"Well, that yeast hasn't turned out as I expected, and I'm half afraid to set the cake a risin' with it, and there's twenty pound o' candles to dip; I want you to twist the wicks, if you aint busy about anything but studyin'."

"That was all, mother; my books can wait for another time,"—taking the candle rods and the ball of wick from the table on which her mother had just placed them, and setting herself down diligently to work before the fire.

"Grace," continued her mother, brushing away a small sifting of ashes from a corner of the hearth, "I can't see for my part what in the world you can find to study any longer. Seems to me your head must be stock full by this time. I declare, it makes mine ache to think of bein' such a 'knowledge box.'"

A low, amused laugh trickled out of Grace's lips at her mother's comments.

"I shall have to know a great deal more than I do now before my head troubles me on account of any pressure of knowledge," she said.

"Wall, maybe you're in the right on't; but it does sort of seem wastin' time that might be put to good use piecin' bedquilts. It oughtn't to be expected that women should be eddicated like parsons and lawyers, and in my day it was thought enough to have a girl take two or three quarters in writing and 'rithmetic, after

she'd got through the Bible and spellin' book.

"But, mother," commenced Grace, and then she paused.

"Yes, I know," answered Mrs. Palmer, with a little maternal vanity, "Major Dudley expects to make a lady of you; and if I say it that shouldn't, Grace, he wont have much to do there; and I don't mean to set my face against this studyin'; only in my day it would have been considered a dreadful waste of time—dreadful."

We have no doubt that Grace would have been able to defend her own side with force and logic; but at that moment there was a knock at the door—one of those kind that have business and authority in their very sound.

Mrs. Palmer opened it. A couple of men stood there, who informed her that they were two of a number of commissioners appointed by Congress to go through the states and collect whatever they could from the inhabitants for the relief of the army at Valley Forge.

The appeal was one that met a quick response in the hearts of both mother and daughter. Mrs. Palmer invited the men in at once, and inquired what was needed most. She was willing to give anything she had.

"Everything's needed most, ma'am," said the smaller of the two men—a voluble, active, available sort of person, who probably had been selected for his present mission on account of these very qualities. "We want straw for our soldiers to sleep on; and blankets to cover 'em; and shoes and stockings for their feet; and clothes for their backs.

"We want linen and medicine for our wounded, and beef, and pork, and vegetables, and flour, for the men that have left their homes and given their lives for our country, and that are starving and freezing to death at Valley Forge."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, "is it so bad as that?"

"It's worse than that, ma'am," continued the voluble little man—"they've exhausted the country for miles around, and there isn't anything to be had for man or beast. I've seen sights to make a strong man cry like a child, when I was at camp. I've seen our brave fellows shiverin' and bleedin' in this bitter cold, without a mouthful to eat, and markin' every step they took in the snow with their blood. I've seen them lie dyin' on the frozen ground, without so much as a bit of straw for their pillow—"

"Oh, don't!—I can't hear any more!" broke

in Grace's voice here; and she burst into tears.

The commissioner saw he had stirred up the right spirit here, and only stayed to inform Mrs. Palmer that he should call before ten the next morning for any donations she might have ready, then hurried off with his companion.

Mrs. Palmer did not dip her candles or set her cake to rising that afternoon; but she and Grace had a time of great bustle and activity hunting up stores of old linen, despoiling old oak chests of their treasures of blankets and quilts, and adding to these as many pairs of stockings as could possibly be spared from the general need.

"Here's a couple more of pairs that I footed up for your father last fall, Grace," said Mrs. Palmer, as she added them to the dark blue pile in the corner. "There's no use of your bringin' for'ard any of yours, for they couldn't get 'em on, but father and I can get through the winter on what's left with careful darnin', and there'll be time enough to spin yarn and knit up a fresh batch afore another winter sets in. I'll set a patch on the knee o' them blue trousers of your father's that he'd thrown by, and put another on the sleeve of that old cinnamon-colored coat, and if they don't look very scrumptious, they'll keep one jest as warm. I declare, Grace, I feel as if we'd no right to go to our warm feather beds nights while them brave, sufferin' men haven't got anything better than the frozen ground to lie down on."

"And they're doing it for us, mother," then her thought took a sudden leap—"I can't be thankful enough that Robert has been detained under General Putnam this winter on the Hudson, instead of undergoing the miseries in the camp at Valley Forge. Poor boy! he never could have stood it!"

"I know it; but Grace, other mothers has got boys there!" Mrs. Palmer's voice was low for pity.

"And other sisters, brothers!" added Grace, and the thought gave her pity a fresh stimulus, as she hurried from the room in quest of whatever could possibly be spared from the family stores.

The short winter day had gone down in a night of bitter cold. Deacon Palmer had returned home early, and had just added a couple of smoked beeves to a large pile of varied provisions on the table, and was preparing to bestow these in a large barrel close at hand, when the kitchen door was suddenly burst open, and the next moment Mrs. Comfort Palmer came right into the kitchen, drawing

her breath painfully, and evidently too much exhausted to speak. The old woman had not left her house for years in the winter. They could hardly have been more amazed had one from the dead entered the room. Grace cried out first—

"Grandma, what does this mean?" and she hurried to the old woman's side, and took her cold, withered hands in her soft, warm ones.

They brought her to the blazing fire.

"It can't be that she's walked from her house over here, this day!" said Mrs. Palmer to her husband, while Grace untied her grandmother's bonnet.

"Yes, I have, every step," panted the old woman.

Each looked at the other aghast, wondering she had not dropped dead on the snow-covered road. But before they could speak again, Mrs. Palmer found her voice, and cried out, loud, and with a strange, eager triumph—

"I've found it, Daniel—I've found it!"

"Found what, mother?" peering into her face, and fearing that his mother had lost her reason.

"*The bill of sale.* It's your'n now, and your children's, and Ralph Jarvys can't get it from you!"

The old woman fumbled in her pocket, and brought forth an old yellow document. Her hearers stood round her pale and silent. She gave the paper into her son's hands.

"There it is!" she said, "signed and sealed!"

The Deacon went to the light without speaking one word. The eyes of his wife and daughter followed him out of white faces. He opened the paper and read it, every word before he spoke. Then he looked up—

"It's the bill of sale," he said, simply, "and there's no disputing it. The homestead's mine now, and no man can take it from me."

They were not a demonstrative people—not much given to the outward indulgence of emotion of any sort, but this sudden lifting of the weight which had laid for years on their souls was more than they could bear—father, mother, and daughter sat down and burst into tears, and for awhile not a word was uttered. At last the Deacon's voice thanked God for the good fortune which He had sent them.

"Why, Daniel, it seems as though it couldn't be true, it's so good!" said Mrs. Palmer, laughing and crying together.

"That's the way I felt when I first came across it," interposed the old woman. "You see, after the commissioners called to-day, to

get me to hunt up whatever I'd got to give to the army, I sot awhile 'thinkin', and finally I concluded I'd go up stairs and ransack the old sea chest that was full o' blankets my mother gave me, spun and wove by her own hands afore I was married.

"I'd never had any use for the blankets, and I'd sot a good deal of store on 'em for Grace, because they was her great grandmother's make, but I thought they could never be put to better service than keepin' the men warm who was fightin' for our country. So I went up garret and was a rummagin' down to the bottom of the old chest, when I suddenly knocked somethin' aside, and I see there was a false bottom in the old chest, and there was a paper in one corner folded carefully, and I took it up and opened it, and as soon as I see the names of David Palmer and Samuel Jarvys signed to it, the light flashed right into my mind, and I felt it was the Lord's doin's; and that it was His blessed will that my eyes should live to see the words that put Daniel out of the clutches of them that had plotted his ruin."

"But why didn't you wait to send for father, instead of coming out such a night, grandma?" asked Grace.

The old woman's face kindled.

"It put the fire o' my youth in my veins, seein' that are, Grace. I couldn't sleep to-night till I'd seen it safe and sound in your father's hands, and if the distance had been twice as far, and the weather twice as cold, I shouldn't a minded it then."

"But how in the world, mother, did it get in the bottom of that are trunk?" inquired the Deacon.

"It all came to me afore I got down from the garret. That old sea chest was one that belonged to your grand'ther, Daniel, and a few days afore he was taken sick he'd brought it down stairs and rummaged it over, for it was filled with a good many cu'ris things he'd brought from forein' lands, for he followed the seas when he was a young man; and he must have slipped the paper into the chest the night after he bought the land, thinking he'd have it handy; and I remember jest where the chest stood at the foot of his bed; and after he was gone, I concluded it would be jest the thing to hold the blankets and comforts mother'd given me, and stowed it stock full and had it carried up garret, where it's stood until this day."

Of the happy and grateful hearts gathered around the supper table—of the long, pleasant

evening which followed, when they sat around the wide old fireplace, and looked into each other's eyes for sympathy in the good fortune that had come in so strange and unexpected a way—of all this, dear reader, your fancies can make fairer pictures than my pen can.

"You and I will lay down here at last, Patience," said the Deacon almost gayly, to his wife.

"Don't talk of dying here, father, talk of *living!*" and Grace's soft hand slipped into her father's.

But before that evening closed old Mrs. Palmer, who had been refreshed with wine and cordials, was seized with severe shiverings from head to foot. The next day she was unable to leave her bed. The long walk that bitter day proved too much for the infirm old woman. She lingered for several weeks "waiting patiently," but she never rallied again, never left the roof, to restore which to her son she had paid her life; and before the singing birds of another spring sang their promise of the summer, she heard God call her, and in the cool of the evening she was not afraid.

Deacon Palmer of course made no farther effort to have the impending trial delayed, and it came up at the next session of the county court, which transpired in May. Both the Jarvyses had little doubt but they should gain the case at law, although they knew they had little sympathy in the community. Great, however, was the consternation of the old man and his counsel, when the bill of sale was produced. It was of no use to question its authenticity, for there was plenty of evidence to place that beyond a doubt, and the decision was rendered in favor of Deacon Palmer.

During that year, suspicions that the younger Jarvys was engaged in a surreptitious trade with the British on the Long Island shore were set afloat, and the young man became so obnoxious to the inhabitants, that fears for his personal safety induced him to leave in a vessel bound for the East Indies. Grace never saw him again, although neither she or her family entertained the smallest doubt of his participation in the nefarious plot to abduct her, that night on her return from her grandmother's. But from henceforth the shadow of Richard Jarvys or his father's will not darken the path of our story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mistaken those, who more employ their powers
To lengthen life than to improve its hours.

Little Angel's Ministry.

BY J. G. A.

It was not the name given her at her birth, and I cannot tell how the child came to be always called "little Angel." She was not so fair as many children, nor had she the graceful form, the rich waving hair, that we always associate with angels. But sometimes, when she lifted her eyes suddenly, there was a deep, far-off light shining through them; a light that made us almost start to look into their depths, it was so clear, so pure; a light that had in it so little of earth, that involuntarily we murmured, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

It must have been because of this, and because the child's mind seemed drawn to holy things, untaught, unless indeed angels spoke to her at those times when her eyes looked intently away at something we could not see, and came back softer, deeper than before. It may be.

She was a happy, very quietly happy child, save when the one shadow of her life darkened and drew its thick gloomy folds about her. Ah me, it often did that! Little Angel's father was a drunkard. But she never spoke of this. Nor was there need that any should mention it to her. No one could doubt, that saw the light of her dark eyes grow so painfully intense, and the slender frame quiver with agony, that she felt and comprehended all. Yet she never wept, never shrank from him.

Mr. West was not a bad man, and very tenderly he loved his wife and child. But he was weak, irresolute, vascillating. There were those who said this was not his natural disposition, and that some time he might recover from his infatuation. He had tried to free himself from the grasp of intemperance, but so feebly, that it only held him more closely; as sometimes, when we make but a weak effort to shake off the worm that clings to our garments, it only tightens its hold upon us.

He came home one night, without having taken his usual stimulus of liquor. Possibly the influence of his little daughter's parting kiss had been with him all day, perhaps her spirit had in a measure gone with it. It is said that angels are often about us unseen. He entered the house, and called for little Angel, waiting her approach with a mixture of sadness and pleasure.

"Angel, my child," he said, as he lifted her to his knee, "you look happy to-night."

She leaned her head on his shoulder, stroking his hand tenderly as it lay in her lap.

Then looked up at him with shining eyes. He looked into them a moment, and sighed. Only the night before—oh, that he could blot out the memory of many such nights!

"Angel, darling," he said, with sudden pain, "will you ever go away from me?"

"Not yet, father," she answered, quietly.

Had she understood the meaning he hardly dared give his words himself? He could not doubt it, and her reply fell like a dark prophecy, sinking with a strange nameless fear into his heart, so vividly came up before him a foreshadowing of what might be.

What was it made him turn and listen so suddenly? Was it only a delusion of his brain, or was it really a sweet voice that came from afar, singing, "Suffer the little ones to come unto me?" He could not tell. He sat a minute in thought, then lifted the child as tenderly as if she had been an infant, and sought his wife.

"Mary, my wife," he said, "I am trying to be a man once more. I have taken a new step to-day." She looked up with eager, half doubtful countenance. "I have signed the pledge."

"Oh, God be praised!" murmured the happy wife, and she threw her arms around his neck. "We may be happy once more."

"And as God liveth, I will keep this pledge," and as Mr. West uttered the solemn words, he bent over his child, and looked at the tearful radiance of her soft eyes. There was a look there he did not like to see; a look that haunted him for hours after.

But it was a very happy household that night. Would that the shadow had never fallen again!

"Angel, dear, listen at the window for father." It was a week later; the day had been very dull, and night was setting in dark and stormy. The heavy autumnal rain sobbed mournfully at the windows, and the chill wind kept time to it in a low, far-off muttering. It was one of those nights in the late autumn, when the earth seems to gather up afresh her grief for the beautiful dead summer, and break forth into passionate tears for the glory that was, and is not.

But Mrs. West thought not of this. A heavier darkness was settling within than without, and her frame shook visibly as the child came back slowly from the window, silent, for she had no words to speak her disappointment, and stood by her mother's side.

Ten o'clock passed, half past ten, and the hand of the little clock on the mantel was fast

travelling to eleven. Mrs. West buried her face in her hands and wept. Little Angel went softly from the room, and hastily wrapping herself in cloak and hood, left the house.

The storm struck a cold chill over her, but there was a purpose at her heart which the fiercest raging of the elements could hardly have caused her to abandon. Very still and swiftly the little figure passed down the street. But at the corner she was met by a policeman.

"Wait, little girl," he said, as she was gliding by him. "Good heavens!" he continued, drawing her into the light of the street lamp, "little Angel! on such a night as this!"

"Let me go, please, Mr. Howard," and she looked up sadly in his face. "I am going for my father." The man's eyes filled in spite of himself.

"Do you know where your father is?" he asked, presently.

"I think I do. Only in the next street."

He let her go, following her slowly till she entered a well-known club-house.

And the child! With trembling limbs she mounted the stairway. For one moment only her resolution almost forsook her as she placed her hand on the door, then, inspired with sudden courage, pushed it bravely open, and entered.

The door had been inadvertently left unlocked, and her unexpected entrance was hailed with coarse expressions of surprise, not unmingled with bursts of inebriate laughter.

"Who are you?" at last cried one.

The child was silent for a moment, her eyes glancing round the room in search of her father. Then she brought them back gravely to the speaker's face—

"I am little Angel. I want my father."

"Angel, ha! ha! then you're in the wrong pew. This isn't heaven not by a long chalk!"

"Angel," cried another voice, and some one came up through the crowd. "Who said anything about angels?"

"Here's somebody says she's one, and I should think she might be, to get here this night. I say, West, don't you think so?"

West had just made his way opposite his child. Their eyes met. Without any sign of recognition, save the kindling of her eyes, she took his hand, and saying, gently, "come," moved to the door. He followed implicitly.

"You're a fool, West, to be led by that child. Let the minx get home as she came!"

Mr. West was not much intoxicated, and his temper, naturally quick, was fired at once. With sudden impulse, he placed little Angel

out of the way, and dealt a blow that sent the speaker reeling to the floor.

The fallen man sprang instantly to his feet; but before there was time to retaliate, the door was thrown open, and the tall form of Mr. Howard appeared.

"Mr. West, come with me, if you please," said the policeman, laying a hand on his shoulder. "As for the rest, there are enough of my class outside to take care of you, if any more disturbance is heard." He took the hand of little Angel, and the trio moved away.

Slowly, very slowly, for in the face of the storm none could move quickly, and the step of the little girl grew more and more feeble. Presently her hand fell slackly from the policeman's, and as he lifted her in tender compassion, she fainted in his arms. So they reached home.

Morning came, radiant, and calm, and beautiful. She waved her banners of light over a thousand hills, and broke with her glad laugh into countless homes. But to one she came not. No, there was no morning there; only a night of sorrow and remorse, dark and torturing.

Mr. West sat by the bedside of his child, gazing with strained eyes upon the fevered face of the unconscious little sufferer. He had seen his wife hang convulsively over the loved form, and heard her replies to the anxious inquiries of the physician; but to him it was all a meaningless jargon; for though he sometimes lifted his eyes vacantly upon them, his senses were alone open to the incoherent ravings of the delirious child.

"Father," she would murmur, faintly, "how cold it is! Come, it is warm at home! No, not far; only the next street. Come, father! Yes, we will all go together."

So ever and anon she wailed forth her feeble cries, then sank back exhausted on the pillow.

The days dragged wearily by. Still that same wasting form on the bed, still that same immovable figure at her side. At length she awoke from her delirium.

"Dear father."

A light kindled in the dull eyes of Mr. West, and he arose and leaned over the little face. Oh, how soft those eyes were! The man wept like a woman.

"Mary, dear wife!" he cried—"I did not kill her; I have not been her murderer. Do you see her, Mary? She will get well. Oh, Angel!—my little Angel!—you will not go away from us."

The child raised her weak arms, and tried to throw them around his neck.

"No, not yet, father," she said, earnestly.

Again that strange, haunting fear crossed his heart; again his ear caught a sound of singing afar off—"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Was it only fancy?

Gradually little Angel grew better. She had said to her father one evening, as he came home early to tend her—

"Will you sign the pledge once more, father?"

It was all she said; but it was enough. The next day he did so, and at night told her all, lying in his arms—how he was resolved to try more faithfully, and she might be his blessed means of salvation from intemperance. He had not drank, he said, since *that* night; how could he thank his little Angel enough for coming to him. She must make haste to get well, and then they would all be so happy together; for who could help him so well as his little daughter?

She looked up, pleased; but there was a grave seriousness in her smile, as she turned away; and he saw that her thoughts were going beyond his words.

"What are you thinking of?" he said.

"I was thinking," she answered, reflectively, "of a verse I learned once."

"And what was it, dear?"

"*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help.*"

She spoke with such a tone of calm assurance that he had no words to reply. How was it? Had this little one a fountain of help he knew not of?

We said little Angel grew better. At first, she had seemed likely to recover from the debility of fever; but with the March winds came a decided change, and now she hardly left her couch. Mr. West had been so hopeful, that he was completely stricken by grief. Yet, as the child lingered, and daily talked, more than had been her wont, of the new home to which she knew she was going, he grew calmer, and allowed himself to be borne along on the tide of her serene happiness. And, as gradually she drew nearer to the Celestial City, the mantle of her decision, energy, and sublime faith, seemed to be falling upon him. We do not say that he never felt inclined to return to the cup. More than once he had almost yielded—almost seized the glittering poison; but the memory of *that* night—that little hand outstretched—that pleading voice, "Come, father!" had thus far been sufficient to arrest him. People who

had known him when young, said that he was beginning to live out the promise of his boyhood; that the great overwhelming trial that alone would rouse him to a sense of his better self, had come; and that the little Angel of his life was sent to be the ministering angel of his salvation. He felt it so himself. How keenly he began to realize the degradation to which he had been sinking! How fervently could he now thank God for recalling him through his blessed child! Sweet angel!—what a ministry was thine!

His old associates had left off their endeavors to win him back to the club-house and saloon; because, from the natural refinement of his mind, he had never mingled much in their low jests and curses, he had never been quite a favorite among them. So now, wondering at, and half awed by his resolute resistance, they left him to better society.

The warm feet of April came over the meadows, and all over the desolate earth her fingers wrote tender epistles of love and promise. There was much of love in her soft breath as she entered the chamber of little Angel; but not of earthly promise. There might be that of Heaven; it was felt so by the attentive watchers at the bedside. Little Angel was dying.

They knew it; but there was no noisy grief; only a reverential silence pervaded the room, as the little feet drew nearer and nearer the dark river's side. Suddenly, she opened her eyes, in the old quick, impulsive way, and fixed them upon her father. Oh, how the light deepened and shone in them!

"Father," she said, tenderly, "you have not broken your pledge this time!"

"No, darling; God has helped me to keep it." The voice of Mr. West quivered with intense anguish.

A flash of triumphant joy irradiated the dying countenance.

"You have found the 'help,' father; you will come off more than conqueror."

Then she closed her eyes, and lay wearily and silent. Presently she unclosed them.

"Let me kiss you and mother," she said; "the night is coming; it is growing dark."

"There shall be no night there," she murmured, brokenly, a moment after—"but the glory of God doth lighten it." And her last faint breath went out with the words:

"This is not death." Mr. Howard had come in, and stood bending reverently over the still radiant face.

"No," said Mrs. West, "not death; it is life—immortality!"

Do you doubt, reader, that little Angel's ministry was effectual to the permanent reform of her father? Go to the churchyard of B——, a little village that rises on the banks of the Connecticut, the birth-place of Mr. West, and observe the monument which respect and affection have erected to his memory. Ask the villagers if the sketch I have given you is true, and they will enlarge upon it. They will tell you that little Angel's presence seemed to be always about her father—how he came to be widely loved and honored—how he went down to the grave amid the tears of many who had been blessed by his influence. They will tell you this, and more. Shall we doubt that sometimes we entertain angels unawares.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nearly ten minutes elapsed after the woman's flight before Doctor Holbrook came back with a policeman. This delay gave Doctor Hofland time for reflection.

"The bird has flown," he said, as the two men entered. He spoke so quietly that both the policeman and his son-in-law wondered at his manner; for the latter, having been enjoined to go quickly on his errand, had, on finding the officer, hurried him with all possible speed to the Doctor's office.

"Who was she?" asked Doctor Holbrook.

"An Irish woman, who has a secret that I meant to penetrate; and I wanted your good offices in the matter," looking at the policeman. "But, as I said, the bird has flown. I pressed her so closely with questions that she got alarmed, and flitted away before I could arrest the movement."

"Do you know her?" asked the policeman.

"Never saw her before in my life."

"Does her secret involve anything criminal?"

"I fear that it does. Not, probably, on her part; but, she has knowledge of things that are wrong, and my design was to secure her person, and so get, if possible, to the bottom of certain transactions of which I gained dark hints in my brief interview. Her escape leaves me at fault. But the intimations she

threw out are of so serious a character, that I deem it best to confer with the Mayor. Can I see him to-night?"

"I think so."

"Will you ascertain the fact, and then bring me word at what time he will give me an audience?"

"How long will you remain in your office, Doctor?"

"For an hour."

"Within that time you shall have the information desired." And the officer withdrew.

"Common report was nearer the truth than you or I imagined, Edward," said Doctor Hofland, as soon as they were alone. "Old Adam Guy is not dead."

And he related the particulars of his interview with the Irish woman.

"Whatever is done, must be done speedily," remarked Doctor Holbrook. "To-morrow he may be taken from the city, and removed no one can tell whither."

"To be murdered," said Doctor Hofland. "That will come next. I wonder, seeing how much his wife and her accomplice have at stake, that this last act in the tragedy has been so long delayed. The fact that he was believed to be dead, would have made the crime comparatively a safe one. Yes, Edward, whatever is done will have to be done speedily. To-night he must be released."

"If possible to discover where he is confined."

"There will be no trouble in that," said Doctor Hofland. "A place like the one in which he is held an unwilling prisoner, can hardly be unknown to the police. Mrs. McBride let drop the keeper's name. We shall find him, Edward, I am confident of this."

The two men sat silent for a short time, each busy with his own thoughts.

"So much for money!" spoke out Doctor Hofland, breaking in, after awhile, upon this silence. "So much for money!" he repeated. "It was to fill his lap with blessing; yet, has it proved only a curse. Wretched, wretched man! In all these dreary years of imprisonment as a lunatic—dead to the world—what fearful things must he not have suffered? When my thought touches this point in the case, I shudder as in the presence of vague shapes of horror. To a man like him there was no help. No materials were laid up in his mind out of which to build a house for his soul to dwell in, and find shelter from storms of passion. His head was naked and his body bare for sun and tempest to assail."

"The probabilities are all against him," said the younger physician. "His brief communication reads like the despairing cry of an insane man, uttered in a lucid moment. If we discover the place of his imprisonment, we shall find him, I fear, but a helpless wreck. A man such as you have described him, would hardly retain his reason through an ordeal like this."

"The worst, in that direction, is to be feared," answered Doctor Hofland. "But, no matter what his state of mind, he must be rescued from their hands, and placed under conditions the most favorable to mental and bodily health."

"The fact of his being alive—and with the knowledge of Larobe and his wife—will establish another crime."

"Bigamy," said Doctor Hofland.

"Yes."

"These accomplices are in a desperate strait, and to save themselves, will not shrink from desperate measures. The tempter who has lured them into this appalling danger, will not hesitate about the suggestion of murder as the only way of escape. He will magnify the safety and diminish the peril of this crime; and they, bewildered and frightened, will go over to the fiend."

"If there was sufficient evidence to procure their arrest," said the son-in-law, "so much would be done towards Mr. Guy's safety."

"That point I wish to talk over with the Mayor. It is barely possible, you know, that all may not be just as we infer. This letter, even, may not indicate the exact truth. The writer may only be a pretended Adam Guy."

The young physician shook his head doubtfully.

"All circumstances considered," resumed Doctor Hofland, "I think, with you, that the letter is genuine, and shall act on that assumption up to the limit of prudence. But, the gravest things are involved, and every step taken should be well considered. I may get myself into serious trouble without benefit to any one. Larobe is not the man on whom to make an assault, unless you are invulnerable at all points."

The policeman came back while they were yet talking, and said that the Mayor would see Doctor Hofland at nine o'clock. Precisely at the hour they met. The interview was a long one. At first the Mayor was wholly incredulous; but, after listening to Doctor Hofland's clearly given statement of all he knew about the insanity and confinement of Mr. Guy, and

comparing the common rumor of the town with the recent singular change in Mrs. Guy, as noted by her friends, but particularly by Doctor Holbrook, he began to see the case differently. One duty, at least, was plain. The private mad-house—or prison—of Mr. Black, must be discovered, and that without delay.

"I will place this matter in the hands of a discreet officer," said the Mayor, "who will get speedily to the bottom of it."

"To-night?"

"Nothing can be done to-night, Doctor."

"A few hours, and all may be lost!" replied the Doctor. "If Adam Guy be really alive, and held in constraint by Mr. Larobe, too much is periled by leaving him in the city—too much by suffering him to live, even. To-morrow may be too late, sir. Whatever is done, must be done speedily. Let me conjure you to act to-night, lest another crime be added to a dark catalogue. Nothing will be made public. No good name will suffer in this prompt movement, if discreetly made. Should no wrong be discovered, no guilt can be charged upon any one. But, if wrong be arrested, and further crime prevented, the gain will be incalculable."

The Mayor, as Doctor Hofland ceased speaking, lifted a small bell from the table, and rang it lightly. An attendant came in from the adjoining room, the door of which had been shut.

"Tell Mr. Joyce that I want him."

The attendant withdrew, and in a few moments a slender, keen-eyed man, entered. The first impression he made was that of a slightly built person; but a second glance, showed him to be compact and sinewy. His step had a spring that indicated both mental and physical confidence.

"Sit down, Mr. Joyce," said the Mayor, waving his hand towards a chair. The man sat down, yet holding his person erect, and with a prompt air, like one expectant and ready.

"Is there such a place in the city as a private hospital, or refuge for insane people, under the care of a man named Black?" enquired the Mayor.

"I have not heard of it," was the unhesitating reply.

"Do you know an Irishman named Hugh McBride?"

"A weaver by trade?"

"I am not informed as to that."

"I know two or three McBrides. One, a weaver, is Hugh McBride."

"A married man?"

"Yes."

"Where does he live?"

"In Commerce street."

"Take an officer, Mr. Joyce, and bring McBride and his wife here with as little delay as possible. If he is not at home, bring his wife. If neither are at home, report immediately."

The man arose and went out.

"It will be desirable for you to remain, Doctor, until his return," said the Mayor.

"Can you identify the woman who called at your office to-night?"

"Yes."

"If we succeed in finding her, we shall obtain a clue not likely to fail. Mr. Joyce will follow it up quickly."

In less than half an hour Mr. Joyce came back, and reported the rooms of Mr. and Mrs. McBride closed and locked. He had made no enquiries of the other families in the house in regard to them, lest suspicion touching the nature of his business should be awakened. So far, the movement was without result.

"Did you leave a policeman in the neighborhood to watch for their return?" asked the Mayor.

"Yes, sir."

"You can depend on him?"

"O yes, sir."

"Sit down, Mr. Joyce."

The man sat down, holding himself erect, with the prompt, expectant air before mentioned.

"We have intimations, Mr. Joyce," said the Mayor, "of something wrong. We believe that a man is confined somewhere in the city under pretence of insanity. Our information goes so far as to cover the name of the individual who holds this man, with others, in confinement—it is Black. An Irishman named Hugh McBride is one of his assistants. There are features about the case that render prompt action necessary. We must discover Black to-night, if possible, and remove the person of whom I spoke."

"Are you certain the name is Black?" asked the officer.

The Mayor looked towards Doctor Hofland.

"That is the name I received. But, it may not be the true one," answered the Doctor.

"There is a Doctor Black on East Baltimore street," said the officer. "He occupies a large house beyond Broadway, and has, I think, resident patients. This may be the man."

"Do you know anything of this individual, Doctor Hofland?" enquired the Mayor.

"Nothing," replied the Doctor. "In riding out East Baltimore street, occasionally, I have noticed the name. But, the person of Doctor Black is unknown to me. I infer, that he has no standing with the profession."

"You had best follow out this thread, Mr. Joyce, and see whither it leads," said the Mayor.

"May I suggest, the immediate despatch of one or two policemen to the vicinity of Doctor Black's house, with instructions not to let any one be removed therefrom to-night. The fact that Mrs. McBride is away from home, gives me concern. She may have become alarmed for the consequences of her visit to my office," said Doctor Hofland.

"Did this woman call at your office?" asked Mr. Joyce, with the smallest perceptible shade of surprise in his tones.

The Doctor glanced towards the Mayor, who answered the policeman's question.

"Mrs. McBride was at the Doctor's office this evening, and during her visit, let drop certain things, which, taken in connection with things already known, make it clear that a very serious wrong exists. The suggestion of Doctor Hofland is a good one. Set a watch in the neighborhood, and do not permit the removal of any person from the house of Doctor Black."

Mr. Joyce arose, promptly.

"A moment, if you please," said Doctor Hofland, as the man was about retiring from the room. "I feel deeply interested in this business. Every minute that passes will be one of painful suspense. How soon can we expect to hear from you?"

"Within an hour," answered Mr. Joyce.

"It is now ten o'clock."

"By eleven I will report all that can be learned of Doctor Black. Will your Honor be here?" looking at the Mayor.

"I shall remain, Mr. Joyce, until your return."

The officer bowed, and withdrew.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The thoughtful silence which succeeded to the departure of Mr. Joyce, was not yet broken, when a policeman entered, having in custody an Irish woman.

"Mrs. McBride," said Doctor Hofland, in an undertone, to the Mayor.

The woman had a half frightened, half defiant look.

"You were at Doctor Black's, in East Baltimore street, to-night," said the Mayor, ab-

ruptly addressing her, as she was brought forward and placed before him.

"'Dade thin, un I'll not deny thot same, y'r honor," replied the Irish woman, with an odd mixture of alarm and humor in her manner.

"Did you see your husband, Mrs. McBride?"

"Did I see Hugh, y'r honor?" She was trying to gain time for ready wit to serve her in this narrow strait.

"Yes, Hugh McBride, your husband?"

"I saw him jist at dark, air."

"At Doctor Black's?"

"Yis, y'r honor."

"Have you seen him since you were at Doctor Hofland's office? Remember where you are, Mrs. McBride. There must be no evasion. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Have you seen Hugh since you saw the Doctor?"

"I'll not deny it, y'r honor."

"What did you say to him?"

"Say 'till him? I sed jist these words, y'r Honor—un I'll make a clane breast ov it—I sed, Hugh, honey, the jig's up, and there'll be the divil to pay; so come away home wid yez."

"And what did Hugh say to this; Mrs. McBride?"

"He didn't say nothin, but 'whist!' y'r Honor. For, you see, Musther Black came on us all ov a suddint. Und he sed 'till Hugh, in an angry, suspicious kind of way—looking at me, y'r Honor—'Whot's thot woman doin' here agin?' So Hugh sed—'makin' b'lieve mad, you know—'Go aff home wid ye, Biddy, and don't come a trapesin' here ony more. I'll not have it. It's agin the rule, as I've told yez more nor twenty times. And so, y'r Honor, I come away."

"And this is all that passed between you and your husband,"

"Ivery blissed word."

"You'll have to stay here all night, Mrs. McBride," said the Mayor, in answer to which the Irish woman's face was flooded over with ready tears, and she set up a low howl of distress.

"Silence!" cried the Mayor, sternly. "We must have none of this. Take care of her for the night, Wilkins," speaking to the policeman who had her in charge, "and see that she is comfortable."

Mrs. McBride was removed, and Doctor Hofland was again alone with the Mayor. A brief consultation followed, when it was determined to visit the house of Doctor Black

without delay, and remove Mr. Guy if found there. A carriage was sent for, and in company with a single policeman, they drove out East Baltimore street. The policeman sat with the driver, and his orders were to keep a sharp look out for Mr. Joyce. That individual was espied, near the McKim school-house, and taken into the carriage, when he was informed of Mrs. McBride's arrest. A little beyond Broadway, they left the carriage, and walked for a distance of two or three squares, when they came to the building occupied by Doctor Black. It was a large, double house, the lot fronting more than a hundred feet on each side, and shut in from the street by a high board fence. The entire area of the lot was more than half an acre, and it was thickly covered with shade trees and shrubbery.

It was now nearly eleven o'clock. The house had a gloomy aspect. Through only one of its many windows looking down upon the street was light visible, and there it was feeble, as if from the low, burning lamp of a sick chamber. The bell was rung, and, almost immediately, the door swung open.

"We wish to see Doctor Black," said the Mayor, as he stepped in past a negro waiter who still held the door-knob in his hand. Doctor Hoffman and Mr. Joyce followed. The door shut, and they found themselves in a large, square hall, from which the stairway ascended, and from which doors opened to the right and left. Before the waiter had time to reply, the left hand door opened, showing a small, well lighted office or reception room, and a man came out into the hall. There was nothing specially remarkable in his appearance, at the first glance, nor did he betray any surprise at this untimely visit of personages, at least two of whom, the Mayor and Doctor Hoffman, were, in all probability, well known to him.

"Is this Doctor Black?" enquired the Mayor.

The man bowed assent, and then motioned his visitors to enter the room from which he had just emerged. They passed in, and he shut the door. The furniture of this room consisted of a table standing in the centre, on which were writing materials; a few chairs, and cases filled with books.

The face of Doctor Black was not one that impressed favorably. If it had any distinguishing peculiarity, it was immobility—a thoroughly hidden and inexpansive face. The eyes were blue and cold; the mouth feeble; the nose thin and long. He had small side whiskers, of a sandy hue, that were just a shade sandier than his hair.

The Mayor took a seat at the table, with the light full on his face, while Doctor Hoffman and Mr. Joyce occupied chairs at the sides of the room. Doctor Black sat opposite the Mayor, and in the light. Doctor Hoffman, who could not remember ever having seen this man before, scanned his face closely, marking even the slightest change of expression, in order to form some definite opinion of his character. It was soon plainly apparent, that his calm exterior covered alert suspicion. His cold blue eyes, which dropped away from the Mayor's direct gaze, returned instantly to his face, the moment that gaze was withdrawn, with a keen, intelligent scrutiny. Doctor Hoffman noted the constant repetition of this covert scrutiny. There were but few preliminary sentences. Then the Mayor said, coming directly to the matter in hand—

"Doctor Black, I am Mayor of the city. One of the gentlemen who accompany me, is Doctor Hoffman, whom you probably know, an old resident physician; the other is a policeman. Doctor Hoffman has, this evening, received a note from one Adam Guy, held by you in this place as a lunatic, and we are here to take him out of your custody."

Doctor Hoffman was reading Black's face, while the Mayor thus addressed him, with an almost breathless scrutiny; but he could detect scarcely any change in its expression.

"You may not be informed of all the circumstances attendant on this case," continued the Mayor, "nor of the peril in which you are involved as a suspected accomplice in one of the most shocking crimes, short of murder, that our city has known."

There was a change now. Doctor Hoffman read surprise, mingled with alarm, in the man's countenance.

"It will be safest for you, Doctor Black," continued the Mayor, "to accept the necessities of this case, and at once pass your patient into our hands. For the present, considerations not necessary to mention, may lead to the withholding of this affair from the public; unless you force us unto an arrest of yourself, which will be done immediately. A thorough search of your establishment will then be made. If you are a prudent man, you will interpose no obstacle."

Still, Black neither answered nor moved.

"You can have five minutes to decide on the course you may deem best for your own safety and interests," added the Mayor.

"I have decided that already," answered the man, in a cold, even utterance of the words.

"It is near midnight, and I am in the hands of the first executive officer of this city. If I had any interest in resisting your demand—which I have not—resistance would be folly. The wretched old man after whom you have come, is at your disposal." And Doctor Black arose. "Shall I have him brought down?"

"We would prefer being taken to the room where he is confined," said Doctor Hofland, speaking now for the first time. Black darted on him a sudden look, and the Doctor caught the glitter of his eyes; but instantly the look was withdrawn.

"As you please, gentlemen." And Black moved towards the door. The four men passed into the hall, where a lamp was procured. From thence they ascended to the second story, preceded by Doctor Black, and through a passage to a wing built out from the eastern side of the house. At the extremity of this passage, a narrow stairway led to the third floor. Thither they proceeded.

"The presence of so many strangers will, I fear, greatly disturb him," said Doctor Black, pausing before a door, and taking a key from his pocket.

"It will only be necessary for Doctor Hofland to go in," replied the Mayor. "We can stay on the outside."

"He is probably sleeping, remarked Doctor Black, in a repressed voice, as he turned the key. Doctor Hofland entered with him. The apartment was narrow, with a grated window at the lower end. An iron bedstead stood half way down the room. On this lay a man, whose eyes sent back gleams from the light that shone in suddenly upon him. He arose quickly, and sat on the side of his bed. The rattling of a chain, in the movement, showed that he was a closely guarded patient.

"You, of course," said Doctor Black, in a low tone, "take all the risks of a removal."

"All," was the simple, but emphatic response.

The two men went slowly towards the patient. His figure was emaciated, one naked leg thrust out from the bed showing little in its contour but sinew and bone. A flannel shirt, open at the throat, exposed a lean and knotted breast. His face was covered on the lower part with a long white beard, that fell below the throat-pit. His eyes shone away back from hollow orbits, with an intense, almost fiery brightness.

"Thank God!" This man was first to speak, and these were the unexpected words that

dropped from his lips, uttered in a low, fervent voice. "Thank God!" he repeated, now with a tremor of eager life. He stood up, reaching out his hands, all in a quiver of excitement. "Doctor Hofland! Doctor Hofland! Oh, my friend! my friend!"

Doctor Hofland went quickly forward, and the wretched old man fell into his arms, sobbing, moaning and crying like a weak, long-suffering child, restored to its mother's bosom. The recognition was not mutual. Nothing in the appearance of this poor lunatic recalled, with Doctor Hofland, a memory of his early friend.

"Why didn't you come before, Doctor? I've sent for you, O, so many times!" The old man raised himself as he spoke, yet still clinging to Doctor Hofland.

"No one brought me word till now," replied the Doctor. "Did you ever write to me before?"

"Write! I've written a hundred times. And they always said you got the letters. But, I couldn't believe it."

"How did you sign them?"

"How?" The question was not understood.

"With what name, I mean?" said the Doctor.

"With my own name, Adam Guy." The answer was prompt and outspoken.

"Unfasten this chain!" said Doctor Hofland, sternly, looking towards Black. The rattle of its links had wounded, that moment, his ears. The man drew some keys from his pocket, and stooping, sprung the bolt of a padlock that held the chain to the prisoner's ankle.

"You are free again, Mr. Guy." The Doctor spoke softly, but with a meaning that no ear could doubt.

"Free! Free! Great God!" Then a strange cry filled the room, as the man started up and tossed his arms wildly about his head. If reason had kept even partial supremacy until this time, now its dethronement was, alas! too sadly apparent.

"I feared this," said Doctor Black, moving quickly upon his patient, and endeavoring to seize him.

"Off, fiend!" shouted Guy, starting away with a look of fear and hate. "Off, I say!" Then crowding back on Doctor Hofland, he added, in a subdued and pleading voice—

"Don't let him touch me!"

"He shall not touch you," was the assuring answer.

"Wont you take me away from here?" Still in low, pleading tones.

"If you will compose yourself. Loud cries

and tossings of the arms wont do among people, you know."

"I'll be all that you ask, Doctor. Only take me out of this horrible prison. They've nearly made an end of me. Flesh and blood can't stand it much longer. I forget myself sometimes. O, why didn't you come sooner?"

He was beginning to lose himself again, when Doctor Hofland said—

"Get on your clothes as quickly as possible. I have a carriage down stairs, and will take you right away."

Hurriedly the poor toilette was made—it was not very presentable—and then, clinging to the arm of Doctor Hofland, eager, trembling with excitement, and like one fleeing in terror, Mr. Guy went down to the carriage, which he entered without an instant's hesitation, ejaculating—

"Thank God! Thank God!"

If, in all his life before, this unhappy man had not acknowledged a Divine agency in human affairs, that acknowledgment came now, and from the heart. Human prudence and human strength had been as nothing. They had not saved him from the worst of calamities; and now, when succor came—in the conscious waning of reason—weak as a child amid giant enemies, he looked upward, and thanked God for deliverance.

"What next?" asked the Mayor, drawing Doctor Hofland a little away from the carriage door, and speaking in an undertone. "Where shall we remove him?"

"I will take charge of him for the present," answered the Doctor.

"You don't purpose taking him to your house?"

"Yes."

"An insane man! Think what consequences may follow."

"He will not give me any serious trouble. Still, as a matter, of precaution, I would like a discreet officer to remain in the house during to-night and to-morrow. My profession takes me away from home at all hours, and while absent, he might get restless or alarmed, and attempt to get off."

"Mr. Joyce is at your service, Doctor," replied the Mayor.

"Thank you. With him at my right hand, all will be well. To-morrow morning I will see you at an early hour."

"If you please, Doctor. This is a strange affair, and must be well considered."

The two men, accompanied by Mr. Joyce, now entered the carriage, and drove away.

During the ride to Doctor Hofland's, old Mr. Guy did not speak, nor show signs of uneasiness. When the carriage stopped, he aroused himself and asked—

"Where are we?"

"At my house," replied Doctor Hofland.

"Oh—Oh!" There was a prolonged tone of satisfaction in the almost murmured ejaculation of Mr. Guy.

"Good-night, Doctor," said the Mayor as the four men stood on the pavement.

"Good-night, sir." The Mayor, took Mr. Joyce, the policeman, aside, and after a whispered conference, re-entered the carriage, and was driven away.

"Who is that man?" asked Mr. Guy, almost sharply, and with an air of suspicion.

"The Mayor," answered Doctor Hofland.

"The Mayor!" Surprise took the place of suspicion. "Then he's on my side!"

"He's on your side, and against all your enemies," was the Doctor's assuring reply.

Again came the fervent "Thank God! Thank God!" And with the words still murmuring on his lips, the prematurely old man, a wreck in body and mind, crossed the threshold of the earliest, best, and truest friend he had ever known;—the friend between whom and himself wealth had, years before, thrown up a wall of separation.

CHAPTER XIX.

The first concern of Doctor Hofland was to ascertain, with all possible exactness, the mental condition of his patient. It was after midnight, when he sat down, alone, with him, in a chamber luxuriantly furnished in comparison with anything Adam Guy had seen for over ten desolate years; a chamber that could not fail to bring back a vivid remembrance of the past.

"You are safe here," said the Doctor, with kind assurance. "Call this room your own, and occupy it as long as you please."

He gazed earnestly into the changed face of his old friend, trying to recall former looks and features; but the search baffled him. Adam Guy, if living, would not be over fifty-four years of age; this person seemed not less than threescore and ten. Doubts crept in, stealthily.

"Call this my room,—my room?" With a dumb, bewildered air, the man let his eyes wander around the apartment. "It's a long time since I called such a room mine. Ah, well!" He sighed deeply, dropped his eyes to the floor, and seemed to lose himself.

"You find me very much changed, Doctor," he said, looking up in a few moments, and speaking with the quiet composure of a self-possessed mind. "Would you have known me if you had met me on the street."

"I think not."

He let his eyes fall again, shook his head, and seemed to have troubled thoughts.

"I'm very much hurt here, Doctor—very much," and he laid his hand on his forehead. "Very much," he repeated. "Do you think I'll ever come right again?"

There was a mournfulness in Mr. Guy's voice, as he put the question, that touched Doctor Hoffland.

"Why not?" was asked, in an assuring voice. "The past is past. You are free again."

"But, am I altogether safe, Doctor? Wont they find me out here?"

"You have all the power of the law on your side, and woe be to him who attempts anything against you. Yes, Mr. Guy, you are altogether safe; that is, if you will be discreet, and let the judgment of your friends determine what is best for the present."

"Discreet? How? What?" The thin brows knitted themselves. He looked puzzled.

"It is now late, Mr. Guy—past midnight," said Doctor Hoffland. "Both of us need rest and sleep. In the morning we will have a long talk, and see what is best to be done. If, as you say, you are hurt here"—and the Doctor touched his forehead—"our first concern must be to cure that hurt. It can be done; but everything will depend on your giving yourself up to me, as your physician, and strictly following the rules I shall lay down. To-night there must be sleep. Compose your mind. Try to forget the past and its wrongs in a spirit of thankfulness to God who has wrought out for you a great deliverance; and who will do for you still better things, if you will look to Him, and trust in Him."

"I prayed God to help me," said the poor old man. "I prayed all last night. I never prayed before. Do you think He heard me?"

"His ears are always open to the cries of His children. Yes, He heard you."

"And sent me this deliverance?"

"All good is from His hands. Keep that ever in your thought, and so always look to Him and trust in Him. He is the Great Physician, and will cure the hurt of which you complained just now. Good-night! May His peace be with you."

The Doctor moved to retire.

"His peace—His peace." The thought seemed new to Mr. Guy, as evidenced in his repetition of this part of Doctor Hoffland's concluding sentence.

"Yes, His peace, which flows like a river," said the Doctor. Then added, as a suggestion came into his mind, taking up a book as he spoke, "Let me read you one of the Psalms of David. It will compose your mind." And he read aloud the fifty-sixth Psalm, Mr. Guy listening with an absorbed attention.

"If sleep does not come quickly, recall the words of this Psalm, and let them dwell in your thoughts." The Doctor closed the volume, and repeating his "good-night," went out. In the passage, near the chamber door, he found Mr. Joyce, who had, by arrangement, remained within call. A room adjoining the one occupied by Mr. Guy, and communicating therewith, was assigned to the officer, and all needed precautions observed.

The night passed without further incident. Mr. Guy went to bed on the withdrawal of Doctor Hoffland, and was soon fast asleep, not awaking till long after daylight. He was then supplied with suitable clothing, and at his own request, a barber was sent for to remove his long white beard. There was considerable change in him, as compared with his condition on the night before. His eyes had lost their glitter, and were dull. He showed no excitement of manner, and but little interest in things around him. The bow, tensely strung so long, was now for a time unbent.

For prudential reasons, Doctor Hoffland thought it best to conceal from his own family, except his wife and son-in-law, the real name of the person he had received into his house. At an early hour, he called on the Mayor. Both men had thought, with much concern, over the difficult questions involved in the case of Mr. Guy. If he were really the man he represented himself to be—and they had few doubts on this head—crime had been committed, and justice must have way. When to act and how to act, were things not so easily determined. The decision was, to wait for a brief period—in the meantime, securing for Mr. Guy everything needed for his comfort and restoration to mental health. Mr. Larobe was to be closely observed, and his appearance and movements noted from day to day.

Returning home, after this conference, Doctor Hoffland found his wife in much concern about their guest.

"He isn't at all in his right mind," she said; "I can't make anything out of him."

"Has there been any change since I left?"

"Yes."

"Of what kind?"

"He seems entirely lost. If you speak to him, he answers vaguely."

"Where is he?"

"Sitting in the parlor, and as still as one asleep."

Doctor Hofland went into the parlor, and found Mr. Guy, as his wife had represented him, reclining in an easy chair. His eyes were open; but there was no thought in them.

"How are you now?" said the Doctor, in a cheerful voice, as he drew a chair and sat down beside him.

"Oh! ah! it's you, Doctor?" A faint gleam of intelligence lit up Guy's dull face.

"Yes, it's me. How do you feel now?"

"What did you say?" Thought, startled from leaden sleep, was folding back its wings again.

"Yes, I'm Doctor Hofland."

"Oh! ah! Doctor——" The sentence died in partial utterance.

No effort to arouse Mr. Guy brought him nearer to rational consciousness than this; and Doctor Hofland, after spending an hour in observation and study of his condition, was forced to the conclusion that reason had, for the time, at least, passed under an almost total eclipse. Such being the case, it was necessary to have him in charge of a constant attendant. This duty was, for the day, and until better arrangements could be made, assigned to a colored waiter, whose instructions were on no account to leave him.

From this time until two o'clock, Doctor Hofland was absent among his patients. On returning home, he found no change in Mr. Guy. He was sitting where he left him, apparently unconscious of external things. Dinner being announced, he suffered himself to be taken to the table, where he eat sparingly, finishing his meal before the others were half done. This change partially aroused him, and several times the Doctor noticed a look of curious inquiry in his countenance, as he glanced, almost stealthily, from face to face, around the table. But, after dinner, the former stupor returned, and did not pass off during the day.

The position in which Doctor Hofland found himself was one of great delicacy. At first, on reflection, this course seemed plain:—To bring the facts in his possession to the knowledge of Adam Guy, jr., and place his

father at his disposal, thus relieving himself from all care or responsibility in the matter. But, the longer he pondered this course, the more did objections multiply themselves. He had no faith in the humanity of Adam Guy, jr. By inheritance, he had received from his father an absorbing love of money, which had become a god, on whose altars he was ever ready to lay the most precious things in sacrifice. No gain could arise to him from his father's reappearance on the stage of life. Loss, in all probability, would ensue; for the will, by which a portion of the estate had been divided to him, must fall. In this view the Doctor did not wrong him, when he doubted and hesitated. It would be the interest of Adam Guy, jr. to assume that the man claiming to be his father was an impostor; and, therefore, instead of searching for evidence in favor of the claim, he would most likely collude with Mr. Larobe for the production of proofs on the other side. Moreover, if his father were given up to him in his present mental stupor, he would be placed in an asylum, and might again come under the power of Mr. Larobe and his wife, whose stake in the case was highest of all, and who, if they lost in the desperate game they were playing, lost everything.

The more Doctor Hofland dwelt on this latter view, the less inclined was he to let the poor wreck in his hands pass beyond all possible control.

"In providence," he said in his thought, "the guardianship has been committed to me; and, as things are, I cannot see that it would be right to pass it to another. To give him over to them as he now is, would be, in my opinion, little less than abandoning a lamb to the wolves. He is in no condition to prove his identity, and I have not the clue by which the mystery of this wrong may be surely unravelled."

This opinion of the case strengthened the longer it was dwelt upon, and the final determination of Doctor Hofland, after further conference with the Mayor, was to let everything rest, until some change in Mr. Guy's mental condition, or some movement on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Larobe, made action necessary. In the meantime, the restoration of Mr. Guy's darkened reason was to be the chief object in view, so far as he was concerned.

And now let us return to Mr. and Mrs. Larobe, whom we left shuddering in the face of a dreaded retribution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Evil Judgment.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Suspend your judgment of other people's actions—at least, your unfavorable judgment. They may be actuated by motives of which you have no conception. There may be circumstances connected with their actions that would give them altogether a different coloring if you could see them.

Are not people a little apt—the most of them—if an action does not *look* just right, to imagine it entirely wrong? I am afraid they don't tax their ingenuity very severely to make excuses for people in their inmost hearts.

And it is not from malice that "everybody is so willing to believe all the evil they can of everybody." It is more often from a love of the marvellous—a desire to have something unusual to talk about. Conjoined with this, is usually a want of reflection upon the mischief caused by these little speculations concerning the conduct of others when we do not understand it, and it will admit of an unfavorable construction—a failure to see clearly the relation between cause and effect in this matter, and to reason correctly upon it.

Here is a little incident which illustrates this propensity to magnify notes in the conduct of others into mountains of offence.

Mrs. Lacy has a cousin staying with her—a very interesting young woman. The Lacys live in a small village, where everybody knows everybody's business, and makes comments upon it, for lack of other exciting topics—a small village disadvantage.

A few Sundays ago, as Mrs. Voicer sat at her window, watching the people go by from church, who should she see but Mr. Lacy, with Miss Tilman, his wife's pretty cousin, hanging on his arm; and, actually, his wife walking alone, a little distance behind. She adjusted her spectacles, and took a sharp look, to be sure she was not mistaken.

No, that was Miss Tilman's bonnet, with the white feathers, and Miss Tilman's brown cloak. She had seen them every Sunday, and was sure it was the same. She called her daughter Maria from the next room, to help her make observations.

It was certainly Miss Tilman, Maria said, and it certainly looked odd. They had reached their own gate, now; and before Mr. Lacy opened it, he bent down his head, and said something to Miss Tilman, apparently; and she looked up in his face, and leaned towards him. Mrs. Lacy hurried her pace at this

juncture, probably having it accelerated by jealousy, as Mrs. Voicer thought, and they all passed into the house together.

The next afternoon there was a tea-party at Mrs. Matteson's, and this matter was discussed. Mrs. Voicer having related what she had seen, several women then remembered several little things *they* had seen. They didn't think anything of them at the time, but now they could see what they meant. "Trifles, light as air," helped to establish the point of an improper intimacy between Mr. Lacy and his wife's cousin, with "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." Mrs. Matteson herself had called at Mr. Lacy's one day, and found Mr. Lacy reading to Miss Tilman, and Mrs. Lacy was out. She didn't think anything of it at the time, but now *she could see*.

They all concurred in pitying Mrs. Lacy, and wondered she would keep the hussy there. Most of them agreed that they had never liked her appearance.

The next day, Mrs. Voicer invited Mrs. Matteson to go with her to call at the Lacys. Curiosity was the chief motive that prompted her. Perhaps they might make some further discoveries to report. When they entered, they found Mrs. Lacy in the sitting-room alone. This was unpromising. After chatting a little while, they inquired for her cousin—if she was staying with her yet?

She had lain down, Mrs. Lacy said, having been quite ill for several days. She was taken Sunday evening, as they were walking home from the five o'clock meeting, with a dizzy feeling in her head, and a sickness at her stomach. She took Mr. Lacy's arm, and hurried home, and was quite sick for an hour or two after she got there, and had not been well since. Mrs. Voicer and Mrs. Matteson looked at each other—not in triumph; and perhaps they learned a lesson.

A WOMAN admired alone for her beauty of person, either real or artificial, may charm and amuse for a time; but "time draws a veil o'er beauty's face," and beauty, like the summer butterfly or fading flower, is soon past; while an educated mind, like the towering oak, defies the tempests of years. Beauty, wealth and friends may forsake, but a mind adorned with virtue and intelligence, in which the improvement of the heart has kept pace with the enlargement of the understanding, will live when all things else have expired. A virtuous and well-educated woman is more to be prized than rubies.

LAY SERMONS.

Is it Well with You?

"Is it well with you, my brother?" Such was the preacher's salutation. He was not a young man, standing erect in conscious strength, abounding in doctrine and clear in logic; nor in the vigor of middle age, with full fruited boughs just beginning to droop from their proud erectness; but an old man, in whom perception had taken the place of doctrine and logic—wise because good.

"Is it well with you, my brother?" He had grasped the hand of one in whose house, for many years, had been set apart a guest-chamber for the servant of God.

"I trust that it is well with me," replied the host, as he returned the old man's greeting, and then led him into his house, giving him of the best he had to bestow.

It was midday when the preacher arrived. In the evening, he sat alone with his brother in the church, talking on themes of immortal interest. At first, he was a listener; and then the thought of his brother dwelt wholly in things of natural life. He spoke of his farm, his mill, his money at interest, and the prosperity with which God had blessed him.

"He hath made my corn and wine to increase," he said, with a confidence that was near to boastfulness.

A faint sigh parted the old minister's lips; and slight shadow veiled the sweet serenity of his countenance.

"Have you never thought, my brother, that God's increase of corn and wine, means something more than this?"

The question had a disturbing effect.

"That there are corn and wine for the soul's nourishment and growth, as well as corn and wine for the body?" he added.

"Doubtless it is so," replied the brother, with that marked falling of the voice which accompanies the reluctant admission of truth in conflict with an existing state of mind. "We do not live by bread alone. And yet, God blesses us in our basket and store—prosper us in our outgoings and incomings."

"His providence touches us in the minutest things of external life," answered the preacher. "When it is well with us, the blessing is from his hand. But, 'well with us,' has a higher significance than you have expressed by the words 'basket and store.' *Is it well with you, my brother?* Let me put the question again. What is the state of your mind?"

"I trust in God," was returned, with unfaltering speech. "I know in whom I have believed. Faith is the anchor of my soul."

"Your acceptance is clear?"

"Yes." Not spoken with full confidence.

There followed a brief silence.

"It is the saddest of all sad things, a mistake in this, my brother," the old man said, with an impressiveness that hurt his listener, for, both in language and tone was an intimation that he was building his immortal hopes on foundations that might not stand.

"There are two elements that go to make up every state of mind," continued the preacher, after a pause in which there was no response, "thought and feeling. The thought is most exterior, and in it we see reflected, as from a mirror, the feelings, the desires, the impulses that have in them the essential qualities of a man's life. But, thought has wings, and the power to rise into higher and purer regions—to separate itself, for brief periods, from its bondage to low and worldly desire; thence, the danger of self-deception—of considering our states of transient thought, and not our states of permanent feeling, as the just expression of the interior quality as it is seen by God. Do you apprehend me, my brother?"

"In a degree," was answered.

"As God sees us, so we are; and as we are, when death finds us, will be our state in the other life. Lovers of the Lord's kingdom, or lovers of ourselves."

"But, how can we see ourselves as God sees us?" asked the brother, with a suddenly awakening concern. "He knows our hearts better than we can know them. Nay, He alone knows them."

"True; but He has given us the clearest instruction. His word is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path. It is full of heavenly teaching. Let us ponder a single passage, and bring our individual lives to the standard therein proclaimed. Speaking of the godly, or regenerate man, the Psalmist says, 'His *delight* is in the law of the Lord.' Mark the expression—*His delight*. Now, feeling, of which delight is predicated, is interior to thought. When there is delight in the law, then there is meditation. First, the delight; then the meditation—not a mere transient uplifting of thought to purer regions, but a dwelling therein with love. Ah, my brother! Do we not find a revelation in this brief passage, clear as noonday, and full of instruction. Not one to discourage us, because our life falls far below the state described; but one full of encouragement, because it shows us that to which our Heavenly Father wishes us to aspire. And now again, as one sent to you of God—for I am His servant, and He has laid on me the duty of winning souls—let me ask, *Is it well with you, my brother?*"

How very tenderly, in his seriousness, did the old man speak. There was nothing of ambassadorial dignity; nothing of conscious goodness; nothing that said, "I am holier than thou." But such winning gentleness; such pure concern; such earnest solicitude, that the brother, who had been losing his interest in spiritual things amid the absorbing life of natural good—amid his farm, his mill, and his merchandise—felt scales dropping away from the blinded eyes of his soul, and saw by that interior light which comes in from heaven. And seeing, he answered, with drooping head and falling voice—

"It is not well with me, I fear. My delight is not in the law of the Lord. I do not meditate thereon. Perpetually, my thought dwells in the things of this world. In my sowing and reaping; in my gathering and grinding; in my gaining and hoarding. Even as the rich husbandman in the Gospel, whose harvests overflowed his barns, I have been planning to pull down mine and build greater, so as to lay up goods for many years. You have sent a tremor of fear through my heart; and I hear a strange, solemn voice, asking, 'What if thy soul be required of thee this night?'"

"Be wise, then, my brother. Yet do not take counsel of fear; for, in fear there is bondage. Love—delight—casteth out all fear. God's true service is from love, not fear. From affection, not from constrained obedience. Is this clear to your mind?"

"As noonday," was answered.

"You did not see this a little while ago," said the preacher.

"I knew that it was so; knew it from thought—but, until now, not from perception. Ah, my brother! You have shown me a way to walk in that I did not see before; but it is a more difficult way, and I do not see the gate of entrance. I can think and do, by constraint; can force my thought, for a time at least, up into heavenly regions, and compel myself to keep, in act, the law of God. But I cannot change my affections by any effort of will; cannot enforce delight. If I do not love God's law, what is to help me? And, soberly and sadly, I fear that I do not love it. I have said, often, among the brethren—'This is my assurance; Whereas, once I was blind, now I see; therefore have I passed from death unto life;'—but now, I have no assurance, for I do not love; and love is the fulfilling of the law. You have come to me as a disturber and not as a comforter. I believed myself one of God's chosen ones; now the light of His countenance is withdrawn."

"It is never withdrawn," answered the preacher, "but always turned towards the children of men. God's love never fails. It is in love that he now troubles you, darkening false hopes, that he may establish such as are true and abiding. Over the heart he alone has empire. He alone can change its quality; he alone can give that delight in his

law which is felt by angels, and without which we can never enjoy their companionship."

"He changes the heart, I know."

"And you believed, long ago, that he had changed yours!"

"I did; but, alas! I am not changed, My delight is not in his law."

"You left Him to do the work alone," said the preacher, "and all at once. To wash you every whit clean from inherited evils in a moment of time. And in the belief that this had been done, you thought yourself fit to dwell with angels; and thus secure, turned to your farm, and your mill, and gave up your life to the world. You forgot that regeneration must progress from the feebleness of a simple vivified germ of life, to birth; and onward from tender infancy to the stature of a full man—that you must coöperate with God, and work out your salvation with fear and trembling before Him—that while he stood without, knocking, you must open the door. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him.' The opening of the door is our work, my brother; and until that work is done, the Lord cannot enter and give delight in his law."

"But how are we to open the door?"

"That question involves the all of a religious life," answered the preacher. "And until it is clearly answered and fully comprehended, we grope in the dark, and our feet stumble along uncertain ways. But here again, his Word is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path. Note this remarkable feature in the Ten Commandments, which are an epitome of the whole Divine Word, and contain, in a summary, all the laws of spiritual life. We are not required to do difficult or impossible things; but, simply not to do evil things. Not to have idols; nor take the name of God in vain; nor profane the Sabbath day by worldly thoughts and employments; not to murder, or commit adultery, or steal, or bear false witness, or indulge a spirit of covetousness. I have often heard it said that these Divine laws could not be kept by man; and that faith alone and not obedience, must save him. But, herein lies a fatal error. Obedience is the essential of faith. A true faith in God, is vital with effort. Just look at these commandments. How plain and easy the way they point out. There is no requirement of good deeds; but a simple shunning of what is wrong. 'Behold I stand at the door and knock.' You hear the summons, but how shall the door be opened? What will draw back the bolt, and turn the rusty hinges? The answer is ready. Put away evil."

"I do not break the Commandments. So far as they go, I am blameless," said the brother.

"His words are spirit and life," answered the preacher. "To the mere natural man, they speak of natural things, and bind him by external restraints; to the rational man, they speak a higher

language, and illustrate his reason; to the spiritual man, they give divine laws for the government of the thoughts and intents of the heart. The natural man sees in the precept, 'Thou shalt not steal,' only a prohibition of actual theft; while the rational man understands it as binding him to upright dealing; but, the spiritual man looks down into his heart, and in the very desire to appropriate to himself what is another's—goods, honor, or praise,—recognizes a broken commandment. Nay, my brother! We are all Commandment breakers in some degree of their significance. And it is in ceasing to break them, as we understand them, that we open the door at which the Lord stands knocking. At his entrance, the evil desires that ruled us are removed, and he implants good desires in their stead.

"And now," continued the old preacher, in his tender, impressive way, "let me add this essential doctrine, which must ever be kept in mind. Simply of ourselves, we can do nothing. We are but finite—created—have in us no life that is not the perpetual gift of God—and therefore, cannot even open the door by the putting away of evil, except through strength from above; and so, in every effort of resistance to evil allurements, we must look to God for strength. If we so look, in acknowledgment of our weakness, power will come, and we shall say effectually as he said, in the hour of temptation, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' Now, if it be well with you, my brother—if you have really

begun to open the door of your heart—then you are beginning to feel delight in the law of the Lord; are beginning to love the things of Heaven more than the things of this world; and to desire the riches of Divine love, more than gold and silver that perish; for, just in the degree that God enters into our hearts, does he bring in with Him affections opposite to those through the resistance of which the door was opened. But if there be none of this love and delight, it is not well with you, my brother."

"It is not well with me, I fear," was answered in all sadness of spirit; "but, God helping me, I will open the door at which I hear Him knocking, and may he give me delight in his law."

On the morning of the third day, the white-haired preacher, left his benediction, and passed onward. Many days afterwards, as his entertainer stood at the door of the empty guest-chamber and looked in, these few words fell softly from his lips, "An angel unawares." A short space he lingered with clasped hands, and eyes most earnestly glancing upwards. There had come, even as he stood there, an evil allurements, and with prayer to God for strength, he had resisted its power. Then flowed in through the open door of his heart a love of good, before which that evil enticement disappeared, as night when the day advances, and his soul was filled with blessedness and peace.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Borrowing Trouble.

BY J. E. M'C.

"Does your head ache, Martha?" asked Aunt Mary, as she sat down in her niece's cosy nursery. "You look so serious and troubled, for you."

"No, aunt, my head does not ache, but I feel worried about everything this morning. In the first place, the bread-sponge would not get light, so I could bake before dinner, and Harry cannot bear baker's bread. I do dislike to set it on the table."

"Well, I would not do it, dear. Just roll up your sleeves an hour before dinner, and make a tin of those nice soda biscuit you can make so famously. Harry will think it quite an extra dinner, I dare say."

"Well, so I can, Aunt Mary. I wonder I did not think of that before," said Martha, her brow growing a shade more cheerful; then turning to her sleeping babe, she continued, "Little Nellie has a tooth through. I never knew it until I heard it scratch in her little china cup. What a time I

shall have this summer with her, and how much the dear little bird must suffer before these teeth all get through. I am so afraid she will have convulsions, as Mrs. Elmer's baby did. I saw that once in a spasm, and it was perfectly frightful," and the mother looked tearfully on her own little treasure.

"Then think, Martha, how hard it will be to have all those teeth out again some day, to put in a false set," said Aunt Mary, smiling. "What else troubles you, my dear, to-day?"

"I don't know, auntie, unless it is because brother John has gone to the war, and I have a presentiment that he will never come back again. I see you are smiling. Don't you believe in presentiments?"

"Oh yes, dear, I believe a great many people have them. Indeed I often have myself. But there is this curiosity about all I ever know, they never came to anything. But this is very true, dear Martha, the troubles that never happen, cause us a great deal more pain than those that do. I seldom hear people enlarging on their wonderful prophetic

gifts when some evil occurs, without thinking of the old lady who 'always knew the old cow would eat the grindstone, if her husband would leave it so near her trough.' An old minister used to say, 'there is no use in borrowing trouble and paying interest on it;' and good Flavel says, 'This sinful fear hath really more torment and trouble in it than there is in that condition you are so much afraid of.'

"Oh, Martha, learn to leave all the future in God's hands. It is far safer there than in your own. You may meet heavy sorrows in your journey through life, but only one moment's burden is given us to bear at a time:

'Take patiently the minutes of pain,
The worst of minutes cannot remain.'

Whether suffering comes or not, if you are truly God's child, my dear, as I trust you are, there are surely many sweet mercies in store for you; hours of inner joy and gladness, which the world can never take away, and when a few more days are over, then the long glad rest of Heaven forever."

Home Songs.

The value of music at home, is well set forth in this brief article from *Field Notes*. The writer is Celeste R. Colby.

"No one can fully estimate the good influence of music in the family circle, or know the full power of home songs, over the hearts of very young children. Even the infant is soothed by the mother's lullaby, and the young child, when weary of play, knows no other resource than to fret and cry, forgets all his sorrows when she sings; and the memory of those cradle-hymns and nursery-songs linger with him through life, a blessing still, often bringing tears to the eye, and causing the heart to throb with a mournful pleasure, long after her lips are dust.

"Happy is the mother who has the gift of song; who can sing away the little troubles and discords that arise among children, and throw around them an atmosphere of harmony and peace, or soothe her own weary spirit with the balm of music. She has an easier task in the training of her little ones than the mother who has no power of expression in melody: she has a gift, a powerful gift for good, of which the other is deprived.

"Children all delight in harmony. Their eyes sparkle, and their cheeks glow with pleasure, when this taste is gratified; and when pure sentiments and beautiful thoughts are linked with melody, their influence is never lost. And where can these songs strike deeper root in the heart, or exert a holier influence than when inwoven with all the pure memories of childhood and childhood's home, and linked with the loved tones of a mother's voice.

"Perhaps those who, like myself, feel its influence by having first felt, and keenly too, its loss in the

home circle, can better appreciate its value, than those who have lived in the sweet atmosphere of music from childhood,—can tell at least, the want that exists in homes where music is not,—how the children gather around the mother's knee at twilight, weary and restless, and ask for a song; how the tears will come that the coveted gift is not hers, that she cannot gratify them, and thus twine a stronger tie about their hearts, by which to lead them in the way of pleasantness, or link them closer to herself, ere the world steps in to weaken her influence.

"Let those who have the gift, prize it well, not as an accomplishment for the entertainment of company, or for display, but as a *power for good*, giving her a sweeter place in the affections of her children, knowing that the dear home-songs do not perish with the lips that breathed them, but live on, in the hearts of her children forever; and coming back to them amid the cares of life with all the sweetness of their mother's voice, and through this melody she shall still speak to their souls, long years after her earthly labors are finished—shall still comfort and console, strengthen and counsel them as of yore."

To My Children.

In the *Boston Transcript*, not long since, there was a very exquisite poem which was written in camp after battle, and sent by a soldier-father to his children at home. It will stir good thoughts at any fire-side to read it aloud:

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing,
Moaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts, in anguish crying
For the lost one—for the dying,
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting—
Brothers red with brothers' gore;
Only that the *wrong* we're righting—
Truth and *Honor's* battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest, pining
For your kisses on my cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words, darlings—speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the olive-branch and dove;
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining
Turning darkness into day.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

The Lost Child.

A TRUE STORY.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Dear children, I am out in the country now, where I wish all of you were, this beautiful May morning of sunshine and the singing of birds. How often I have written of these! and the words never seem to grow old to my pen, any more than they do to the world.

"Old!" Do the spring mornings ever grow old, though for six thousand years they have risen up and walked the earth, glorious in beauty?

"Old!" The robins' songs filling the dawn with joy and promise; the fresh springing grass, the tents of apple-blossoms, the pink rafters of the peach trees, the small violets, lifting their blue cups of perfume among the grasses, and the feathery, fragrant lilacs—are not these as new now as they were in that far, far-off morning when Adam, our father, and Eve, our mother, walked together through the Garden of Eden, and gazed, with eyes full of surprise and joy, on the earth which God had pronounced "good?"

So, as I said, dear children, I am in the country, and the old, new beauty of sprouting grass, and singing birds, and budding trees, are all about me.

The world never seemed, in one sense, quite so beautiful to behold, nor God's heart quite so near and tender as it does now, with this visible token of His love in the wakening spring all about me.

But there fell, a little time ago, a shadow across all this beauty. A very little ways from my window there lies a beautiful winding river, the blue garment of its waters lying betwixt the green banks, still as a mirror; and the trees overhead look down and see their dark trunks and their green, rejoicing branches, in the deep waters.

And a little while ago, there went through the pleasant town with the first dropping down of the night, a cry of terrible meaning—a cry which was repeated from lip to lip in accents of mingled horror and sympathy; and this cry was—"A child is lost! A child is lost!"

He was seen last playing near the river—a pretty little boy, whom the mother had left out doors a few minutes, and when she returned, the child was nowhere to be found.

How other mothers pitied that one poor mother, as they looked on their own little children, and thought of her sitting down in her desolate home, with the last cry of her child ringing in her ears, and haunted by the thought of that little frightened white face, as it went drifting down the dark, cold waves.

No little boy, with his pretty, teasing, "hinder-ing" ways, to follow her about the house—to kneel down at night, and lisp his "Our Father," at her knee; no little boy, to run to her, and put up his

mouth a thousand times a day for a kiss; to cure the finger he had hurt, or the cheek he had scratched; no little boy, with a face full of joy and pride, to lift up his foot, and show her the little new pair of boots, which had just been put on.

And brave men thought of this poor mother, sitting desolate in her great loss, and *their* hearts became tender for pity, and they set diligently to work to search the river. We could see them from the windows, the torches flaring like yellow banners through the dark night, and their forms looking wierd enough, as they dragged the river with their long nets, or disturbed the still waters with their poles; and the stars waned, and the dawn broke on the weary men, and the birds began to sing; but the boy was not found.

They could not give the search up. Day after day they continued it, going over and over the same ground, if haply the child had fallen in some deep hole of the river, or was lodged somewhere close to the banks, among rushes and reeds. Day after day, and the child was not found. At last, they gave over the search; and the poor mother's heart yearned and ached on vainly. So two weeks went by, and one morning there went through the town a cry, made up of pity, and sorrow, and joy—"The child is found!" It was true. The body of "little Freddy" had floated over the dam, and one morning it was discovered drifting among the deep waters there.

Dear little children, whose eyes are sad with pity, reading this true story that I write, that little dead form was borne past our house on some boards, hastily improvised into a litter. It was covered, but the small feet hung over—the small, limp, white feet, that would never go patting about the garden, or up and down the stairs, or follow the mother about the house any more.

They carried it home to the mother. I cannot write; I must leave you to imagine what was in that mother's heart, as she looked again on the face of her child—the child that she had last seen so full of bounding life, and health, and joy.

But it comforted her heart to think he was not lying under the cold, swift waves any longer, but that tender hands could dress him for his burial, and that he would sleep under the pillow of the summer grasses, with the song of birds and the beauty of flowers above him.

And oh, dear children! it is a pleasant thought to remember that in the land where he has gone, there never rises up that fearful cry—"A lost child!"

What sorrow and what anguish awaited him here in a world which, beautiful as it is, is so full of loss, and change, and trial, only God knew; and he is sheltered safe with that God now, to whom he went through the dark gate of the waters.

There is for him no more dropping of tears—no

more anguish of pain; no more fear nor sorrow. The "Lost Child" has gone up unto Him who so loved little children on earth that He took them in His arms and blessed them—that He said—"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Precious words to the hearts of all mourning mothers—precious to the hearts of all little children throughout the world.

Beneath the wide home-roof of Heaven—in the great household of God, the little children are gathered to a love tenderer than a mother's—a love that shelters them all in eternal safety, and of whom not one shall be lost forever!

Parlor Amusements.

THE BLIND MAN'S WAND.

The blind man's wand may be easily played in a drawing-room.

The blind man (in this instance, really blinded, as for the primitive form of the game) is placed in the middle of the room, a light cane or other similar instrument having been given to him. The players form a circle, and dance around him, holding each other's hands, enlivening the proceedings by the chorus of any popular melody that may be approved of. The chorus finished, all stand still. The blind man holds out his wand at hazard, the person to whom it is pointed being obliged to take hold of it by the end presented to him. The blind man then utters three cries, which the holder of the wand is obliged to imitate in the same tone of voice. If the latter does not know how to disguise his voice, he is detected, and takes the place of the blind man. If not, the game is resumed, with a new round; and so on, *ad libitum*.

MAGIC MUSIC.

This game is an improvement on the old one known as *Hot boiled beans, and very good butter*.

In that obsolete entertainment, it will be remem-

bered, a bean or other small object was concealed, and one of the players (previously sent out of the room) summoned to look for it by the couplet—

Hot boil'd beans, and very good butter;

Wont you please to come to supper?

His only guide to the whereabouts of the hidden treasure being as follows: In proportion as he neared it or receded from it, he was said to be *hot* or *cold*—the other players telling him which, and in what degree. When close to it, he was *burning, in the fire, &c.* When on an entirely false scent, he was *freezing, at the North Pole*; and so on, till the bean was found.

The game, as it now stands, is as follows:—

A player is sent out of the room, as heretofore; but instead of hiding a bean for him to find, the company think of a task to be performed by him. This task may be anything: To untie a ribbon, to sing a song, to displace all manner of articles of furniture—the more fantastic and out of the way, the better. When they have decided what it is to be, the patient is summoned in, and has to set to work to discern and perform the work allotted to him. Instead of the *hot* and *cold* regulation, he is guided in his experiments by the sounds of a piano or other musical instrument, played softly, or the reverse, in proportion to his success, or the want of it.

Those who have never played at this game, can have no idea of the interest attached to it. The tasks that may be divined and accomplished, with no other clue than the threatening or encouraging tones of the music, would appear incredible. The complete bewilderment of the *guesser*, on first entering the room, as to what he is to do; his numerous experiments, all wide of the mark; his first catching at a hint, and gradually following of it up, with various intervening discouragements, till he has fulfilled his mission (as a player of ordinary intelligence usually does) furnish entertainment of a by no means unelevated description.

Forfeits may be exacted in case of non-success. Their assistance, however, is not required to make the game interesting.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

The Home Garden.

BY J. E. M'C.

Almost any one who lives in a home of his own, or even in a hired house, which he occupies from year to year, may, with a little pains-taking, have plenty of small fruits in the season for them, raised in his own little yard. Yet it is not uncommon to see families in comfortable circumstances, live on year after year in the same spot, with scarcely a tree or shrub about them. "We may change our residence

soon, and they will be of no use to us," is the common excuse. It is the plea of a narrow, selfish heart, and not of one that obeys the command to "love thy neighbor as thyself." I love the spirit of that old gardener who would not throw away a single shrub or flower, but planted them carefully by the wayside, when he had no other use for them, that they might refresh and cheer, if only for a moment, the passing traveller or the little child.

A very small expense would set out a fine row of currant and gooseberry bushes, which, would with

care, bear fruit the first season. A few minutes' work in the morning will keep the grass away from the roots, and a little care in saving the washing-day suds, and pouring about them, will insure a vigorous growth. The small shoots should be cut away from the bottom, and the nearer the bush approaches the tree form, the larger and more abundant will be the fruit. Fruit which has been thus gained by your own industry has a richness to you that none ever possessed which you bought in the market. Besides the pecuniary advantage of raising it yourself, the culture will yield your family a moral and physical benefit tenfold greater. The culture of even a single flower in a broken jar, will make the heart kinder and better. One has justly said—"There is something good in the cabin which has vines at the window."

If there are a few old fruitless trees about your dwelling, do not give them up until you have tried faithfully to restore them. A friend moved into a new place in the city, and found two old peach-trees in the small yard. "They have never borne, and never will," said the neighbors. "They might as well be cut down; they are only in the way." But the lady remembered some old peach-trees her father had once reclaimed in her country home, and resolved to experiment on these. She had the earth dug away from the roots, the gum scraped away, a shovelful of slacked lime and some wood ashes put around them, then poured on *boiling hot* suds, to kill the hundreds of little insects gathered about the trees. From that time, the trees began to thrive like magic, and last year, they supplied the family with delicious peaches, and afforded an abundance for canning. Surely, her little painstaking was abundantly rewarded.

One can hardly imagine, who has not tried the experiment, how much even the little back court of a city home may yield of comfort and beauty. We used to think it worth a journey to the top of the house, which stood in a shady street, in the heart of New York, to look down into the little green birds' nest of a garden which belonged to a neighbor, a few doors off. Not a board of the high area fence could be seen for the mat of vines which covered them; and a high trellis rose still above that, to support the thrifty branches of the grape, which in the fall were loaded with purple clusters. The tiny grass plat was green as emerald, and the narrow walk was bordered by flowers, which bloomed at all seasons. Can any one doubt that the little children who played in that tiny court were happier, more healthful, and better than those who lived in neighboring houses no better than that, but where the area was employed as a receptacle for rubbish?

BROWN BREAD.—A lady sends the *Rural New Yorker* her receipt for Brown bread, as follows: Also, for steamed brown bread, with description of steamer:—

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Two-thirds corn meal; one-third rye meal—that is, rye not bolted—for two loaves, baked in six quart pans; one coffee cupful of molasses; one pint sour milk; one pint wheat flour; saleratus sufficient to sweeten the milk and ferment the molasses—the whole to be mixed quite soft with warm water. Bake immediately. You will observe there is no yeast in this bread, consequently it can be made at any time, without the usual preparation of making yeast and waiting for it to rise.

A Receipt for Steamed Brown Bread.—Two cups Indian meal; two cups rye meal; one cup flour; one pint sweet milk; one small cup molasses; one spoonful of salt; one spoonful of saleratus; steam three hours.

A Form for Steamer for Brown Bread.—A round tin vessel, holding three quarts, smallest at the bottom; cover to set down on outside; rim of cover one inch deep; a hollow tube five inches long, one inch in diameter at bottom, one-half inch at top; the tube to run from centre of steamer upwards; the top of tube to be made tight. The bread to be put into the steamer, and when covered, the steamer to be placed in a kettle of boiling water. Bread cooked in this way is excellent, if eaten while warm.

POTATOES IN HASTE.—A very nice little dish of potatoes may be made in five minutes, or less, if the water is boiling. Peel and cut some potatoes in slices, a quarter or half an inch thick; pour on them boiling water enough to cover them, and let them boil till tender; skin them; then add butter with flour, worked in proportion to the quantity of potatoes; let it boil up once; add a little chopped parsley, and serve, with the addition of pepper to the taste.

TO MAKE CRUMPETS.—Set two pounds flour, with a little salt, before the fire till quite warm; then mix it with warm milk and water, till it is as stiff as it can be stirred; let the milk be as warm as it can be borne with the finger; put a cupful of this with three eggs, well beaten, and mixed with three spoonfuls of very thick yeast; then put this to the batter, and beat them all well together in a large pan or bowl; add as much milk and water as will make it into a thick batter; cover it close, and put it before the fire to rise; put a bit of butter in a piece of thin muslin; tie it up, and rub it lightly over the iron hearth or frying-pan; then pour on a sufficient quantity of batter at a time to make one crumpet; let it do slowly, and it will be very light. Bake them all the same way. They should not be brown, but of a fine yellow.

TORREY'S NEW ARCTIC FREEZER.—Housekeepers are particularly commended to this freezer. We have seen it tried, and tasted the cream produced in less than four minutes, by the watch. The inventor, by a new improvement, based on strictly scientific principles, secures a certainty of result not always to be depended on with other freezers. This result is obtained by such a combination of salt and ice as keeps the thermometer at two degrees below zero during the entire process of freezing.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Care of the Sick.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

The recovery of the sick depends far more upon the nurse than the physician. And physicians find their labors much more successful when the patient's friends and nurse possess intelligent ideas respecting the laws of life and health.

Woman is the most natural nurse for the sick, but sometimes this responsible duty falls to the lot of man, and he is sometimes found to be a kind and faithful nurse.

Those who minister to the sick should remember, that mind and matter are so intimately connected that what weakens or injures one, weakens or injures the other. The strongest intellects become weakened for a time under the influence of pain and disease. Helpless in body—unable to think or reason as they thought, reasoned, or felt in health.

The nurse must be the one to think, to reason, and to act, with the greatest prudence, cheerfulness and mildness. Let no desponding or sorrowful looks cloud your brow in the chamber of sickness. Let no doubtful suggestions escape your lips.

Converse with the patient as little as possible, and do not expect them to converse with you. Mention no subject in their presence in such a manner as to cause any excitement or disturbance of mind.

In the sickness, accidents, and emergencies of war, there is much, very much for kind friends with cheerful hearts and willing hands to do. To attend to the wants of the helpless, cheer and encourage the minds of those who may be restored—point the dying to a better home, are duties devolving in a great measure on those who attend the sick.

The calls and attention of kind and sympathizing friends are often encouraging to the sick; but these calls should be very brief, or they may do much lasting injury to the patient. People do not realize the feelings and conditions of others, unless they have been placed in like circumstances. As the helpless infant needs care, patience and attention, so the weak become feeble and dependent, and like children require care and sympathy. However pleased sick people are to see their friends, they soon become weary, and need that repose and quiet which they cannot take in their presence. The friends, having additional cares and anxieties, are weary and unable to wait on, or entertain friends at such times.

No loud or excitable talking on any subject should be near enough to be heard by the sick. The room should be kept at an even temperature, and well aired by the admission of pure air from an adjoining room, when it cannot be admitted into the patient's room without exposing them to cold.

The clothing and bedding should be perfectly

dry, and often changed. The food nutritious, but unstimulating in most cases of sickness, unless directed by a physician. As the preparation of food for the sick usually devolves upon the nurse, a few directions for preparing simple nourishment is here appended.

OATEN GRUEL.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of sifted oat meal in one quart of water for ten minutes, and add a little salt. Corn meal gruel made in the same way, with the addition of sugar or lemon juice, to suit the taste.

MILK PORRIDGE.—Boil one pint of water and one of milk; when boiling stir in two tablespoons of flour made into paste with cold water, season with salt, and stir till done.

BISCUIT JELLY.—Soak one biscuit or soda cracker in one pint of water, boil and add white sugar and lemon juice to suit the taste.

RICE JELLY.—Boil three tablespoonfuls of rice and three of white sugar, in sufficient water to cover it, until it becomes a jelly, and season to the taste.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil one teacupful of soaked rice in one quart of milk, then add two tablespoonfuls of white sugar and one egg beaten together, and one teaspoonful of salt; bake till done.

BREAD TOAST.—Toast a slice of wheaten bread slightly brown, pour on it boiling water sufficient to moisten it, turn off and spread with sweet butter or with currant jelly or stewed apple, as desired.

BOILED EGGS.—Break fresh eggs into boiling water and cook till the white is done; skim from the water and eat with bread or good mealy potatoes.

BAKED POTATOES.—Remove the outside, mash and eat with boiled eggs or sweet cream.

BAKED APPLES.—When the outside and cores are removed after baking, are usually relished by the sick, and may be eaten in fevers and inflammations when no other food can be taken. They often prove both nutritive and restorative.

DYSPEPSIA BREAD.—Mix together three quarts of unbolted wheat flour, one quart of warm water, one gill of fresh yeast, let it stand and rise, bake till done.

These simple preparations of food will prove far better for the sick than those that contain a great variety of mixtures, spices, or stimulants. When food can be taken, they will aid, instead of retarding the progress of recovery—strengthen instead of stimulating.

The nurse should not be constantly confined to the sick room; but should walk out into the open air when the patient may be safely left to the care of others. Proper rest should be taken in a well ventilated apartment, as the care of the sick is more fatiguing than other occupations.

Dumb Bells.

Doctor Dio Lewis's *Gymnastic Monthly* for May, (published in Boston, at one dollar a year,) contains full instructions for Dumb Bell practice, with engravings, showing the different movements, so that any one may go through the exercise at home in a way to derive the most benefit. The practice given is the same as used in Doctor Lewis's *Gymnastic Institute*. Much has been said of late on the subject of lifting heavy weights as a means of gaining strength. The Doctor takes the side of light gymnastics. We quote that portion of his article on dumb bells in the May number which speaks of the relative effects of the two systems—light and heavy. He says:—

"Among the Greeks it (the dumb bell) had a peculiar shape, and in this respect has undergone many changes, of which something will be said hereafter. Its present shape is well known. A practical suggestion upon this point may not be amiss. The handle should be at least half an inch longer than the width of the hand, of such size as can be easily grasped, with a slight swell in the middle. The manufacturer must not forget there is a wide difference between the hand of a little girl and that of a large man.

Heretofore dumb bells have been made of metals. The weight in this country has usually been considerable. The general policy at present is to employ those as heavy as the health-seeker can put up. This is wrong. In the great German *Gymnastic Institutes*, dumb bells were formerly employed weighing from fifty to one hundred pounds; but now, SCHREIBER and other distinguished authors, condemn such weights, and advocate those weighing from two to five pounds. I think those weighing two pounds are heavy enough for any man, and as it is important that they be of considerable size, I introduced some years ago those made of wood. Every year my faith grows stronger in their superiority.

In my early experience as a teacher of gymnastics, I advocated heavy dumb bells, prescribing for those who could put up one hundred pounds, a bell of that weight. As my success had always been with heavy weights, pride led me to continue their use, long after I doubted the wisdom of such a course. For some years, I have employed only those made of wood.

I know it will be said that dumb bells of two pounds weight will do for women and children, but cannot answer the requirements of strong men.

The weight of the dumb bell turns entirely on the manner in which it is used. If only lifted over the head, one or two pounds would be absurdly light; but if used as we employ them, then one weighing ten pounds is beyond the strength of the strongest. No man can enter one of my classes of

little girls, even, and go through the exercises with bells weighing ten pounds each.

We had a good opportunity to laugh at a class of young men last year, who, upon entering the gymnasium, organized an insurrection against the wooden dumb bells, and, through a committee, asked me to procure iron ones. I ordered a quantity weighing three pounds each; they used them part of one evening, and when asked the following evening, which they would have, replied; 'the wooden ones will do.'

A just statement of the issue is this: If you only lift the dumb bell from the floor, put it up and then put it down again, of course it should be heavy, or there is no exercise; but if you would use it in a great variety of ways, assuming a hundred graceful attitudes, and bringing the muscles into use in every direction, requiring skill and followed by a harmonious development, the bell must be light.

There need be no controversy between the light weight and the heavy weight party on this point. We of the light weight party agree that if the bell is to be used as the heavy weight party uses it, it must be heavy; but if as we use it, then it must be light. If they of the heavy weight party think not, we only ask them to try it.

The only question which remains, is that which lies between all heavy and light gymnastics, viz: whether strength or flexibility is to be preferred. Without entering upon a discussion of the physiological principles which underlie this subject, I will simply say that I prefer the latter. The Hanlon brothers and Heenan are, physiologically considered, greatly superior to heavy lifters.

But here I ought to say that no man can be flexible without a good degree of strength. It is not, however, that kind of strength involved in great lifting. Heenan is a very strong man—can strike a blow twice as hard as Windship, but cannot lift seven hundred pounds, nor put up an eighty-pound dumb bell. Wm. Hanlon, who is probably, the finest gymnast, with the exception of Blondin ever seen on this continent, cannot lift six hundred pounds. Such men have a great fear of lifting. They know, almost by instinct, that it spoils their muscles.

One of the finest gymnasts in the country, told me that in several attempts to lift five hundred pounds he failed, and that he should never try it again. This same gymnast owns a fine horse. Ask him to lend that horse to draw before a cart, and he will refuse, because such labor would make the animal stiff, and unfit him for light, graceful movements before the carriage.

The same physiological law holds true of man; lifting great weights affects him as drawing heavy loads affects the horse. So far from man's body being an exception to this law, it bears with peculiar force upon him. Moving great weights through small spaces produces a slow, inelastic, inflexible

man. No matter how flexible a young man may be, let him join a circus company, and lift the cannon twice a day for two or three years, and he will become as inflexible as a cart-horse. No matter how elastic the colt is when first harnessed to the cart, he will soon become so inelastic that he is unfit to serve before the carriage.

Men, women and children should be strong; but it should be the strength of grace, flexibility, agility and endurance; it should not be the strength of a great lifter. I alluded to the gymnastics of the circus. Let all who are curious in regard to the point I am discussing, visit it. Permit me to call special attention to three features—to the man who lifts the cannon—to the india-rubber man, and to the general performer.

The lifter and the india-rubber man constitute the two mischievous extremes. It is impossible that in either there should be the highest physiological conditions; but in the persons of the Hanlon brothers, who are general performers, is found the model gymnast. They can neither lift great weights nor tie themselves into knots; but they

occupy a point between these two extremes. They possess both strength and flexibility, and resemble fine, active, agile, vigorous carriage horses, which occupy a point between the slow cart-horse and the long-legged, loose-jointed animal.

With heavy dumb bells, the extent of motions is very slight, and of course the range and freedom of action will be correspondingly so. This is a point of great importance. The limbs, and indeed the entire body, should have the widest and freest range of motion. It is only thus that our performances in the business or pleasures of life become most effective. A complete, equable circulation of blood is thereby most perfectly secured. And this, I may remark, is in one aspect the physiological purpose of all exercise. The race horse has a much more vigorous circulation than the cart horse. It is a fact not unfamiliar with horsemen, that when a horse is transferred from slow, heavy work, to the carriage, the surface veins about the neck and legs begin at once to enlarge; when the change is made from the carriage to the cart, the reverse is the result."

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE CAMELIA.

The engraving is taken from a mantilla made of *soie de laine* of a neutral tint, the whole toilet being of the same material. Similar styles are also made of other tissues. This mode is one among the most elegant of late designs, and will doubtless be much in vogue.

Of course for dress toilets *the laces*, as heretofore, maintain their supremacy. They are made man-

tillas, shawls, or points. Those of Lama wool are the most recherché. We have not specially illustrated them, as no lady requires drawings to know what a black lace garment resembles.

We design commencing in our next number the modes for Fall Pardessus.

The "Camelia" is from the establishment of Messrs. Woods & Schuyler, 69 Worth street, New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities, in connection with the Calendar. Including Anecdotes, Biography and History, Curiosities of Literature, and Oddities of Human Life and Character. *W. & R. Chambers*, Edinburgh. *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*, Philadelphia.

A curious and instructive work this, as its title indicates. We cannot better give its scope and character than in the words used by the publishers themselves. "The Book of Days," which is to be issued in monthly parts, at twenty cents each, will consist—1. Of matters connected with the Church Calendar, including the Popular Festivals, Saints' Days, and other Holidays, with illustrations of Christian Antiquities in general. 2. Phenomena connected with the seasonal changes. 3. Folk-lore of the United Kingdom, namely: Popular notions

and observances connected with times and seasons.

4. Notable events, biographies, and anecdotes connected with the days of the year. 5. Articles of popular archaeology, of an entertaining character, tending to illustrate the progress of civilization, manners, literature and ideas in these kingdoms. 6. Curious fugitive and inedited pieces.

It will be seen from this, that "The Book of Days" will be a repository of curious facts, superstitions, antiquities, singular customs, and remarkable phenomena, ranging through a class of subjects that show, by contrast, the progress of civilization, science, and general education. In its pages, while dwelling with the past, we are reminded of the present, and see the wonderful advancement that has been made in every department of knowledge. Nos. I and II., which have reached

our table, are full of entertaining and valuable matter, and bring down the calendar to the seventeenth of January. This being, in the calendar, the birth-day of St. Anthony, many curious stories are told of that remarkable saint, who was a native of Egypt, and born about the year 251. St. Anthony being recognized as the patron and protector of the lower animals, the introduction of his name leads the compiler to give an account of the trial of animals in the courts, as well on the Continent as in England, which was continued down to a comparatively recent date. Domestic animals, it appears, were tried for offences in the common criminal courts, and their punishment, on conviction, was death; wild animals fell under the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, and their punishment was banishment and death by exorcism and excommunication. Many cases are described; among them the trial of a sow and pigs, charged with having murdered a child. The sow was found guilty and condemned to death, but the pigs were acquitted on account of their youth and the bad example of their mother. This trial scene is represented in a picture, and is ludicrous enough.

The "Book of Days" cannot fail to meet a favorable reception from young and old. Its cheapness will take it into a large number of households.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF THE SAGACITY OF ANIMALS. Illustrated with sixty engravings by Harrison Weir. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

You cannot fail to interest a child if you talk to him of animals. Tell him about the sagacity of a dog or a horse; about the cunning of a fox, or the pranks of a monkey, and his eyes will sparkle, and his cheeks grow ruddy with delight. Books talk, and never tire of talking. Ask for the story they have to tell, and it is always given, freely and in their best style. They never forget any of the finepoints, nor shorten the narrative through weariness. So, friend, if you would make the heart of a child glad with stories of animals, the way is plain. Buy this charming book, full to brimming with good things, and let it talk with your little friend. A pleasanter companion you may hardly provide for him.

A LIFE SECRET. A Story of Woman's Revenge. By Mrs. Henry Wood. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

Here is another fascinating novel from the pen of the author of "Earl's Heirs," "The Channings," etc. The price is fifty cents; and it is sent by the publishers free of postage to any one ordering by mail.

BALLADS OF THE WAR. By George Whitfield Hewes. New York: *Carleton*.

Patriotic, musical, and at times intense. The author has ability, but his fancy needs chastening.

THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND: A Story of the Coast of Maine. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Take what theme she will, Mrs. Stowe, as a wo-

man of genius, cannot fail to reach the sympathies of a large class of readers. This story will be read, comprehended and enjoyed in New England, perhaps, more than anywhere else; for it treats particularly of New England life, and with a minuteness at times that is almost photographic. Its original appearance in the *Independent*, has already made it familiar to a large circle of readers. The style in which it is now published is, in typography and binding, as attractive as an author could desire.

AGNES OF SORRENTO: An Italian Romance. By Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Uniform in exterior with "The Pearl of Orr's Island," there is the widest possible difference between the two stories—a difference as great as between New England and Italy. The author, while not so much at home as upon her own soil, has yet shown rare skill in Italian picture painting, and a power in the reproduction of Italian life in past times, that is often masterly. The two stories, published simultaneously, appear to have been written, at intervals of successive literary labor, during the same period of time. To live intensely, as the true novelist must live, through two such opposite lives, in frequent alternations of scenes and characters, shows great power over the imagination.

THE CITY OF THE SAINTS, and across the Rocky Mountains to California. By Richard F. Burton, author of the "Lake Regions of Central Africa," etc., with illustrations. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Captain Burton, in spite of his self-conceit and opinionativeness, his parade of unusual words and persistent use of local phrases, often unexplained, is a very agreeable traveller. He would be more agreeable if he could sink himself in the relator. A fault, too often obtruded, is the traveller's impression that his reader is almost as much interested in him personally, as in the scenes he is describing. But, the self-poise and strong individuality of the man, are qualities without which he would probably fail to observe and record in that peculiar way which takes with the masses.

Having visited the sacred cities of Jews, Mohammedans and Hindoos, our traveller determined to see the Mormon Holy City, and so in the summer of 1860 journeyed across the dreary region that lies between St. Jo. and the Valley of Salt Lake. He went in company of Lieutenant Dana, (U. S. Artillery), who, with his wife and child, were on their way to Camp Floyd, Utah. The description of this journey is eminently graphic. A great deal of valuable information is given. The outfit of our traveller seems to have been arranged with care. An India-rubber blanket, pierced in the centre for a poncho, and garnished along the longer side with buttons and corresponding elastic loops, with a strap at the short end converting it into a carpet bag. Buffalo robe, two

revolvers, bowie knife, rifle, and air gun to astonish the natives, opium, quinine, Warburge drops for fever, and citric acid, "which with green tea drawn off the moment the leaf has sunk, is perhaps the best substitute for milk and cream." Tobacco, cigars in liberal quantity, two pipes; a meerschaum for luxury and a brier root to fall back upon when the meerschaum was stolen. For literary purposes, the most reliable books of western exploration—Marcy's, Fremont's, Stansbury's, Warren's and Gunnison's—sketching materials, tourist's writing case, a pocket sextant, an artificial horizon of black glass, and bubble tubes to level it, night and day compasses; a Stanhope lens, a railway whistle, and a telescope. As for toilette, the prairie traveller must not be particular. The easiest dress is a dark flannel shirt worn over the normal one—no braces, but broad leather belt for revolvers and "Arkansas tooth-pick." Nether garments forked with good buckskin; lower ends tucked in boots. The use of the pocket-handkerchief is unknown on the plains. For cold weather, an English tweed shooting jacket, and its similar waistcoat, a "stomach warmer," without a roll collar, which prevents comfortable sleep. The head covering was of brown felt. "Let no false shame," says Captain Burton, "cause you to forget your hat-box and your umbrella."

The journey accomplished, twenty-four days were spent by our traveller among the Mormons—a short space for observation among a people especially guarded towards "Gentiles." Captain Burton admits that he saw only the outside; and from this, he gives the most favorable view presented since that offered by Col. Kane, of our city. He speaks of them as a peaceful, industrious, and law-abiding people, whose whole history has been a course of cruel persecutions, "which, if man really believed in his own improvement, would be a disgrace to a self-styled enlightened age." He found nearly every anti-Mormon publication—"no matter how untruthful, violent, or scandalous," at Salt Lake City, and he refers to them seriatim, with assertions as to their origin and reliability as positive almost as if he were giving the result of an examining commission which had been largely supplied with evidence. Of course, he had simply "the other side of the story," and believed it. The truth lies, doubtless, between. That the Mormons have been assaulted with great violence, and misrepresented, we are ready to admit; but we cannot accept Col. Burton's apology for them as complete, particularly when it is considered that he makes light of their central iniquity—a plurality of wives. He does not write as a Christian, but as a cosmopolitan; and his book is not calculated to excite that disgust and horror of a condition of society in a Christian land, based on the lowest and most depraving sensuality, which should follow its perusal. Apart from the objection stated, we have in this volume perhaps the fairest exposition of Mormon faith,

and social life, which has yet been given to the public. The information afforded to emigrants is very full. The volume is a large octavo, of nearly six hundred pages, with a copious index.

THE LAST OF THE MORTIMERS; A Story in Two Voices. By the author of "Margaret Maitland." New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There runs through this charming story a most delicate vein of thought and feeling. The plot is well constructed, and the incidents show fine dramatic power.

THE STRUGGLES OF BROWN, JONES AND ROBINSON. By one of the Firm. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The heroes of this book are three London shopkeepers, who attempt to do a large business on a small capital, by means of deceptive advertising, and other "taking methods," and fail in the attempt. The tricks of trade; the expedients to sustain a failing house; the thousand and one turnings and twistings involved in such a career, are given with much spirit and humor. The story is contained in No. 220 of the "Library of Select Novels," and is sold at twenty-five cents.

CONSIDERATIONS OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Mill is one of the soundest progressive thinkers on matters of social and political economy in England, and his clearly outspoken truths are doing their good work in educating the people up to a just idea of what self-government means, as well in the individual as in the nation. In this volume we have a searching inquiry into the essential nature of governments and a discussion of the whole subject, at once manly and exhaustive.

THE MASTER. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. A new volume from the press of Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, has reached us, but too late for notice this month.

We can, at this writing, only announce "Parson Brownlow's" volume of Experiences in East Tennessee, just issued by George W. Childs of this city. The first edition of twenty thousand copies was all ordered before the sheets were off of the press, and a new edition is now being hurried to completion. The Parson tells a story of the wrongs, sufferings and outrages committed upon loyal men in East Tennessee, that will forever lie as a stain on human nature. The blood chills, and the heart throbs with indignation at the recital. We can excuse the Parson's bitter denunciations. No words of execration are too strong. Fiends in human shape, who act out their fiendish instincts, are not to be spoken of in soft language, nor to be dealt with tenderly. None will grieve when the day of retribution, surely coming, arrives.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

LOOKING THE RIGHT WAY.

Just opposite our window grows a young willow, the long, slender branches on one side reaching out full and luxuriant towards the sun: on the other, the north side, where the sun falls least and coldest, the branches are small, and thin, and few. On the whole, that young willow is a beautiful tree, full of grace of the "joy of leaves," and strong and vigorous promise; but all this grace, and beauty, and promise lean towards the side where the sun shines.

There, the long luxuriant branches bend their graceful limbs in thank-offering—there, the light green leaves curl thick along the slender boughs, and the sun pours down through most of the long day its wine of gold without stint or measure.

Dear reader, happy are ye if ye read the lessons, the signs and the tokens of the flowers and the trees—happier still are ye if ye have learned like the willow to "look the right way"—the way which the sun shines.

Now, to every human life there is a dark side. What yours may be, reader, nobody knows so well as yourself; but in one shape or another it is *there*! Probably so long as you may live it will cause you loss and pain, mortification and anguish. The sorrows of this life, the cares, the fevers, the anxieties, the slow eating rusts are what no man can number—they fall upon all heads, they drop their blight upon all souls—not one escapeth; no, not one. And the only way to get comfortably through this life, that at the easiest is hard enough, the only way to carry one's-self through the days without being harrowed, and beset, and tormented, is to turn steadily, bravely, and with all the force of one's moral nature to the bright side. For thank God there is one to every life! No matter how much sorrow, and shame, and disappointment may have fallen to your portion—no matter what wrong and loss you may have suffered in life, still think of your blessings—of all the mischief from which you have been protected—of all the pleasant and precious things which have fallen to you; let your gaze turn, and your thoughts run to these, as the branches of the willow run to the sunshine, and how much better and happier you will be!

But, alas! how many people never do this—how many people there are who turn to whatever is dark, and chilly, and sad in their lives, and dwell there until hope, and joy, and happiness are withered out of them!

There's everything in the way you take your troubles, reader. Some people will hug them to their hearts and cherish them there until they spread and blight—until they eat and canker one's whole moral nature. That's no way. We see, too, how differently people look upon their troubles—how differently they speak of them, showing what manner of spirit they are of.

Death seizes one little child, and

"Dashes out the beauty of its cherub brow," and smites the rose on its cheek and the smile on its lips, and chills the little restless limbs to marble; and the mother follows it with her broken heart to its grave. She looks down into the dark, narrow bed—she hears the hard dropping of the clods on the coffin, and she carries away the sight and the sound in her heart. The child, to her vision, always lies there, in the cold ground under the heavy clods, where death reigns and decay shall prey upon him!

Another sweet child dies, and the mother follows him with her aching heart to the dark hall beneath the summer grasses appointed for its last rest. She looks down into the dark, cold grave, but she looks upward too, and sees her darling blossomed into new beauty under the wide home-roof of Heaven. She knows that the heart has not grown cold which took the little children of Judea in His arms and blessed them, and softly down on her soul flows the silvery chime of his words, as full of love and promise now as they were then—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

Oh, reader, there are two ways of taking things in this life—there are two ways of looking at them; and if it will make you any wiser—if it will make you any better—if it will make you any happier to gaze upon the dark side, and brood over it, by all means fail not to do so. But if it will only harrow and toss your soul to and fro—if it will only sour and embitter and agonize it, then by all that is wise, and lovely, and of good report, turn away, look on, talk of, dwell in the bright side of your life. By its sweet memories, by its tender loves, by its holy joys be glad, be thankful; and wheresoever your life may be, make its bright side brighter—by self-sacrifice—by doing good to others—by forgetting your own sorrows in relieving those about you. And oh, how much trouble—how much wear, and fret, and care shall you escape by this resolute, steadfast purpose to put away from your thoughts the evil you cannot help; and how much broader, and sweeter, and finer will be your own character!

Of course all moral natures need trial and discipline to season and toughen them; but the way we take our sorrows is the true test of the grain we are made of; and the brave, patient, trusting soul is the one whose reward shall be great in Heaven.

Dear reader, look the right way—to the sun of your blessings—to the good it is permitted you to do, and you shall find there is a bright side to your life—a country there that is full of something better than the sloughs of despond, and the marshes of despair, and the dark valleys of disappointment. Keep your eyes upon the light, and day by day it shall grow, shedding new warmth and gladness upon your soul. Let not the sorrows you have borne hang with damp, dark memories about your life; rather, come out from their shadows into the

light and warmth, and love, that may be only the faint types and signs of the eternal light and love which awaits you.

V. F. T.

"ON THE ROAD."

That's all, and although we have to put up with disappointment and defeat, with change and disaster, we know that it will not last long; we are only "on the road"—a road that is built through the mountains of only a few years, and then we shall come to the gate, which God grant be the gate of Heaven!

Alas! over what little things—over what petty rivalries and vanities—over what narrow aims and ambitions do we waste ourselves—we who ought to carry ourselves with souls singing along the road of the years, as the nightingales carry themselves singing through the blue highways of the air—singing for joy, and praise, and thankfulness.

V. F. T.

THE PERFUME OF FLOWERS.

There is nothing which has such subtle power of association as this. The spice of the sassafras, the myrrh of pines, the smell of the fresh grass, the scent of lilacs, and the fragrance of the rose brier; who does not know what strange, wonderful power dwells in all these to carry one with a single leap back to the days of childhood. We see the old scenes—we dream the old dreams; there is the swing under the old apple tree where fifty generations of birds have built their nests and sung their lyrics—there is the old wood-pile and the path leading to the spring, ruffled with mint—there is the long line of gooseberry bushes, like a green founce at the foot of the brown fence; how all these come back with the fragrance of the lilac, or the breath of the rose brier.

Every child should be encouraged to love and cultivate flowers—every child should be taught botany. Only those who know can understand how much enjoyment a knowledge of this science confers; how many are its sources of interest and delight, and what a new world it opens to the learner, whether old or young. All leaves—all grasses—all plants and flowers suddenly become objects of new interest, and everywhere is discerned anew the wisdom which clothes the "lilies of the field," which puffs every bough with tender leaves, which faces the earth with springing grass, and which writes on these the tidings that all eyes can read, and all hearts understand!

V. F. T.

A NEW DRAWING-ROOM GAME.

A new drawing-room game has been introduced, which presents some novel and attractive features. It is called "Squaring Words," and is described below. The apparatus consists of a few scraps of writing paper and a pencil for each player. We copy from an exchange:—

The game should be played with words of three, four, five, or six letters; more than six will be too difficult. The words should be chosen either by a

person who remains independent of the game, or at random, from a vocabulary. The game may be played either for a small pool, to which each player contributes, or for forfeits. If for a pool, a prize may be awarded to the player who first squares the word, and another to the second.

The operation of squaring a word may be best shown by example. It may, however, be described as follows: Having written down the word horizontally and perpendicularly, you must find other letters to complete the square, which will also read in words both horizontally and perpendicularly.

WORDS OF THREE LETTERS.—*Examples*.—To square the words *Cat, Dog, Tea, Pig, Rap*:—

CAT	DOG	TEA	PIG	RAP
APE	ONE	EAT	ICE	ALM
TEA	GET	ATE	GET	PET

Words of three letters are generally very easily squared, and should only be used for the purpose of teaching the game. Once, however, we were very much puzzled with a proper name, containing three letters. The name was *Cox*. The obvious difficulty was to get a word of three letters, beginning with X. After some trouble, we succeeded in accomplishing the feat by the aid of a well known dramatic piece called "Obi; or, Three-Fingered Jack," and the name of the dwarf who attended the three gigantic warders in Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's "Tower of London." Thus then stood the word:—

C O X
O B I
X I T

WORDS OF FOUR LETTERS are more difficult.

Examples: To square *Love, Milk, Lamp, Town*:—

LOVE	MILK	LAMP	TOWN
OBEY	IDEA	AREA	OBOW
VETO	LEAN	MEAT	WONT
EYOT	KANT	PATS	NETS

WORDS OF FIVE LETTERS are more difficult still. *Chair* may be squared with the help of *Haddo, Adieu, Ideas, and Rouse*.

With SIX LETTERS the difficulty increases progressively. Here, however, we may achieve the apparent impossibility of

Squaring the Circle.

CIRCLE
ICARUS
RAREST
CREATE
LUSTRE
ESTERN

The six words required to perform the feat, may suggest the following cognate reflections: 1. We have the *circle* to square, which is regarded as a mathematical impossibility. 2. A man who attempted an impossibility, and failed miserably. 3. That which the accomplishment of an impossibility would be. 4. That which only the Omnipotent can accomplish. 5. The physical expression of Glory. 6. The mental expression of the same.

Sometimes in squaring six letters we may have recourse to two, or even more words, as in the word *Domino*:—

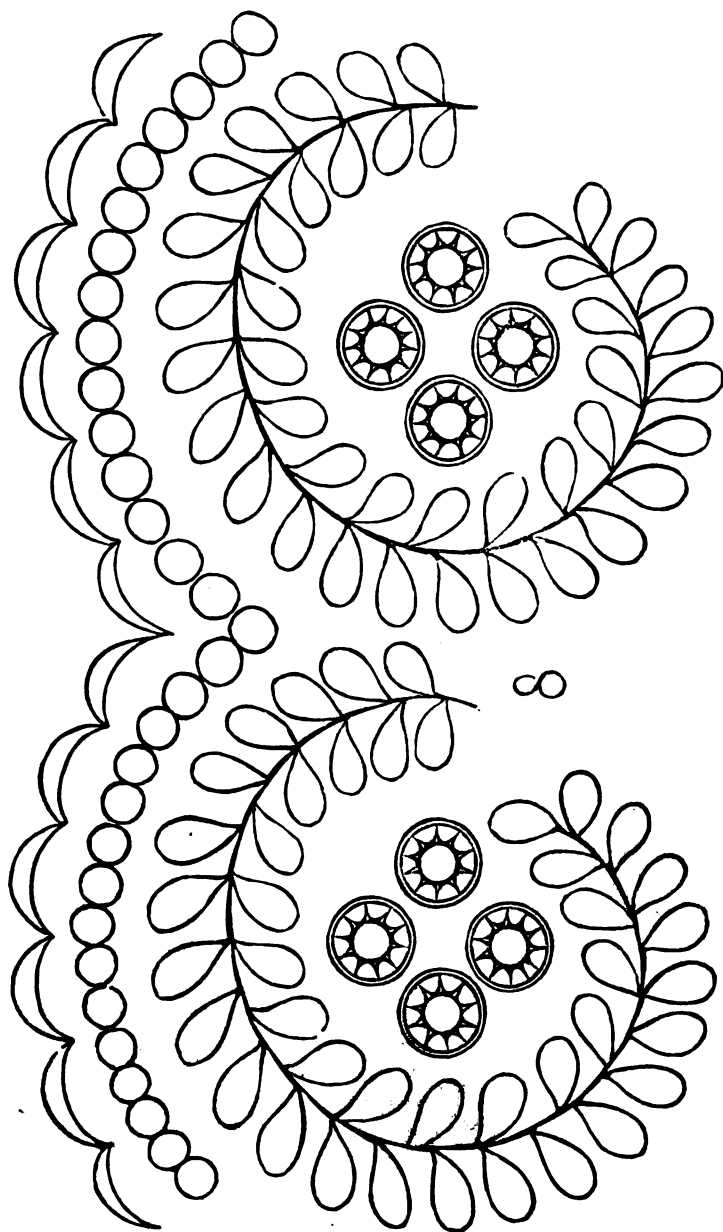
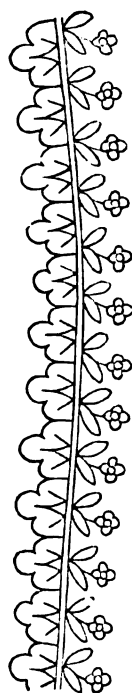
DOMINO
ONEDAY
MERITS
IDIDIT
NATIVE
OYSTER

Here we have *One day* and *I did it*, for lines. The sequence of *Native* and *Oyster* is curious enough; though very curious accidents of this kind are not uncommon in the game of SQUARING WORDS.

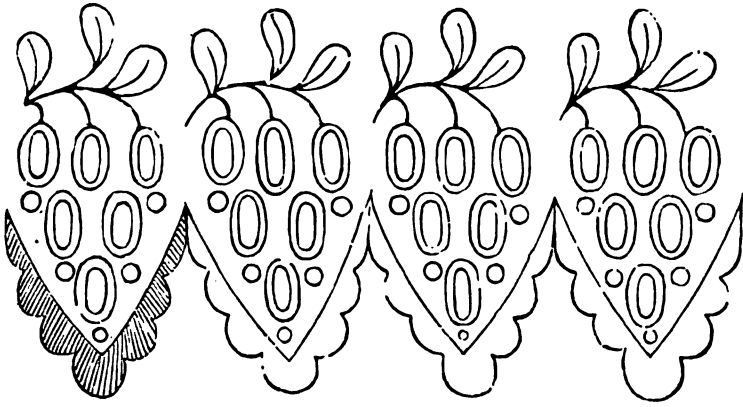


THE NOVEL READER

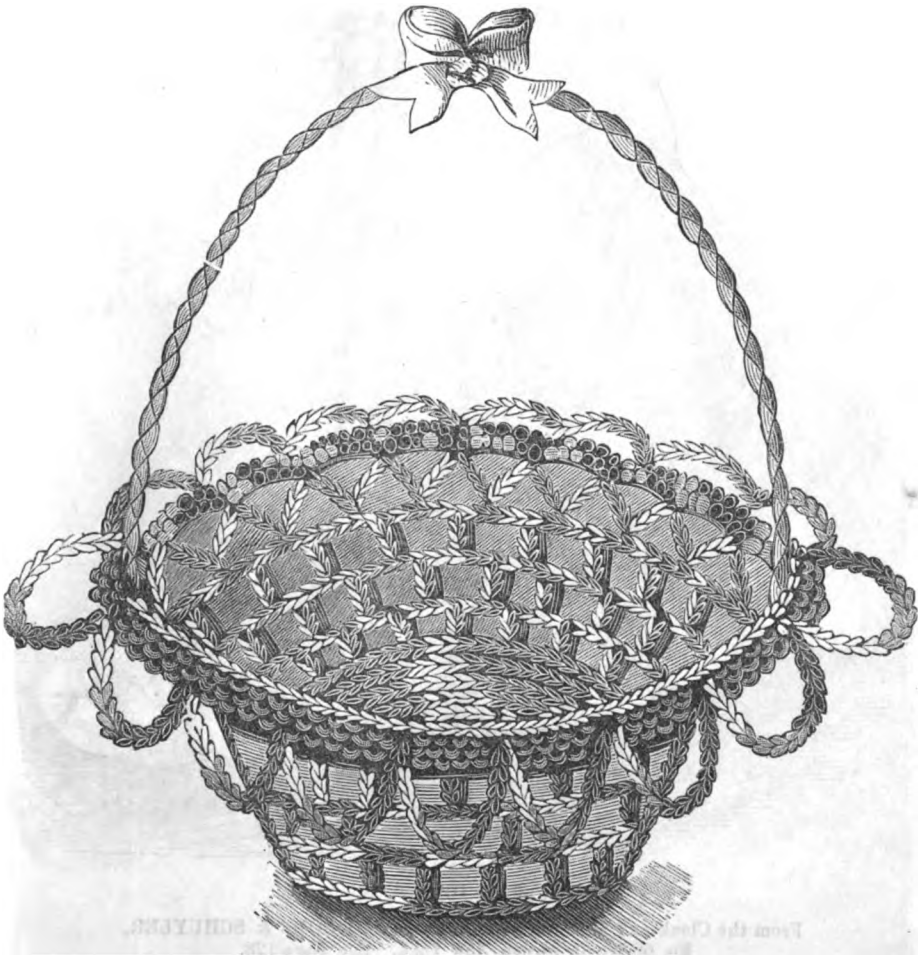




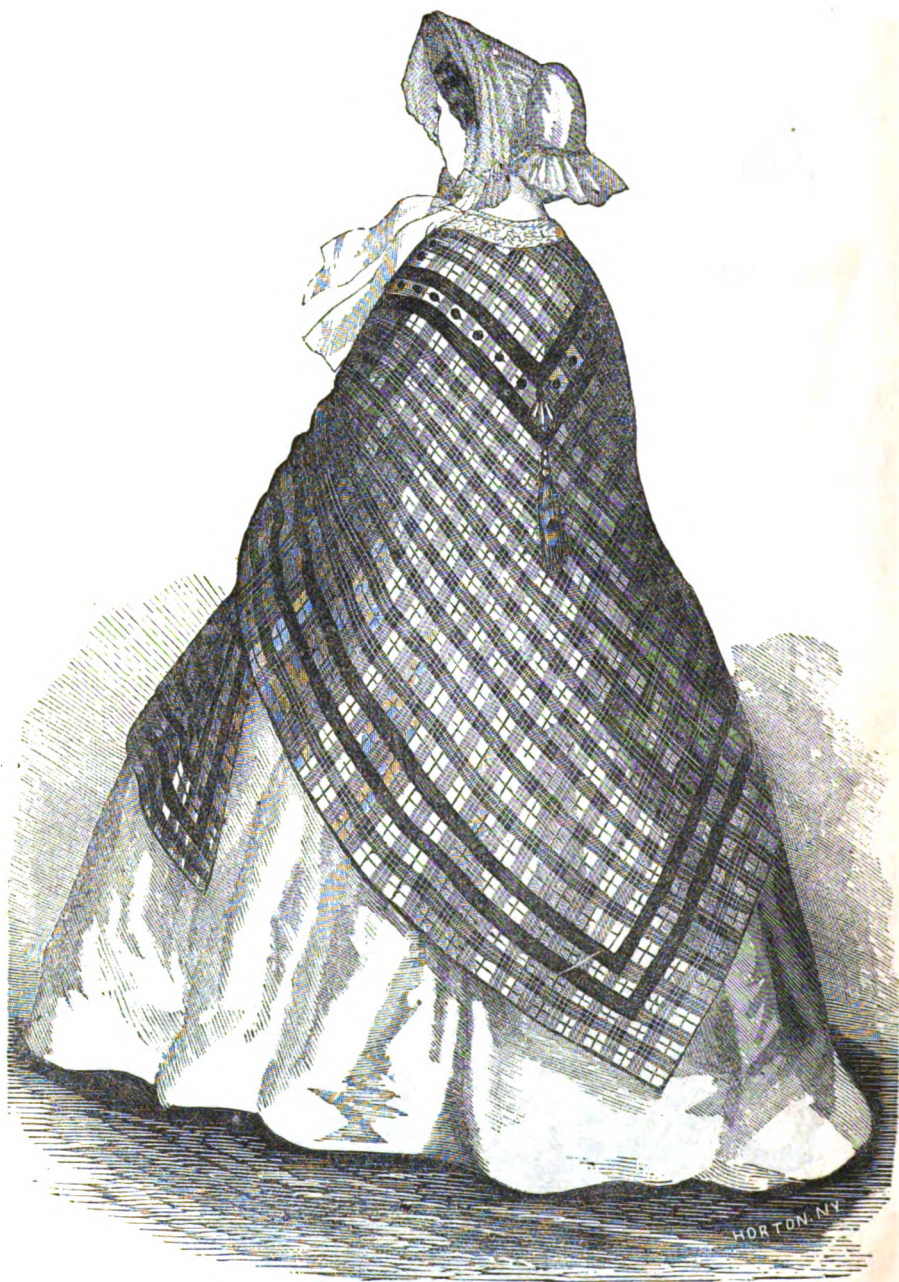
EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



CROCHET BASKET.



THE OPAL.

**From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 128.**

RIDING DRESSES.



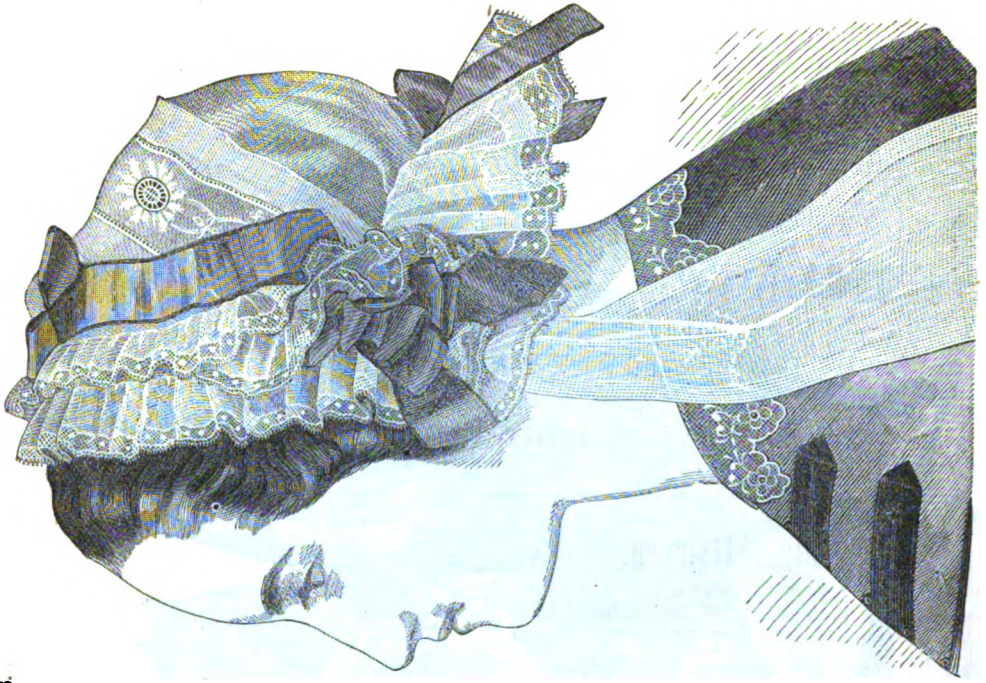
No. 1.

No. 2.

MORNING CAPS.



No. 1.



No. 2.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1862.

Only Memory.

BY M. E. ROCKWELL.

It was the morning of my wedding-day. How freshly my memory retains its impressions; the autumn just spreading its gorgeous hues upon the wooded hills, the serene October sunlight falling through a mellow haze upon the little village, and bathing all objects in its golden lustre till they seemed emanations from its own source. I saw and felt the exquisite beauty and peace of the morning as I stood at my window, and my heart was as calm, as full of serene happiness, as the landscape before me. There was a knock at my door, and my mother, accompanied by my bridesmaid-cousin, entered.

"So my little girl is ready, and pretty as usual," she said, glancing over me; but I felt the tremor in her voice and saw a tear fall from her eye, though her tone and words were so light.

"Yes, *just as usual*," exclaimed lively Cousin Sue. "I declare I never saw such a bride. She don't tremble nor turn pale, nor yet even blush. If I had not known she loved Arthur for the last ten years, I should fancy her supremely indifferent to him and the occasion. Are you quite sure you *do* care anything for him, even now, Cousin Bell?"

I was conscious of a slight flush upon my cheek, a half uneasiness at my heart roused by her words, but they subsided at once. I answered calmly, "How ridiculous, Sue," just as Arthur Woodcourt and his friend, Harry Mitchell, tapped at the door. A few moments after, we stood in the parlor with a few old friends around us, while the clergyman pronounced us husband and wife. It does not seem so long ago, but it is twenty-five years to-day. Yet, when I think of all those years

have brought—when I look at the reflection in the mirror opposite, I can but realize that I retain very little of the face or nature of twenty, now that I have reached forty-five. And when I look again, I see besides the pale brow and sunken cheeks—besides the hair fast betraying threads of white among its dark folds, something which was not born of the weakness of care, pain and trial, but perhaps of the strength which by faith, trust and patience triumphed over them.

Arthur, my husband, was my father's ward, and my companion in my early plays and studies. I can scarcely remember when it was settled that we were to be married. I think I must have been accustomed to the thought from a child, for I can recollect no particular moment when it seemed new or strange to me. In looking back to those early years I see only the pleased and proud looks of my parents at any exhibition of our regard for each other, my boyish lover's bright face and gentle manners, and my own quiet satisfaction and gratitude for the beauty, love and peace that surrounded my life. And as the years went by and childhood merged into girlhood, it was still the same. The beauty of our home, the almost dreamy quietude of our daily life, the love, gentleness and refinement of my mother, the genial nature and indulgence of my father, made each day and hour one of serene enjoyment. And so one by one they passed until Arthur and I were married, on the fair October morning of the day when he attained his majority, and before we had ever been separated. For the village near which we lived was the seat of the college where he had just graduated, and he was now to study in the office of a lawyer, who had been his own father's early friend, in pursuance of that father's wishes, when on his death-bed he left

his boy of three years old to the care of my father.

I was an only child, and we did not leave home during the two years while Arthur was preparing for the practice of his profession. The same quiet happiness and content which had ever surrounded us there, remained. There scarcely seemed a change in it or us, since as children we sported through its rooms and grounds. The years had brought us much of life's best gift, peaceful contentment, but very little of the wisdom which perhaps is never brought to us. We must pass through the cloud and the sea to it.

Of course it could not always remain unchanged—this serene home-life. Arthur was admitted to practice, and we removed to a growing city in an adjoining state. It was not too soon for my desires, for a growing weariness of the monotony of my life was haunting me. I knew of nothing beyond it, but a listless distaste at some times—an anxious, almost rebellious craving for change at others, made me almost miserable. I had scarcely begun to feel this, before our removal, and the novelty of my position as mistress of our new home, the demands of the social circle to which we were introduced, quelled the restlessness, and filled my thoughts for months. But as I exhausted the variety and novelty of these relations, they again awakened—those vague, torturing dreams of something, more than all this weary round of cares and duties could ever bring me. I turned to music, books and art, becoming in each an amateur and critic. But as my horizon enlarged, as I grew to comprehend the height and depth and fullness of the life we may live, still stronger grew the tide of irresistible longings rushing over me—the craving for a deeper draught of its wine, a more earnest participation in its grand and rich experiences. I felt that I was as a straw being drifted idly on beside vessels freighted with the richest treasures.

I have said but little of my husband thus far. Perhaps it is that in looking back I see how little these things had to do with our mutual life. I do not remember that any feeling of the kind I have been describing ever intruded upon the hours we spent together. Those hours seemed like a part of the old, calm life at home. Arthur seemed very happy in our new home—I trust I was instrumental in making him so. It was my habit from childhood, taught me by my mother with my earliest prayers and lessons of obedience, to study his wishes, to prefer his comfort and

gratification to my own, and I loved to feel that he prized the skill, neatness and cheerfulness I strove to exercise. I hope I was never at that time forgetful of the duty I owed him as his wife, for I was fond and proud of him, with his full, white brow, his sincere eyes, his grave, yet tender smile. I revered him for his nobility of soul and life, his inflexible adherence to truth and justice. I thought then I loved him, but now I know that when I had been four years his wife, with no other fondness, pride or reverence than a sister may feel for a beloved and noble brother, I thought of Arthur Woodcourt, my husband. No thought of the possibility of this could then have crossed my mind—so full of pure and sweet content was our daily intercourse. Only when I was left alone, without the cares and duties which his presence brought, came back that wild unrest—that sense of a great blank page lying open before me, and an eager craving for something with which to fill it—a deep and solemn loneliness, without the strong desire for his return which would have explained it. Yet, when he came, I welcomed him truly, and the shadows for a time fled. His presence, and my life-long habit of thoughtfulness for his welfare, seemed to have a power to restore my old serenity and peace, and make me again the child he had known. No separate existence could be more different than this state, and the one I have before described.

And now I almost shrink from the task assigned, when this morning I resolved to write truthfully the history of those long past days. Not for my own sake, for there is no power in any of its memories to pain or thrill me now. But I fear I cannot faithfully record it, and a failure to do so would defeat my object in attempting it. Yet if to one, tempted and suffering, whose feet are treading dark paths set with thorns of sorrow—whose soul bows down to earth with the weight of conflicting passions—whose hands hold empty caskets, while the jewels they should contain shine far out of reach, I can bring a gleam of hope, a silent clasp of sympathy, I am more than repaid. For I know there is no path so gloomy or painful that a ray from Heaven's Eternal Light may not penetrate and cheer it—no strife so grievous that divine love and guidance may not aid us to be victors—no earthly jewel so bright that its loss may not be forever forgotten, if our eyes and hearts are but turned to behold and win the one Pearl of great price.

I will not linger over the record of those darkened days. A few words will suffice to

recall the chill and desolation which overspread my life—which so often seem to have buried from our sight forever the bloom and verdure of earth, while they are but as wintry snows, bringing protection and strength to a new revelation of beauty and joy.

"I will bring Mr. Walters home to tea with me this evening, with your permission," Arthur said, as he rose from the breakfast table. We had retained the habits of our country home, and dined at one and had tea at six each day since leaving it. "Mr. Walter, your new partner? Certainly, we ought to ask him at once," I replied. "I am quite curious, too, to see this man, who has so won upon your regards, that I hear of nothing but his virtues and attractions."

"He is a noble fellow—a sincere, earnest, manly nature"—Arthur began.

"Yes, yes, no doubt of it," I retorted, laughing—"but don't tell me of it so frequently, or I shall begin by fearing or hating him."

"You cannot do it. I defy you!"

"We shall see," I answered. "Seriously, though, I am very glad you like him so well. Your business relations will be the pleasanter for such a friendship. And I shall like him for your sake if not for his own."

At tea-time he came. Smaller in stature and plainer in feature than my husband, he yet possessed the graces of a pure and vigorous manhood, combined with an earnestness of manner which made him at once seem worthy of Arthur's encomiums. Their evident mutual regard placed us all at ease, and the evening was so pleasantly spent that we resolved it should be only the first of many of its kind, and he was soon our frequent guest.

Before the first year of their partnership expired, Arthur loved and trusted him to the full extent of that lavish devotion which one noble and true man sometimes bestows upon another. And he, with his unaffected purity of soul and nobility of character, his sincere aspirations after goodness and truth, and firm adherence to their dictates, was worthy of such a friendship. Scarcely alike in anything besides their allegiance to the same standard of action and innate rectitude, they thus became inseparable companions and devoted friends.

Unmarried, and by the division of their duties less occupied with business at the hours usually given to society than my husband, Henry Walters was often, by his request, my attendant to social gatherings, or my companion at our own fireside. He sometimes read to me while I worked, or we talked of books we had

read, of pictures we prized or admired, or of music and sculpture. In everything I soon learned to realize that there was a strength of purpose, a depth and intensity of motive in his life, which pervaded and purified it in every word and act.

With perfect unconsciousness of danger I yielded to the fulness of reverence and love I felt for this friend. His life, with its beauty and steadfastness, woke all the depths of my nature with what I thought to be emulation of his virtues. I resolved to strive earnestly to attain the best good in life—usefulness. I was aroused to new views, purposes and aspirations. And with all the strangeness and excitement of what I called zealous ambition to attain a stronger, nobler life, perhaps it was not strange that I did not analyze the passing emotions and detect the presence of some I had not recognized. That my love for Arthur was as strong and real as any I could feel, I had never thought of doubting. We both loved and prized our friend, both spoke his praises daily, and in no respect had our peaceful life changed since we had known him. And yet his influence had so filled those hours which had once been to me so full of vain wishes and unmeaning regrets and aspirations, that in them I thought only of him, while I thought I was regarding the truth and beauty he had taught me to recognize. I was watching, admiring, worshipping their effect upon his life, while I fancied I was striving to apply them to my own.

The awakening came as suddenly as the delusion had been slow and insidious. Mr. Walters came into my pleasant sitting-room one sunny morning quite unceremoniously.

"Excuse me—I have but a moment to spare," he said. "I am going away to stay some months, perhaps years, and must bid you good-bye."

"Going away? Where? Why? This is very sudden, is it not?" I asked, scarcely yet realizing what he had said.

"Last night, while Arthur was at home for the evening, I found that our business would require one of us to go to Europe. Of course it should be me. After it is concluded I think I shall remain and travel in Italy and Switzerland. I have friends in France, and may remain with them." He spoke hurriedly, and was very pale. "It is important that I go at once, in order to go by the first steamer," he said, as I tried to detain him for dinner. "My arrangements are all completed. I was sure, last night, that Arthur would agree that I

should go, and so got ready without troubling him with it until this morning."

There was time for only a few commonplace words and our hurried good-byes, and he was gone. After he left me I sat down by the window, looking out upon the sunshine and fragrance of the morning, but knowing no more of their presence than if the darkness of midnight had surrounded me. It is said that in drowning the whole life flashes upon the memory in one intense and vivid scene. Nothing is wanting of all that has made that life what it has been, and in one moment of time the soul reviews and passes judgment upon its own past. Such was the terrible and intense conviction which made me know the truth at that time. From that moment I could not doubt it, yet until then I had never had a thought upon the subject. I saw myself as a child, walking in the way assigned me, with no knowledge of my own powers or feelings. I saw the quiet, sisterly regard I had ever felt for Arthur, the child-like acquiescence in the plans and hopes of my parents. I saw with what a calm, free heart I had promised to "love, honor and obey"—a heart whose still depths lay too far and deep then to be ruffled even by those words. The revelation came like lightning, flashing into every recess of my heart, and showing me with a terrible mockery the source of the beauty and glory which had crowned these later days.

There followed days and weeks of dark temptations, of grief and humiliation, of the blackness of darkness, of despair, of wild, impious prayers for death, of the torture of insane and rebellious strivings against and questioning of Fate, shaking with their fearful alternations my whole soul and life. But at last, in all humility, I knelt and prayed for Divine forgiveness and strength to see and perform my future duties. From that hour slowly, painfully, but surely I struggled towards the light.

To-day, for the first time in twenty years, I have looked over the diary whose pages were my only confidant or earthly help in all that fearful struggle. If Arthur, if any of our numerous friends saw that I was changed, they doubtless ascribed it to illness, or some other of the many causes we assign for such changes in those around us. I believe, however, that after the first terror of the discovery was over, I was much the same outwardly as before. I naturally shrank from revealing deep emotions, and it is easier so to bear a trial which could be reached by no human sympathy

which had not borne the same. Arthur seemed sometimes to feel that there was some shadow upon my spirits, and looked at me with troubled eyes, or surrounded me with new evidences of his tenderness and sympathy; and oh, how I longed to fall at his feet and tell him all. But I could not bear to grieve him with the knowledge of the involuntary wrong I had done him, and so passed on alone, with only this old book to bear witness to the daily warfare raging within my soul. But the aid He giveth to all the tried and erring ones, who with dumb lips but agonizing hearts kneel to ask it—He who pitieth us even as a father pitieth his children—was ever mine.

"By a letter received from Henry to-day," Arthur said, as he came in to dinner one day, when Mr. Walters had been absent three months, "I find that he is returning to us. He has changed his intention of travelling, and will come home as soon as our business interests cease to require his presence in London."

My heart gave a great throb, and then seemed to stop its beating. But after a moment I answered calmly and truthfully, "I am very glad to hear it," for I knew that Arthur had missed his friend, and that I could endure all that could come. I was not self-deceived—there was no suspense—no deferred hope—nothing but calm endurance and prayerful fortitude.

And Henry Walters came back, and our life passed on as before. No one knew of the grave I had made in my heart, or how God gave me daily strength to plant the roses of faith and duty upon it, whose bloom should cover it forever. I do not think his absence would have aided me, though at first I wished it might continue, in my selfish fears. But I had only to look into my own heart to probe and purify its depths, and every pang would help to do this. My trouble could not be laid aside or forgotten—it must be lived through—solemnly and courageously, resolving to find a better good than I had craved, in the pursuit of duty. An earnest nature must "suffer and be strong," while Will sternly drives out all vain repinings and brooding griefs. And perhaps my greatest earthly aid came from the necessity of occupation—the interest and care for those around me which could not be laid aside. To one who is striving to overcome a great suffering these are of great value. And to one who does thus strive, no great calamity can come without ennobling and purifying the whole nature. There is some grand and sanctifying influence in a great sorrow which often

makes it the blessing of a life. The path grows softer and brighter, the burden weighs less heavily, until at last in the Everlasting Mansions we join the radiant company "made perfect through suffering."

I am very happy to-day, even while thinking those darkened days. I have given you only glimpses into the experience of the terrible, weary months of which this book is the record. I have passed very lightly over many pages which were dark and bitter with tears, and groans, and agony of prayer. But not one word written there has power to move me now. Only memory attests their truthfulness—only memory, of all her children, watches beside the grave of that buried sorrow. The passion and pride, the temptation and rebellion which were born of it, are sleeping beside it. And over all their graves the roses are blooming now, that I planted in faith and watered with tears, in the days when my heart refused to give them up, unbelieving that these flowers would one day hide them forever.

Our life has been blessed indeed, since I gave mine into His hands to do His will in meekness and fear. Very gratefully I say it, as I look upon my regal husband, and my two treasured daughters. My children were given to me when the darkness was gone, and the mother's tenderness dispelled the last lingering of its shadows. I feel how much of usefulness and nobility I may yet hope to achieve, and thank our Father for the blessings which crown my life, for the tenderness of the hand which led me through the trial which taught me not to live for myself alone. My husband and his friend have passed through life together, and their days are still beautified by unchanging trust and affection. With a grateful heart I think of the strength which came to me when weakness would have darkened all our ways. I see how mine was brightened by the peaceful light of theirs. It should not be hard, surrounded as I was by the richest gifts, to banish vain regrets and forget selfish repinings. With those noble, pure lives ever before me, it should have been easy to consecrate my life to that higher than any earthly love—the love of all beauty, goodness and truth, which, however brightly they may seem to shine here, are but faint glimmerings of the effulgence of that perfect day whose light is from the Eternal Throne.

* * * * *

More than a year has passed since these first pages were written, and I have now one more to add. To-day Arthur and I watched

beside the death-bed of our friend, Henry Walters. Very calm and lovely was the setting of the sun whose whole course had been darkened by no visible cloud. In the last hour, when the shadows were fast gathering, he called us nearer and clasped a hand of each.

"Arthur," he said, "my friend and brother, you know what a joy our mutual love has been. But you do not know, how years ago I came near wrecking all our peace. It cannot pain you now—I loved Isabel—your wife—passionately, wildly. I did not think of danger till it was too late. Do you remember the night I resolved to go to Europe? When I thought of going, the truth came to me at once. I resolved never to return. But after the first struggle was over, I saw that it was weakness thus to fly from my duties, and came back to fulfil them, to be true to you and to myself. God helped me, and the dove of peace came back. You have been a brother and a sister to me, through a life which would have been sad and lonely otherwise. But oh, my friend, you did not dream of this?"

I sat pale with surprise, and silent. But Arthur's face was like that of an angel, as he bent over and kissed the dying man.

"Yes, Henry," he said, "I knew it then—my heart bled for you."

And I knew by that look that all the time he had read my heart also, and I was thankful.

A last sunbeam shone in upon us, lighting up each calm face, each silvered brow, and mingled with our grief was a solemn joy that though we had all passed through the flames, there was no smell of fire left upon our garments.

WORDS FOR A WEDDING.—Do not run much from home. One's own hearth is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why, my friends? Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another, but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its to-morrow likewise, and its day after to-morrow, too. Consider what the word wife expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith: in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating-room. His honor and his home are under her safe keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XX.

All through the sleepless night that followed the last recorded interview between Justin Larobe and his wife, the former heard, at not remote intervals, movements in the room adjoining the one he occupied, which, to his excited imagination, had mysterious import. A door communicated with this room; but before retiring he had turned the key, which happened to be on his side of the lock. Two or three times he fancied that a hand was laid on this door, and an attempt made to open it; and on these occasions he would rise up in bed, and listen with that breathless concern which makes every heart-beat audible in the ears. It was a night full of strange terrors. Out of the darkness looked upon him a malignant face. He saw it with shut or open eyes, just the same. Watching him from the covert of half closed lids, was a spirit cruel as death—athirst with an insatiate desire to work him evil. Well did he know the face!

Morning came at last, and with the first feeble intrusions of dull gray light, the haunting face withdrew. Rising, almost with the dawn, Mr. Larobe dressed himself, and went down stairs. His movements had been quite noiseless. No sound coming at this time from the adjoining chamber, occupied by his wife, he acted on the presumption that she was asleep, and moved silently in order not to disturb her. Half way down he stopped to listen. Had his ears deceived him?—or was that the rustle of a dress? He stood still, hearkening.

"A mere fancy," he said to himself, and kept on. Only a dim light penetrated the hall. One of the parlor doors stood half open. Pressing it back with his hand, Mr. Larobe entered, and was near a window, which he designed opening, when a sound in the room arrested his steps. Turning quickly, he tried to make out some object; but the light was insufficient. A moment afterwards, and his hand had thrown a shutter open, letting in the day. In the effort to conceal herself behind a column, stood Mrs. Larobe, with a face like marble—cold and changeless. She did not move, as the light came in.

"Jane!" The word dropped in sudden surprise from Mr. Larobe's lips. No response was made. Close against the column, which partly hid her person, the woman continued to stand, with her eyes fixed on Mr. Larobe—the

same eyes that all night long had haunted him.

"Jane; why are you here at this time?" Mr. Larobe came slowly down the room. He spoke with assumed severity. She did not answer, nor for an instant withdraw her eyes. Something in their expression chilled him. On coming nearer, he saw that she was dressed for going out; and that her bonnet and cloak were lying on a sofa.

"Jane; there is one thing you had best understand," said Mr. Larobe, speaking with impressive earnestness—not severely as just before—and in the tone of one who appealed to reason. "Unless we act in concert, all is lost. There must be no unconsidered step. A false movement, and we are at the end. It is too late now for retrograde action. Everything done, for good or ill, will abide. I pray you, therefore, to be circumspect. Trust in me a little longer. My mind is calmer than yours. Imminent danger does not unnerve me, as it unnerves you. The cool head, the alert will, the self-reliance that cannot be overthrown—in these lie our only hope."

"It is too late, sir!" she answered, in a dull, perverse way, as she moved from the column behind which she had been standing. "Not the cool head, but the fiery heart, now. This!"—half unshenathing a long dirk—"Not that!"—touching significantly her forehead. Mr. Larobe shuddered.

"Dead men," she added, "tell no tales. If you could have been made to understand the value of that saying years ago, our feet would have been on a rock."

Turning away, Mrs. Larobe went to the sofa on which her bonnet and shawl were lying, and catching them up in a resolute manner, commenced putting them on.

"Where are you going?" was demanded, in a tone of authority.

"To do my own will," replied Mrs. Larobe, with undisguised contempt, yet fiercely, as one who meant to have her way.

"I warned you last night, Jane!"

"You! Coward! A woman means to shame you!" The words were flung at him in bitter scorn.

She had fastened her cloak, and was now tying her bonnet strings. The stronger light that was coming in through the window, fell upon her face. Its cold impassiveness was gone. Flashes of insane fire shot from her eyes—cruel resolution dwelt on her firm lips. From an almost insensate image, she had become transformed to a fiend.

"There are some things more to be dreaded, Justin Larobe, than a conviction of murder," she said. "More fearful risks attend on his life than on his death. Place the seal of eternal silence on his lips, and you remove a witness whose testimony is destruction. The dead body of a poor lunatic is voiceless. Let him die, and his secret with him! As for after consequences, we can meet them as they come; the worst having been escaped."

She was moving towards the hall while she spoke, with a determined step, evidently intending to leave the house; but Mr. Larobe started forward, and gaining the door, stood directly in front of her.

"It must not be, Jane!" He spoke with stern resolution in his manner. "You are beside yourself!"

"Hinder me at your peril!" cried Mrs. Larobe, raising her hand quickly, and dashing it forward. The gleam of a dirk knife caught Mr. Larobe's eyes, and he leaped backward in time to avoid the blow which had been aimed at him. In the fright and irresolution that followed, Mrs. Larobe nearly succeeded in getting off; but, he recovered himself in time to grapple with her before she passed the vestibule door and wrest the instrument of murder from her hand. In the struggle, she lost all self-control, and filled the house with wild hysterical screams, arousing the servants and children, who came running down with frightened faces, half-dressed, or in their night-clothes. Their presence had the effect to allay, in a degree, the mad excitement of Mrs. Larobe.

"Go for Doctor Holbrook," said Mr. Larobe, speaking to one of the servants, "and say that I wish to see him immediately."

Mrs. Larobe did not object. Even in her blind passion, she saw that it would be safest to let the mystery of this scene find explanation in supposed mental derangement, in order to draw conjecture as far from the truth as possible. So, she permitted herself to be taken to her chamber. Into this apartment, Mr. Larobe did not suffer either the servants or children to intrude; but, shutting them on the outside, attempted to deal with the case alone.

Pale, panting, quivering in every nerve, Mrs. Larobe sat down, and lifting her wild eyes to the face of the man she had no legal or moral right to call her husband, demanded of him his purpose in ordering the attendance of their physician.

"You can see him or not, according to your own good pleasure," was his coldly spoken answer.

"I shall not see him," she replied.

"As you will. But, if I were in your place, I would feign sickness. I covered your wicked attempt on my life, by ordering the physician. He will be here, I doubt not, in less than twenty minutes. Some good reason must appear for the hurried summons. Invent one to suit yourself—but see him; that is my advice."

"What will you say to him?" demanded Mrs. Larobe.

"I have not come to a decision yet," was evasively answered. She looked at him with sharp suspicion.

"One thing, madam, is clear," said Mr. Larobe, speaking now with a stern severity of tone, "from what has occurred this morning, it is clear that you are not a safe person to be at large."

He paused to observe the effect of this declaration, made almost without thought. There was little apparent change in Mrs. Larobe. Almost the only noticeable response, was a repressed manner, as if she felt conscious of a superior force.

"Life is too precious a thing to be left unguarded." He paused again, but she did not answer.

"You have grown desperate, and would take the life that stands in your way. Knowing this, my duty is plain."

"What!" She threw out the word with a quick, yet half repressed impulse.

"I would be guilty before the law, if I did not limit your power to do harm."

A long shivering sigh was the only response.

There came a knock at the chamber door. Mr. Larobe crossed the room, and partly opening the door, received a letter which the hand of a servant passed in. His name was on the envelope. Opening it, he read—

"JUSTIN LAROBK, Esq.—SIR: Last night after eleven o'clock, the Mayor of the city, accompanied by Doctor Hofland and a police officer, came to my house, and removed the old man. I give you the earliest possible notice of the fact. I'm afraid there is trouble in the wind. I hope you have not deceived me as to this person's identity.

"Yours, &c., BLACK."

"What is it? Who is it from?" Mrs. Larobe was questioning eagerly before the contents of the letter were half comprehended. Mr. Larobe, after twice reading the communi-

cation, handed it to his companion, and sitting down, covered his face. The long dreaded catastrophe was knocking at his door.

"Fool! Fool! Fool!" Mr. Larobe started from his shrinking posture. The word was sent into his ears in a mad, despairing cry, the voice rising with each repetition.

"For heaven's sake, Jane, keep down this excitement! All is not yet lost; but, all will be, unless complete self-possession is restored. As things are, so must we take them and deal with them. Suddenly we come into new peril. Shall we sit down, like frightened children, or dumb animals, and let destruction overwhelm us; or shall we look right and left, upwards and downwards, for a way of escape?"

"There is no escape," Mrs. Larobe answered, her face a dead blank.

"When the ship is sinking, who escape?" said the other. "Those who fold their arms in despair, or those who are on the look-out for means of safety? The courageous, the hopeful, the alert—they come out of danger, while the doubting perish. Jane, if there ever was a time when both you and I needed to be cool, self-possessed, and united in action, it is now. There is a magazine under us, and all the steps we take are on grains of powder that friction may ignite. Even caution may not save us; but, blind dashing about from side to side, and heedless stampings of the feet, can only make destruction sure. Sit down, and listen."

Mrs. Larobe sat down, and looked with a kind of passive incredulity at her companion, who went on—

"Jane, there is one thing to be remembered. Proof of identity in a case like this will be difficult. Almost everything will rest with Du Pontz; and his safety is involved as well as our own. The death and burial of Mr. Guy are things of record and public notoriety. This man will have the disability of supposed imposture to contend with from the start. Adam will deny and contest his claim from the very outset; for, if made good, it will dispossess him of twenty thousand dollars, and the interest on that sum for ten years. My standing in the community, and yours, also, will have weight. The case will present unpleasant and humiliating features; but, it cannot go against us, if we defend it bravely and with fair-fronted innocence."

Mrs. Larobe made no reply. In the pause that followed, came another rap on the door.

"What is wanted?" called Mr. Larobe.

"The Doctor has come."

"Very well. Say that I will be down in a moment."

The servant retired. Mr. Larobe stood in thought for some time.

"How do you purpose meeting the case, Jane?"

"I do not intend seeing the Doctor," was replied. "Make what excuse you please. Anything to suit yourself. I am indifferent. You can have me put in the insane hospital, if that please your fancy. Perhaps, as things now stand, this course would be prudent."

Mrs. Larobe spoke in a dead level tone. The perplexed lawyer looked at her searchingly, but tried in vain to read her state. Was the last suggestion made in irony, or from a latent conviction that there might be safety in this direction? As Mr. Larobe went slowly down stairs, he pondered this view of the case.

"Good morning, Doctor," he said, in an assumed cheerful voice, as he met the young physician. "You were rather hastily sent for, in a moment of needless fright. Mrs. Larobe was up rather earlier than usual—having had a sleepless night from neuralgia—and in going down stairs, slipped and fell. In her fright, she screamed out, and alarmed the family; and you were sent for in the confusion that ensued. Fortunately, no hurt was sustained. She is now sleeping, and it will be best not to disturb her."

"You think there was no injury?" The Doctor's suspicious eyes gave Mr. Larobe an uneasy sensation.

"None whatever," he returned, "beyond a slight bruise on the arm."

"Did the neuralgic pain continue?"

"No. The shock received in falling, dispersed the pain entirely. Sleep naturally followed relief. This is a new remedy, Doctor, not down in the books." And Mr. Larobe affected a humorous state of mind. "But one hardly safe in application."

"Hardly," answered the Doctor, but without responding to the smile Larobe had forced into his troubled countenance. "I will leave a prescription, the medicine to be taken when she awakes. There may have been an internal shock, the effect of which has not yet become apparent."

"Do so, if you please, Doctor. I will send for the medicine immediately, and see that she has it as soon as this sleep passes."

Doctor Holbrook wrote a prescription, and then went away. Something in his manner left an uneasy feeling with Mr. Larobe. He did not remember, until after the physician's

departure, that he was son-in-law to Doctor Hofland. When this recollection came, it was as if water had fallen on his head and trickled coldly to his feet.

"How the path narrows!" he said, with a shiver, and sat down alone to think. But, he did not long remain alone. There was a foot-sound on the floor, and looking up, he met the cold, hard face of Mrs. Larobe—hard with the congelation of bad passions.

"Where is the Doctor?" She glanced around the room.

"Gone."

"Gone! What did you say to him?"

"That you were asleep."

"Ah! asleep? God knows if I shall ever sleep again! It were better to be dead, than to live in this terror. Asleep! Ha! ha! You are quick witted, Mr. Larobe—quick witted! Game to the last—ha! ha! That was handsomely done! Asleep, but somnambule! Don't look at me with such a scowl. I must laugh a little. And so we are rid of the Doctor. But, do you know who he is, Justin?"

"Yes."

"Doctor Hofland's son-in-law?"

"Yes."

"The Devil's net has many meshes. I doubt if we get free, Justin. Reynard, with all his turnings and doublings is generally caught at last. This is a hard way to walk in—sore-footed and weary-limbed, I can go no farther. Long and long ago our feet departed from smooth and level roads, and ever since sharp stones have cut, steep hills wearied, and miry sloughs exhausted the strength. And now, as I look onward, I see stonier ways, and steeper hills, and blacker pools, down into which we must sink and be lost. Let us end all this, Justin."

Her voice sunk into a calm, persuasive tone.

"Let us put the baying hounds forever off of our track. What if, in the fierce struggle for all we hold dear in life, that is now coming upon us, we are victors? Will not even victory be defeat? What will be left worth living for? I can see nothing—nothing. Tarnished honor—shattered fortune, most likely—social ostracism. No—no—no! I am not now strong enough to meet all this. I want rest and peace—rest and peace, and where shall I find them but in—" She paused, looking earnestly at Mr. Larobe, reading the expression of his face. "The grave?" she added, speaking the words in a rising instead of a falling inflection.

Mrs. Larobe shut her lips tightly, and with

an erect position of her body, awaited an answer. It came in these words—

"While there is life there is hope, Jane. I have still manhood enough left for a strife with fate; and I will battle, bold-fronted, to the last. If you can stand up by my side, well; if not—"

The sentence was left unfinished, but his meaning was clear. A little while they stood opposite to each other, in a mutual effort to penetrate the veil that hid interior thoughts and purpose. Mrs. Larobe moved first. Slowly turning, but without remark, she went into the hall, and ascended to her room. Mr. Larobe did not follow her. It was impressed on his mind, that she would act in the line of her intimation; and he was not wrong. At the breakfast table they met again. She had the cold, stony look he had noticed earlier in the morning. The children observed her with strange, questioning eyes; and Blanche, the simple-minded girl, left her place two or three times during the meal, and putting an arm around her mother's neck, said plaintively—

"Don't look so, ma. It hurts me."

At dinner time they met again. The face of Mrs. Larobe was colder, stonier, and more unreadable. Neither was disposed to be communicative.

At early twilight they met again; but now it was as the dead and living meet. Another act in this life-tragedy is over, and as the curtain falls, you see the pulseless body of Mrs. Larobe, lying upon a sofa, in her own chamber, where it had been lying for an hour. As to the cause and manner of this death, we will not curiously inquire. Enough, that life's fitful fever was over, and that she slept her mortal sleep. Of the dreams that came in this sleep, we have no revelation; and so, the curtain that fell, as the act closed, must rise on other scenes.

CHAPTER XXI.

Two months have passed. Mr. Guy is still at the house of Doctor Hofland, but the secret of his presence there has not transpired. The sudden death of Mrs. Larobe gave rise to many stories, some of them so near the truth, with all its strange and improbable features, that sensible people rejected them as the baldest kind of inventions.

Contrary to expectation, Mr. Guy did not rally from the mental torpor into which he fell after his prison door was opened and his fetters stricken off. The relaxed fibres of the over-

bent bow, did not contract and toughen again. A harmless, quiet, dreaming old man, he would sit for hours in his room, or with the family, not a thought seeming to stir the external surface of his mind. The book of his past life was shut, or the writing therein effaced. Memory was a blank. Sometimes, as the inner man looked out into the world of external things, and curiosity stirred as in a child, he would ask the name of some common thing, as a knife, a spoon or a chair, and repeat it over, trying to fix the answer in his thought. Observing him closely from day to day, Doctor Hofland saw that he was beginning to gather up a few shreds of knowledge, and that the possession of these was interesting him, and creating a hunger for further acquisitions. Very, very slow was the progress; but still there was progress. This fact, when clearly seen by Doctor Hofland, determined his future course. He recognized a Providence in the series of events which had placed Mr. Guy in his hands, and so far as his agency for good towards the now helpless imbecile would go, it must be freely given. The secret of his identity rested with himself and the Mayor, and, for the present, would rest there.

Very closely had Doctor Hofland studied the character of Mr. Ewbank, and that of his wife. Soon after Mr. Guy came into his house, he had conceived the plan of giving him into the charge of his daughter and her husband; and with this in view, he had gone nearer to them, and made observation at all points. The more he saw, and the deeper he reflected, the stronger was his conviction that, with them, Mr. Guy would be in the best attainable condition. The question as to whether it were advisable or not, to let them into the grave secret of his personality, or leave it for time and circumstances to discover, was for a long time debated. He had them frequently at his house, where they saw Mr. Guy, and became much interested in him. The case presented many novel features to Mr. Ewbank, and he thought of, and talked of it with Doctor Hofland, a great deal. When, at last, the Doctor suggested his taking charge of the case, with a view to drawing forth the slumbering faculties and educating them anew, the proposition was not unfavorably received. Mrs. Ewbank had been interested in him from the first, and he had responded in a pleased way to her attentions. The pecuniary consideration, which Doctor Hofland felt justified in offering, was in itself so liberal, that taking the limited means of Mr. and Mrs.

Ewbank into consideration, it offered a motive not to be disregarded.

"I have heard, or read, of cases resembling this," said Mr. Ewbank, in talking over the subject with Doctor Hofland, "but always thought them exaggerated. Standing face to face with a mental phenomenon so very remarkable, I confess to being deeply interested. Memory is completely veiled. He is like one newly born, with the pages of his spirit yet unwritten upon, and like a child in the simple innocence of ignorance. He is not insane—nor idiotic—but with the undeveloped mind of a child. He must be taught and led. Have you found him always docile?"

"Always," replied the Doctor.

"And gradually gaining interest in things around him?"

"Gradually, but very slowly."

"What do medical books say in regard to these cases. Memory is suddenly restored, I think?"

"That is the usual result. Suddenly the veil is rent, and the past revived."

"Do you know the particulars of Mr. Elliot's former life?" (Elliot was the name by which Mr. Guy was called in Doctor Hofland's family, and he accepted it as a true name, just as he did that of a chair or a door.)

"Something of them. But, as I have intimated before, there are circumstances which make it necessary to let former things, so far as he is concerned, lie buried for the present. I can only say, that the righting of great wrongs depends on his being once more clothed and in his true mind; and that if you can aid in the work, you will have done what must prove to you a life-long satisfaction."

"I try to hold myself ready for all good work, Doctor; and, somehow, my heart goes forth towards this, with a living desire. When I spoke of his former life, it had more reference to his interior than to his exterior state. Was he a selfish, sordid, worldly man; or, generous and humane? Did he live only for himself; or, was others' good kept in his regard?"

"He was selfish, sordid, worldly—seeking no good but his own."

Mr. Ewbank looked disappointed.

"I had hoped that it was different," he said.

"He lived only for himself. Even natural feeling seemed dead in his heart," said the Doctor. "I could almost wish the past never restored, if with the restoration his former life returned. Ah! if he could, as an innocent child, under better auspices, grow up to reason-

ing manhood. If tender and holy affections could be so stored up in his forming mental states, that in a second manhood he might be saved by their influence. My fear, Mr. Ewbank, is, that when memory comes back, and old habits of feeling and thought revive, he will be the hard, selfish man of old. But He, without whom a sparrow falls not, holds him in the hollow of His hand; and I have faith in the good to come from the great suffering through which he has been led, and now given, as a passive child, into our care."

"Was he religious in early life?" asked Mr. Ewbank.

"No."

"Have you any knowledge of his childhood?"

"Very little. It was not a pleasant childhood, however. A few times I heard him make reference thereto, and it was, generally, coupled with a sneer at bigots and hypocrites. With these he classed the majority of religious people."

"One thing is plain," said Mr. Ewbank. "The first and greatest work is, to teach him that there is a God, who loves him and cares for him—a God who is ever present, though unseen, and watching over him for good. If this idea can be fixed among the first things that find entrance into his mind, so as to be woven in with all that follows, we may sow precious seed in the ground of this new childhood; seed that may bear fruit even in the old manhood, if it returns."

"Ah, sir! There is a great work here. If you are equal to the task, a human soul in imminent peril may be saved." Doctor Hoffland spoke with much feeling. "It looks as if in you, God had provided for the case of this man."

"I cannot say how that may be," answered Mr. Ewbank. "What seems right to be done, in the present, I hold it my duty to do—and it seems right that I should take charge of Mr. Elliot."

"You have talked it over with your wife?"

"Yes."

"How does she feel about it?"

"As I do. Something in Mr. Elliot has interested her from the beginning; and you have seen how like a pleased child he acts whenever she comes here. If she were to ask him to go home with her, I am sure he would answer yes."

"The way seems plain, Mr. Ewbank."

"It does."

"And you will walk therein?"

"Yes."

As Mr. Ewbank had supposed, the invitation extended to Mr. Elliot (as we will now call him) by his wife, was accepted with manifestations of delight. He was all eager for the visit, and entered the carriage that was to convey him to the house of his daughter without a shade of suspicion crossing his mind. Once there, under all the tender care and watchful solicitude with which he was regarded—springing in the case of Mrs. Ewbank from an impulse that she could not explain, and in the case of her husband, from high moral and religious principle—Mr. Elliot seemed to have no thought of going away. He remembered Doctor Hoffland and his family; but more as one remembers a vivid dream—to be dwelt upon, but not restored in actual experience.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank were not now in that poor dwelling where Doctor Hoffland found them on that cold winter evening when the child Esther called for him to go and visit little dying Theo. They had removed to a larger and pleasanter house, farther in the western portion of the city; the income of Mr. Ewbank from pupils, justifying the increased expense. Mr. Ewbank's health was steadily improving. From the time that Doctor Hoffland arrested the progress of a disease that seemed rapidly bearing him away, there had been a steady accumulation of vital power, and now he was strong for his work as well in body as in mind.

It was on the afternoon of a pleasant June day that Mr. Elliot found himself in the home of his new friends. For a little while, Esther and Jasper, the children of Mrs. Ewbank, were shy of the strange old man, who looked at them in such a curious way—"Just as a baby looks," Esther said. But they were soon drawn towards him, and mutual good feeling established. Before the afternoon had gone, they were so much interested in their visitor, and he in them, that, on a suggestion being made to Mr. Elliot about his returning home to Doctor Hoffland's, a joint demurrer was promptly entered.

"Why can't he stay here all night?" asked little Jasper.

"That might not be agreeable to Mr. Elliot," replied Mrs. Ewbank.

"Yes, it will be agreeable. Wont it, Mr. Elliot?" said the child.

"I like it best here," he answered.

"Oh, well, if that is so, we shall be happy to have you remain," said Mrs. Ewbank, in a pleasant voice.

And so it was settled that he should stay all night.

During the two months in which he remained with Doctor Hofland, much time and care had been given by each member of the family to his peculiar mental needs, and pains had been taken to lead his mind as much as possible into that knowledge of things which had been so strangely lost. The names and use of most common articles by which he was surrounded, had been acquired, and he had not only learned his alphabet anew, but was beginning to unite letters into words. Thus, a fair commencement had been made. The children of Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank were not very liberally supplied with books and playthings; but, they had enough to afford interest and amusement to Mr. Elliot during the whole afternoon. He was attracted by pictures, and listened with all the pleased attention of a child to the explanations that were given by Esther. A box of building-blocks afforded him an hour's employment; and when he had constructed, by their aid, some architectural form, he would gaze upon it with an expression of childish satisfaction not unmixed with wonder. Many times, during this first afternoon of his presence in the family of Mrs. Ewbank, did she pause in her work to look at him, and always with an irrepressible yearning in her heart. Something beyond his mere helplessness touched her. What it was she did not know, or even try to discover. It was, with her, one of those intruding mysteries of the soul, that lie out of the reach of thought or experience.

In the evening, when Jasper's bed-time came—he was five years old—he retired with his mother, and after being undressed, came back and knelt down by his father, to say his nightly prayer. With small hands laid together, face uplifted, and eyes shut softly, the child repeated, "Our Father." The look of surprise, shaded with reverence, that fell on the countenance of Mr. Elliot, did not escape Mr. Ewbank. As Jasper arose from his knees and went out with his mother, after giving to all around his good-night kiss, the old man dropped his eyes to the floor and sat like one lost in a dreaming reverie.

"What is it?" he asked, speaking in a hushed voice, and with an impression of mystery in his face, as he looked up at Mr. Ewbank.

"Jasper was saying his prayers."

But Mr. Elliot was not enlightened.

"He was praying to God," said Mr. Ewbank,

pointing upwards. "To God who made us all, and who loves us and takes care of us."

"Did he make me?"

"O yes. He made you and me, and every living soul. And he loves you and cares for you, just as he loves and cares for all his children."

"Is he my father? Jasper said, Our Father in Heaven. Where is Heaven?"

"Heaven is where God is, and where good angels dwell with him; and God is your father and my father, and the father of us all."

Mr. Elliot looked down at the floor again. These things were almost too much for him. They crowded his feebly acting thoughts. He did not speak for several minutes, and Mr. Ewbank waited for his mind to fix itself on some definite idea. At last he said, with a sigh that expressed a state of relief, after effort—

"My father, and he loves me?"

The voice trembled just a little—trembled with feeling. The heart of Mr. Ewbank felt a thrill of pleasure. Just what he desired had taken place.

"Yes, your father, and he loves you"—giving back the thought in slowly spoken, emphatic words, that it might become fixed and remain among the first and most distinct things of his newly forming life. "And to be loved by One who is as good as he is powerful, is to be in safety. Only, we must be obedient children. He says that we must be kind and good to one another, as he is kind and good to us."

"Does Esther pray, when she goes to bed?"

Thought was still searching about among the new things which had come into his mind.

"O yes."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes."

A shadow came over the pale, exhausted countenance.

"I never pray." There was a touching sadness in Mr. Elliot's voice, mingled with self-condemnation.

"Never?" As if in surprise.

"No; I have never prayed. I didn't know about God. How do you know about him? Who told you?" There was a rising eagerness in Mr. Elliot's tones.

"We have God's book, the Bible. In that he tells us all about what we are to do in order to please Him."

"The Bible!" It seemed, from his manner, as if an old memory had awakened into life; but, if it had stirred, its sleep was not broken.

"Yes, the Bible." And Mr. Ewbank lifted

a copy of Sacred Scripture from the table near which he was sitting, and opening it, read aloud a portion of one of the chapters in Matthew—not selected with a view to Mr. Elliot's state, but simply as a portion of God's Word, trusting to Divine influence for the effect. It was a part of his faith, that, interior to the sense of the letter of Holy Writ, which comes to the natural understanding of man, was a divinely spiritual sense, by means of which God, who is the Word, is actually present to all who read or hear in states of innocence and true worship. And so, while not looking for this portion of Scripture to give distinct religious ideas to the mind of Mr. Elliot, he trusted to its interior influence—and not in vain. The disturbed condition in which he had been a little while before, subsided into a peaceful state; and he said, after Mr. Ewbank had finished reading—

"I'll pray, if you'll teach me."

When bedtime came, Mr. Ewbank went with the passive old man to his chamber, and there heard him repeat, as he gave him the sentences, that all-embracing prayer, which has gone up from millions of Christian lips since Christ said to his disciples—

"After this manner pray ye."

Earnestly, innocently, as one of God's little ones, did he offer this prayer, kneeling as he had seen Jasper kneel, with hands uplifted and shut eyes. And then, lying down in peace, he was asleep ere a minute had passed from the time his head was on the pillow. For a good while Mr. Ewbank remained looking on his wan and wasted face, now so tranquil. His wife came in, and stood by his side, her hands drawn through one of his arms and clasped together.

"I don't know what it means," said Mrs. Ewbank, in a whisper, "but, whenever I look at him, I feel tears coming into my eyes. It is the strangest case I've heard tell of. Everything lost! His name even; for I don't believe that Elliot is his true name."

"Perhaps not. All that concerns him, is shrouded in mystery." Mr. Ewbank moved back from the bed, as he spoke, and they retired from the chamber. "But one thing is clear to my mind, Lydia," he added, as they sat down in the adjoining room, "in God's Providence, he is in our hands, and we must do all for him that lies in our power. It is not probable that he will continue, for a very long time, in his present isolation from the past. As thought awakens, through the agency of instruction, it will break through the veil that

has dropped between his inner and outer life. This may be gradual, or it may be sudden. Whenever it takes place, our work is ended. Now, we have him as an ignorant and innocent child; and we must do for him what is best for a child. It seems to me, that God has, in us, provided for the storing up in his mind of the elements of a new and truer life, by which, when reason is restored, he may have power to rise out of the old selfishness and sordidness that I learn shadowed his manhood. This work is more entirely in your hands than it is in mine, for it is a mother's work—dealing with affection more than with thought. Dear wife!"—feeling trembled in his voice—"you are chosen of Him whose love reaches down to the condition of every human being, to care for this weak old man; to awaken kind, tender, loving, reverent impulses in his soul. To give him a new and better childhood. The seed now planted by your hands may grow and bring fruit in his restored manhood. The new knowledge of things which we may impart, will be of use only in the degree that they help in the formation of tender, unselfish, and pious states. If memory revives, he will come back into all the former things of his life. My hope is, that something of what we give him now, may so dwell with these things, as to form the base of a new column in the structure of his mind, the top of which shall reach far above the old building, and stand where the pure sunlight of heaven may rest upon it as a crown."

"I do not see in all things as you see," Mrs. Ewbank answered, leaning towards her husband, and looking up to him with loving confidence. "My eyes are not so clear. But, as you lead, dear husband, I will walk. The path of duty I have learned, after long discipline, to be the path in which peace is to be found. It is the safest way, I am sure."

"Rightly said," answered Mr. Ewbank, "for they who walk in it walk with God—and when he is near us evil is far distant."

"How shall I plant this seed of which you speak? How shall I awaken pure and good affections in his mind?"

"Love kindles love," replied Mr. Ewbank. "Show him, in all your conduct, that you love and care for him—that you desire to make him happy; this will draw his heart towards you, and give impressiveness to all you say and do. Then, into the love he will bear for you, cast seeds of reverence and love for God, as they are cast into the minds of children. These cannot perish. God will give increase, dear

wife! A strange work has been committed to our hands. Let us, in all faithfulness and humility, looking to God for help, see that nothing suffers through our lack of diligence. If we can save a soul, we shall do the work of angels."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Kings and Queens of England.

JOHN.

John was the seventh king after the conquest, and was a great-grandson of William I. He was crowned May 26, 1199, at London. He was the youngest son of Henry II., and a brother of Richard; but he was not the rightful heir to the throne; the crown belonged to Arthur, the son of Geoffrey, an elder brother. In person he was neither beautiful, graceful, nor elegant; his appearance excited neither love nor respect; and all historians agree that he had few, if any good qualities, but that his character was a compound of all the vices that can degrade humanity. He was the worst king that England ever had.

The French provinces resolved to support the claims of Arthur; and Philip, king of France, who was urged by Constance to favor the cause of her son, raised a powerful army to assist in placing him on the throne of Normandy; but John persuaded Philip to conclude a peace, which was much more advantageous to himself than to Arthur. Three years after, Arthur married a daughter of Philip, who then made another attempt to obtain the crown for his son-in-law.

Queen Eleanor had always been an enemy to Arthur and his mother, and she being at the castle of Mirabel, Arthur besieged the place; but John marched to the relief of his mother, he defeated Arthur and made him a prisoner, and took the princess Eleanor of Bretagne, Arthur's sister, and sent her to England, where she was imprisoned in Bristol castle for forty years. Most of the nobility of Poitou and Anjou were taken prisoners in this battle, and twenty-two of them were starved to death in the castle of Corfe. Arthur was confined in the castle of Falaise, and John ordered one of his servants to murder him, but he positively refused to destroy his rightful king.

The governor of the castle was desirous to save the life of Arthur, and soon after sent away a ruffian, who had been hired by John to assassinate the prince, promising that he would put

him to death; but he concealed Arthur, and announced that he was dead. The English were much exasperated at the supposed murder, and the governor was obliged to inform them that he was alive. When John heard of it he had Arthur removed to Rouen, where he killed him with his own hands. This inhuman murder drew upon him the vengeance of his English subjects. All men were struck with horror at the deed, and he became the object of universal detestation; he was both dreaded and despised.

They made overtures to Philip to avenge the barbarity; he improved the favorable moment, seized on Normandy and all John's provinces on the continent, and added them to the crown of France in 1204, after they had been in the possession of the descendants of Rollo for three hundred and twenty years.

The troubles of John all originated from his own misconduct, and the foreign wars were succeeded by civil dissensions, which were productive of the most fatal effects, and involved him in a quarrel with the pope, who laid the kingdom under an interdict, and excommunicated the king; after which he absolved the people from their oath of allegiance.

To conciliate the pope, John was obliged to resign his crown to him, and took a solemn oath to serve him faithfully; but the pope soon after pardoned the king and restored his crown; the kingdom also was relieved from the interdict, by which the people had suffered so much for six years, during which time the churches had all been closed, and Divine service and all the rites of the church suspended, except baptism to infants; though it had no effect on the king, the influence on the minds of the people was truly distressing.

England, by the Norman conquest, had become a feudal military kingdom; the despotic power of the crown was planted on the ruins of Saxon liberty, and the people were vassals to the king and the barons. The voice of the people had long been smothered under this oppression, and the barons had often complained of the cruelty of the crown; now all parties agreed to commence an attack on the crown, and bring this weak king to terms. The time was extremely favorable, as John was hated and despised by the whole nation.

The barons became bold by these propitious circumstances, and presented a petition to the king, demanding in the most respectful language, but in plain and express terms, the reestablishment of the Anglo Saxon laws. John was alarmed at the demand, and had no

intention of granting the petition, but dared not openly reject it; and desired them to wait till Easter. The barons were convinced that their demands could be obtained only by force, and chose Robert Fitz-Walter for their general. When John saw their warlike preparations he soon yielded, and informed the barons he would grant all they required, but did it with great reluctance.

The charter contained sixty-three articles, and was signed at Runemede, June 19, 1215, by the king and by all the lords, both spiritual and temporal, and confirmed by the king's solemn oath. This was the famous Magna Charta, and is considered as the foundation of English liberty, and continues in force to this day. This charter was extorted from John; he made the concessions from fear, and he resolved to free himself of its restraints, and declared he would not be governed by it. This produced a second civil war, and the barons called the king of France to their assistance. John had assembled a considerable army of foreign soldiers, and he displayed, with unfeeling barbarity, the direful effects of his vengeance; the kingdom was laid waste, and the people were in a most deplorable condition. The pope was on the king's side, but his spiritual thunders could only inspire imaginary terrors, while the temporal arms of the king produced dreadful realities; all England was one scene of desolation and distress.

John kept now continually in motion, carefully avoiding a battle, as he could place little confidence in his troops. In one of his marches he was overtaken by the tide at Cross Keys Wash, and all his carriages, provisions, treasure and baggage of every sort were lost, and he escaped with the greatest difficulty to Newark. Grief, fatigue and anxiety threw him into a fever. He made his will, and appointed his son, Henry, then ten years old, his successor, and died October 18, 1216, being fifty years of age. He reigned nearly eighteen years. He left two sons, Henry and Richard, and three daughters. But one good act is recorded of him, and that he wished to abolish. He had few redeeming qualities.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

WHEN the veil of death has been drawn between us and the objects of our regard, how quick-sighted do we become to their merits, and how bitterly do we remember words, or even looks of unkindness, which may have escaped us in our intercourse with them!

Kindness Towards Animals.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Little things indicate character.

Walking out the other day beyond the limits of the village, I came to a nice looking farmhouse. I will stop and rest a little, I said to myself, and get a draught of water, "sparkling with coolness," from that well in the yard; so I opened the gate and went in.

A large, well-kept looking dog lay, sentinel-like, on the front door-stone. I shrank at first; but as he looked at me with an eye a little curious, but kindly, I addressed him by an imaginary name, at which he came down from his perch, wagging me a welcome, and trotted along patronizingly by my side without a bark or a growl, showing himself not only well fed but well bred, quite different from the dogs at a house I had passed a little while before, where "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart," all ran out and barked furiously at me.

As I passed around, I saw pots of flowers sitting in the porch. Things promise well, here, I said to myself—though cultivation of flowers is not to be taken as implying evidence of refinement of taste. It often results from imitation as well as an innate love of the beautiful, as with fine clothes, fine houses, fine pictures, and fine furniture, people have them because their neighbors have them.

You have seen a child sitting on the floor, muttering over a piece of paper or a book, in imitation of his father, who is enjoying a literary feast, reading some favorite author. He does not know but that he has the same enjoyment from his book or paper as his father from his. So these imitators do not know but their birds and flowers, and the objects of beauty they have gathered around them, afford them as fine and exquisite a pleasure as is derived from them by those of cultivated tastes.

Rapping at the door, a neat and pleasant looking lady presented herself, who, I saw at once, was the mistress of the house. She invited me to step in, and I did so, taking the nicely stuffed chair she proffered me. Though not approving of stuffed chairs on general principles, I found this very comfortable. I made myself known, and then fell into conversation with the lady upon the weather, the appearance of the neighborhood, &c.

Glancing around, I saw behind the stove a couple of chairs, each chair having a cushion in it, and on each cushion a sleek, plump cat, looking so placid, and so enjoying the sense of existence with their heads resting on their

velvety paws, that it soothed me to look at them. My mind referred back to the well-kept looking dog I had seen, and I glanced involuntarily at the mistress of these comfortable animals, to see if her bump of benevolence was not well developed. It was. Then a sound of music came to me—not an instrument—but bird music, poured forth from melodious throats.

Raising my eyes, there before and above me, hung two capacious bird cages, and in each, on their perches, two glossy plumaged canaries, singing thus their thanks to their mistress, as well as to their Maker, for the happiness they enjoyed. The cage was clean and well supplied with bird luxuries, and though I always feel a sense of pain at seeing a bird in bondage, even though it is made tolerable by kind care and attention, these birds seemed happy. The woman was not aware that by all these things I was gauging her character. She had acted from the impulses of a kindly nature, making the dumb creatures dependent on her comfortable; but I had seen contrasting cases—dogs and cats meagre looking, skulking in momentary expectation of a blow. Dirty, close cages crowded with ragged plumaged canaries, too depressed to pipe a note. How I have longed to open the cage door and set these miserable prisoners free. There is a doctrine that all the animals one abuses in this life, will have a chance to retaliate in another.

If this be true, what torments must be endured by some owners of cats, dogs and horses. What lashings and starvings, what kicks and cuffs, and pinchings with cold and hunger, are in store for them.

Beyond.

BY FANNY TRUE.

There our robes shall stainless be,
There, a perfect purity,
 Undefined by sin.
Never more a bitter tear,
Never a disturbing fear,
 Break the peace within.

We who walk this earthly shore,
Ever seeking what's before,
 Shall the world's renown,
Be a dearer prize to gain,
After all this strife and pain,
 Than a heavenly crown?

Shall we not each fleeting day
Upward some sweet treasure lay,
 Safe from earthly blight?
He who sees a sparrow's fall,
Marks the act, however small,
 If the heart be right!

Battle Fields of Our Fathers. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was the midsummer of seventeen hundred and ninety-nine; that summer, so fraught with dread and disaster to the peaceful towns clustered along the Connecticut shore.

Early in July, Sir Henry Clinton had appointed Governor Tryon to the command of a marauding expedition along the seaboard of Connecticut, with the object of drawing Washington from his mountain fastnesses on the Hudson; and this expedition was conducted in such a spirit of wanton brutality, and disgraced with the perpetration of such atrocities on the part of Tryon and his soldiers, that their very names were execrated throughout the land.

New Haven had been captured and its public stores destroyed, while the pleasant town of Fairfield had been laid desolate, and its inhabitants had seen their homes making the midnight a sheet of flame. Norwalk had been invaded, and much of it laid in ashes; and the inhabitants of New London now awaited in trembling anxiety the descent of the expedition on their shores.

The homeless inhabitants of the desolated towns wandered along the seaboard, and told the fearful story of their homes ravaged and laid in ashes by the fierce and brutal soldiery, of plunder and rapine and devastation, arousing the people everywhere into fierce indignation at their wrongs. And the robins sang sweetly in the summer mornings, and the golden banners of sunshine waved over the fields which grew ripe for the harvest, while over the land hung that awful shadow of terror and waiting.*

And in one of these days on which our story has fallen, a still, sultry afternoon of midsummer, Lucy Trueman came down stairs with the spy-glass in her hand.

"Have you been up to the top of the house, Lucy?" asked her mother, coming out from the bed-room in a black satin skirt and white linen "shortgown," after the fashion of maîtresses of that time.

* In one of these marauds a great, great aunt of the writer having fled for safety to the woods, had a quantity of linen cut from the loom, and gushed through and through for mere wantonness, by the swords of the soldiers, while one of her neighbors—a deaf old gentleman—failing to answer some questions which he did not understand, had his tongue cut out.

"Yes; but there isn't any sign of a fleet on the Sound, only a few schooners and fishing smacks, and two or three merchant vessels."

"I hope the Lord will send a wind that'll scatter the ships of our enemies as he scattered the hosts of Pharaoh, if they ever show themselves off our coast," said Mrs. Trueman, slipping a skein of yarn around the back of one chair, and bestowing her plethoric self in another.

As for Lucy, she looked as though climbing to the top of the house had over-exerted her, for the roses blazed wide in her fair cheeks, and she sat down by the window and fanned herself vigorously with a large fan of turkey feathers, which lay on the table.

"I've sent by John Hemingway for Cousin Tabitha and the children to come over here, and put up until they can find a better home," continued Mrs. Trueman. "To think of her husband's bein' sick off in camp, and she and the three little ones havin' the house burnt over their heads!"

"It's enough to make one's blood boil," said Lucy, using her fan with greater energy, while the damask roses flamed broader for indignation in her cheeks.

"And to think of her goin' down on her knees to the British officer who ordered the house to be fired, and beggin' him to spare it because she was a lone, helpless woman, with three little children."

"And didn't *that* soften him, mother?"

"Soften him, child! he swore fiercely at her, and said he was glad of any chance to burn the spawn of a Yankee out of house and home, and gave her only half an hour to get the children and what little clothing they could carry out of the house."

Lucy shuddered with a mingling of pity and horror at this story.

"We shall know what to expect when the British fleet comes."

"Yes, they wont be likely to show much quarter. And there's Nathaniel! he'll be sartin to march off with the front of the militia, and no holdin' him back."

"I don't believe you'd try to, mother, in that case. Why, woman as I am, I believe I'd take grandpa's musket and start off myself," and the pretty face fired up until the roses were all lost in a general glow.

Mrs. Trueman was a very courageous woman, but her mother-heart made her a coward in all which concerned the safety of her boy. She sighed, and the ball in her hands expanded rapidly, fed by the small tributary of

yarn which flowed from the chair to Mrs. Trueman's fingers.

"Mother," said Lucy, suddenly breaking the silence, "seems to me you're fixed up!"

"Wall, I thought I'd take my knittin' and run over to Miss Palmer's, and have a talk with her. In these dark times neighbors can kinder chirk one another up. Hadn't you better lock the house up and come too, Lucy?"

Lucy meditated a moment and then shook her head.

"I promised Nathaniel I'd go with him, when he got through haying, to shake the black-heart cherry tree."

The ball was completed now. Mrs. Trueman rose up, took a black ribbon from her neck, to which was suspended a bunch of keys, and laid them on the table by her daughter.

"I'll leave 'em in your charge," said the thoughtful housekeeper. "You may have some use for 'em afore I get back."

The sight of those keys must have supplied some subtle link of association in Lucy's mind, although she was probably unconscious of this, as she said, suddenly—

"Mother, I didn't like the looks of those two men who were here to tea night before last. The more I think of it the more I'm convinced they were British sailors from the squadron that's anchored off Long Island, and their lurking around here could have been for no good purpose."

"Likely enough they were spies," answered her mother. "I didn't think anything about it at the time, for I was busy talking with old Squire Peckham, that I haven't seen for well nigh upon twenty years, and he was a friend of my father's."

"Well, you didn't talk for his benefit alone; for the door was open, and while you were telling the Squire about the silver set uncle sent me, I happened to come into the dining-room; and the men sat at the table, their heads bent forward, drinking in greedily every word you said; and there was an expression on both faces which I cannot describe, but it was made up of cunning and malice; an expression so evil, that no honest man's face could ever wear it. Somehow it makes me shudder whenever I think of it."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Trueman, tying her bonnet. "One has to keep eyes and ears open such times as this!" with which comprehensive remark she proceeded to walk out of the front door.

She had not, however, progressed far beyond the gate before she returned, saying—

"Lucy, if you feel kind o' skeerish about bein' left here all alone, jest say the word and I'll stay at home."

"Not the least bit, mother. Nobody's goin' to run the risk of comin' round here in broad daylight; and I shant have anything worse to fear than my own shadow."

And thus reassured, Mrs. Trueman started off the second time, and Lucy went into her mother's room and arranged her hair before the small mahogany framed mirror, and smiled softly to herself at the pretty reflection there, and then sighed; for a thought which came after and went far away—a thought which carried on its wings the tenderness, the self-sacrifice, the long endurance of a true woman's heart.

The last two years had wrought a subtle change in Lucy Trueman. She was still bright, amusing, impulsive, full of pretty, sudden speech and ways; but something of her merry, careless girlhood had gone, and it was supplanted by a new dignity and refinement of manner.

She had not "sunk her life in the life of another"—her heart had not carried its burden of hope, and fear, and anxiety for two years, without strengthening and developing her character; and standing before the mirror humming fragments of old psalms, or some merry tune breaking in a sudden sparkle of song out of her red lips, and flashing its spray of melody into the silence, Lucy Trueman looked, and yet was not quite the same Lucy Trueman she had been two years before.

The rest of the dressing was a very simple matter, and when she came out of the bedroom in her light gingham dress, with her round bare arms, she made a prettier picture than one often sees. She had just taken from the upper bureau drawer a breast-knot of blue ribbon, when a slight sound struck her—like the cracking of old boards when stealthy feet move across them.

It came from the back hall of the old tavern, and was precisely that sound which at midnight, or in any lonely place, thrills one's nerves with a sudden mysterious fear. But it was broad daylight now; and Lucy smiled to herself when she found her heart was beating faster. But there came the sound again, and this time it was louder and nearer—there was no mistaking it now. Some instinct of self-defence made her glance towards the table on which lay her brother's pocket-knife, but she was too late; the door was burst swiftly, although noiselessly open, and there stood before Lucy

Trueman's horrified eyes, the men who had taken supper at the tavern two days before, and who had haunted her ever since with a vague dread.

The men seemed for the moment dismayed at the sight of the girl; their object was plunder, and not harm to any inmates of the tavern, although their physiognomies showed them to be desperate men, who would not hesitate at any deed of violence or wrong if it interfered with the consummation of their plans.

Lucy stood nailed to the floor, but a shriek from her white lips curdled the sweet air with its horror. The men recovered from their first alarm before it was silenced. They were tolerably certain she was alone in the house, and everything with them depended upon dispatch. They threw off all disguises at once. The ruffians advanced towards her, and one pointed his musket while the other seized her roughly about the waist.

"You are a dead girl," said the latter, with a horrible oath, "if you screech again"—and then he pushed her down, half frozen as she was with fear, into a chair.

"We haven't any time to waste on words," said both the men. "What we do must be done quick. Your life is in our hands, and if you want to save it you'll do what we demand and get rid of us."

"What is it you want of me?" staring with a shudder from one dark face to another.

They were both heavy, muscular men, in whose features all brutal passions, all base and evil tendencies had set their signs.

"We come here to get that set of silver that's somewhere in this house, and we'll have it afore we leave it, and you've got to tell us where it is, or you'll never live to tell anything again," and then came another oath, which both men repeated.

"And if I'll tell you will you promise not to harm me?" supplicated the trembling creature.

"We don't want to hurt you, but the silver—we'll have that, or you'll be worse off."

Lucy pointed to the cluster of keys on the table; and with her limbs shaking as her voice did, made answer, for she was young and life was sweet—

"The smallest key there will unlock the white chest in one corner of the room overhead, and in the chest you'll find the hair-cloth trunk that holds the silver."

Lucy remembered that the men held a short consultation together, about the best method of disposing of her while they went up stairs in search of the silver; one of the two insist-

ing that she would be sure to make off if they left her alone. It ended by one of the robbers taking a strong leathern strap from his pocket and confining her to the chair.

After this she could remember very little. She sat in the chair with all her faculties benumbed with terror, for what seemed to her, as she afterwards recalled it through slow hours, although it was subsequently proven that the time of the men's absence could not have exceeded five minutes. On the men's return another brief consultation passed betwixt them, of which she was the object.

"We'd better take all the game we can find," said one of the ruffians. "The jade'll set up such a yellin' as soon as we are gone that she'll be sure to get somebody foul of our track. We'd better carry her off too."

And the other villain swore with an oath that he was ready, and they hastily unpinioned the half-conscious girl. She remembered saying to them, as one in a dream, that they had promised to leave her, and both the wretches laughed out brutally, and said that his majesty's soldiers never felt themselves bound by oaths to Yankees and rebels, and afterwards she could remember no more,—no more until she found herself on the road which led from her house to the sea shore. Old mill tavern stood quite by itself, on the old turnpike road, which was now little travelled, about a mile from the Sound.

The air must have revived the girl, for her captors had not proceeded more than a quarter of a mile when she opened her eyes, and found herself being dragged hastily along the sandy road. The men had not even paused to gag her, feeling that they were on dangerous ground, and no doubt trusting that she would not regain her consciousness until she was beyond the reach of help. But as she opened her eyes the whole awful truth flashed swiftly across the thoughts of Lucy Trueman; and her face being turned to the right, for one of the captor's arms was around her waist; she caught sight of Nathaniel in a distant field raking the hay together in the pleasant afternoon sunshine.

"Nathaniel!" It was a shriek of imploring terror, such as a woman might make in her last need, and it curdled the still air, and sent its wild horror among the echoes of the distant rocks, and they cried in affright to each other.

"Shoot the jade, quick," cried one of the alarmed captors.

"Somebody'll hear the report," answered

the other, and he clapped his heavy hand on her mouth.

But the wild horror working in her brain and heart gave, for the moment to Lucy Trueman, the strength of more than two men. She dashed aside the heavy hand of one, the arms of the other—

"Nathaniel!"

The wild shriek thrilled the echoes with its agony once more. But he is far off and he does not hear; his back is turned, and he works on in the joyful summer sunshine. She writhes herself once more from the strong arms—

"Nathaniel!"

Oh, summer winds, rise up into mighty trumpets, and bear across the meadows to his ears that cry, for it is his sister's last—the strong arms triumph now; they grasp the girl, they gag her; Lucy Trueman knows no more.

But Nathaniel suddenly starts, and stands erect, and listens. A far-off cry of distress reaches him; the rake falls from his hands; he turns, and looks off to the east, whence the sound seemed to come. A moment more, and a bend in the road would have hidden all from his view; but that moment saves it; he sees the close of the short struggle betwixt his sister and her captors; his face grows white as hers; his great, brown eyes blaze fire; in one moment, he comprehends it all.

Nathaniel Trueman had been out hunting that morning, and his gun lay under a tree, close at hand. He seized this, and bent his slight lithe limbs towards the sea-shore; for he divined at once that the men would make for this. Nathaniel was fleet-footed as an Indian; but the race was now to save his sister; and oh! how he prayed that God would lend new speed to his feet, as he panted across the hills; and he did not hear his loud heart, and it seemed to him that he moved like a snail.

The road which Nathaniel took, led across the hills, through a district of woods, to the rocks by the sea. The men had hurried rapidly along with their burden; but, of course, the unconscious weight somewhat retarded their speed, and Nathaniel Trueman came out from the woods upon the low, gray rocks, just as the men came out from the turnpike on the sandy road which led from the sea-shore. The youth's heart sickened, for a moment, as he saw the delicate form of his sister in their grasp. He raised his musket, and then lowered it again. If he took aim at those men, it would be almost certain death to his sister.

For a moment, the youth deliberated. Better die himself; better, far better, see his fair young sister lie dead at his feet, than be borne off by such fiends as those who now held her.

"God help me!" said Nathaniel Trueman. And he did not say it with a feeling of vague helplessness and weakness, which all men have in some great crisis of need and terror. "God help me!" said Nathaniel Trueman, feeling that He was a present God, strong to save, in any moment of human limitation and need.

Then he lifted his musket, and took deliberate aim, and his voice rang clear and incisive over the cliffs, and reached the men, that were hurrying their burden to the sand—

"Move another step with that girl, and I'll shoot you dead on the spot!"

A villain is usually a coward when suddenly surprised. The ruffians knew they were in an enemy's country, and that they ran great risks of discovery, and the attitude of Nathaniel, as he stood on the edge of the gray cliff, the slight, graceful form, cut out like a statue against the rocks, in its stern defiance, had something about it which appalled the men whom he addressed.

They stood still, and took hurried counsel with each other. They had muskets, and could fire, too; but there was a house on the left, (they did not know it was an unoccupied one) and the sound of a gun might precipitate discovery. Moreover, Nathaniel had the advantage of time; his gun was levelled, and he would probably fire before they could take aim.

Their boat still lay some distance off, and if they could make their escape with their booty, it was hardly worth while to run such imminent risks of discovery for the sake of the girl. All this flashed through their minds in less than a quarter of a minute, and they read it in each other's faces.

Still, they had one advantage over Nathaniel. It was for the sake of his sister, that he did not fire. The men saw this, and standing still, and placing before them the unconscious girl, they cried out—

"If we leave her here, will you pledge your honor not to fire?"

"I pledge it." The voice of Nathaniel, coming clear over the cliff, was its own witness of veracity.

And the men believed it. They laid poor Lucy Trueman down on the ground, where the heavy wagon wheels had made deep ruts in

the hard soil; but with a brutality which it sickens us to think of, one of the men, standing in such a manner that Nathaniel from that distance was unable to see his rapid movement, tore down through the small ears of Lucy Trueman the antique jewels which blazed there,* and then started for the shore, having plundered her of every gift which, four years before, her uncle had taken so much pride and pains in bringing her from Europe.

Nathaniel had lowered his gun, but he watched the men breathlessly, ready to raise it any moment, for there was a strong possibility that they might alter their minds, and turn suddenly, and fire on him. But the risks probably seemed too great; they made rapidly for their boat, and were soon concealed by the distant rocks,

Nathaniel lost no time in hurrying to his sister; but as he reached her, and saw her fair white face lying as dead faces lie, on the hard ground, with the blood dripping from the deep gashes in the mutilated ears, where the carbuncles had lately flashed their royal radiance, a cold terror came over him, and his knees smote under him, so he could not stand.

"Lucy, pretty sister," said the youth, bursting into tears. And, falling down by her side, he stroked the face which he had not strength to raise from its rough pillow.

For awhile, the fear that she might have died of fright, fairly suffocated Nathaniel Trueman; but at last, with a great shudder, Lucy opened her eyes, and glared at him.

"Lucy, you know who I am; don't be frightened any more; you're all safe," said the familiar, soothing voice of Nathaniel.

Her face struggled with perplexity and terror a moment; then the whole truth flashed over her. She stared on all sides, shaking with horror. Nathaniel lifted her head, and laid it on his shoulder, with words like a mother's to her frightened infant—

"They're all gone, Lucy, dear; you've not a thing more to fear. I heard you when you called me, out there in the fields, and the Lord gave me speed and strength to save you."

Poor Lucy! The storm broke then, in sobs and shudders, in wild clinging to her brother, and in spasms of terror, that every little while went over her, and that Nathaniel could not soothe.

But she was quieted at last, and then she put her hand to her ears, and asked—

* This outrage was actually committed by a British soldier on a lady during the war.

"What have they done to my head? it aches so."

"The brutes must have torn out your earrings. My poor sister! I should not know you."

It was pitiful, the way she sat there, and looked him in the face—bright, pretty Lucy Trueman, with the slow tears oozing down her cheeks. The shock she had undergone came well nigh depriving her of reason.

But at last, Nathaniel succeeded in arousing her, and in partly carrying and partly leading her home. They were not more than a mile from this; but Lucy was haunted by a continual dread that the men would return and snatch her away from Nathaniel; and they were such desperate villains, and the road was so lonely a one, that the young captain was not wholly without solicitude, and kept watch on all sides, although he was careful to conceal his fears from his sister.

He drew out of her by degrees a recital of all the circumstances of the robbers' visit, and dispatched a small boy, who was the first individual they met before he reached the tavern, for his mother and Mrs. Palmer.

The story which the frightened child carried to the Deacon's of Lucy's appearance, brought back the two ladies and Grace in an incredibly short space of time, when they found Lucy in Nathaniel's arms, and he was rocking her back and forth in his mother's arm-chair.

It did not take the young man long to relate to the horrified women all which had happened during Mrs. Trueman's absence. Lucy was too exhausted to say much; but the old, familiar, pitying faces and voices, went far in quieting and restoring her. But she did not leave her room for nearly two weeks after her narrow escape, and her nervous system underwent a shock at that time, whose effects she felt to her dying day.

CHAPTER XX.

There was joy in the homestead of the Palmer's in those blazing midsummer days, for Robert had come home, after an absence of two years. Not as he went, came back Robert Palmer. The young soldier had been promoted to a lieutenancy, and those two years had wrought great changes in him. "All for the better," his family thought; especially his mother, who could hardly believe the tall, muscular, sun-browned soldier, was the boy that two summers before had started off, full of military enthusiasm and dreams of glory, to join the army of Gates, on the Hudson.

Robert had had experience to cool that first enthusiasm, as what soldier of the Revolution did not? But it had condensed into that sturdy patriotism which made the yeomanry of New England the "back-bone of the war."

Robert Palmer was a frank, generous, outspoken character. It was not of the fine quality; but it was of that sturdy, muscular kind, which laid the foundation of New England's prosperity, in the days of our fathers.

He had a keen relish for a joke, and was one of those sparkling, good-humored characters, that are a favorite with everybody.

His coming quite revolutionized the quiet life at the Deacon's, with his stories of feats of daring—of bravery—of all kinds of hazard and suffering, which gives to camp life its tragical interest, and flashed strange, brilliant colors, among the neutral tints of the household.

"Things have reached a terrible pass," laughed Grace, on the fourth morning of her brother's return. "You've broken into all our time-honored habits and traditions, for which I hold you responsible. I haven't spun a knot, or sewed a stitch, or churned a quart of milk, since your return, and sit up from early morning until late night, with wide eyes and mouth, drinking in your stories, until my conscience begins to accuse me of idleness, which, you know, opens the door to all other sins. Aren't you almost through with your stories?" throwing herself down on the settle by his side, where he was paring an early apple, which Benny had just brought him, as an especial testimonial of his awe and admiration of his soldier-brother.

"Oh, worthy descendant of a deacon, I've only just begun."

"Mother, do you hear *that*?" said Grace to her mother, who was cutting off the tops of some young beets. "You haven't set me much of an example of industry since Robert came."

"Well, I'm goin' to try to bestir myself to-day," said Mrs. Palmer, in a tone which bore witness to some small compunction and doubt. "But somehow, it seems to take all my time to listen to Robert's stories, and get up somethin' that'll be a relish for him."

"That's right, mother; I expected you'd kill the fatted calf, and provide a continual feast to celebrate the return of your eldest son. Oh, the times that my stomach has hungered for a slice of your apple-pie, and my mouth watered, over my salt pork and hard bread, for a big doughnut and a hunk of cheese, such as I

used to carry to the old brown school-house, to eat at recess."

"You dear boy!" said Grace, leaning forwards, and stroking the young soldier's hair; and her face said a great deal more.

"You dear girl," said Robert, with an answering smile, cutting a quadrant of the apple into her hand.

"I think," said Mrs. Palmer, "that I'll venture on having a couple of briled chickens for dinner; the largest on 'em's got big enough to cook."

"Briled chickens!" exclaimed her eldest son—"blessed sound to a soldier's ears! Mother, command me to wring their necks."

"He may have my speckled brown hen; that's grown real big in a week," interposed Benny. And this offer was the largest sacrifice to the shrine of military glory which it was in his power to make.

But Mrs. Palmer would not assent to the decapitation of Benny's gray speckled chicken, and a couple of others were substituted in its stead.

"What are you going to do with yourself to-day, Robert?" asked Grace, as the young soldier came in from the barn-yard with the chickens, whose life he had just violently dispatched.

"I shall take myself off, after you and mother have picked the chickens, for I promised Nathaniel Trueman I'd take a row with him beyond the cove, this morning, for the sake of old times."

"And mind you go in and chirk up poor Lucy," said Mrs. Palmer. "There's nothin' like cheerful talk for unstrung nerves."

"My little playmate, Lucy! I wish I'd been on hand when those ruffians showed themselves at the tavern door!" And Robert looked as he had looked on the battle-field, now.

And a little later, when Grace walked with him to the gate, past the brier roses, whose red bowls poured sweet perfume on the air, Robert took a small white box from his pocket.

"Look in there," he said, to his sister.

And Grace opened it, and saw a small watch-case, daintily embroidered with silk and beads, on a blue satin ground. In the centre thereof were a couple of robins, alighted on a tumuli of dark green moss; and in one corner was a spray of leaves and berries, close to which was clustered a name, wrought with gold beads—"Bessie."

"How very pretty it is! What lady gave you this, Robert?"

"Not a lady, but a little girl, who hadn't seen her thirteenth birth-day. It was all she had to give me—and if it hadn't been for her, poor child, the chances are that your brother wouldn't have been standing here by this lilac bush with you, this May morning."

"Wouldn't? What do you mean, Robert?"

"It isn't a long story. You know I wrote you, soon after the battle of Monmouth, that I'd had a touch of the bilious fever. It was a good deal more than that; but I didn't want to scare home folks, so I put a light face on the matter. We had halted at Paramus, used up with our marches after Sir Henry Clinton, and the weather was hot enough to brile a man's brains——"

"Broil, not brile, Robert, dear."

"Come, Gracie, you mustn't expect much of me in the way of fine talking. I shall be plain homespun Robert Palmer to the end of the chapter. It'll do for you, who are a scholar yourself, and expect to be with one all your life, to talk like a dictionary; but it don't matter if I stick to the old-fashioned words."

Grace might have made a strong point against Robert, but she was interested in his story; moreover there was one allusion in his remarks which made her cheeks tingle.

"Go on, Robert," she said, thinking this subject might remain open for further discussion.

"Well, I'd tossed about with a tree for a roof and a blanket for a bed, for two mortal days, parched with thirst and burning with fever, and the third morning I said to myself, 'Robert Palmer, if you've got to give up the ship, do it like a man—stand fast to the wheel until she goes down.' So I staggered up and off into the woods in search of mint or berries—anything that would ease the thirst that gnawed at my stomach and throat, and expected every minute to drop down under the nearest tree and never get up again."

"Oh Robert, how we should have felt if we had known it!"

"Lucky you didn't. Well, I came at last upon some high-vine blackberries, and they touched the spot, for I hadn't put a mouthful inside for three days; and then I spied some apple trees not far off, and I knew there must be a house nigh at hand, and I started for the apple trees, but before I reached 'em I came to a spring, with mint growing all about it, and I sank down here, too faint to move a step farther."

"I reckon I must have fainted dead away, for I can't remember anything for a long time,

and the sun had got well towards the west'ard when I opened my eyes. I tried to get up but I couldn't make it out, and I was resigning myself to the worst, when there came over the fields a soft child's voice, humming some old psalm tune. I rested my head on my hand, and a moment later I saw a little girl hopping along the grass to the spring, with a tin pail in her hand. Seeing me, she stopped short, her little round face full of surprise and a little alarm."

"Don't be afraid my little girl," I said. "I'm a sick man, and I've wandered off from the camp and I shall die here, if 'somebody don't help me."

The surprise in her face vanished into pity. She drew near—

"Are you a tory?" she asked.

"No. I'm a soldier in the American army. Wont you give me a drink of that water? She took a small tin cup from the pail and filled it from the spring and gave it to me. Oh Grace, how good that water tasted!"

"Go on, Robert."

"The little girl told me that she and her grandmother lived all alone in the red house beyond the apple trees. Her brother, Lyman, had joined the British army, but her father had always taken side with the Americans, although he died at the breaking out of the war.

"Then the child hurried off, saying she would bring her grandmother, who knew just how to take care of sick people, and wouldn't let me lie there any longer. In a few moments the child returned with an old woman, wrinkled and bowed down, but she had a pleasant, motherly face for all that. Well, to make the story short, they got me up, and half led and half carried me to the house, for I couldn't have stood alone to have saved my life, and they got me to bed; and I don't remember much after this, only I know that old woman and that young child nursed me for the next two weeks through a terrible fever, just as tenderly as you and mother would have done it, Gracie!"

"Oh, Robert, how grateful you must be to them!" said Grace, with the bright tears in her eyes.

"Grateful! that isn't strong enough! When I got better at last, it seemed as though that child couldn't do enough for me. She hung round my chair with her pretty prattle, her sweet womanish ways, and her bright rosy face, day after day, and I told her stories of you folks at home, and made her all sorts of

gimcracks and toys with bits of wood out of my jack knife, and I was a very happy convalescent; but it came to a sudden end."

"How, Robert?"

"Why, it seems that I was in the hottest kind of tory neighborhood, and it got noised abroad that old Miss Stebbins had got a live rebel in her house, and there was a plan laid to seize and take me prisoner. One night, just at sunset, two or three of these fellows, who thought they'd have a nice spree over it, came round to spy out how the land lay, and it happened that Bessie, who was down among the currant bushes, overheard the whole plan. There were about twenty concerned in it, rough, drunken fellows, and betwixt them all I should have had a chance of pretty tough handling.

"Bessie got hold of the whole scheme. They were to come that night about ten o'clock and demand me without loss of time, and as they swore, carry off the Yankee dead or alive. Bessie hurried back to the house panting with fright, and told me what she had overheard. I was by this time hard on the road to getting well. I'd been quit that day for the first time. Well, I saw they would have the advantage of me in strength and numbers, and my only chance was to make my escape; but it looked like pretty tough work for a man with no stouter legs than mine. But as I'd nothin' else I concluded to try 'em. Miss Stebbins had gone away to a sick neighbor's, and Bessie concluded to take my advice, lock up the house and go to her grandmother.

"About three miles off on a lonely road was an old deserted house, where I could pass the night, and the next day make my way to a more friendly neighborhood. So little Bessie packed me off with a pocketful of pie and gingerbread, and a blanket to lie on; and then—poor child, I can't even bear to think of it," said Robert Palmer, stopping short.

"And then?" said Grace, softly.

"She put her arms about my neck, little Bessie Stebbins, and with the tears on her cheeks, thick as blackberries on high vines in August, she sobbed out that this little watch-case, she worked for her brother, was all she had to give me, and that I mustn't forget her but keep it, and promise that some day I would come back to see her and grandma. And I promised her, and that is the last I saw of her.

"That night I slept at the old deserted house in a clearing among the woods, and the next day got among friendly strangers, and

before another week was out I was safe and sound in camp."

"But the child—are you sure no harm came to her?"

"Oh yes; she was a brave little puss—bless her! She must have made quick tracks for her grandmother, and reached there before dark; but those twenty tories must have felt blank enough that night when they found the house deserted and the rebel gone."

"It's a real little pearl of a romance," said Grace; "and to make it complete, Robert, you ought to go back one of these days and marry this little Bessie Stebbins!"

"Who knows but I shall! No need of being in a hurry. She's only twelve now," said Robert, with a laugh; and he went his way.

And Grace went up gravely to the house, thinking of this story and all Bessie Stebbins had done for Robert, and passed the rest of the morning talking it over with her mother.

A little after sunset Robert and Grace sauntered home from a walk on the beach, where they had been listening to the cry of the seagulls, and watching the white frill of foam on the sands.

"You've got good news, father," said Grace.

"I see it in your eyes."

"So I have—praise the Lord!"

"Let's have it." This, of course, was Robert.

"We've re-captured Stony Point! Sir Henry Clinton has recalled his troops from Long Island, and New London is out of danger!"

They all drew a long breath for surprise and joy. The story of the capture of Stony Point—the news of the deliverance of New London, seemed too good to be true. The Deacon's family, like the whole country, was thrilled with amazement at that daring achievement, one of the most brilliant of the war. And then the Deacon had to go over the whole story, to listeners that hung on every word—how General Wayne had stolen at midnight upon the sentries that guarded that lone promontory washed by the Hudson—how bravely he and his men had driven in the pickets and mounted the ramparts with a shout, "The day is ours;" and now, where the British flag had so lately floated in its triumph, there waved another—the stars and stripes of America.

"Hearing such a story makes me want to be off to the army again," said Robert Palmer, getting up and pacing the room.

"The whole thing was planned, as every good thing has been in this war, by General

Washington. I knew he wasn't lying idle and indifferent, as so many believed, while our coasts were being ravaged, and our homes destroyed. He couldn't break up his army by sending off detachments to hover round every place that was attacked; but this taking Stony Point was a master stroke, serving two purposes—it's taken the post and called off the enemy from our posts," said the Deacon.

"A master stroke, sir," said Robert.

"Oh, Grace, I'd like to forget," said her father, with a lurking pleasure in his smile, "there's something for you!" taking a letter and an oblong roll from his deep coat pocket.

"Oh, let me see, Gracie!" said Benny, putting up his curly head close to his sister.

And with a face which wore a different eagerness from Benny's, Grace cut the envelope and there rolled out a silk flag, the new emblem of our new liberties, with its beautifully contrasted bars of white and red—its field of azure blossoming with its thirteen silver stars. Grace had never seen the new banner of her country before. It was a pity that the giver was not there to see the delight in her face. And in the midst of the general inspection and admiration, Robert said—

"I'll put it up, Grace, at the corner of the house over your window, with appropriate ceremonies, to-morrow morning."

And as soon as possible Grace slipped off up stairs with her letter clasped tight in her hand. She did not come down until it was quite dark; but there was a full moon, and the earth lay asleep under its silver frosting.

Mrs. Palmer and Robert had gone over to a neighbor's. The Deacon sat in the door looking out on the night with quiet enjoyment. Grace came up and put her hand softly on her father's shoulder.

"My little daughter!" said the old man, drawing her down on his knees, for every year the tie between Grace and her father seemed to grow closer and tenderer.

"It looks pleasant, the old place, in the moonlight, doesn't it?" said Grace.

"Yes, daughter, and it's grown a great deal dearer to me since I can walk over it once more, and feel that it's mine and no man can rob me of it. Maybe the Lord saw that I wasn't grateful enough for the old homestead, and so he let me pass through that long trial of hope, and fear, and dread, which took something out of my life."

"Oh, father, this hope, and fear, and waiting are hard, *very* hard," said Grace, dropping her head on the old man's shoulder, and yield-

ing for once to the long sorrow which oppressed her.

"I know it is, my child. But the Lord always sends us strength to bear our burdens; and you have carried yours bravely."

"But sometimes it grows very heavy, father. Only to think it is more than four years since he went away, and there is still no telling when this terrible war will be over."

"As soon as God wills, my daughter, and He has been very merciful to us; the day does not seem very far off to those who now watch in faith and hope."

He saw her face in the moonlight as she lifted it and smiled on him, a smile that was full of courage and cheer, and that drew its light and sweetness from springs beyond this world. So, they sat without speaking awhile, until she heard her mother's voice and Robert's at the gate, and then Grace slipped softly up stairs again, and at the close of the letter which she wrote that night, she said—

"It is vain for me to seek for words to tell you, Edward, all that I felt when I looked to-night upon the flag you sent me. I had never seen one, and as I looked on its bars of white and crimson, above all on its blessed cluster of stars, my thoughts fairly overcame me. 'Oh my stars,' I said, 'ye shall shine gloriously. Praise and honor shall be given unto ye! And what a future awaits ye!' When I think of *that*, Edward—how this little cloud of stars shall shine bright on the waves of every ocean—how they shall unfurl their sweet faces in every port of the earth, carrying the new sign of peace and liberty and righteousness wherever they go; and when I think that other stars shall in coming years be added to these, and our home, God willing, shall be built and our lives flow peacefully beneath them; and long after we have laid down to sleep in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal, they shall shine upon our graves, even as God's everlasting stars shine over them; when I think of all this, oh my best friend, my lips and my pen have no words to utter the song of joy and praise that is to night in the heart of your

"GRACE PALMER."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Though man, if he compares himself,
With all that he can see,
Is at the zenith of his power,
He'll at the nadir be
When he compares his present state,
With all he can conceive that's great.

Drifting Away.

"My good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a self-indulgent country gentleman, some fifty miles away from the noisy city, amidst the work, and din, and cares, of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like stainless crystal," he added. "We will ride, and sail—I have the fairest of pleasure boats, and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come! I will take no refusal. You are wearing yourself out too fast in that toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and failing ardor.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week, I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twice twelve months since I had seen him. He had gained liberally in flesh during the time; and his face, though rounder and larger, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years had not dealt so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife, I was grieved to see. Her face had grown thinner, though not less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old, that caused your eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline, and warm tinting, were gone. But there was more thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How singularly in contrast was the broad, radiant smile, that lit up his whole face with the glow of sunbeams, and the flickering light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby on her lap, when I entered. Instead of laying it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursing in her arms; and her eyes passed, every now and then, from mine to the cherub face that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the peachy cheek with my finger.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered, looking down upon it tenderly.

"She's perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. "You would think, to see her, that she'd never seen a baby in her

life before. But come into the library; I've got a hundred things to talk with you about."

And he drew me away, ere I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed us, and I fancied that a look of disappointment was in them.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking so well!" My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes, she never looked better. She was always slight and delicate, you know, and rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault; but I have a vision of Bertha with rounder, ruddier cheeks, than I see to-day."

"That great baby in her arms will suggest a reason for the change. It does not come from failing health."

"My friend seemed so entirely at ease on the subject, that I said no more; but I did not feel satisfied. We talked for an hour in the library, when dinner was announced, and we joined his wife at the table. She had on a white lawn dress, dotted over with small blue forget-me-nots, and plain lace cap. A slight warmth was visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, were full of smiling welcomes. She looked pure and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few moments, ere he gave himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pleased alacrity, the honors of the table, urging one dish after another upon her guest and her husband, she ate very little herself. The fact must have escaped the observation of my friend, or he would certainly have remonstrated, I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating her dessert—

"Don't you eat anything, Bertha?" I had known her many years—even before her marriage—and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling, "so don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get on without the substantial things, that make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled in return, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner, we drove out, leaving Bertha

at home, with her children and domestic duties. Not a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills, and amidst scenery of the most charming character. I felt new life in all my pulses, as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, both of us as keen for supper as though a hearty meal had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warmer glow that mantled Bertha's cheeks at dinner-time had faded; and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her eyes, and a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much apparent interest to my descriptions of many points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn, from a remark she made, that she had never looked upon it herself.

After supper, my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merit of new books; or, lingering over the current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us. Once I asked for her. I had pleasant recollections of hours spent in her company.

"Oh, she's buried with the children, or closeted with her cook," answered my friend, smiling, in his easy, good-natured way. Bertha has become a famous housewife."

"She has too good a mind for burial after this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know it—I know it," replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think this absorption of her life a good one—a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, as you are aware. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher, you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha likes her way best, why so be it; she's a good, loving, over-indulgent wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though our tastes do run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He loved his wife as tenderly as any man who loved his own ease and pleasures as well as he did, could love anything out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the paragon among women. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning, when I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked narrowly into her face, I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed on the day before. The pearly skin lay in flat surfaces on her cheeks, forehead, and shrunken nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulations. Her lips were very thin and white. Her eyes—large, dark, and lustrous, shone out upon you from a farther distance in their shadowy orbits. She had no appetite, and only made a feint of eating, as I could see; while her husband piled away the steak, muffins, and omelet, in a most liberal fashion, and kept himself so busy at this pleasant work as to permit his wife's abstemiousness to escape observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered—

"My head aches a little;" and then added—"I hope my fretting baby didn't keep you awake. I don't know what ailed him. He didn't sleep for an hour at a time all night. Husband had to go into another room. He can't bear loss of rest."

"No," said he, "I must have my regular sleep. How these women manage to worry night after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me."

Bertha coughed slightly, cleared her throat, and coughed again two or three times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced towards my friend, to see how it affected him, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And kills the mothers, sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had disturbed him slightly and then went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again once or twice during the meal.

After breakfast, my friend and I retired alone to the library, leaving Bertha to her maternal and household cares. A sail on the river which ran along one side of my friend's estate, and in that "fairest of pleasure-boats"

about which he had written to me, was to be our forenoon's occupation. After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a lunch-basket, which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her fading face.

She shook her head, and half turned it towards the door, from which she had stepped into the portico, to give her husband the basket, thus indicating that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's no use to invite her," said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes anywhere. Leave her with her babies and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could not have been mistaken in the sound that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself, as we walked towards the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either very selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his mirror, and then look upon that pale, shadowy, fleeting countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly failing condition of Bertha. And yet my friend showed no anxiety, no dim consciousness, even, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I would ask myself over and over again, "and not take the warning that Nature gives? Was his own enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not understand a condition like Bertha's? He loved her—nay, almost idolized her; and when I would hint occasionally, in a concerned way, my fears touching her health, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were troubling him with the shadow of some far-off evil. It never seemed to occur to him that the evil was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast-table. On asking for her, my friend answered, that she had been up most of the night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious?" I remarked.

"Oh, no," he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only looking a little paler, perhaps."

"Only a little paler! "That must be a death-like pallor," I said to myself.

This morning we were to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast, we went to the boat-house, and unmoored the fairy bark in which we had already spent so many pleasant hours together. As she glided gently out, like a bird floating on the buoyant water, through some mishap, the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited, and showed great anxiety about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At last, catching at a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold; then throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the slack was in. Now came the moment of suspense. The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself, and draw over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the expedient proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the pleasure-boat came floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of his pet with eager fondness. "How careless I was!" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced adjusting the sail.

"You could easily have recovered her again," said I, "even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a row-boat could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were moving away over the rippling water, under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then referring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove, where the wind no longer laid its soft cheek against our snowy sail, that hung loosely against the reed-like mast, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You are sober," he remarked. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts that concern you. Shall I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forwards, and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing that is drifting from you—steadily drifting, and getting more distant every day, and yet you heed it not."

"I don't understand you." He looked bewildered.

"Bertha." I merely uttered the name.

He grew pale instantly.

"Bertha is drifting from you," said I, "and unless you stretch forth a hand to save her right speedily, she will pass out of your reach."

He let the rudder, which he had been holding, slip from his grasp, and leaned with a frightened look towards me.

"Why do you say this?" he asked, in a breathless manner.

"Because it so appears to my eyes. Bertha has failed sadly since I saw her last. All her color has departed, and all the fine roundness of face and limbs has wasted away. She eats nothing, comparatively, yet is taxed with duties that would wear out a strong man. You, with your vigorous health, could not endure them."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend, with pale alarm in his face. My few sentences had startled him from a pleasant life-dream. "She will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her, before the current, that is now floating her away, bears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently; "and I take the privilege of a friend to warn you in time. Not once since I have been here, has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing hours on the river. She does not sit with us in the library, flowing in with our pleasant talks, and making thought more beautiful; as in other days; and when we meet her at meal times, looking so pale and spirituelle, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are feeble from excessive weariness. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is too great."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend again, looking still more alarmed. "She is

wedded to these household cares, and enslaved to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to win her away from them. There has been no remonstrance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations to join us in our rides and rambles—I speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her long, all this must be changed. You must, at any cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the plainest laws of health."

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat homeward. "Drifting away! Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterwards. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding garments, and hold her back."

At dinner time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's eyes wandered every little while to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned towards her, and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist—

"I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax on you. Have you been lying down this morning?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me." His voice failed a little. "And I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will not bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

I saw light coming into her pale face, and love beaming out from her eyes upon her husband. His interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no!"

I saw objection in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's "Now don't say no!" coming as it did on his warmly expressed interest and concern, changed her purpose, and she said—

"If it will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more

pleasure," replied my friend, with almost lover-like warmth.

There was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dyeing her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural brilliance of her eyes.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked.

"At four o'clock. We will ride until six. That will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so cheerful during that ride. At tea-time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fern Dale. The ride had quickened in her mind a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things beautiful in nature, and this had given her a pure enjoyment which could not soon die out. During the evening, my friend, by a little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where we enjoyed her company for over an hour. How solicitous my friend was to keep her mind interested—to give her thoughts a new direction—to call back old themes in art and literature that once gratified her taste or charmed her imagination! She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched thereby.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon was induced, after a little persuasion, to take a sail on the river. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as she came back from this excursion in fine spirits; and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper-time—an appropriation of food quite beyond anything I had seen in her case, since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have caught her garments ere she drifted quite away," said I to my friend, as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life! She shall not get free upon the waters again through any fault of mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Many, very many, are just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were," said I; "and hundreds of overtasked wives—self-tasked it may be, as in Bertha's case—are drifting steadily away from mortal shores upon the sea of eternity, and in a few weeks, or months, or years, they will be out of the reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

Through the Moonlight.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The silence is deep to oppression,
The heliotropes load the soft air—
The purple and cream-white lilacs
Droop 'neath the fragrance they bear;
The heat of the summer is fervid,
Earth thrills with voluptuous pain,
Grows sick with the surfeit of beauty
Her languor can hardly sustain—
At noon in the height of her pain.

At night! oh, the regal and queenly—
Forever blessed be night!
The gloom and the grand solemn shadows—
The vistas of darkness and light!
At night, when the sky is liquefcent
With the stars' poor tremulous shine,
And the moon is lavish in yielding
Baptismals of light crystalline—
Oh then, to live is divine!

The moonlight! oh, through the white moonlight,
Up into the Eden of stars—
Reaching up to break the cold barriers,
To free Heaven's windows of bars!—
Imagining glorified spirits
Smooth back from my forehead the hair—
And touch with their cool lips the shadows
My vain life has let gather there—
Oh moonlight! thou sorcerer rare!

'Tis idle, but yet cling I fondly
To fancies, chimeras like these—
I love to believe that the moonlight
Is full of the sweet balm of ease;
The day glare is weary and tiresome,
Its splendor is doubt and unrest—
The moonlight is hopeful and trustful,
And silences doubt in my breast—
And I welcome it, calling it blest.

Libbie Hunter.

BY MRS. BELLA G. MINTER.

The last dull hours of a dark day in November were slowly waning, and as the night hung her sombre curtain over the earth, shrouding it in darkness, Libbie Hunter rose from her seat beside her babe's couch and lighted the gas. Then she resumed her seat, and once more suffered her head to droop upon the pillow, from which the fair young head beside her must soon be removed forever.

The light showed the mother's face scarcely less pale than the child's hue; the little one's half closed blue eyes were calm and peaceful, and the lips were half parted in a smile, while her lashes were wet with tears, and the closely

compressed lips and corrugated forehead spoke of a pain sharp and intense.

To pause in that lonely room and gaze upon the picture, your heart would swell with deep emotion and your eyes fill with tears. But it would be hard for you to comprehend the suffering in the desolate heart of that young mother, about to see the last link binding her to life severed, ere you heard the tones of her voice laden with an agony that rendered it soft and low with its very intensity.

A light hand fell upon her shoulder, and looking up, half startled, she beheld the doctor beside her.

"Oh, doctor," she murmured, "I know that there is no hope, and yet I would not have you tell me so. My babe—my bright, beautiful boy—oh! how can I see him die!" and once more her head drooped with a dry, heavy sob.

The doctor's eyes filled with tears, and he passed his hand caressingly over her head, as he might have done had she been his daughter. He was an old, white-haired man, with a great, noble heart, and the sight of her distress almost unnerved him.

"There, there!" he said, at length, in a choked, but gentle voice. "Do not grieve so, Mrs. Hunter, God is merciful in removing this child that you love so idolatrously. His tender, sensitive nature could never bear the harshness and coldness of this harsh, cold world, without suffering too deep for words to express. He does not suffer. He is not conscious of it, and I ask you give him back to our Father in his infant purity, and be satisfied; try, at least, to be resigned."

She raised her head slowly and fixed her large eyes upon his face, as she pointed him to a seat, which he took.

"Doctor Ashton," she replied, in a low, intense voice, "I appreciate your kindness, and from my heart thank you for your efforts to console me. But, oh, I feel as if I cannot give him up! He is all, *all* that I have upon earth, the last link which binds me to life; the sole motive for labor. With him I can cheerfully toil my life away, and deem myself blessed—without him I feel as if I am lost! All that I have ever loved I have seen die, till he is the sole being left upon the earth that I could claim as mine, and now God is depriving me of him. Oh! have not my sufferings been hard enough to bear—are the sacrifices I have made as nothing in His sight—could He not spare me my *last* one! Is there justice and mercy in it?"

"Hush! hush! Do not rail at His ways in rebellion like this. It is not like you! So gentle, so patient, so meek as you have ever been. What has become of your trust in God's mercy and righteousness?" said the doctor, earnestly, arresting her passionate expressions of grief.

"Oh, Heaven pity me, but they are all fading away—hope, trust, everything—with every departing sand of this precious little life. Oh, if God would but spare him!"

"Mrs. Hunter, should He spare him now, he could never be a source of comfort to you. An idiot and a cripple he would be all his life. Intelligence has yielded forever to the subtle influence of this brain affection, and see this little hand—the whole of the right side paralyzed. Could you wish him to live thus?"

Sobs alone answered him, as she stooped and kissed the little lips, brow and hands passionately. His breath came regularly, but he never stirred beneath her touch. It was as if she had kissed a piece of breathing marble.

"Oh, I cannot realize it," she said, chokingly—"that these little arms may never cling about my neck again—these sweet lips hush my name—these blue eyes look into mine! That I can never again hope to hear the tones of his baby voice, and hear him say, in his sweet way, 'I love my mamma so much.' Oh, how, how can I bear it!"

Now the hot tears were dripping upon his face, and glittering like diamonds upon his curling hair. Great sobs heaved her bosom, and the hand she clasped over it was pressed so hard that the nails looked purple. Grief like this was beyond the reach of sympathy, and Doctor Ashton could only bow his face upon his hands and pray silently, while the large tears trickled through his fingers. And well might he weep and pray for one on whom the hand of affliction was laid so heavily, for no one knew better than he how full of suffering her life had been, and how meekly she had borne it. Toil and pain had been nothing when borne for the loved ones. Strong, self-reliant, trusting in God, she had buffeted some of the fiercest storms in life unaided, only striving for right, truth and justice, and bearing also with God the Father.

Parents buried in her infancy—a young husband and a first born child taken from her in the short space of a few months, leaving her utterly alone and dependent upon her own efforts for subsistence. The little dying child beside her was all that was left of those she had so idolized, and now he too was pass-

ing away. What wonder if the tried heart for a moment rebelled, and God's ways—ever wise—seemed to the love-blind, lonely mother, unjust.

All efforts at consolation proved ineffectual, and in an hour after coming in the kind-hearted physician took a sad and reluctant leave. He could scarcely bear to leave her alone in her great sorrow, but she preferred it, and with a prayer to God for her comfort and guidance, he left her.

Slowly the hours dragged along, and through the still night poor Libbie sat and watched alone with her dying child. Every flickering pulse, every heart-throb which she witnessed so bitterly, brought him so much nearer to death; and oh, how she longed once more to feel the clasp of his little hand; to hear his voice in accents of recognition, and see his eyes once more fixed in their past beautiful intelligence upon her face, if but for one moment, before he was lost to her forever. And oh, how keenly she felt the utter uselessness of the wild wish! That hope had gone forever. He could never see, speak to, or know his mother again, until, like him, death should lift her above earth, its sorrows and sufferings.

Ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock, and fainter and fainter grew the life in the little form. How she suffered! How she prayed at last—wildly, madly. "Oh, spare him, spare him!" and on her knees, by the little bed, gave vent to sobs and cries that might have broken the heart of any listener, could any have heard her.

Gradually, however, the violence of her feelings were subdued, and a torpor began to enwrap her senses. With little Eddie's hand in hers, and her hot, wet cheek buried in his pillow, she slept, and a vision rose in that sleep stilling forever the rebellion in her heart.

A darkened room, and a little crib standing in the middle of the floor, rose before her sight, and she saw a number of mourners weeping over a baby form. At the side of the crib knelt the child's mother, and she heard her utter a wild, passionate cry to God, "Oh, spare, spare me my boy." Then she saw another form bending over the child, it was that of a man, the doctor, and he spoke to the mother with a smile upon his lips, and she saw her bow her head as she murmured, "Oh, God, I thank thee!"

Then the scene changed. She had leaped by a bound into the future, and stood twenty years in advance of time. On a broad, green

common, thousands of forms packed in a motley concourse, and while she stood away from the crowd she saw a man led forth and mounted upon a scaffold. She knew that it was the little child, grown to beautiful and vigorous manhood, and yet sin-stained and ready to pay its penalty with his life. The wailing mother, crushed and stricken, turned her back upon the dreadful scene, and cried out, agonizingly—

"Oh, God, *we* are all blind, and cannot see the wisdom of Thy ways, even when Thou wouldst in mercy spare us! Better have given my child freely to Thee in his purity, than have lived to see him, after all these years of care and toil for him, die thus at last."

Was it a real voice that rang out in these words by her very ear. Mrs. Hunter started up and looked wildly around her, but save herself and the child, no living beings were in the room. She knew that she had slept, but the vivid vision was like reality. For what was that vision sent? To teach her the wisdom of God's ways. Now she knelt humbly, reverently, and no longer bowing her face, lifted it towards heaven as she breathed,

"Oh, my Father, Thou hast vouchsafed to teach me a lesson in Thy wisdom, as Thou didst to Thy disciples of old, through a vision, and in humility and repentance I accept it, and give Thee back that which is too pure for me, and all Thine own."

A sweet peace stole over the young face, and a calm resignation into the sorrowful heart. All bitterness and rebellion was gone, and she watched quietly beside the little one till heart and pulse were still, and the pure soul had gone back to the God who gave it. With a mother's reverent devotion she composed the waxen limbs of her darling in their last repose, and drew a white sheet smoothly over the beautiful form she had placed upon a little table. Then with a sad face and quiet step she gathered up all his little toys and clothes and laid them away, wet with her tears—but tears of fond remembrance only.

The gray dawn found her seated calmly beside her dead, with her face resting upon her hands, where the doctor found her, on coming in a little after daylight. The scene touched him to the heart, and overcome with his feelings, he sat down and wept, and then Libbie got up and crossed the room to his side.

"It is all past, Doctor Ashton," she said, quietly. "God has taken my boy—mine no more—but now His glorifying angel, and I am satisfied. I know how sad and lonely my

life will be," she continued, with quivering lips, "but God help me to be unselfish, and to rejoice that my boy is spared what I have suffered."

Then the two knelt reverently, and through the still death-chamber their voices mingled in an earnest and beautiful prayer. "Our Father, &c." Friends came in and took charge of the dead and the arrangements for the funeral, while Libbie went to her couch and sought that rest which for three weeks had been denied her.

Some of the old struggle came back to her after the green turf had been heaped upon her child, and she returned to her now desolate home. But meekly she took up her cross, and steadily pressed on life's path with faith, perseverance and prayer—believing all things right which "cometh from God."

Thus, living for others—laboring for others with a great trust in God, an earnest hope of eternal rest amid the unseen splendors of God's beautiful habitation, Libbie Hunter is to-day a light-hearted, happy woman.

Politeness.

BY BENCOTT.

Politeness may be defined courteousness, attentiveness to others, springing from an apparent desire to promote their comfort or pleasure. The well-being of others, then, is the end to which politeness is the means. Worldly politeness has been called an imperfect copy of Christian love, charity, and disinterestedness. It includes those numberless little attentions, customary salutations, and expressions of good will and interest, which kind feelings towards those with whom we come in contact would dictate.

Polite or impolite refers to the outward form of an act, not to its moral value and character. That may depend on the motive from which it springs, and the truthfulness or untruthfulness involved in the action or speech.

We meet those to whom politeness seems a natural grace. They appear gentle, kind and courteous spontaneously, and no one can help feeling the charm of their presence. Others there are, whom no amount of careful training and culture seems to affect. They are blunt, rude and harsh, in word and action, always doing something, though unintentionally, which grates upon the feelings. This difference exists, too, when Christian principle is not wanting—when grace is constantly striving to obtain the victory over nature. It is curious

to look into these so-called natural differences. Individually, we are no more responsible for such natural *tendencies* than for having brown hair instead of auburn; but the real value of proper training and discipline is frequently overlooked. There can be no excuse for misimprovement of instructions, and neglect of cultivating the spirit of love, which would produce politeness as its natural fruit. The acquirement of the grace may be slow, but it is a grace which we cannot well afford to be without, even were there no higher motive to its attainment than the social and worldly power it bestows.

Politeness is nowhere more essential than in the home. When a number of persons are thrown into such intimate relation to, and connection with each other, as must exist in the family, there must be occasional jarring of plans and purposes. A habit of politeness is invaluable at such times, through the forbearance and self-restraint it imposes. Nothing can be more mistaken than the idea, cherished especially by the young, that politeness may be laid aside in the every-day home life, and brought out only in public, as "best clothes" are kept for Sabbath use. If needed anywhere, politeness is needed between brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. It adds a charm to the intercourse of daily life, and serves to awaken and cherish not only the semblance but the reality of love and kindness.

There is another advantage on the score of politeness—in the love which is returned to us. This is pleasantly alluded to in Wm. Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the "small, sweet courtesies of life." He says:

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so, if you gave them the same cause."

In the school-room—in the work-shop—in the public assembly—in the thoroughfares—in the counting-room—in every place where men or women meet, there is need for the spirit and the manifestation of politeness. There is little wisdom in the desire, which some appear to cherish, to be distinguished for bluntness of manners. A certain brusqueness or frankness is always fresh and agreeable, but it ceases to be so when carried on to roughness and harshness. Truthfulness and roughness are by no means synonymous. The truth, however unpalatable, may be spoken politely.

Here we are obliged to distinguish between the politeness which, whatever motives it may arise from, involves no breach of truth—and that politeness which, arising from whatever motives, violates truth. The word politeness does not make any distinction between the two, since it rightly belongs to both. For the sake of distinguishing them, we will call the former true, and the latter false politeness. That which we term false politeness is strangely prevalent, even in the best society. "I am delighted to see you," when the visitor's announcement is hailed with an involuntary "oh dear." "Do call very often," when the true feeling is, "I hope you'll never set foot in my house again." "How I envy you your excellent taste!" when behind the scenes you wonder how Mrs. Smith can bring herself to wear such a looking bonnet; are but specimens of the untruths daily and hourly uttered in order to be polite. These are the more open ways in which truth is violated; there are others in which even the speaker hardly recognizes the deception; and yet others where, though hinted at by conscience, it fails to be acknowledged through dulness of moral discernment. Conscience is so often outraged that its appeals grow faint.

It is common to tell untruths by *implication*. For instance, to gain the confidence of another, we imply that he or she stands to us in a very different relation from any other. "We should not trust every one; we know where to give our confidence." We often try to convey the idea that we are particularly attached to another, when in reality we are not. It gratifies human nature to be highly esteemed—to receive the confidence of another; hence the truth is twisted and stretched, and at length departed from entirely.

Invitations are given which it is hoped will not be accepted. The desired refusal gives opportunity for polite entreaty. Remarks are made to be contradicted. Opinions are expressed which others even are not expected to believe. We all remember the woman who could cook nothing "fit to eat." Calling attention, as usual, to the poor quality of her biscuits, one night; a minister who was taking tea at her house replied gravely:—"Yes, madam, they are very poor, it is true." Whereupon the good lady informed him indignantly that they were but too good for him! Possibly she had never considered that she was daily telling polite untruths; but it was only because she had desensitized by long practice the voice of conscience, that it did not cry out mightily.

There are some who acquire great skill in the art of saying things which have one meaning to the speaker and quite another to the listener. The still small voice is hushed with the assurance that what was said was in itself strictly true. Is it not still deception, which no possible gain on the score of politeness will warrant?

Another form of false politeness is speaking in terms of highest praise of people whom we really very little esteem. This is a form of politeness very common, even among those in whom we should expect to see the most rigid adherence to truth. It is poetically styled "throwing a mantle of charity" over others. Now the follies and frailties of others need not be paraded forth, denounced and censured; but it is surely erring upon the other side to tell a deliberate untruth, in giving our opinions. We may be silent, or we may speak well of others as far as we can conscientiously, but no farther. We doubt if Mrs. A——, the deacon's wife, dreamed when she assured Mrs. B——, that Mrs. C—— was one of the excellent of the earth, that she herself was other than the "soul" of truth and love, though it was only the day before she had declared she wouldn't give a farthing for all Mrs. C——'s goodness. Was goodness with Mrs. A—— at a discount because the market was stocked? Even the deacon, had he heard it, would hardly have imagined there was any connection between the private philippics of his wife against Mrs. Jones, and her public eulogiums of that lady. So common is polite falsehood!

Politeness may spring from selfish motives. This is not, however, liable to be the case with true politeness. The Christian principle which generally accompanies true politeness would tend to produce it from right motives—kindness to others, and a desire to do them good in body or estate, joined with a desire to develop and perfect their own love by its constant expression. False politeness may also spring from right motives, but in such case narrow and one-sided views are taken. It is forgotten that the claims of truth are paramount to every other claim. But, as true politeness most frequently accompanies unselfish motives, so false politeness most frequently accompanies selfish motives. This fact was recognized and recorded long ago: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." Uprightness of character, true love and regard for the welfare of others, and

disinterestedness, go hand in hand. And as a general rule this is true of the opposites.

One motive which calls forth politeness may be a desire for the reputation of being well-bred—amiable in disposition. We lose the esteem of the world by rudeness and indifference to the welfare of others. Hence self-love leads to politeness. The politeness is right in itself, but it would be well to rouse up some higher motive for it than the elevation of self in the eyes of the world.

The tendency of being polite at the expense of truth, in its effects upon our own character, must be to deaden our sense of right, to blunt our consciences, and to break down the strong wall which should always stand between right and wrong. We shall be less true in act for being untrue in word; less honest with ourselves for being false with others; less able to solve the great problems of life for doing violence to our moral natures. And who that feels at every step the need of honesty and truth, of strong and clear moral perceptions, can be willing to weaken his powers for the sake of being polite.

It may be affirmed that the regard for others' feelings which calls forth these graceful speeches—these compliments, polite but unmeant—is so laudable as to overbalance the wrong against truth. If this plan of placing politeness before truth were carried out, where would it end? We should have a state of society, fair it may be on the outside, but within as corrupt as can well be imagined. But is the end really gained? Are not these polite but unmeaning compliments, invitations and insinuations, more frequently understood to be hollow than the speakers suppose. Brow and eyes stand by truth long after lips and tongue have deserted the colors. And by other signs as well as these the truth discovers itself, the end of giving pleasure is defeated, and instead of gaining esteem, if that chances to be the motive, our hypocrisy awakens contempt and disgust.

In those cases where, in a worldly point of view, politeness standing above truth seems to attain its end, is there not a great undercurrent of facts in society which bear witness that it is *only* in the seeming? Where would be the host of petty jealousies, envyings, bickerings, strifes and backbitings that now exist, if every man "spoke truth with his neighbor?" Were friend and neighbor accustomed to do this, to be truthful in their intercourse, there would grow up in time perfect confidence and trust, simple belief in each

other's word, which would not only work good through the action of trust on each one's own nature, but be an inestimable social gain.

It is said society cannot exist without these forms, this interchange of courtesies and good feeling. Certainly it cannot; but it can exist without the interchange of such good feeling as does not exist. So far as truth can go hand in hand with politeness, every word spoken is a gain to society. Just where truth separates from politeness, there should words cease.

Transplanting.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"I think I will sell it, Kitty."

"Well, pa says it is a large price: and if you cannot give up the fancy that has haunted you ever since I knew you, I think we had better go now. There is one thing that reconciles me in part to selling, and that is, that pa says nothing against it; and he used to oppose it so bitterly."

"I know he did; and his ready acquiescence in the plan surprises me not a little. True, when I mentioned the matter to him, he had to tell me an anecdote he had just read about a homesick Vermonter who had been West."

"Tell it, please."

"The man was very anxious to change his location, and finally moved to Michigan. After a residence of a few months in that paradise of all amphibious animals and water-bred insects, he returned and went quietly about his usual labors.

"Why, how is this?" said a friend—"Come back to climb hills, and dig among rocks?"

"Look here! I'll tell you jist how 'twas; I natrally felt melancholic at times, and used to walk out to enjoy the beauties of nater. Wall, jist as sartin as I did, the muskeeters would make a dive for me, singing—sweet home, sweet home; and the frogs would holler—Old Vermont, old Vermont, until I couldn't stand it no longer, no way."

Mrs. Hazen laughed a little at the story; but it could plainly be seen that the proposed change promised no joys to her.

"Three thousand for our place, you say, Henry?"

"Yes; and if I take up government land, as I intend to do, it would purchase two thousand and four hundred acres! Just think of it, Kitty! And here we have but fifteen!"

"I know it; but with your labor, it supports

us comfortably." And she looked wistfully around the little room, so nicely and pleasantly furnished.

"Yes; but what are we to leave for our children? The acres I name would eventually make them wealthy."

"But we must have a house to live in, and the land must be cultivated before we can obtain our subsistence from it."

"Certainly; I would not, at first, expend more than one thousand in land—but you look sad, Kitty; I will not sell if you are not willing that I should do so. This is your home as well as mine, and unwillingly you shall not leave it."

The wife looked eagerly into the face she had learned to read so well; but the excited, restless expression, convinced her that nothing but the experiment would ever satisfy him; and putting away her womanly fears and regrets in the wish for her husband's happiness, she said—

"I am willing to go, Henry; I shall have you and the children with me, and it must seem like home, wherever we may go."

"Thank you, Kitty, as you will one day thank me for the wealth you are so well fitted to enjoy. You will be happy, I am sure.

And she tried to be so; or at least, to wear the seeming; but when her husband went out, memory asserted her rights, and cruelly taunted her with vanishing blessings. She was an only child, and what would the kind father and the dear, dear mother—living just over the way—do without her? Her place at church and Sabbath school—how could she give them up? She could see the cupola of the academy, where her school-days had been passed, from her window, and she had hoped to educate her own girls there. And then, the dwelling! It had been her home during all her married life—now ten years—and no other could seem like it. In it her three children had been born, and it should be sacred for that. How could she yield it up to strangers? For a little while, she gave way to the sway of memory; and then came better thoughts. Henry would never be happy until he had tested the charm of his boyhood. He had known men who became rich by speculating in wild lands; and why not he, as well? For hours had he talked of this in their little home, and sought to awaken enthusiasm in his wife. But she was too loving and gentle to tear away, with a willing hand, the tendrils that bound her to old associations and loving friends. But, weary with his pinnings, she had resolved to

say, "I will go," if ever an opportunity offered of selling without a sacrifice of property. And now it had come, and she had consented, and she must appear cheerful; for she well knew that millions would not make her husband happy, if gained by grief to her.

And so Appletree Farm, with its highly cultivated grounds, studded with fruit trees, and inlaid with choice shrubs and flowers, passed from the hands of Henry Hazen into those of a stranger. Mrs. Hazen and the children went home to her parents, while the husband went on his pilgrimage to look for land, on which to find a home for his loved ones. And land he found—in abundance; but every piece he would have chosen was, unfortunately for him, secured by a title he might not question. True, the owner would sell, but wanted an exorbitant price for the lands, and a premium, so it seemed to Mr. Hazen, for the improvements. In Michigan, he found the improvements to consist usually of from three to ten acres of half-cleared land, bristling with charred stumps, and mottled with shrubs, living and dead. Perhaps a rail-fence wormed its way around the *clearing*; but more frequently a hedge of fallen timber, known as *brush fence*, kept guard for the sorry grounds.

The dwelling was usually of logs, with out-buildings to correspond. In Illinois, he found the land equally high-priced, and the *improvements* still more extravagantly high. A small dwelling, innocent of plaster or paint, he would be assured had cost a thousand dollars. This was before that state had been reticulated with railroads, as now. Sometimes he would find three or four farms, with but a fence extending around them; no cross fences; all in one enclosure, as a matter of economy in fencing material. In Wisconsin and Iowa he found nothing better. And as for government land in either of the four mentioned states, there was none that a sane man would think of applying for. If he found any, it would mostly or all lie in a swamp, or on an arid sand-hill. It had been chosen from, until choosing again would be worse than folly.

There were many large, well cultivated farms, and in desirable locations; but he found the owners valued them as highly as if situated in the state from which he had just come. Beautiful villages and populous cities were not lacking; but a home in these he was not seeking. Nothing but acres would satisfy him.

Finally, after searching six weeks, misled by the ignorant, and imposed upon by the

designing, he succeeded in purchasing a farm in Michigan, containing one hundred and sixty acres, for two thousand dollars. The improvements consisted of a dwelling eighteen by twenty feet, built as a wing for a two-story, some future day; a log barn—the owner's first residence, and a log pig-sty. And these were situated in a *clearing* of about eight acres. Although called a clearing, the land was but half cleared. Logs were scattered about; and bushes, tenacious of life, fringed them on each side; while charred stumps stood like grim sentinels everywhere. The fence was composed partly of rails and partly of logs, and a gap filled up, here and there, with brush,—ugly enough to frighten away depredators, if such a thing were possible.

It was situated a mile from a "village" containing, perhaps, fifteen families—one quarter or more German or Irish—a store, a saw-mill and a school-house.

When Mr. Hazen first introduced his wife to her new home, he said—

"It looks rather rough now, Kitty; but a little labor and perseverance will soon subdue it. There is a saw-mill near us, and you shall soon have more room."

And into this little dwelling—only one room—the mother and children were literally packed. A bed was fitted up for the two girls—one nine, and the other seven—in the loft; while the boy, three years old, found a place again in his mother's arms, in a bed partitioned from the parlor, kitchen and dining-room, by curtains.

"It is only for a few days," the husband said, as he saw her laboring to accommodate herself to her small dwelling. "In two weeks, at farthest, I will have a kitchen and bedroom attached."

But he did not know the difficulties in the way of building, in a place like that. His bill of lumber could not be sawed until six others had been served. Then his carpenter disappointed him, and it was three weeks before he could engage another; and he proved so ignorant, that he hardly knew joist from shingle. But it was tumbled together, and made fast with nails, the driving of which nearly crazed the poor bewildered housekeeper. Oh! what a luxury she enjoyed, when she could say "my room" once more; and feel that she had not lost her identity entirely.

Not a word of complaint had escaped her, but sometimes, when her head seemed bursting with pain from that noisy hammer, she would creep away to the children's cot, and throwing

herself upon it, weep the bitter tears of homesickness. The dear old friends, the quiet old home, the Sabbath bell, how her heart yearned for them, with a longing that would not be subdued. But hands and feet must keep moving; and bathing her red eyes, and borrowing pleasant thoughts to clothe her face with cheerfulness, she would return with a wife's love and a mother's care to her tasks; tasks, reared as she had been, that she was ill-fitted to bear. But female help was not to be obtained at any price. Girls will not go to such wild locations to work, when they can have a choice of places in villages. One thing that reconciled Mrs. Hazen to her own hard lot, was the fact that her husband was working beyond his strength, also. Remembering his former grounds, the untidy state of his present ones was an incubus continually; and he toiled early and late, to bring about a more pleasing prospect. And when he came in, weary and disheartened, with sun-browned face, torn garments, and parched hands, she concealed her cares, that she might lighten his. Never once did she say—"I told you so," although she often wondered if he did not sometimes wish himself back on Appletree Farm.

There was preaching at the little school-house once in two weeks, and there they went to hear a fourth-rate preacher mutilate the English language, and sometimes garble the Scriptures. The preacher insisted that he had a call to preach; but many of the inhabitants thought, if he had, they had not been called to hear him, and but few attended except Mr. Hazen's family.

One day Ella came in from school, and to her father's pleasant question of "are you glad to get home, my dear?" replied—

"Yes sir-ee, horse and buggy with a dog under it."

"Why, Ella! I am astonished! Where did you learn such a phrase as that?"

The child looked silly and ashamed, as she replied—

"Why, pa, the children all say it at school, and it sounds funny."

"Well, there must be one after this who does not say it. Never use such an unladylike expression again."

"I will not; but I do not want to be a lady; for when we first went to school, the scholars called us ladies, and made faces at us, and throwed mud on our clean dresses. And see what some one has written in my copy-book."

The father took the book, and read a scurri-

ous sentence; but it did not shock him so much as the copies written by the teacher. There was hardly one free from error.

That evening, after the children had retired, Mr. Hazen said to his wife—

"I wish you would find some excuse for keeping the children at home the remainder of this term; I fear they are learning things better left unlearned. Perhaps Ella can help you some."

"Yes; but I have wished to keep her at school."

"Keep her at home the remainder of this term, and if the next school is no better, I will try and send the girls back to B—— next summer. Your mother would take them for your sake."

The mother's heart shrank at the thought of being separated from her children. Was this to be added to her trials?

"My mother ought not to be troubled with the care of them, Henry."

"I know it; but they must have good teachers somewhere; this will never do."

Mrs. Hazen bent low over her sewing, and the husband leaned his head heavily on his hands.

"Kitty, I am afraid I did a foolish thing when I sold the farm, and brought you and the children here, to live like savages."

If the wife had followed her inclinations, she would have gone to his side, and with his arm about her as in the olden time, she would have told him how weary she was of the life she was leading, and begged him to take her back to the old friends, if she must work as a servant, to earn her children's bread. But she was not so selfish as to do so, and she forced back the heavy sobs, and said—

"We must not think of that now, my husband. All we have is invested here, and we must make the best of it."

Mrs. Hazen did not have to frame an excuse for keeping Ella from school—Mary was too young to go without her—as the next day she was attacked by that scourge of Western life, ague. She was a robust child, and it took a strong hold of her; and before they had succeeded in breaking her chills, the other two were attacked in a milder form, by the same disease.

The parents gave up their whole time to the care of them, and on Mrs. Hazen the weight told fearfully; and before the children were well, she was moaning on her bed with brain fever. Then the husband learned how she had pined for old joys, and how great had been

the trial he had subjected her to. She talked of nothing but home—how the word made him shiver—and its blessings. Now she would ask for water from the fountain; now, an apple from the bird's-nest tree, or some grapes from near the bee-hive. Neighbors who watched by her thought it but the random words of a fevered brain; but the husband well knew where the busy mind was wandering. What would he not have given to have laid the blessings before her? But there was one thing that could be remedied. She craved a mother's care; a mother's cool hand laid on her burning head, would make it well again—would still those hammers that were beating her poor brain.

A telegraph dispatch brought the mother as soon as possible, and as her tears rained over her poor stricken child, they seemed to sink down—down into the hungry heart, and satisfy its cravings. After her mother came, she moaned no more, but for two weeks, life and death seemed poised in an even scale. But slowly and reluctantly health came back to the poor wasted form; aided, perhaps, more by a certain instrument in writing, that conveyed in a deed of trust to Kate Hazen and her heirs forever, a certain parcel of land known as Appletree Farm, than any prescription then given by the physician.

Her father had followed her mother, in a few days; and gradually had it been unfolded to the invalid that the old home was hers once more.

"But how did you obtain it from the purchaser?" asked the daughter.

"I obtained it by paying my money into the hands of my lawyer, to purchase it from that Esau of yours, who bartered it for a mess of pottage. I knew how it would be, from the first; and now I hope he will let you have peace the remainder of your days."

"But could you afford it. Has it not embarrassed you?"

"I have been saving it for you these five years. It will only take from your portion in the end. Mother was in the secret. And now, hurry and get well, and take your husband home."

Mr. Hazen could afford to be teased a little, and even listened to his father-in-law's repetition of the homesick Yankee, without a word. He soon found a tenant for his place—a truly Western man, who had never enjoyed, and therefore did not miss those privileges that make up the happiness of those reared to their use. He was to pay the taxes, and clear a certain number of acres every year, so long as he held it.

It was truly a happy family that gathered in the old home on Appletree Farm. The father was satisfied, the mother joyous, and the children jubilant; while the good old man who had wrought it all, said slyly to a lady in cap and spectacles by his side—

"Did I not tell you so? It was the only way to cure him. And it has been no great loss, after all. The land will probably rise in value to the amount of the interest of the money; and now no more heartaches for poor Kitty."

"And no more yearnings for a sight of her dear face by her parents," said his companion, looking lovingly and earnestly upon her, as if she could never tire of gazing.

Mr. Hazen has never had a relapse of Western fever, although he often talks boastingly to his happy wife of his large farm in Michigan, and proposes an exchange, if she can pay the difference, for her paltry fifteen acres.

NEW BUFFALO, MICHIGAN, 1862.

Labor and Wait.

BY ALICE WARD.

Toilers in this world of strife,
Reapers in the field of life,
Sowing early, reaping late,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Labor earnestly and long,
Let your hearts be brave and strong,
Even though your path seem strait,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Waiting patiently until
God His promised word fulfil,
Knocking ever at the gate,
Learn to labor and to wait.

In due season ye shall reap
If ye faint not—why then weep
That the harvest seemeth late?
Learn to labor and to wait.

Mothers, we must not be sleepers,
But untiring, faithful reapers;
If we wish the harvest great,
We must labor and must wait.

We who guide the steps of youth,
Must be sowing seeds of truth;
Leaving unto God its fate,
We will labor and will wait.

When the work of earth is o'er,
We shall need to wait no more;
When each one his life-field leaves,
He may carry home his sheaves.

Taking them, our Lord shall say—
"Well dost thou my trust repay;
Enter now into my rest,
And forevermore be blest."

These are my Sons.

There came, daily, to one of the government hospitals in St. Louis, a lady, whose tender care of the sick and wounded soldiers attracted observation. She was known as the wife of a citizen, and as an educated woman, who moved in refined society. Before the war commenced, she was among the most cheerful and companionable in a large circle of friends. All the elements of life were in harmony. But, very soon after the mad assault of corrupt men upon their government, Mrs. G——'s whole demeanor changed. Friends wondered, and asked for the cause. But she was silent. She went no more into society, but held herself away from public observation—shutting herself up, for most of the time, in her own house.

Conjecture was of course busy, and many theories to cover the case were advanced and admitted—some near the truth, perhaps, but nearly all remote therefrom. The change in her manner and state of mind was complete; the warm, bright sunshine had passed, and she was under the shadow of heavy clouds. All this was the more remarkable, in view of the fact that Mrs. G—— was known as a woman of cheerful, reactive disposition; of clear, common-sense thought, and of large self-controlling power. Whatever trouble might come, her friends had faith in her ability to meet it with the calmness and dignity of a superior mind. Was it possible that a public calamity had been felt in her individual life so keenly?

Whatever the cause, Mrs. G—— did not rise above it. She was present no more in the circles to which she had always lent a charm. Occasionally an old acquaintance would see her on the street, but with a manner so changed and subdued that she was scarcely recognized. The Sabbath always found her in church, sitting with bowed head, an absorbed and fervent worshipper; and as she moved down the aisle, after service had closed, and out from the portico amid the crowd, instinctive delicacy in the minds of a large number of old friends let her pass without intrusion.

Thus it was with Mrs. G——, when disease, in league with bullet, cannon ball and bursting shell, began to crowd the hospitals of St. Louis with sick and wounded men, thus bringing into the very heart of a city, peaceful and prosperous a few months before, the ghastly fruit of treason. Among the earliest to enrol herself in the common sisterhood of charity was Mrs. G——. Almost on the very day that the first

wounded men arrived, she presented herself at one of the hospitals, and claimed a woman's privilege of ministering to pain. Her care was less for the sick than for the wounded, and less for strong men than for youth—tender boys, who had felt the kindling fires of patriotism, and gone forth in arms to meet the foes of freedom and law. Towards these she displayed all the interest and compassionate care of a mother, ministering to the mind and heart as well as to the suffering body. It was remarkable how completely her life came down into this work, and how soon duty was absorbed by love.

Among those who were brought in from one of the many battle fields of Missouri, were three young men, the oldest not over twenty-two. One of them had lost an arm; one had his right knee shattered by the fragment of a shell; and the other had received three bullets in his body. They were laid on three beds, standing side by side, and the first woman's face that looked down in pity upon their pale suffering faces was that of Mrs. G——. The first sound, so full of home and love—so soft and sweet to their ears, and like the voice of a mother, was the voice of Mrs. G——. Do we wonder that, as their eyes looked up to hers, they grew blinded by tears?

Mrs. G—— did not leave them when the surgeon came. The sight of his instruments pressed the blood back upon her heart, and she grew faint; but the eyes of a fair-haired stripling, whose hurt gaze turned from the knife and probe, and reached upwards towards her, like clinging hands, held her to the post of duty, and compassion gave new life to her heart, so that all its pulses were strong again. The surgeon's best assistant, through all the painful work that had in mercy to be done upon the bodies of these young men, was Mrs. G——; and their best strength came from her tender eyes and maternal voice. She was an angel to them, and thankful love filled their hearts and shone from their faces in the calm, and ease, and rest that followed the torture; and not only filled their hearts and shone from their faces, but awakened by its ardor the purest and truest of all loves in her heart—a mother's love.

She did not leave them through the feverish night that followed, and only returned to her home in the gray morning, that broke upon her self-imposed vigils. Nature demanded rest. Mrs. G—— was more exhausted than she had yet been. It was not so much the night-watch that left her weak and with jarred nerves; feeling had been awakened into too strong a life,

and burned with too consuming an intensity. It was late in the afternoon when Mrs. G—— returned to the hospital. Her first visit was to the three young men with whom she had passed the night. They received her with grateful eyes and welcoming smiles. Something about them touched her more deeply than she had been touched by anything which she had seen during her walks of mercy amid sick, and wounded, and dying men. Sitting down, she talked first with one, and then with another, about themselves and their homes. One had a mother, in far away New England, and his lashes lay wet on his cheeks as he spoke of her.

"She loves her country, and has given three sons for its defence," he said; and in pride of such a mother his heart beat quicker, and sent the flushing blood to his pale face. "I will not tell her how badly I am hurt," he continued, "she shall only know of that when I am well again. But she shall know of your kindness, dear lady! My first letter will tell her of that."

"Happy mother, to have brave and loyal sons in a time like this!" answered Mrs. G——, her voice losing its firm tones, and sinking to a sad expression.

"Have you no son to give to your country?" asked the fair-haired stripling, whose head had rested, a few hours before, against her bosom, while the knife and probe were making him sick with agony.

"I will call you my son," was replied, after a brief silence. Mrs. G——'s voice was in a lower key, but calm and steady. She seemed to have encountered a strong wave of feeling, that made all the timbers in her vessel of life shudder; but the stroke had proved harmless, and she was herself again. "And you are my sons also," she added, almost proudly, as she looked upon the others. "Worthy sons! I will give you a mother's care!"

There entered, at this moment, two men, carrying a litter, on which a man was lying. A surgeon and nurse were in attendance. The large room was full of beds, and on one of these the man, who moaned in a low, plaintive voice, was placed. Mrs. G—— did not stir from where she sat by the young soldier. Scenes like this were of almost daily occurrence, and did not disturb the order or duties of the institution.

"A wounded rebel," said the nurse, who had come in with the litter. She had crossed the room to Mrs. G——, whispered the sentence, and then moved back again. She did

not know what a thrill of pain her brief sentence had awakened.

A wounded rebel! The very bullet that shattered the bone, and rent the sensitive flesh of the loyal youth over whose couch she sat, might have been sent on its cruel mission by his hands! Yet was he now brought in, carefully to be ministered to in suffering, and saved perhaps from death. This was the very thought that flashed through the mind of Mrs. G——, as the thrill of pain which the announcement occasioned went trembling away into stillness.

The moans of the wounded man soon died away. He had first been taken to the surgeon's apartments, and after the abstraction of a ball, the passage of which had been more painful than dangerous, removed under the charge of a nurse to the room where he now rested.

Mrs. G——'s interest in the three young men, who were now specially in her charge, found no abatement, but rather increase. In brief conversations with each of them, she gathered little facts, and incidents, and sentiments, that expressed the quality of their lives, of a character still further to interest her feelings. Each had been tenderly cared for in early years, and each was loyal, as well to all home memories as to the country he had gone forth to serve, bearing his life in his hands.

It was nearly an hour after the wounded rebel was brought in, when a nurse, crossing from a distant part where he lay, came to Mrs. G——, who was assisting the surgeon to dress the shattered limb of one of the young men under her care, and stooping down, said to her, with suppressed agitation,

"It is your son, madam!"

"Who! Where!" The color went out of Mrs. G——'s face.

"The man who was last brought in."

"My son?"

"Yes, ma'am. He says he is your son. Wont you come over to him? He wants you."

Mrs. G—— caught her breath with a gasp. But, gaining self-possession, she answered with a calm eloquence of tone that was full of heroism, "These are my sons!"

For an instant, she looked proudly from face to face of the three wounded soldiers, and then bent over the task in which she was engaged. Her hand showed no tremors, as she wound the long bandages about the tender limb, and in every minutiae obeyed the surgeon's direction. When the painful work was done, she wiped from the sufferer's pale forehead the clammy sweat that covered it, and laid her hand softly

upon his temples, smoothing back the damp hair. No mother's hand had in it ever a tenderer touch.

For a minute the surgeon drew her aside, and they stood in earnest conversation; then he moved away, and Mrs. G—— resumed her place. Not long afterwards, the rebel soldier who had been brought in was carried out again, the men who bore the litter almost touching Mrs. G—— as they passed. But she did not stir, or look around. One, two, three hours, and she was still in the hospital; but her loyal, heroic heart had taken up a burden that no true mother's heart has strength to bear. The surgeon, who comprehended the case, was watching her with intense interest. He saw, with eyes that could read signs which others might not understand, the gradual failing of power to sustain herself in this self-imposed ordeal, and more than once offered gentle remonstrances, which she failed to heed. But all things yield, when pressure is in excess of strength. Three hours after her wounded rebel son had been removed, by her order, with a nurse in attendance, to the home he had dishonored, Mrs. G—— was carried thither insensible, having swooned from exhaustion of vital power in the unnatural conflict of mind to which she had been subjected.

On the day after, she was absent from the hospital; but on the third day she came in again, paler, and to some eyes sadder, and again ministered with loving care to the sons of her adoption.

Our homely prose has failed to give in fitting words this true and touching incident, worthy to be enshrined by some true poet in deathless numbers. It should not perish. Who will set it in the jewels of song? A.

Dreary Past—Future Hope.

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

Long has been the way and dreary
Since together hand in hand
Ye were looking at the future,
From youth's sunny, love-lit land.

Then the sky bent blue above you,
Stretched before a flowery road;
Beautiful, and calm, and holy,
Was the life the future showed.

But the sunny dream has vanished—
Died the bright hopes, one by one,
Till with age low-bent and weary,
Thou must seek the grave alone.

He to whom, when life was brightest,
Was thy young heart's freshness given,
Has his Master and thine taken,
To his better home in Heaven.

And the old disciple, laying
Down the cross of earthly strife,
Treads unsandaled now the golden
Streets of everlasting life.

Courage, weary heart—the shadows
Soon shall fade from thee away;
But a little longer needed—though
Weak and tearful, watch and pray.

Once again, by hands low-lying
In the grave, shall thine be pressed,
And his Master shall receive thee,
Through the pearly gates of rest.

The Little Drummer Boy

AT THE PRISON HOSPITAL, ST. LOUIS.

BY FANNY FALES.

"Looking wistfully, as if there were something still on his mind, he said—'My mother is a good woman too—she would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son, she would kiss him.'"

Lonely, dying, among strangers,
Dreaming of his Southern home,
Longing for his mother's kisses,
Ere the angel Reaper come,

For her arms once more to clasp him,
Her soft fingers in his hair,
And the dear, old-time caresses—
All a mother's tender care.

Pleading, wistful eyes, he turneth,
To a gentle face anear,
Bending down with woman's pity,
His low dying words to hear.

"Lady," said he, "at my mother's,
If one sick, a prisoner lay,
She would kindly watch beside him,
As you watch by me, to-day.

"If your son—oh, she would soothe him,
And would *kiss* him—she is good."
Oh, the yearning glance uplifted,
All its meaning understood.

Gently bent the lady o'er him,
While his dying lips she prest,
"For your mother's sake," she murmured—
Comforted he sank to rest:

Rest that folds the hands forever,
Sleep no mother's tears can start;
Lo! two angels kissed him, hushing
The wild, sad cry of his heart.

Chess Episodes.

Notwithstanding the many conjectures which have been hazarded, the origin of the game of chess is unknown, though it is certain that it is of very remote antiquity, and more than probable that it first made its appearance in Asia. John de Vigney wrote a work which he called "The Moralization of Chess," in which he assures us that the game was invented by a philosopher named Xerxes, in the reign of Evil Merodach, King of Babylon, and was made known to that monarch in order to engage his attention and correct his manners. "There are three reasons," says De Vigney, "Which induced the philosopher to institute this new pastime; the first, to reclaim a wicked king; the second, to prevent idleness; the third, practically to demonstrate the nature and necessity of nobleness." He then adds:—"The game of chess passed from Chaldea into Greece, and thence diffused itself all over Europe." The Arabians and Saracens, who are said to be admirable players at chess, have new-modelled the story of De Vigney, and adapted it to their own country, changing the name of the philosopher from Xerxes to Sisa.

Though it is not known when the game of chess was first brought into England, yet there is good reason to suppose it was well known there at least a century before the Conquest, and that it was then a favorite pastime with persons of the highest rank. Mr. Singer thinks that the game was unknown in Europe previous to the crusades, and that it did not reach us before the twelfth century.

The game is one of extraordinary complication and difficulty. It has been generally practised by the greatest warriors and generals; and some have even supposed that it was necessary for a military man to be a perfect master of it. The interest which it excites is such as usually to engross the attention of those who engage in it to the exclusion of all other objects, even of the most pressing moment. We read that Tamerlane, who was a great chess player, was engaged in a game during the very time of the decisive battle with Bajazet, the Turkish emperor, who was defeated and taken prisoner. It is also related of Al Amin, the Khalif of Bagdad, that he was engaged at chess with his freedman, Kuthar, at the time when Al Mamun's forces were carrying on the siege of that city with so much vigor that it was on the point of being carried by assault. Dr. Hyde quotes an Arabic history of the Saracons, in which the Khalif is said to

have cried out, when warned of his danger—"Let me alone, for I see checkmate against Kuthar!"

Daniel relates that Prince Henry, the youngest son of the Conqueror, afterwards Henry the First, who, with his brother Robert, went to the court of the French king, after dinner won so much money of Louis, the king's eldest son, at chess, that the latter lost his temper, and reproaching him with the base birth of his father, threw the chess-men in his face. Henry took up the chess-board, and struck Louis with such force that he drew blood.

We are told that Charles the First was at chess when news was brought of the final intention of the Scots to sell him to the English; but so little was he discomposed by this alarming intelligence, that he continued his game with the utmost composure; so that no person could have known that the letter he received had given him information of anything remarkable.

The following remarkable anecdote we have from Dr. Robertson, in his history of Charles V. John Frederic, Elector of Saxony, having been taken prisoner by Charles, was condemned to death. The decree was intimated to him while at chess with Ernest of Brunswick, his fellow-prisoner. After a short pause, and making some reflections on the irregularity and injustice of the emperor's proceedings, he turned to his antagonist, whom he challenged to finish the game. He played with his usual ingenuity and attention; and having beat Ernest, expressed all the satisfaction that is commonly felt on gaining such victories. He was not, however, put to death, but set at liberty after five years' confinement.

In the Chronicle of the Moorish kings of Granada, we find it related that in 1396, Mehemed Balba seized upon the crown in prejudice of his elder brother, and passed his life in one continued round of disasters. His wars with Castile were invariably unsuccessful, and his death was occasioned by a poisoned vest. Finding his case desperate, he dispatched an officer to the fort of Salobrena, to put his brother Juzaf to death, lest that prince's adherents should form any obstacle to his son's succession. The Alcayde found the prince playing at chess with an *alfaqui*, or priest. Juzaf begged hard for two hours' respite, which was denied him. At last, with great reluctance, the officer permitted him to finish the game; but before it was finished, a messenger arrived with the news of the death of Mehemed, and the unanimous election of Juzaf to the crown.

LAY SERMONS.

Forgiveness.

Among the varieties of individual experience we occasionally meet with a singular condition,—utter want of faith in God's willingness to forgive. In this state of mind was a lady of considerable intelligence, and well known for her charities. Early in life, she had been gay and fashionable; but, after thirty, became a devout church member.

Mrs. Olney was not a happy Christian. From the very commencement of her religious experience, her soul dwelt under a cloud. That "God is love," she read in Scripture; and she also read therein this other declaration—"I am a just God." But, from some mental peculiarity, she was not able to see how, in forgiving her for past transgressions, God could be in harmony with himself.

"He must be just as well as merciful," I heard her remark, one evening, to a friend. The answer, to which I listened, went over the common ground of atonement for the satisfaction of justice. I watched Mrs. Olney's face. It did not brighten. The argument failed.

"Yes—yes—I understand all that," was her answer.

"And are you not satisfied to rest here?" asked the friend.

"No," was the despondent reply.

"Why not?"

"Simply, because having broken the law, and thus offended God, I cannot see how forgiveness is possible. My early life was an insult to Him. I made light of His precepts; I scorned the offers of salvation. When He said, 'Give me thy heart,' I turned from Him, and laid my heart an offering upon the shrine of this wicked world. And now, when I seek Him, He hides His face from me. I am in terror, but He mocks at my fear."

"Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened." So answered the friend in words of divine truth.

I again observed the lady's face, to see how this clear declaration would effect her. For a moment, it seemed to lighten; but the shadow was not lifted.

"It must be regarded only as an appearance that God is angry," I ventured here to remark. "Divine love—infinite compassion—are qualities adverse to anger. The wicked, under such suffering and restraint, as are the consequences of evil, naturally enough attribute their pains to the angry punishment of an offended God. And when God speaks in warning to the wicked, it is as a father to his disobedient children. He appears with signs of anger, though love and compassion are in his heart. There is a state of evil

among men, which will obey no law but that of fear. The sword must be unsheathed, and the right arm bared, or the wicked will not submit. This is the state addressed, when anger and punishment are spoken of in the Word; God's infinite love, which yearns over every creature, veiling itself under forms of wrath."

She listened calmly, and with evident interest; and did not offer any suggestions adverse to what I had said. Still, I could see no light drifting through the shadows on her face. Her mental condition interested me, and I endeavored to comprehend its meaning; but, after a long conversation, I found myself unable to get down to the real cause of her morbid state. To the clearest teaching of the Bible, and the fairest conclusions drawn therefrom, she had only her doubts to oppose. There they were, enshrouding her like a pall, and no sun-rays of truth seemed strong enough to scatter them.

"I cannot see it," was the answer she gave; "and unless I can see it, what help for me is there in all you say?"

I was interested in Mrs. Olney. So far as her outward life was concerned, she lived in obedience to the precepts of religion. She was always in her place at church, and among the foremost in the various uses of church membership—a devout worshipper, and a doer of good deeds. If any, it seemed to me, were to live in the sunshine of spiritual confidence, her sky, of all others, should have been clear. But, clouds and obscurity were there.

"Do you know Mrs. Olney?" I inquired of a most excellent lady, who was a member of the same church to which Mrs. Olney belonged.

"I used to know her," was the answer received. "But we have not spoken for ten years."

"I am sorry to hear you say this," I returned.

"Mrs. Olney is a true woman, if I read her aright."

"There is much in her character that I admire," said the lady, "and from all that I hear of her, she is trying to lead a good and useful life. But, she bears in her heart a spirit of unforgiveness."

"Towards whom?" I asked.

"Towards me," she answered. "I was so unfortunate as to offend her very deeply. The cause of offence I will not excuse. I am not surprised that she became angry; nor even that she refused, for a long time afterwards, to regard me with anything but displeasure. The act, on my part, has been sorely repented—I have suffered, on account thereof, painful humiliation of spirit. I condemn it as wrong—I have put far from me the spirit by which it was inspired; and I believe, that, as a sin before God, it is not kept in remembrance against me. If Mrs. Olney could only forget and forgive!"

I had now the clue to Mrs. Olney's state. It

was her own unforgiving spirit that clouded her mind. In her idea of God, there was an attribution of perverted human passions; and as she was not able to reach a state of forgiveness towards her friend, so she found it impossible to understand how God could put aside anger and receive her with divine forgiveness.

"Have you made efforts towards a reconciliation?" I asked.

"Not of late. After she became a member of our church, I several times purposely threw myself in her way; but she refused to meet my advances. Once, happening to be in the same company, where conversation was general, I responded to a remark which she had just made; but she took no notice of me whatever. On another occasion we were introduced by a mutual friend, who was not aware that we had met before; when she bowed icily, not even offering her hand—and after standing in silence for a few moments, turned away, and moved to a distant part of the room."

"Has she spoken against you?" I further inquired.

"I fear that she has, judging from the manner of a few who are her intimate friends. In several instances, I have observed a drawing off from me, and a standing at a distance, of persons who were once familiar and friendly. The cause of this, right or wrong, I have laid at her door. Not that I believe her capable of trying to injure me through indulgence of any vindictive spirit—for I think better of her Christianity than that; but, not having forgiven me in her heart, she finds it impossible to think of me as being in any essential degree changed from what I was ten or fifteen years ago, and so not only retains her old dislike, but infuses something of its quality into the minds of her intimate friends."

Now I understood Mrs. Olney's case better. At our next meeting, I so managed the conversation, that it drifted towards herself and her unhappy state of mind. Shadows gathered over her face; all cheerfulness died away from her tones.

"I have thought of you a great deal, since our last conversation," said I.

This expression of interest naturally opened her mind to anything I might say.

"The hindrance," I added, "must be in yourself; for, it cannot be in God."

"If I knew the hindrance!" she sighed heavily.

"Is it not possible," I suggested, "that somewhere in your heart, hidden away from distinct consciousness, dwells an unforgiving spirit?"

Her eyes were cast down as I spoke; but, she raised them instantly from the floor, in a half-startled way, fixing upon me a look of inquiry.

"It often happens," I continued, "that our ideas of God take the hue of interior states. We can only think of Him, as like-minded with ourselves. Angry at sin, because we are angry when the laws we make are violated; unforgiving, because

we cannot forgive those who trespass against us."

She dropped her startled eyes away from mine, and let them rest upon the floor again.

"There may be much involved in what you say," she remarked, not long afterwards, in a subdued voice. "Some things are hard to forgive," she added, like one thinking aloud.

"And yet," I ventured to say, "only in the degree that we forgive men their trespasses, can we expect God to forgive our trespasses—in other words, there must be a forgiving state in our own hearts, before we can have any realizing sense of the Lord's infinite forgiveness."

Evidently thought, with her, was flowing in a new direction. I did not think it well to press the subject, but left her to continue, or change it, as she might feel inclined.

"Do you really think," she asked, "that God only forgives us in the degree that we exercise forgiveness towards others?"

"Literally, that is the teaching of Scripture," was my reply. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." But, going past the literal sense of this law, let us get down to its spirit. A state of true religion is a state of love—love to God and the neighbor. If we cannot forgive, we cannot love. God is not angry—He does not decline forgiveness—but, because of our unforgiving states, He cannot dwell with us in love. Ever He stands at the door, knocking, and asking for entrance. It is for us to open the door, by removing the evil things set in it as bars and bolts; and until we do this, He cannot enter."

A window was opened in the mind of Mrs. Olney, through which clearer light came in. What she had regarded as only a just displeasure towards one who had injured her in past times, but whose life in the present was, to human eyes, blameless, she now saw to have in it the hard qualities of an unforgiving spirit. It was for what had been done to her, that she retained dislike. Mrs. Olney belonged to that class of persons, who, when clearly satisfied in regard to any course of action, move forward with resolute self-compulsion. First she decided, that, as a Christian woman, she could no longer hold towards the lady of whom I have spoken, the attitude of a stranger. Next came the question as to how the lady was to be approached—whether formally, and with oral reference to the past; or, by friendly advances, when next they happened to be thrown together in company. The latter method was chosen; and the opportunity was not long delayed. I was present, and witnessed the unobtrusive scene. Perhaps no other person had any conception of what it involved.

The lady referred to, as having given offence to Mrs. Olney years before, was sitting on one end of a sofa. She had been conversing with a friend who had just risen and crossed the room, leaving

the place at her side vacant. At this moment, I saw Mrs. Olney quietly pass over, and occupy the seat, offering her hand as she sat down. The hand was taken and held—not at once relinquished. Both faces were in full view. That of Mrs. Olney was considerably heightened in color; but, its expression, though subdued, was frank and kind. Over the other face, light was leaping; and I saw sudden tears almost brimming the eyes. Only for a short time, the natural embarrassment of this meeting continued. The tender of forgiveness and Christian fellowship—for all that was involved—was so gladly accepted, that Mrs. Olney felt her heart beginning to warm and glow, almost immediately, with new-born pleasures.

For nearly the whole of that evening, these two old friends, between whom a gulf of years had, in a moment, been bridged over, kept close together. There was, in Mrs. Olney's countenance, a new expression. All the clouds which had rested over it for so long a period were swept away, and peace dwelt there amid sunshine. The reconciliation was complete. From that hour, they became tenderly attached to each other; and were inseparable co-workers in all the external things appertaining to their church membership.

"You have come up from the valley of doubt," I said, in meeting her not long afterwards.

"Yes," she answered. "I am not troubled as in former times. That strange, shadowed state of the soul no longer exists."

"Were you conscious when and how it passed

away? There is a lesson in your experience, from which others may profit."

Mrs. Olney reflected for a little while.

"It was all here," and she laid her hand over her heart. "God's love was not withholden. The obstruction was in me. The memory of wrong was cherished, brooded over, held almost as a sweet morsel under my tongue. Not being able to forgive, I could not realize the possibility of forgiveness in God. The words of Scripture were plain enough; and I tried to rest on them with confidence. But, external faith and interior conviction, are very different things. I was in darkness and doubt, and there seemed no hope for me. But, when the law of forgiveness ruled in my own soul, doubt and darkness fled away. It seemed as if I had passed from a narrow, suffocating chamber, out into the free air, and under a cloudless sky. In the freedom of my new state, I am in wonder at the bondage from which I have been delivered. The process of cause and effect, I am unable to follow. I only know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see. God has not changed, for he is unchangeable. My own state has governed all."

And so it is in every religious experience. Our own states determine our ideas of God. He is to us an angry God, because we are angry and vindictive towards others; a hard exactor of legal penalties, because we will have the uttermost farthing; slow to forgive, because there is a spirit of unforgiveness in our hearts. But, when love dwells with us, He is love.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Childhood's Sorrows.

BY J. E. M'C.

Mothers often greatly err in undervaluing the little griefs and disappointments of childhood. The trifles which give them pain and trouble would be nothing to us, so we unreasonably exact of them the same indifference. Did you ever reflect how different the same scene looks at your own height, from that point at which your little child must view it? If not, you will realize it by stooping down beside him and taking in a view of the same landscape. So mothers should learn to place themselves at the child's mental stand-point in all their dealings with them.

A lady of great strength of mind and fine sensibilities, once told a friend that she never suffered more acutely, than once in childhood when her mother carelessly swept into the fire some of the shining silk of the milk-weed plant. She had found it for the first time in some of her little

walks, and was greatly delighted with her treasure, laying it out in parcels, thinking what enjoyment she would have over it with her little companions, assigning its various uses in her simple domestic economy. Her mother entered, and finding the litter on the carpet, hastily and coldly swept it all into the fire, despite the child's entreaties. The poor grieved little thing fled away almost distracted, and for several days could scarcely bear to look on her mother's face. To her it was as real a source of anguish, as for the millionaire to see all his choice possessions swept away by the devouring flame.

Oh mother, learn to reverence every tender, loving thing in your little child's nature. The world will harden it soon enough, without your hand aiding in the work. Enter feelingly into its little joys, and add to them the double pleasure of your approving smile. Sympathize with its little griefs, and comfort with cheering words of tender love the little sobbing bosom. "As one whom his

mother comforteth"—what sweeter figure could the kind Father above employ to express his tender pity for his sorrowing children.

Christian mother, be faithful to your solemn trust; then, when angel voices shall shout the harvest-home, you may stand before the great white throne and answer to the great summons—"Here am I, Lord, and the children whom thou hast given me."

Fault-Finding.

Mr. Abbott, in his "Mother at Home," says:—

Do not be continually finding fault with your children. It is at times necessary to censure and to punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be therefore more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding, on the part of its parent. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that, whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behaviour makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been, during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and He promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my dear son," he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty.

Basil Hall thus describes the effects produced on board ship, by the different modes of government adopted by different commanders.

"Whenever one of these commanding officers," speaking of a fault-finding captain, "came on board the ship, after an absence of a day or two, and likewise when he made his periodical round of the decks after breakfast, his constant habit was to cast his eye about him, in order to discover what was wrong; to detect the smallest thing that was out of its place; in a word, to find as many grounds for censure as possible. This constituted, in his opinion, the best preventive to neglect, on the part of those under his command; and he acted in this crusty way on principle. The attention of the other officer, on the contrary, appeared to be directed chiefly to those points which he could approve of. For instance, he would stop as he went along, from time to time, and say to the first lieutenant, 'Now, these ropes are very nicely arranged; this mode of stowing the men's bags and mess kids is just as I wish to see it;' while the officer first described would not only pass by these well-arranged things, which had cost hours of labor to put in order, quite unnoticed, but would not be easy till his eye had caught hold of some casual omission which afforded an opening for disapprobation.

"One of these captains would remark to the first lieutenant, as he walked along, 'How white and clean you have got the decks to-day! I think you must have been at them all the morning, to have got them into such order.' The other, in similar circumstances, but eager to find fault, would say, even if the decks were as white and clean as drifted snow, 'I wish you would teach these sweepers to clear away that bundle of shakings!' pointing to a bit of rope yarn not half an inch long left under the truck of a gun. It seemed, in short, as if nothing was more vexatious to one of these officers, than to discover things so correct as to afford him no good opportunity for finding fault; while, to the other, the necessity of censuring really appeared a punishment to himself.

"Under the one, accordingly, we all worked with cheerfulness, from a conviction that nothing we did in a proper way would miss approbation.

"But our duty under the other, being performed in fear, seldom went on with much spirit. We had no personal satisfaction in doing these things correctly, from the certainty of getting no commendation.

"The great chance, also, of being censured, even in those cases where we had labored most industriously to merit approbation, broke the spring of all generous exertion, and by teaching us to anticipate blame as a matter of course, defeated the very purpose of punishment when it fell upon us. The case being quite hopeless, the chastisement seldom conduced either to the amendment of an offender, or to the prevention of offences. But what seemed the oddest thing of all was, that these

men were both as kind-hearted as could be; or, if there were any difference, the fault-finder was the better-natured, and, in matters not professional, the more indulgent of the two.

"The line of conduct I have described was purely a matter of official system, not at all of feeling. Yet, as it then appeared, and still appears to me, nothing could be more completely erroneous than the snarling method of the one, or more decidedly calculated to do good than the approving style of the other. It has, in fact, always appeared to me an absurdity, to make any real distinction between public and private matters in these respects.

"Nor is there the smallest reason why the same principle of civility, or consideration, or by whatever name that quality be called, by which the feelings of others are consulted, should not modify professional intercourse quite as much as it does that of the freest society, without any risk that the requisite strictness of discipline would be hurt by an attention to good manners.

"The desire of discovering that things are right, and a sincere wish to express our approbation, are habits which, in almost every situation in life, have the best possible effects in practice.

"They are vastly more agreeable certainly to the superior himself, whether he be the colonel of a regiment, the captain of a ship, or the head of a house; for the mere act of approving seldom fails to put a man's thoughts into that pleasant train which predisposes him to be habitually pleased,

and this frame of mind alone, essentially helps the propagation of a similar cheerfulness among all those who are about him. It requires, indeed, but a very little experience of soldiers or sailors, children, servants, or any other kind of dependents, or even of companions and superiors, to show that this good-humor, on the part of those whom we wish to influence, is the best possible coadjutor to our schemes of management, whatever these may be."

The judicious bestowal of approbation is of the first importance in promoting obedience, and in cultivating in the bosom of your child affectionate and cheerful feelings. Let your smiles animate your boy's heart, and cheer him on in duty. When he returns from school, with his clothes clean and his countenance happy, reward him with the manifestation of a mother's love. This will be the strongest incentive to neatness and care. An English gentleman used to encourage his little children to early rising, by calling the one who first made her appearance in the parlor in the morning, Lark. The early riser was addressed by that name during the day. This slight expression of parental approval was found sufficient to call up all the children to the early enjoyment of the morning air. A child often makes a very great effort to do something to merit a smile from its mother. And most bitter tears are frequently shed because parents do not sufficiently sympathize in these feelings.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Hospital Nurse.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Why, Constance, you're not in earnest?" said mamma, looking up from the newspaper which the carrier had flung into the door only a moment before.

"Yes I am, Mary, thoroughly. I have made up my mind to go beyond the possibility of change, and I shall leave next week."

There was a look in Aunt Constance's voice which was like her words, and both made me feel that her mind was made up—that neither entreaty nor argument would avail to change her decision. I think mamma felt the same, for she looked at her sister in an amazed, bewildered sort of way.

"Constance Weldon, have you lost your wits?" she asked.

"I think I was never in fuller possession of all my faculties, such as they are," said Aunt Constance, with that little, sweet, flickering laugh of hers, that is pleasanter to hear than any tune I know of.

"But for you to take into your head to go down

there as hospital nurse! Oh, Constance, you haven't counted the cost. I love my country. I believe I am a patriotic woman, and hope I would not falter at almost any sacrifice for the triumph of our cause. But *this* one isn't demanded of you. What will you do, Constance Weldon, down there amid those horrible spectacles of bleeding, suffering, dying men. How can *your* eyes bear the sight of their ghastly wounds—how can your ears bear their moans of suffering, you whose nature is so sensitive, and whose whole life has been so tenderly sheltered from all sorrow? And then think, too, what you will have to endure when the hot weather sets in, in that southern climate. Think of the labors that will wear you by day, and the long nights when you can have no rest, because the sick and the dying about you will need your care. No, no, Constance, your duty doesn't lie in this direction."

"Mary," said Aunt Constance, getting up from her chair, and pacing rapidly across the room, while a sudden light spread itself all over her face, until I could think of nothing but the light as it breaks over the hills at dawn, "I have grown sick

of my life of indolence and selfishness, for such it seems to me at this time. What good am I doing in my day and generation—what better is the world because I live in it? I have grown tired of my wasted life—my heart and my conscience have lifted themselves and reproached me, that while others are dying for my country, I am idling away my time to little purpose or use. I am sick of my life—sick of myself for it; and, Mary, I have solemnly covenanted with myself to do this thing. Because I have been reared tenderly and delicately, shall my weak heart shrink from witnessing sufferings that perhaps I may alleviate; and if I die in this work—why, I shall only follow the noble company of men and women who have sacrificed their lives for their country; and what is living worth which has no object and no service. No, Mary, the way lies clear before me, and if it is to death, why, I must make the sacrifice.”

Mamma did not say any more. She only leaned her head on her hand and burst into tears. Aunt Constance cried too. She is mamma's only sister. Uncle Henry has gone to the war, and since grand-papa died, my aunt has come to live with us. I have heard my mamma say that Constance was always the idol of the family. She is beautiful, my Aunt Constance—with her dark blue eyes, her lips like the roses of June, and her sweet and gracious manner always wins the hearts of all little children. I knew papa, who sets so much store by her, would be very reluctant to have her go; but when mamma related to him the conversation she had had with her sister, papa said,

“Mary, I haven't one word to say. If Constance feels that her duty is here, it is ours to let her go, with God's blessing, and he can take care of her among those sick and dying men, whom her face may cheer, or her voice may comfort, as well as here. Be brave, Mary, and give your best gift—your only sister—to this work.” And so Aunt Constance gave us her blessing and went.

The dead summer heats are upon us now, and she, my sweet and gentle aunt, is far away among such fearful scenes and work that it makes me shudder only to think of it. Sick and dying soldiers are all about her. The ghastly spectacle of broken, and maimed, and scarred limbs, greet her eyes by night and by day; and yet her last letter read,

“Oh, brother and sister, beloved, I was never quite so happy as I am now. All my energies have opportunity for action, and I am busy from morning until night, or from night until morning, and only have time to snatch sleep enough to prepare me for more work—work which is a pleasure, because it is relieving the suffering and administering to the need of others.

“I cannot tell you what scenes I have witnessed in these hospitals, but they will inhabit my memory forever, making me, I trust, a wiser and a better woman! Three days ago, as I was walking

through one of the rooms, a voice called my name, and turning hastily, I saw a pale, almost boyish face, with dark mournful eyes, bent eagerly upon mine. There was something familiar in those thin, young features, but although I felt confident I had met them before, I was unable to say *how* or *where*.

“Don't you know me, Miss Constance?” asked the white lips of the young soldier.

“I shook my head, and asked his name.

“You haven't forgotten Robert English?”

“Robert English!” I said, “what, the little curly headed boy that has been with his sister, Carrie English and me, so many pleasant summer mornings to gather berries on the hills of Woburn?”

“The soldier burst into tears—

“Oh, Miss Constance,” said he, “I shall go up on those hills again to gather berries, nor through the pines, nor over the old bridge, no more.”

“I cried too, and tried to comfort him with encouragements of his recovery; but alas! when I saw the surgeon he shook his head, and said, ‘the young man's wound in the thigh, was a very bad one, a very bad one!’ and I knew what that meant. I thought of the young soldier's widowed mother and only sister, and my heart ached sharply for them.

“Every moment that I could spare, I was at the soldier's bedside. He liked to hold my hand, and to hear me talk to him of home and the dear familiar faces and scenes. But I saw that he was failing rapidly, and at last, I nerved myself to say, ‘Robert, you will never see that old home again, but in a little while I hope you will see another, dearer and happier than that, and where no sorrow will ever enter.’ He understood me, and with the tears pouring slowly over his pale face he said,

“Oh, Miss Constance, I'm not fit to enter there.”

“None of us are, dear Robert, else Christ would not have come that they which believe on Him should have eternal life. I said much more; he lay very still, breathlessly devouring every word. As the day drew towards night, I saw a change was coming over him, and he whispered,

“Wont you take my hand, Constance, and repeat—

‘Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.’

“When I had finished the beautiful hymn he looked up in my face and smiled a smile I shall never forget.

“Oh, Constance,” he said, “you have done me good!” And then he added, “When I'm gone take a lock of my hair and send it to mother, and tell her, her boy left good-bye for her, and that he wasn't afraid—he wasn't afraid; for he knew in whom he trusted.”

“And these were the last words of Robert English, and standing by his bedside I blessed God that he had put it into my heart to come to the hospitals.”

The Pet Squirrel.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

"Ida, Ida, run here quickly, and see what I've got for you." The silvery notes of Herbert Harrell's voice fluttered out joyously, as he called to his little sister.

Ida dropped her rag-doll and scampered out on to the porch, the waves of rich blood rippling over her face like a flood of moss-roses. Her brother stood holding something in his hat, while his eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"What is it, Herbert? Do let me see! Oh dear! dear! if it isn't just the *sweetest* little squirrel I ever saw in all my life. Where *did* you get it—the wee, pretty thing? Mayn't I hold it just a minute—*please*, brother Herbert?"

Ida held out her hands coaxingly, and Herbert took the squirrel out of his hat very carefully, and gave it to her.

"Take care, and don't let it get away, Ida. It's the wildest thing you ever did see. I tell you I had a hard time to catch it! We boys were gathering nuts down at the beech tree in the hollow, when all at once I noticed that the nuts commenced rattling down from the tree, and looking up, I saw this little squirrel sitting there as happy as a king, holding the nuts in its paws and eating out the kernels. You've no idea how cunning it looked. Just the minute I saw it I told the boys we must have it, and I commenced climbing the tree; but it jumped from one branch to another, just as easily as I can walk across the floor, and seemed to dare me to get hold of it. But at last it got scared and run into a little hole in the top of the tree, and tucked itself up in the leaves. I expect it thought I couldn't find it, but I just reached my hand in and pulled it out, and brought it right home to you. Now you will never call me a bad boy again as long as you live, will you, Ida, after I've brought you such a pretty present?"

"Goody! goody! I'm so glad I don't know what to do!" said Ida. "It is really mine to keep, then, Herbert? O, thank you! ever so many times. Oh! I'm so glad." And she danced over the porch in her joy.

All at once she stopped, and her little face looked sad and sober.

"But, Herbert, it looks *so* scared, poor little thing! What if it should die? I'd be *so* sorry, because you know it would be very wicked to take it out of the woods where it was happy, and scare and starve it to death."

"Nonsense, sister Ida—no danger of its being scared to death, and we won't let it *starve*, for I know ever so many things to give it. It will eat any kind of nuts and corn, and drink water; and then there's a tin cage in the garret, made on purpose for squirrels, with doors and windows, and a wheel that will turn round when it gets tired of doing

nothing and wants to run. So you see it is all right, after all. You girls are always so babyish about such things, though, and never know how to do anything right."

Herbert was really a good little boy, but he couldn't help wishing his sister had been a boy too, so that instead of playing with dolls, she could have been climbing around in the trees with him; and he liked very much to try to make his sister think that boys were smarter than girls.

Ida was so busy looking at the squirrel that she didn't pay any attention to him; so after he had strutted up and down the porch awhile, with his hands in his pockets, and his soldier cap set on one side of his head, feeling as if he must be quite as large and important as a man, he ran up to the garret and brought down the cage.

Ida clapped her hands with delight, when she saw the squirrel in its small house. It was the prettiest thing you ever saw, my little readers. Its hair was as soft as silk, and just the color of the little mice you see sometimes; and it had two bright eyes that shone like stars, and the daintiest ears and head, and four of the cunningest little feet, and a long bushy tail that it curled up over its head when it was eating. You've no idea how pretty it *did* look. Maybe some of you have pet squirrels of your own, if you have, you know all about them.

Ida's squirrel didn't seem to want to eat much. It was afraid of her, because it had always lived in the woods where no person could get to it. As soon as it saw Ida coming, it would run into the upper story of its cage, and she couldn't coax it to come down, though she tried very hard. Herbert told her it would come down the next morning, so she put the cage where the old cat couldn't get to it, and went to her supper.

They kept it for two days, but they couldn't get it to eat enough even to keep a squirrel alive, and they began to be afraid it would starve, sure enough. So one day Herbert put his hand in the cage and pulled it out, and fastened it up in the wheel, so that it couldn't get back again. It bit his finger till the blood came, and made him so angry he wanted to kill it, but Ida coaxed him not to hurt the dear little thing.

When they tried to put nuts between the bars of its cage, it would strike at them and try to bite them. Then it would climb up and gnaw at the wheel and try to get out, and growl if they even put their fingers close to it.

Herbert thought it was very funny to see it eat such tantrums, but Ida couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor animal; and all the time she was at school that morning, she couldn't keep her mind on her studies, for thinking how it acted and how much it wanted to get away. The more she thought of it, the more badly she felt, till at last she determined to go home and take the cage out in the orchard and let the squirrel loose. Then

if Herbert wanted to know what became of it, she could tell him it just got away from her.

But this plan didn't suit, for she knew that would be *acting a lie*, and her mother had always told her that it was just as wicked to *act a lie*, as it was to *tell one*. So she made up her mind to tell Herbert the truth about it. On their way home, she told him how wicked it must be, to take any live thing from its home, and fasten it up where it couldn't be happy and free.

Then she asked him if he didn't think it would be very cruel for some great giant to come along and carry them off, and fasten them up in a little dungeon, where they couldn't see anybody they loved, or hear the birds sing, or see the bright sunshine. She said she knew very well they couldn't be happy then, even if the giant *did* give them as much as they could eat, and that for her part, she wouldn't eat or do anything else to please him, and that she would bite him and hurt him if she could.

Herbert looked very serious, and after thinking about it awhile, he said:

"Well, Ida, I don't much believe I should like to be kept a prisoner, just to please some huge old monster, and I don't expect that poor little squirrel likes to be in a prison to please us; so we'll go home and let it out, if you say so, though I got it just to please you. *Boys* have something to do besides petting squirrels."

So the two children trotted along home, and Herbert carried the cage down to the beech tree and let the squirrel go. As soon as it found it was free, it darted off through the leaves as quick as you could think. How it did jump and scamper, it was so glad to be at liberty once more. It ran into

the beech tree and frisked around, and jumped from limb to limb, and curled up its bushy tail, and did so many funny things that the children laughed till they almost cried.

Then they took the cage and went back home again, both of them feeling very happy, because they knew they had done right; and my little readers know that the *good* are *always* happy.

The best of it all was, their father and mother found out what good children they had been, and two or three days afterwards, when they sat down to supper, Ida found one of the most beautiful doll's lying beside her plate. Its eyes were as black as jet, and its cheeks were as red as strawberries, and it had dark curly hair, and lips that looked like ripe cherries. Then it had on a white crape dress trimmed in pink ribbon, and a pink silk scarf on its shoulders; and pinned on dolly's dress was a little slip of paper that said:

"To Ida Harrell, from papa and mamma; because she is a good, loving little girl."

Then on Herbert's plate, was a penknife that had four of the sharpest blades in it, and every one of them shone like silver, and beside his knife was another slip of paper, saying almost what Ida's did. Oh! you'd better believe they were happy little children that night—happy because they had done right, and because they had such beautiful presents.

So you see that you ought always to be kind and loving to every thing and every body around you, for it will make you happier, even if you don't get any nice presents when you do right, as little Ida and Herbert did.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

ECONOMY IN A FAMILY.—There is nothing which goes so far towards placing young people beyond the reach of poverty as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in his kitchen or the parlor; it runs away he knows not how, and that demon Waste cries, "More!" like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provided has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife's to see that none goes wrongfully out of it. A man gets a wife to look after his affairs, and to assist him in his journey through life; to educate and prepare his children for a proper station in life, and not to dissipate his property. The husband's interests should be the wife's care, and her greatest ambition carry her no farther than his welfare or happiness, together with that of her children! This should

be her sole aim, and the theatre of her exploits in the bosom of her family, where she may do as much towards making a fortune, as he can in the counting-room or the workshop. It is not the money earned that makes a man wealthy—it is what he saves from his earnings. Self-gratification in dress, or indulgence in appetite, or more company than his purse can well entertain, are equally pernicious. The first adds vanity to extravagance, the second fastens a doctor's bill to a long butcher's account, and the latter brings intemperance, the worst of all evils, in its train.

INSOLUBLE CEMENT.—A Frenchman has discovered an insoluble cement in the common snail. Who has not had to lament the fracture of some choice article of glass or china, and to complain of the various cements that are sold everywhere as infallible remedies for all fractures? They either

will not hold the broken parts together, or they leave a dark ugly line that grows black with time. Now, at the extremity of the snail's body there is a little white bladder containing a gelatinous, fat-looking substance. If this be extracted, and the liquid applied to the broken edges of the glass or china, and time given for this natural cement to dry, the parts will hold together so firmly that the mended article is stronger at the united parts than elsewhere. You may break the article, but cannot separate the parts.

TO COPY FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other), and let them dry out.

TO PREVENT SHOES FROM CREAKING.—Apply a little olive oil, rubbed into the sole, especially about the waist and ball. It was done, and found perfectly successful. In boots intended for out-of-door wear, it would be as well to avoid letting the oil get into the seams, as it might, by dissolving the wax on the thread, be the cause of leakage.

WET CLOTHES.—Handle a wet hat as lightly as possible. Wipe it as dry as you can with a silk handkerchief; and when nearly dry, use a soft brush. If the fur stick together in any part, damp it lightly with a sponge dipped in beer, or vinegar, and then brush it till dry. Put the stick or stretcher into a damp hat, to keep it in proper shape. When a coat gets wet, wipe it down the way of the nap with a sponge or silk handkerchief. Do not put wet boots or shoes near the fire.

TO SILVER IVORY.—Immerse the ivory in a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and let it remain until the solution has given it a deep yellow color: then take it out and immerse it in a tumbler of clean water, exposing it (in the water) to the rays of the sun. In about three hours the ivory assumes a black color; but this black surface, when rubbed, is soon changed to a brilliant silver.

HAIR BRUSHES.—To clean hair brushes, put a spoonful of pearlash into a pint of boiling water, then fasten a bit of sponge to the end of a stick, dip it into the solution, and wash the brush. Next pour some hot water over it, and dry before the fire.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—Take two parts of common soda, one part of pumice-stone, and one part of finely powdered chalk; sift it through a fine sieve and mix it with water; then rub it well all over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash the marble over with soap and water, and it will be as clean as it was at first.

VOL. XX—10.

CURDS AND WHEY—ITALIAN METHOD.—Take several of the rough coats that line the gizzards of turkeys and fowls, cleanse from the dirt, rub well with salt, and hang them up to dry; when required for use, break off some of the skin, pour boiling water on, digest for eight or nine hours, and use the same as rennet.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET WHEN PRESSED DOWN.—Cover a hot smoothing-iron with a wet cloth, and hold the velvet firmly over it; the vapor arising will raise the pile of the velvet with the assistance of a light whisk.

EFFERVESCING LEMONADE.—Boil two pounds of white sugar with a pint of lemon-juice, bottle and cork. Put a table-spoonful of the syrup into a tumbler about three parts full of cold water, add twenty grains of carbonate of soda, and drink quickly.

A CHEAP COLLODION.—Steep white printing or machine paper in concentrated sulphuric acid from five to eight minutes, and then wash and dry it. It becomes now as stiff as parchment; and if we cut it up small and digest it in ether we obtain a substance not very different from common collodion, at a much cheaper price.

THE BEAUTIFUL EYES OF CHILDREN.—A child's eyes—those clear wells of thought—what on earth can be more beautiful? Full of hope, love and curiosity, they meet your own. In prayer, how earnest! in joy, how sparkling! in sympathy, how tender! The man who never tries the companionship of a little child has carelessly passed by one of the great pleasures of life, as one passes by a rare flower without plucking it or knowing its value.

HAPPINESS OF DUTY.—There is a pleasure in the performance of our duties as well as in the enjoyment of our delights. Fireside pleasures mingle with fireside duties, and both make up the sustaining element for life's journey, and robs some of the graver realities that surround us, of much of their harshness. Friends gather round us, and the old ones are not exchanged for the new, and in all our hours with those we love we have delicious ponderings, which ripple through the frame like a clear brook over a pebbled bed, and we are grateful that we have a mind that can be lulled into gentleness, and a heart that we could wish to beat only to the gentle music "of flutes and soft recorders."

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.

If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write something worth reading, or do something worth writing.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Insanity.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Bereft of reason! who would be
Of this blessed boon debarred?
Whose feelings at insanity
Are not with pity stirred?

In a previous article, we stated that insanity is often so slight as to attract but little attention at first, and might often be prevented by due attention to the means of removal of the cause, if the cause was more generally understood by the friends of the afflicted.

This opinion is confirmed by the experience of physicians and managers of insane asylums, and they often earnestly urge upon all physicians the duty of giving more particular attention to this disease, that they may be prepared to advise the friends of the unhappy sufferer as to the best method of recovery in different circumstances.

The healthful action of the brain is disturbed by various causes; and for the benefit of the afflicted, and the hope of preventing some affliction, we condense a few remarks on this much dreaded disease.

It is said that in China, Persia, Hindoostan, Spain, Portugal, and among uncivilized races, insanity seldom occurs. It prevails in all countries where there is great intellectual activity, and much political or religious discussion.

It is reported that most cases of insanity occur in England, France, Germany and the United States.

Events that excite deep feeling among the inhabitants greatly multiply cases of insanity. At the present time great self-command needs to be exercised by all classes of society—great submission to the bereavements that will otherwise cause thousands of hearts to bleed, and reason to reel. All need to imitate Christ, when about to drink His bitter cup—to pray like Him, in view of their afflictions, not my will but Thine, O Lord, be done.

Though God sometimes moves in a mysterious or unpleasant way to perform his wonders, and mortals do not plainly see His hand at all times, all should be calm and know that God rules. The works of His hands are seen in the tornado, the storm and the earthquake that devastates, and none may reproachfully ask Him, why doest thou this? So also the present calamities that overshadow this land, bringing death, wounds and desolation to many otherwise pleasant homes, need to be borne with resignation.

Insanity was increased by the French Revolution in France, and by the American Revolution in this country, and will doubtless be so now; but all should endeavor to be as calm as possible. Scenes

that excite deep feeling should be dwelt upon as little as possible. The brain and nervous system is often unhealthfully impressed by slight incidents, and much more so by heart-rending ones.

Over-excitement of the nervous system, produces dangerous results to the health of body or mind, and when long continued may destroy the strongest mental or physical powers.

The indulgence of a morbid appetite in things that are not essential to the growth, strength and sustenance of the human system, predisposes to this and many other diseases.

Intense mental excitement of whatever kind, tends to establish this disease. All persons should have their attention diverted from its source of anxiety, by the earliest and most judicious means in the power of their friends. Troublesome themes should not be mentioned to them by any one, and friends should use the utmost caution and skill to divert their minds to scenes and objects of interest. A visit to works of art or nature, with a companion that can pleasantly direct the attention, or a journey, may often do great good. Instruction in some useful or ornamental branches of labor, or in sciences that do not require much mental effort, may prove beneficial, and may often be so conducted by judicious friends, as to remove the disease before it becomes publicly known.

That the welfare of the human race, and the comfort of individuals, be promoted, all knowledge of this alarming disease, its modes of prevention, treatment or cure, should be carefully studied.

Intemperate parents and those of ungovernable temper often transmit this disease, or a predisposition to it, to their offspring. Fear is often an exciting cause of this disease. Exposure of the extremities to cold or dampness often causes this disease, by preventing an equal circulation to all parts of the system. The absorption of heat by cold or moisture drives the blood from the surface to the brain or other internal organs, causing disease of those organs.

Intense mental excitement increases the flow of blood to the brain, and when often repeated, or long continued, produces disease of that organ, which manifests itself in various ways. Sometimes this excessive amount of blood upon the brain suddenly terminates life. Fullness, pressure in the head, vertigo, dimness of vision, incapacity of thought, confused ideas, are symptoms which all should heed—change their occupations, exercise in the open air, amuse and divert their minds from cares and anxieties, ere insanity or sudden death overtakes them.

When the brain has been long oppressed and the nervous system much weakened, the patient is often incapable of diverting his mind to other themes, and the most judicious care and kindly sympathy

of friends is necessary, to enable him to recover his energies of body and mind.

Unwelcome news, sudden anxiety, or mental excitement, occurring after eating, will put an entire stop to digestion. In such circumstance the stomach and brain react upon and disturb each other, rendering life miserable.

Mental labor should not commence soon after eating; but pleasant relaxation or gentle exercise of the muscles may be continued for a longer or shorter period, depending on a person's strength. Severe mental exercise should be taken in the forenoon, that the vascular action of the brain may have time to subside, so as to obtain sound and refreshing sleep at night.

Failing Eyesight.

Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, gives these rules for preserving the eyesight:

When the sight is beginning to fail, the eyes should be favored as much as possible; this can be done,

1st. By sitting in such a position as will allow the light to fall upon the page or sewing, obliquely over the shoulder.

2d. By not using the eyes for such purposes by any artificial light, or before sunrise, or after sunset.

3d. By avoiding the special use of the eyes in the morning before breakfast.

4th. By resting them for half a minute or so, while reading or sewing, or looking at small objects; by looking at things at a distance or up to the sky, relief is immediately felt by so doing.

5th. Never pick any collected matter from the eye-lashes or corners of the eyes with the finger-nails: rather moisten it with the saliva, and rub it away with the ball of the finger.

6th. Frequently pass the balls of the fingers over the closed eyelids, towards the nose; this carries off any excess of water into the nose itself, by means of the little canal which leads into the nostril from each inner corner of the eye, which canal tends to close up, in consequence of the slight inflammation which attends the weakness of eyes.

7th. Keep the feet always dry and warm, so as to draw any excess of blood from the other end of the body.

8th. Use eye-glasses at first, carried in the vest-pocket, attached to a guard, for they are instantly adjusted to the eye with very little trouble; whereas, if common spectacles are used, such a process is required to get them ready, that to save trouble, the eyes are often strained to answer a purpose.

9th. Wash the eyes abundantly every morning. If cold water is used, let it be flapped against the closed eye with the fingers of the right hand, not striking hard against the balls of the eyes. But it

would seem a better plan to open the eyes in pure warm water, because warm water is more penetrating than cold; it dissolves much more readily and rapidly any hardened matter that may be about the lids, and is more soothing and more natural.

10th. The moment the eyes feel tired, the very moment you are conscious of an effort to read or sew, lay aside the book or needle, and take a walk for an hour, or employ yourself in some active exercise not requiring the close use of the eyes.

Work, and not Play.

Scarcely a day passes, says Dr. Dio Lewis, that some one does not say to me, "Why not urge them to go to work, and turn their muscular exertions to some profit?" The manual-labor schools and colleges which have so deeply interested some of our best and most earnest educators, have been based upon the idea that this needed muscular exercise might be turned to utilitarian purposes. Of course such an alternation of intellectual and bodily exercises is good, and it would certainly seem that such institutions should succeed. It is nevertheless true, they have almost uniformly failed. Their friends have explained these failures in a great variety of ways, but I think a fundamental defect has never been properly considered.

It is a simple physiological fact that the student who has *worked* hard over his books for hours, does not need *more work*, not even if it be muscular. What he requires is exhilarating play. He needs to laugh, shout; he needs fun and excitement, something which will not simply exercise the muscles, but will make the blood dash through the brain and give a freshness and elasticity to the mind.

Here is to be found the true defect in the manual-labor schools.

A gymnasium, in which are boisterous, exhilarating games, full of mirth and emulation, will always be instinctively sought by the over-taxed brain.

GRAY HAIR.—The chief causes of grayness of the hair are sickness, anxiety, and sedentary occupations. Laborers whose employments involve healthful exercise in pure atmospheres, and whose diet is simple and wholesome, retain the color of their hair to a late period. Usually, the grayness of the hair is an indication that the bodily fluids have begun to be absorbed, the textures to be dried up and become withered. But frequently the affection is local, not general; accidental, not constitutional. "All whose employment renders much sitting necessary, and little or no exercise possible; all who study much; all who, from whatever cause, have local determinations of blood, particularly if towards the head, are the persons most liable to carry gray hairs."

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE OPAL.

Our friends ere this have supplied themselves with the requisite pardessus for summer wear. We therefore anticipate the early autumn styles in this number, in order that they may be aware of some of the more advanced modes.

The *Opal* is a garment which has a shawl-shaped back, with square tabs in front, thus combining the mantilla form with it. The double black border which ornaments it is of black silk; there are also buttons and drops employed as trimming.

The material varies according to the season. Light fabrics, such as *drap d'été*, &c., plaided or plain, being chiefly employed.

It is from the cloak and mantilla establishment

of Messrs. Woods & Schuyler, No. 69 Worth street, New York.

RIDING DRESSES.

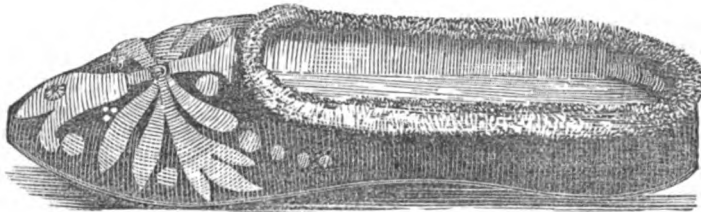
Fig. 1. Habit of gray cloth, the body finished by a heavy silk cord—blue buttons. Felt, or straw hat. Blue silk neck tie.

Fig. 2. Green habit, with blue steel buttons. Cherry neck tie. Leghorn hat with white plume.

MORNING CAPS.

No. 1. Of dotted mull, with lace ruffles, and trimmed with black velvet.

No. 2. Muslin, and worked insertion; ruffles, edged with narrow thread lace. Ribbon trimming to suit the wearer.



CHILD'S SLIPPER IN EMBROIDERY.

This slipper is made of either soft kid leather or black velvet. The ornament upon it is worked in soft silk, in three or four colors, according to the taste of the worker, lined with flannel, and finished with a chenille edging.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NORTH AMERICA. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This edition is published under an arrangement made with the author while in this country, by which he is paid a copyright. In the absence of any law, mutually protective of foreign and native authors, these special arrangements are now frequently made both in England and the United States, and are generally respected by the trade. An international copyright law would effect in an orderly way what a sense of right is now conceding in so many instances.

It is almost impossible to judge of a traveller's title to be regarded as accurate in observation, and just in his estimate of things, until he writes about your own country. Then you can see exactly what he is worth. Under this rule, there are few intelligent American readers who will not, after running over these hasty notes of travel in the United States, find their respect for Mr. Trollope, as a tourist to be relied on, sensibly diminished. His

hits at our faults and peculiarities are all well enough, and we can laugh with him over them. But, when he deals with grave matters of fact, we look for less dogmatism and exaggeration, and more clear-seeing accuracy. Evidently, he has made a book to sell with a class, and made it on the "taking" principle. It is a good romance, founded on facts.

Still, it must in all fairness be admitted, that, considering the short period devoted to observation, and the ground surveyed and described, Mr. Trollope is entitled to the praise of getting pretty near the truth on a large number of subjects. He might have been excused, under the circumstances, if he had done worse. This book, two volumes in one, is issued at the remarkably low price of 62½ cents. It is handsomely printed and bound, in the style of one dollar and twenty-five cent books.

In reviewing his six hundred pages on the United States, the result of six months' observation, the author's sober second thought comes in, and it is but fair that he should have the benefit of this.

Under the impulse of first impressions, and while the range of observation was yet limited, much came, naturally, from the pen that could not stand fair, even in the writer's eyes, when viewed from higher and better positions. Speaking in a concluding chapter, of what he had written about Boston, he says:—

"My weeks in Boston had not been very many, but nevertheless there were haunts there which I knew as though my feet had trodden them for years. There were houses to which I could have gone with my eyes blindfold; doors of which the latches were familiar to my hands; faces which I knew so well that they had ceased to put on for me the fictitious smiles of courtesy. Faces, houses, doors, and haunts, where are they now? For me they are as though they had never been. They are among the things which one would fain remember as one remembers a dream. Look back on it as a vision and it is all pleasant. But if you realize your vision and believe your dream to be a fact, all your pleasure is obliterated by regret.

"I know that I shall never again be at Boston, and that I have said that about the Americans which would make me unwelcome as a guest if I were there. It is in this that my regret consists;—for this reason that I would wish to remember so many social hours as though they had been passed in sleep. They who will expect blessings from me, will say among themselves that I have cursed them. As I read the pages which I have written, I feel that words which I intended for blessings when I prepared to utter them have gone nigh to turn themselves into curses."

He then adds:—"I have ever admired the United States as a nation. I have loved their liberty, their prowess, their intelligence, and their progress. I have sympathized with a people who themselves have had no sympathy with passive security and inaction. I have felt confidence in them, and have known, as it were, that their industry must enable them to succeed as a people, while their freedom would insure to them success as a nation. With these convictions I went among them wishing to write of them good words,—words which might be pleasant for them to read, while they might assist perhaps in producing a true impression of them here at home. But among my good words there are so many which are bitter, that I fear I shall have failed in my object as regards them. And it seems to me, as I read once more my own pages, that in saying evil things of my friends, I have used language stronger than I intended; whereas I have omitted to express myself with emphasis when I have attempted to say good things. Why need I have told of the mud at Washington, or have exposed the nakedness of Cairo? Why did I speak with such eager enmity of those poor women in the New York cars, who never injured me, now that I think of it? Ladies of New York, as I write this, the words which were written among you, are

printed and cannot be expunged; but I tender to you my apologies from my home in England. And as to that Van Wyck committee! Might I not have left those contractors to be dealt with by their own Congress, seeing that that Congress committee was by no means inclined to spare them? I might have kept my pages free from gall, and have sent my sheets to the press unhurt by the conviction that I was hurting those who had dealt kindly by me! But what then? Was any people ever truly served by eulogy; or an honest cause furthered by undue praise?"

And still more to the same import:—

"And now had come the end of my adventures, and as I set my foot once more upon the deck of the Cunard steamer I felt that my work was done. Whether it were done ill or well, or whether indeed any approach to the doing of it had been attained, all had been done that I could accomplish. No further opportunity remained to me of seeing, hearing, or of speaking. I had come out thither, having resolved to learn a little that I might if possible teach that little to others; and now the lesson was learned, or must remain unlearned. But in carrying out my resolution I had gradually risen in my ambition, and had mounted from one stage of inquiry to another, till at last I had found myself burdened with the task of ascertaining whether or no the Americans were doing their work as a nation well or ill; and now if ever, I must be prepared to put forth the result of my inquiry. As I walked up and down the deck of the steamboat I confess I felt that I had been somewhat arrogant.

"I had been a few days over six months in the States, and I was engaged in writing a book of such a nature that a man might well engage himself for six years, or perhaps for sixty, in obtaining the materials for it. There was nothing in the form of government, or legislature, or manners of the people, as to which I had not taken upon myself to say something. I was professing to understand their strength and their weakness; and was daring to censure their faults and to eulogize their virtues. 'Who is he,' an American would say, 'that he comes and judges us? His judgment is nothing.' 'Who is he,' an Englishman would say, 'that he comes and teaches us? His teaching is of no value.'

"In answer to this I have but a small plea to make. I have done my best. I have nothing 'extenuated, and have set down nought in malice.' I do feel that my volume has blown itself out into a proportion greater than I had intended—greater not in mass of pages, but in the matter handled. I am frequently addressing my own muse, who I am well aware is not Clío, and asking her whither she is wending. 'Cease thou wrong headed one to meddle with these mysteries.' I appeal to her frequently, but ever in vain. One cannot drive one's muse, nor yet always lead her. Of the various

women with which a man is blessed, his muse is by no means the least difficult to manage.

"But again I put in my slight plea. In doing as I have done, I have at least done my best. I have endeavored to judge without prejudice, and to hear with honest ears, and to see with honest eyes."

NORTH AMERICA. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main." New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Another edition of the work noticed above, and issued at the same price, 62½ cents.

THE STOLEN MASK; or, the Mysterious Cash Box. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

One of the author's fine dramatic stories.

THE TWO PRIMA DONNAS. A Novel of Real Life. By Augustus Sala. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

Issued in Peterson's series of cheap novels.

THE MASTER. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. Boston: *Walker, Wise & Co.*

This is one of Mrs. Denison's happiest efforts; her best constructed story; in which she has shown herself to be a woman of true genius. "The Master" is a musician of great skill, profoundly absorbed in his art, and with a nature deeply emotional. Around him are grouped a number of characters, all clearly individualized, yet in marked contrast; and the interest in them is well sustained. From the first chapter to the last, the author holds the attention of her readers, and surprises them tearfully in the denouement. "The Master" is a sweet, tender, beautiful story.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST: Being a guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Great Britain and Ireland. By W. Pembroke Pettridge. With a map, embracing colored routes of travel in the above countries. New York: *Harper & Brothers*, Publishers. Paris: *Galignani & Co.*, No. 24 Rue Rivoli. London: *Sampson Low, Son & Co.*, and *Gun & Co.* Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

One of the chief drawbacks to an American traveller in Europe, is his lack of information about what is to be seen, how to see it, and what to pay. The pleasure of his first tour is, in consequence, seriously marred by petty annoyances, and worry about unpleasant things all the while likely to happen. If, before setting out, the prospective tourist could have audience with an intelligent friend, who had been many times over the ground, he would gain from him such knowledge of the best routes, with information touching local customs, things to be seen, prices to be paid, and demeanor to be observed under a series of ever shifting circumstances, as would render the tour profitable and enjoyable. Just such a friend is now accessible in

Mr. Pettridge, through the pages of this carefully written "Hand-Book" for travellers in Europe and the East. The countries visited are described with clearness and accuracy, and particularly the principal cities, with their most peculiar and attractive features. There is a good map, in which the colored routes are all distinctly marked. The introductory chapter, containing hints to travellers to be read before they leave the United States, gives much useful information, and, indeed, the "Hand-Book" will probably save forty per cent. of the usual outlay on foreign travel. The skeleton tours, giving routes and expenses, to suit time occupied and money in hand, will be found essentially useful.

RAVENSHOE. By Henry Kingsley. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*. Philadelphia: *W. S. Martien*.

Our previous knowledge of Henry Kingsley, younger brother of Rev. Charles Kingsley, came through the publication of a romance, some three years ago, entitled, "Recollections of Geoffrey Hamlyn," which marked him as a man of superior ability. His new book, "*Ravenshoe*," deals chiefly with English life, and is crowded with plot and incident. His characters are clearly drawn, and well contrasted; and their action unimpeded by the intrusion of theories or philosophizings. The book gives strong pictures both in the upper and lower grades, the lights and shadows thrown in with the skill of an artist.

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Part III. and IV. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

These numbers are crowded with rare and curious information connected with the days of the year of which they treat. Among the subjects noticed are, Peter the Great in England; Execution of Charles I.; Seventh Sons' Seventh Sons; Commencement of Gas Lighting; South Sea Bubble; Translation of the Bible; Robert Burns. The engravings give curious scenes and objects. A book well worth having will be the "Book of Days," when completed. It will be a perfect magazine of remarkable things.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We have additional numbers of this comprehensive work to 47, bringing down the subjects to "Fortifications." A dictionary of universal knowledge is one of the indispensable things in a household where mind is busy, and if you are not in possession of one, take our advice and get Chambers. Three volumes are already published, and the fourth nearly completed. For condensation, clearness and accuracy, it is worthy of all praise. In the matter of typography, it is equal to the best standard books of the day. The illustrations are well chosen, being mostly confined to subjects where a picture is almost indispensable to the text.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

CARRYING WEIGHT IN LIFE.

The "Country Parson," in one of his admirable essays, discourses of people who carry weight in life—that is, who are burdened with some infirmity, or clogged with some hindrance, that diminishes their speed in the race of life. There are few of us who are not weighted, and this consideration, if a higher and more humane one does not operate, should make us the apologists, rather than the censors of those who are struggling on behind us. Of the manifold weights carried by men, the "Parson" instances a number. "There are," he says, "many men who are weighted with a hasty temper; weighted with a nervous, anxious constitution; weighted with an envious, jealous disposition; weighted with a strong tendency to evil speaking, lying and slandering; weighted with a grumbling, sour, discontented spirit; weighted with a disposition to vamping and boasting; weighted with a great want of common-sense; weighted with an undue regard to what other people may be saying or thinking of them."

Why don't they throw them off? some unreflecting reader may say. Alas! these are habits and hereditary tendencies that cannot be removed by a simple effort of the will. They are ingrained with the soul's substance. The whole man must be regenerated ere he can throw off these weights. So let us pity and help, and thus lighten the burdens they have to carry. More external weights some have to bear. "You have known men," says our observant author, "who, setting out from a humble position, have attained to a respectable standing; but who would have reached a much higher place, but for their being weighted with a vulgar, violent wrong-headed, and rude-spoken wife. You have known men of lowly origin who had in them the makings of a gentleman, but whom this single malign influence has condemned to coarse manners and a frowzy, repulsive home for life. You have known many men whose powers are crippled, and their nature soured by poverty, by the heavy necessity for calculating how far each shilling will go; by a certain sense of degradation that comes of sordid shifts. How can a poor parson write an eloquent or spirited sermon, when his mind is all the while running upon the thought how he is to pay the baker, or how he is to get shoes for his children? It will be but a dull discourse which, under that weight, will be produced, even by a man who favorably placed, could have done very considerable things. It is only a great genius here and there who can do great things—who can do best, no matter at what disadvantage he may be placed; the great mass of ordinary men can make little headway with wind and tide dead against them."

Touching our feelings and duties towards the

class who carry weight in life, the "Parson" has these just reflections. "There is a great difference between our feeling towards the human being who runs his race much overweighted, and our feelings towards the inferior animal who does the like. If you saw a poor horse gravely struggling in the race with a weight of a ton extra, you would pity it. Your sympathies would all be with the creature that was making the best of unfavorable circumstances. But it is a sorrowful fact, that the drag-weight of human beings not unfrequently consists of things which make us angry rather than sympathetic. You have seen a man carrying heavy weights in life—perhaps in the form of inveterate wrong-headedness and suspiciousness; but instead of pitying him, our impulse would rather be to beat him upon that perverted heel. We pity physical malformation or unhealthiness; but our bent is to be angry with intellectual and moral malformation or unhealthiness. We feel for the deformed man who must struggle on at that sad disadvantage; feeling it, too, much more acutely than you would really believe. But we have only indignation for the man weighted with far worse things, and things which, in some cases at least, he can just as little help. You have known men whose extra pounds, or even extra ton, was a hasty temper, flying out of a sudden into ungovernable bursts; or a moral cowardice, leading to trickery and falsehood; or a special disposition to envy and evil speaking; or a very strong tendency to morbid complaining about his misfortunes and troubles; or an invincible bent to be always talking of his sufferings, through the derangement of his digestive organs. Now, you grow angry at these things. You cannot stand them. And there is a substratum of truth to that angry feeling. A man can form his mind more than he can form his body. If a man be well made, physically, he will in ordinary cases remain so; but he may, in a moral sense, raise a great hunchback where Nature made none. He may foster a malignant temper, a grumbling, fretful spirit, which by manful resistance might be much abated, if not quite put down. But still, there should often be pity, where we are prone only to blame."

The Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania.

The Annual Commencement of this College for 1862, was held at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the evening of June 26th. It was attended by a large audience, and the exercises were very interesting. We refer to the occasion, that we may express our high estimate of the Institution, which, under the care of Dr. Alfred H. Kennedy, Dean of the Faculty, is steadily rising in the public regard. Young men, graduates of this school, are fitted to take position at once, as civil or mechanical en-

gineers, or as manufacturing or analytical chemists.

The Degrees conferred at the late Commencement, show the range of instruction, which is always adapted specially to the future plans and purposes of the student. They were: "Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering;" "Bachelor of Chemistry;" "Bachelor of Mining Engineering;" and "Bachelor of Civil Engineering." Still, to give a more exact idea of what is taught, take the following subjects of Theses presented by graduates at the late Commencement: "Motion of Steam;" "The Sewing Machine, past, present and future;" "Steam Boilers;" "Manufacture, Properties, and Uses of Soda, its Chlorides, Sulphates, and Carbonates;" "Zinc and its Metallurgy;" "Copper and Copper Smelting;" "Lime, Mortar, and Calcareous Cements;" "Theory of Constructing Economical Wooden Bridges;" "Tunneling;" "Irrigation;" "The Common Roads;" "Manufacture of Illuminating Gas;" "Water Works, and their Construction;" "Stone Bridges."

From these it will be seen, that instruction in the Polytechnic College of our city is designed to cover the ground of nearly all the applied sciences, and that a graduate goes forth furnished with an education, which, if he have any reserve of mental power, makes eminent success in life almost certain. So high does this institution already stand, that its diploma gives, in most cases, the preference to its graduates, where a selection of men for important positions is to be made. This has occurred in a number of instances.

The range of study embraces a preparatory course in what is called "The Scientific School," where, for a year, the student is instructed in Algebra, Geometry, Physics, Physiology, Mineralogy, Drawing, Astronomy, Chemistry, etc., and some of the modern languages. A satisfactory examination passes him, in the next year, to the College proper, or, into what is denominated "The Technical School," where he remains two years, before graduation. Here he is instructed in all the higher mathematics, but specially in the application of sciences to the uses of life, and particularly with reference to his intended profession or work. This, it will be seen, is a very different kind of education from what is received in ordinary colleges, where the chief things are Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. A graduate of the Polytechnic, for all practical purposes, finds himself a head and shoulders in advance of your mere scholar from Cambridge or Yale. They fit young men for the learned professions; this school for practical life and scientific uses.

Commend us to the Polytechnic College of Pennsylvania as the place to educate boys for effective American citizens. It is based on a clear comprehension of what the country demands for progress and development.

Any information in regard to this institution

will be communicated to Dr. Alfred H. Kennedy, of this city, Dean of the Faculty, who will send to any desired address the pamphlet circular of the school, giving terms, particulars of study, and all requisite information.


THE SUNSHINY MEMBER.

Some one speaks these few good sentences about that member of a family who, dwelling in sunshine, diffuses its warmth and light around:—

"Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art to make all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable—even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! Oh for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good—to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent—not entirely a matter of great energy—but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy, which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking."

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.

It will be seen, on reference to Mr. Thurston's list of Card Pictures published on the cover of the Home Magazine for August, that he is busy in adding to his stock. These pictures are admitted, on all hands, to be among the finest issued.

 Some of our exchanges direct their papers to the publishers, instead of to "Home Magazine." This subjects us to postage, and such papers are not, therefore, taken from the office. All exchanges must be directed to "Home Magazine."

"Neither mind nor body can long endure incessant toil. Relaxation is therefore a Christian duty. No man has a right to destroy himself by labor, any more than by poison. The bow that is always bent, loses its elasticity; the mind that is never relaxed, either will wear out the body, or become insane."

"A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought, to roll through the generations of time."

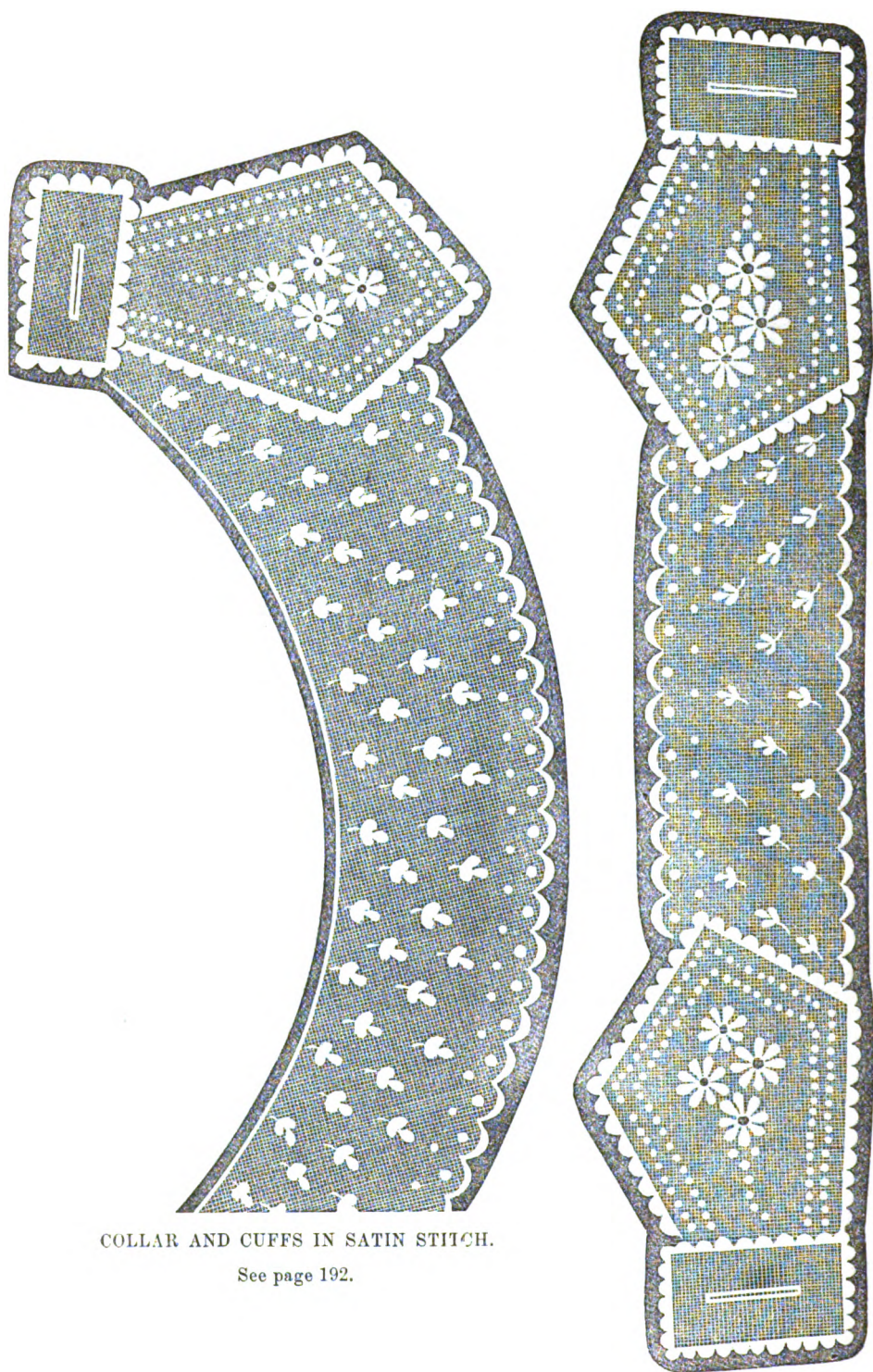
If a man be compassionate towards the affliction of others, says Bacon, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm







DO YOU LOVE BUTTER ?

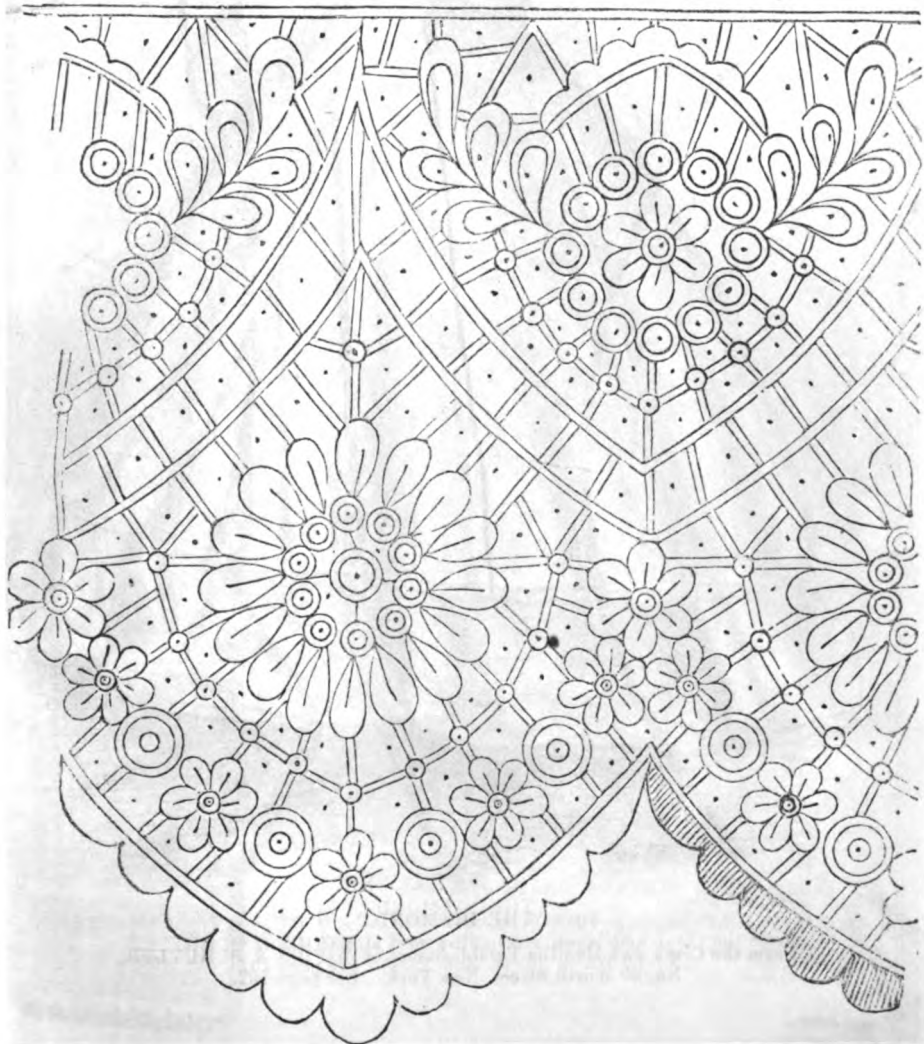


COLLAR AND CUFFS IN SATIN STITCH.

See page 192.



NAME FOR MARKING.

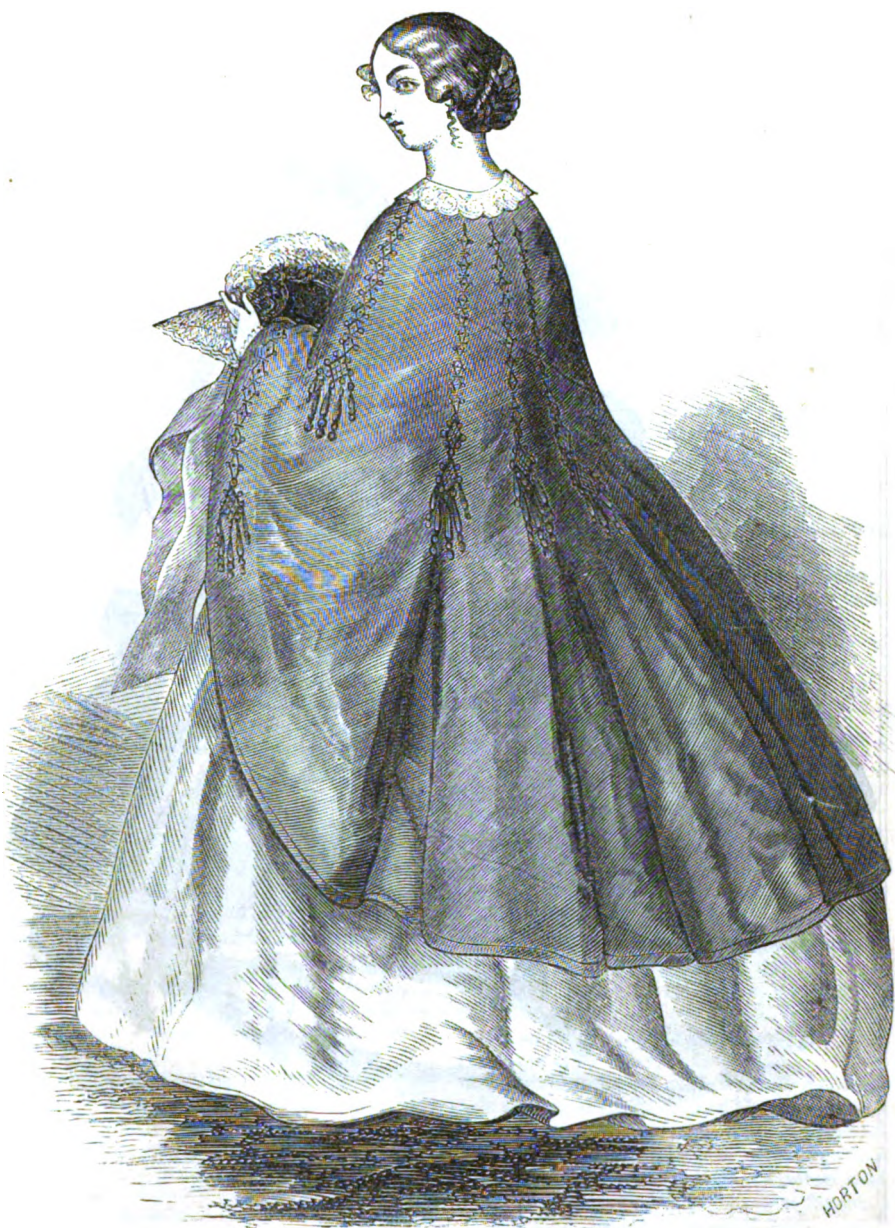


EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT.



THE DIAMOND.

**From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 192.**



THE JASPER.

From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of **WOODS & SCHUYLER**,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 192.



CHILDREN'S COSTUMES. See page 192.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1862.

The Real.

BY ELIZA H. BARKER.

The unseen is the Real, because immortal, unchangeable. The material world around us, ever changing, and fading away, is not the *Real*.

Hermes Trismagistus

Imagining is truth, for in the world
Of boundless and unfathomable space,
There's not a sail of thought, tho' wide unfurled,
That may not find its home-like resting place
In that ethereal sea, whose tidal wave,
Of light reflowing, sends the wanderer back,
Laden with gifts of love which angels gave;
An argosy of Mind, such shun the track,
That others make, and seek some golden shore—
Some richer Indies—never found before.

Oh! in that far-off sea, where Lyra bathes
Her stars in gold, and moves thro' living air,
Where, with his silent force, old Orion swatches
Each courtier planet in his proper sphere;
Where Pleiades their gentle influence shed,
O'er their long train of seraph-peopled worlds;
Where space's mighty ocean outwards spread,
Further than furthest comet e'er was hurled,
There spread the Realms of Beauty, starry isles
Of Life immortal, knowing no decay,
Where the great Central Sun forever smiles,
In beams that scatter music on their way;
Octaves of light, they move thro' finer air,
And every wave of radiance echoes there.

There doth the dreaming poet send his soul
To bring back glorious thoughts of *Genius* rare,
There sketch each tree-plumed hill, each grassy
knoll,

Landscapes of beauty, spreading fadeless there,
And seraph forms, and brows, his lines rehearse,
Which he hath gazed on, in his spirit dream,
And men drink in like light his glowing verse,
Till each fair form and scene familiar seem,
And our tranced spirits yearn like his to roam,
To those "bright seats of bliss, our future home."

Those far off gleamings of the soul's ideal,
Steal thro' the curtained studio, where alone
Sits the rapt painter, heedless of the Real,
Ungraceful forms of earth around him thrown—
Before him glows a sunset, golden beams,
Light skies more blue, than Arno's upward
gaze

Paints on its waters, groves and shadowed streams
Bathe in the mellow light, while evening's haze
Sheds on the distant summits softer air,
Like a veiled beauty, more serenely fair :—
And eyes are there, deep starry eyes of light,
And calm Madonna brows and floating forms,
And flowing drapery, like clouds of night
Lit by the moonbeams, veil their radiant arms :
He paints—and we, idolators—adore—
Then from our ecstasy, awake to mourn
That angel forms revisit earth no more,
And feel that we from Paradise were torn—
Like the "lone Peri," we but gaze within,
On the bright world closed on us by our sin.

The patient sculptor, whose unwearied hand
Finds the loved image of his soul in-wrought
Within the yielding marble; as in land
Of dire enchanter, by some prince is sought,
The tranced beauty, numbed in seeming death,
So from its cold Sarcophagus, is brought
The image of his vision, but the breath
Of glorious life comes not with glowing thought;
Jove gave Pygmalion's life, had love that power,
The grave would yield its statues in an hour—
'Tis but the marble shadow of his vision,
Seen in the dreaming land, when slumbers steal
On his closed lids, when borne to scenes Elysian,
His waking thoughts those angel forms reveal :
On the cold brow we gaze, and yearn to give
Half of our soul to make the statue live.

Daughter of love and song! Oh! thou whose
spell.

Nepenthe like, falls soft on heart and brain;
When the glad air receives the gushing swell,
With which the breathing soul invokes thy
strain.

Angel of music! from whose wafting wings,
 Drop the rich globules of the sounding song;
 Whose touch ethereal wakes the echoing strings,
 Which thro' our coarser atmosphere prolong
 The floating octaves—rising till they soar
 Like silver bells—just heard—from spirit shore.

All beauty, harmony, all grace, all light,
 Richness and glory, all that enters in
 To our pent souls, and all the noble might
 Of virtuous will, the purity within—
 Are all but breathings from that spirit home,
 Like perfumed waves from spiced Arabia's shore;
 Where'er we live and breathe, where'er we roam,
 Those warmer gales still fan us o'er and o'er—
 Those airs of home, their homeward longings
 bring,
 And still the spirit's "*Ranz des Vaches*" we sing.
 BEAVER, PA.

Never-to-be-Forgotten Days.

BY A. L. W.

"It was a very little thing; but the joys and griefs of home are almost all made up of little things." This sentence met my eye the other day, and instantly fastened itself into my memory. It is a truth; and, by some chain of thought which might be hard to trace, it gave rise to other thoughts which also I believe are truths.

We often hear and speak of the "sunny hours of childhood," and look back with longing gaze to the time when, by fair New England's rippling rills, or on the West's broad prairies, we had

"Our walk to school amid the dewy grass—
 Our sweet flower-gatherings"—

but we forget that there was any reality in our longings then for the future, with its harvest of hopes and promises of pleasure—we forget with what deference we looked up to the "big boys and girls," and how far distant seemed the time which should complete our twentieth year; and now we look back to those early never-to-be-forgotten days, forgetting all the little griefs and sorrows that bittered our cup in passing, and remember but the joys,—little, but full of pleasure, as our griefs were small but choking.

We lose much of the real pleasure we might derive from life, by idle regrettings for the past, and useless anticipations of the future. We do not school ourselves enough to the enjoyment of the present until it has become the past. We chafe under the sorrows and disap-

pointments, to the exclusion of the realization of the happiness of the present, and then in after days, to which we now look forward with high expectations, we review the matter, and see only the bright side of what is then the past. And so it was when hand in hand with early playmates we wandered through the meadows, curling dandelions and holding buttercups under one another's chin. Our joys were trifling—so were our sorrows; but if one could give us pleasure, so could the other give us pain.

And when in later years we've wandered where the apple blossoms fell around the old well-curb, at the old farm-house by the hill, where once we used to drink, when the long, drowsy summer afternoon was through and we were let from school, how like a happy dream it seemed to muse upon our long past childish sports. And under the great pine tree that stood upon the hill above the rock, how often have we lain and dreamed upon the image of the world as it would be when we should be the workers; and how unreal it seemed that we should ever live to tell of the "times when we were young." And now, how are we parted from the scenes and forms which then we loved. How is the old school scattered—some are married—some are dead. Not long ago I heard that one was dead—one whose first footsteps on the snow with boyish gallantry I guided—far away among the hills and singing water-falls of the Green Mountain State she sleeps with many other friends, with whom when life was very new we played among the flowers.

You may not remember as I do the round bend in the Otter where we used to fish, and where one of our number was drowned;—and you have never seen that little gem of lakes called Dunmore, nestling at the foot of the great mountain. One lovely summer morning, years ago, in company with a cousin, I set out to visit the lake. Words fail to describe the glories of that summer day. A few white, fleecy clouds were scattered round the zenith, while the sheep upon the hill-side, the cattle standing knee-deep in the cool water of the lake, and gazing with longing eyes upon the neighboring grain which the swift-winged zephyrs were moving in soft rolling wavelets as the shadow of some stray cloud passed over, presented a scene to charm a poet's heart and form a subject for a painter's pencil.

And among such scenes my childhood's hours passed; and still I love to think of home as again, sometime in the future, to be

placed among those landscapes, whose combinations with other things go so far to the making of my never-to-be-forgotten days. Your remembrances of the past are different from these, and after this in years still to come, when circumstances shall have happened to make *these* never-to-be-forgotten days, our recollections will be different as our paths in life shall be unlike. Whether our future days shall be as *happily* never-to-be-forgotten, remains to be determined. And when we enter the dark valley and the river of death, and the waters of temptation struggle and buffet against our souls, whether our never-to-be-forgotten days shall then serve as a beacon on the farther shore to guide us to the hills of peace, or, as a dark and lowering cloud above, shall wrap us in eternal night, depends upon the paths we tread through life. Our never-to-be-forgotten days to come in after years will be no more mixed up with bitterness than those which now have passed. Our valuation of higher, deeper and more intellectual pleasures, will be accompanied by keener appreciation of disappointments. And ever as our capacity for enjoyment is enlarged, and sorrows heavier come upon us, our strength will be augmented for the endurance of those greater burdens. Our childhood's pastimes were not unmingled with pain; but in our stronger years, when sometime we behold our

—"fleet of glass
Wrecked on a reef of visionary gold,"

that will be no greater trial for our strengthened souls to battle than was once the loss of some poor childish toy, which now we look on but to smile.

As our reasoning powers become developed many are the paths which open to allure us—paths either up to the temple of Fame or through the labyrinthine garden to Fortune's bower, or maybe to simple rural pleasures, where some noble stream flows majestically along to meet its mate upon their marriage morn, amid the sound of bridal bells heard in the rippling waves as the waters meet with kisses, and in their united strength roll on to join the mighty ocean. We may all have different ideals as to what we would our lives should be—as for me, I would remember that—

"The path of duty is the way to glory," and
"He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purple, which outbredden
All voluptuous garden roses."

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And finally, when he,
"Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward and prevailed,
Shall find the toppling crag of duty scaled,
Are close upon the shining table-lands,
To which our God him-self is moon and sun."

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XXII.

We shall not dwell with particularity on the life of Mr. Elliot—the name by which Mr. Guy was known—in the family of Mr. Ewbank. He remained there for several months, during which time he was docile, innocent, and often sportive as a child. In this period he had learned to read a little, and would often take a book and sit alone, trying to gather meaning from the sentences. For Mrs. Ewbank, he manifested the purest love; and was always happiest when by her side. Her word was his law; not her word spoken in authority, but the simple expression of her will. When she read to him, as her husband desired her to do frequently, those Bible stories which all young children delight to hear,—about Joseph and his brethren—the Hebrew children—of Abraham, David and Daniel—and of the nativity of our Lord; he would listen to her with that absorbed attention which appropriates every sentence. Thus, his newly forming memory became peopled with the men and women of olden times, whose words and deeds, representative of divine things, God has established as holy Scripture.

In all these months, Mr. Elliot had expressed no desire to pass beyond the threshold of his new home. He would sit or stand by the window, and look on the living panorama with a vague, childish wonder; but the hard, strong, involved things on the outside, instead of attracting, made him shrink back with an emotion of dread.

But at last, signs of a new state were visible; and the friends who had cared for him until care wrought itself into love, began to fear and tremble. Mrs. Ewbank, noticing one day that he was unusually quiet, asked, as we sometimes ask a child—

"What are you thinking about?"

He raised his eyes, and looked at her for some moments; then dropped them without answering. The expression of his face was so completely changed, that he did not appear like the same person.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Elliot?" Mrs. Ewbank repeated the question, after a little while.

"I must have been dreaming," he answered, looking up again, half perplexed, and with a faint smile breaking around his lips.

"Of what were you dreaming?" Mrs. Ewbank half held her breath for the reply.

"I don't know. It's all gone now," he answered, with a sigh of relief.

On the evening of the same day, Mr. Ewbank, in addressing his wife, called her Lydia.

"That's a sweet name," said Mr. Elliot, in a tone of voice that caused both Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank to look at him curiously.

"Do you think so?" remarked the latter.

"Yes. And I've heard it before. I used to know a Lydia. I wonder where she is?" And his face grew shaded and intent.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank turned to each other in silence. It was plain to them that a few pencils of light had penetrated the veil which hung between the past and the present.

"Oh, I remember now. She went away." There was a quiet sadness in his voice. "She went away somewhere and left me."

"And never came back?" Mrs. Ewbank ventured to inquire.

"Never!" He sighed again, but more deeply. "Never came back again."

With a quick motion, Mr. Elliot now lifted his hand and pressed it hard against his forehead, as if in pain.

"Does your head ache, Mr. Elliot?"

He did not answer, but turned partly away, so as to hide his face; and sat perfectly motionless. Presently, as they looked at him intently, they saw a slight movement of his head, and caught a stealthy look, that was instantly withdrawn. He was still again for some time. Mr. Ewbank now spoke to him, calling his name. Slowly turning, and withdrawing his hand from his forehead, Mr. Elliot asked, with a degree of intelligence in his voice that startled Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank—

"How long have I been here?"

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Ewbank.

Mr. Elliot shook his head.

"Five months."

A hand was pressed tightly to his forehead again. "Five months!" He repeated the answer in a perplexed tone. Then withdrew his hand, stood up, gazed at Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank searchingly, then all around the room.

"Am I sleeping or waking? What does it all mean?" There was something mournful in his voice.

"Awake, Mr. Elliot, and with true friends," replied Mr. Ewbank, not rising, nor seeming to be disturbed or surprised.

"Mr. Elliot! Why do you call me Mr. Elliot?" he demanded, with apparent irritation.

"It is the name your friend, Doctor Hofland, gave us," was replied.

"Doctor Hofland!" He startled Mr. and Mrs. Ewbank with his emphatic repetition. Clapping his forehead again, now with both hands, he sat down and remained entirely motionless as before.

"Will you send for him?" he asked, at length, with repressed feeling.

"To-night?"

"Yes. I would like to see him to-night."

"He lives at a considerable distance from here, and it is growing late," said Mrs. Ewbank, in a gentle, persuasive way, going up to Mr. Elliot, and laying her hand on him. The touch was like a charm; for, when she added—"Wont it do as well for you to see him in the morning?" he answered submissively—

"Yes, it will do as well in the morning; but I must see him then."

"You wont go away and leave us, I hope." Mrs. Ewbank said this with real emotion, for her heart, so long interested in the docile old man, had learned to love him, and the thought of parting was painful.

"I will come back again, or you shall come to me," he answered, almost fondly.

His mind seemed to wander a little after this—to play between the past and the present, and to mingle remote with recent things.

"I wonder where she is! Do you know?" He lifted his eyes to the face of Mrs. Ewbank, after a period of silence, in which it was plain that he was endeavoring to untangle the confused things in his mind, and gazed at her with a look of troubled inquiry.

"Who?" asked Mrs. Ewbank.

"My Lydia." And the perplexed look deepened. "My Lydia," he repeated. Didn't you know her? I'm sure you must have known her."

"A sudden flush came—his eyes enlarged—his lips fell apart—a tremor seized him. For a short period, he was like one startled by an apparition. This passed, and he was in repose again.

"Your name is Lydia." He looked at Mrs. Ewbank with returning fondness.

"Yes, that is my name."

"And her name was Lydia."

"Who?"

A shadow crept over his face—he sighed, and turned away.

“I’m trying to think,” he said, speaking soon afterwards, but a little mournfully. “I don’t know where she went. Oh-h!” The ejaculation was sudden, prolonged, and uttered as a cry of pain. Some bitter memory had flashed into light.

“What is it, Mr. Elliot? What hurt you?” Mrs. Ewbank drew closer, and spoke with fond familiarity.

“Dead! Dead!” His voice was full of grief.

“Who is dead?”

“Lydia—my poor Lydia! I remember it now. She grew sick and died. Poor Lydia! I’m afraid—” He checked himself; shrunk down a little, as if under the weight of some unhappy thought, and became once more silent.

“Was it a long time ago?” asked Mrs. Ewbank.

He started, with face flushing anew, and turned full around upon Mrs. Ewbank, rising at the same time to his feet. Eagerly, almost wildly did he search her countenance.

“There was another Lydia,” he said, his voice shaking. “A dead Lydia and a living one. They had the same voice, and I heard it just now—the same eyes and hair. O, my God!” The trembling old man shut his hands over his face and stood for a few moments. Then withdrawing them, he said, with constrained calmness—

“My name is Adam Guy!”

“And I am Lydia! Oh, my father! My father!” Mrs. Ewbank sprang forward, throwing her arms around his neck, and laying her head on his breast.

Past the form clinging to him, the old man looked to Mr. Ewbank, who had started up, and now stood near them—looked to him with an almost helpless, but imploring expression, as one in a swiftly running stream, ready to be swept away. Mr. Ewbank understood the appeal, and, astonished as he was by so unlooked for a denouement, said, as he made an effort to lift his wife away—

“If you are indeed Adam Guy, who was thought to be dead, this is your daughter Lydia.”

“I am Adam Guy,” was almost solemnly answered.

“Father! Father! Father!” Mrs. Ewbank lifted her face from his breast, and with eyes full of light and tears, looked at him lovingly, yet wonderingly. “And you have been with me so many months, and I did not know it! O father! Do you love me? Do you love your Lydia?”

He did not answer in words—only with kisses and embraces. Love had begotten love. The old, sordid, selfish father had not really loved his child; but love was the chief element in that new state, which, through a forming period of nearly half a year, had gained sufficient power to dwell in safety, even amid the hard, cold, repellent things of his former life.

Mr. Ewbank, fearing the consequence of excitement on the mental condition of Mr. Guy—as we must now call him—drew his wife gently away, and in calm words to both, suggesting gratitude to God for this wonderful restoration, led their thoughts into smoother channels. Still, in her eagerness to know something of the great mystery enshrouding the past ten years of her father’s life, Lydia kept asking questions, that disturbed instead of tranquillizing. Memory was still confused—all its pages were not open. There was obscurity and incoherence in the old man’s answers; and a troubled effort to untangle many things. With a wise solicitude, that comprehended his state, Mr. Ewbank drew his thoughts as much as possible away from the unhappy past, that it might dwell with present good, and have, now that he was coming into his right mind, a distinct perception of that Christian love and charity, in the sphere of which he had been dwelling. Everything, he felt, depended on the crisis which had come. If the good affections and true thoughts that dwelt with him in the late childhood condition of his mind, could be linked, as a golden chain, whose staple was in heaven, to the thoughts and affections which, on the return of reason and memory, would move his heart and brain, then he might become a true man, and his last days be better than his first. It was for this he had been working, and now must come a fruitful field, or rust and stubble. If the record of all that had passed in these months of planting and culture, was to be sealed up, alas for the restored! Old passions, intensified by wrong, would sweep him away, and he would be in the hands of enemies tenfold more cruel than those from whom he had escaped. No wonder that Mr. Ewbank, conscious of his ignorance and weakness in a case like this, looked up and prayed—“Lord, give wisdom and strength.”

Right thoughts came at the right time. Into his unselfish desire to do good, flowed true perceptions. As the states of Mr. Guy varied, he was able to see what was best to be said or done, in order to keep those golden links fast to the newly forming life. And so, as the old

past came slowly back, getting more and more distinct, with all its horrible wrongs, the present was clung to as an ark of safety, and the love that was to save him kept warm—love for his daughter, which so flooded his heart that coldness was impossible.

After that sudden awakening to a consciousness of who he was, Mr. Guy did not recover reason and memory in full strength for a long time.

In this slow restoration was his true safety. It gave opportunity for Doctor Hoffland, who saw him frequently, and for Mr. Ewbank, who watched over him with a manly solicitude, to take counsel as to all that was best to be done. With a passiveness that was remarkable, he generally submitted to their judgment of his case, letting his indeterminate thought dwell with their calmer reason.

"If you think best." How often he so replied to their arguments against his expressed wish to summon Mr. Larobe to the defensive, and drive him to punishment and restitution. They understood better than he, the difficulties that were in the way. The proof of identity must be complete, and many links in the chain of evidence were lacking. Sometimes, in his varying states, Mr. Guy would grow restive, or impatient. Then it was that his daughter's power over him became manifest. A word of gentle remonstrance—the pressure of her hand on his hand or arm—a soft, persuasive smile—there was a magic in these that softened him into confidence and submission. The love she had awakened did not die, but seemed to gain strength daily, twining itself as a golden thread amid all his awakening thoughts, passions, desires and purposes. In the new future that opened to his onward-reaching eyes, he saw her always; saw her, and the great reward of love and benefit that it was in his heart to bestow.

It is a fact to be noticed, that no suspicion of a selfish end in Mr. Ewbank, crept into Mr. Guy's heart. As one of the guards against this, Doctor Hoffland had taken occasion, at the earliest moment in which he would be comprehended, to assure Mr. Guy, that neither his daughter or her husband had entertained a suspicion of who he was until he discovered himself. There was another reason. A man of pure motives bears with him a sphere of his quality, which those who come into intimate association perceive. Mr. Guy felt this sphere, and it had power not only to keep all suspicion back, but to win his perfect confidence. He felt safe with Mr. Ewbank—felt that he was a

friend, in a higher and truer sense than he had before understood that term; and not only this, but of such judgment and discretion, that he might trust him as the wisest of counsellors.

Thus it stood with Mr. Guy, two months from the period when light broke into his mind. Without consulting him in regard to what they were doing, Mr. Ewbank and Doctor Hoffland, through the agency of one of the soundest and most discreet lawyers in the city, were diligently, but secretly, at work, searching for evidence that, when brought together, would prove the identity of Mr. Guy beyond the reach of cavil, and so establish him in all his legal rights. The movements of Mr. Larobe were observed closely. The property which his late wife held in her own right, by reservation at marriage, and which, by will, she had left to her children, did not come under his control, as she named executors. But, a considerable portion of it was involved in mixed transactions under his old executorship of Mr. Guy's estate. The executors under Mrs. Larobe's will, early became satisfied that all was not right, and gave the lawyer peremptory warning of their purpose to press matters to a legal inquiry, unless the property claimed by the instrument under which they were acting, was placed, free from all entanglement with any other interests, into their hands. There was demur, and affected defiance on his part; but, standing as he knew himself to be, on the brink of a precipice, he took counsel of prudence, and yielded everything—so that the entire property claimed by the testator, amounting in value to over sixty thousand dollars, was safe for her heirs. Thus, only about twenty thousand dollars of all the large estate which Larobe had ventured upon the crime of bigamy to secure, actually remained with him. He had accepted the terms of settlement required before marriage, trusting to his future power over his wife, and ability to mismanage her affairs in a way to secure all the benefits contemplated in this criminal alliance. But, the events he would have shaped, were under that higher control which always limits the power of evil, and surely, sooner or later, casts down the wicked.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The movements of Larobe, as we have said, were closely observed. It was plain to those who had him under surveillance, that he had lost much of the old self-reliant manner; was alert—suspicious—uneasy. Even in court, a change was apparent. He did not come up to

the defence or prosecution of his cases, with that absorption of himself into the causes under trial, that distinguished him of old, and so often wrought the success which would not otherwise have been achieved. In a comparatively short time age had marked him, as though touched by years. His hair was losing its darker shades rapidly, and his flesh shrinking. Care-worn—that word gives the expression of his face, when in repose. He was beginning to stoop a little, as if yielding to the weight of a perpetual burden.

As far as could be ascertained, no changes in the condition of his real property were made, beyond what was necessary in his settlements with the executors of his late wife's estate. He seemed to be like one hiding and waiting for a danger to pass—a danger so threatening, that the very effort to escape might ensure destruction.

Mrs. Larobe's death took place before Edwin Guy had succeeded in negotiating the notes extorted from his unhappy mother-in-law. Mr. Glastonbury's conduct in this matter did not seem open and fair to Edwin, and more than once he suspected him to be playing false. There was always some plausible reason why the notes were not sold, and always some new opening, with flattering chances. At last, losing all patience, Edwin demanded of his lawyer a return of the notes. A little to his surprise, Glastonbury took a pocket-book from his fire-proof, and produced the paper.

"Take them," he said, quietly, "but let me suggest caution. There is something in the wind that I cannot make out. You may stumble on a wasp's nest, and get stung."

"What do you mean? From whence is danger threatened?" asked the young man.

"I am not at liberty to speak of what is in my thoughts. Some under-current of things is moving adversely to our friend Mr. Larobe—I can see that—but of its character I am not advised. Since the death of his wife, he has changed rapidly. It is scarcely a month since her sudden decease, and her loss, or something else—"

"Something else you may be sure," said Edwin, with sarcasm in his voice.

"Has profoundly disturbed his peace," added the lawyer.

"He may have murdered her, as he murdered my father. It is the guilty conscience, you may depend on't. No, not conscience either; that was seared long ago. It's fear of retribution—a haunting terror, that is eating into his life."

"I know not how that may be. Such grave charges, however, my young friend, should not be made, except on very clear evidence, and I must caution you against too free speaking in this direction. Trouble, not anticipated, may be the consequence."

"What would you suggest in regard to these notes?" asked Edwin, not responding to Mr. Glastonbury's last remark.

"Keep them in your own possession."

"They will not be paid at maturity, by the executors of my mother-in-law's estate."

"I think not."

"Would you advise a suit, or an offer to abandon the notes for a consideration?"

"I am not, as things stand, prepared to suggest any thing in the way of action. For the present, keep just where you are. If there is no gain, there is no loss. Before the maturity of these notes, events may happen that will not only make them as worthless as waste paper, but—"

Mr. Glastonbury checked himself so suddenly, that Edwin looked at him in surprise.

"But what?"

"You are not a very discreet young man, Mr. Guy," said the lawyer, speaking with entire self-possession. "So far, in this business, you have acquired an advantage by some four thousand dollars, but in a way I could not have advised. On the principle, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, you have considered yourself the gainer, and maybe you are; but, we never can tell what a day may bring forth. I am of the opinion, that events will prove you to have lost, instead of gained in this transaction."

"Why do you say this? What do you know?" demanded Edwin.

"I know, from long observation, that operations of this kind rarely pay; and, without being much of a prophet, I may venture the prediction, that it will not pay in your case. If we could determine the action of events, all would be well; but this is beyond our ability. Man proposes, as it is said, but God disposes. Unacceptable as the truth may be, my young friend, it is a fact in all experience, that we cannot make things come out in the line of our purposes."

"The best laid plans of mice and men
Gang all aglee,"
as the bard has it."

"Mr. Glastonbury, there is something back of all this!" said Edwin, showing considerable disturbance. "You are in possession of facts that I should know!"

The lawyer's manner did not change.

"What are they?"

Glastonbury shook his head. His eyes and face were a sealed book. Edwin continued—

"Again, Mr. Glastonbury, I must put the question—what had I best do? You have said wait; but I am not of the waiting temperament."

"If my advice pleases, you will take it," answered the lawyer.

"I will be governed by what you say," replied the young man. "But we all like reasons for the course we are counselled to pursue. Blind action is of all things most distasteful."

"My young friend," said the lawyer, speaking with unusual seriousness, "it is always safest to undo what is wrong, than to let the wrong abide; for, somehow or other, there is in all wrong a hidden impulse towards retribution, that never dies. You were wrong in extorting money and notes from your mother-in-law; and I believe, as I told you a little while ago, that you lost heavily in the transaction. As you seem to be in doubt as to what is best, I will say, in plain words, what I think."

"Say on."

"Go to the executors of your mother-in-law's estate, and offer to destroy the notes in their presence, if they will return your receipts."

"You seriously advise this?"

"Seriously."

"Suppose you were in my place?"

"Knowing what I do," said the lawyer, "I would not hold them a day."

"Knowing what you do!" The young man's color came and went. "You confound me with mysteries. Why cannot you speak out plainly of what concerns my interests?"

"I have spoken plainly enough. Mr. Guy, for all practical purposes. It is for you to act now in the way your reason may determine. But I warn you of danger, if you take any other path than the one I have suggested."

"Danger! What kind of danger?"

"Impatient—self-willed—unwise! I have given you my best counsel, and can do no more. Follow it, or keep on in your own blind way. But, remember, that of all bitter experiences, that is among the bitterest in which is wrung from us the unavailing words: 'It is too late!' I said danger; perhaps loss may better express what I meant. Let me repeat a declaration made just now. If I were in your place, knowing what I do, I would not

keep those notes a single day in my possession."

Edwin lingered for a short time.

"What afterwards?" he asked.

"After you have given up this paper?"

"Yes."

"Wait."

"For what?"

"Time will best answer that question. I only say, wait."

Beyond this, Edwin Guy was not able to get anything from the lawyer. He did not act immediately on his advice; but, after a week's perplexed debate, concluded to abandon the notes, which was done.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There had come many hindrances in the work of collecting evidence, bearing upon the identity of Mr. Guy. Having to move secretly, and with great circumspection, it required a long time to accomplish a little. But at length the completing links were found, and all was in readiness for action. The only thing to determine was the initial step. There had been fear that Larobe, forewarned, might escape, and put himself beyond the reach of justice, ere it would be safe to order his arrest. Doctor Hoffman almost hoped for this, as such a flight would be regarded as conclusive of his guilt; but Mr. Guy was of another mind. The double wrong he had sustained at his hands, fired his soul with a thirst for retribution; and this became more intense, as mind and body grew stronger.

"He must not, shall not escape!" was his oft repeated declaration.

Mr. Ewbank was at the office of Doctor Hoffman, and the two men were in final conference touching the case of Mr. Guy. The yet undetermined question regarded Adam Guy, Jr. Up to this point, no communication had been held with him, and every precaution had been taken to keep him in ignorance of his father's presence in the city. Still, he had been carefully observed, in order to know if anything passed between him and Larobe.

The conclusion reached, at the present interview, was in favor of seeing him, and making a full statement of facts. While yet considering the subject, a student came in and said that a gentleman had called and wished to see the Doctor. On going into the front office, he found, much to his surprise, the very person of whom they were talking. The countenance of Mr. Guy was very serious.

"Doctor," he said, with a natural contrac-

tion of the brows as he spoke, and a half mysterious, half troubled tone of voice, "I have called to ask the privilege of a private interview."

"I am at your service, Mr. Guy," answered the Doctor.

The student retired, and they sat down. There followed considerable embarrassment and hesitation on the part of Mr. Guy. He then remarked—

"There have been a number of strange things said recently, about my late father. I don't make any account of them, and yet such gossip is not pleasant. You have heard something of them, no doubt. In fact, your name is mixed up with the tattle."

Mr. Guy paused. As the Doctor did not answer, he resumed:

"It is even said, absurdly enough, that my father is not dead"—and he laughed faintly.

Something in the expression of Doctor Hofland's face, caused an instant change in the visitor's manner.

"What does it all mean, Doctor?" Mr. Guy was sober enough now. "Your look confounds me!"

"It means," replied Doctor Hofland, speaking slowly and emphatically, "that your father is not dead."

A sudden paleness swept over Guy's face, and he almost gasped for breath, as he stammered out—

"Not dead! Not dead! Impossible, sir!"

"What I have said, Mr. Guy, is the truth—nothing less, nothing more. Your father, imprisoned for over ten years as a lunatic, has finally made his escape, and is now in this city."

"No sir!—No sir!—No sir!" Guy shook his head slowly, as he repeated his emphatic rejection. "No sir! That story is too absurd. But, have you seen this man who claims to be my father?"

"Yes."

"And you credit his imposture?"

"I credit the man," replied the Doctor. "As sure as you live and I live, Mr. Guy, your father is now in the city! I say this, knowing all that it involves."

"A bold attempt at imposture, Doctor. It can be nothing less. That my father was actually deranged, I know; for I visited him at the institution on Staten Island, where he was removed from the Maryland Hospital. I went into the room where he was confined, and shall never forget the unhappy interview. He was a raving madman."

"Did it never occur to you, Mr. Guy, that the man you then visited in his gloomy cell was not your father?"

"I know he was my father," answered Mr. Guy, most positively. "Do you imagine, for a moment, that I could have been deceived?"

"You were deceived," said Doctor Hofland, speaking as one who had full knowledge of what he declared. "Du Pontz, the largely paid accomplice of Mr. Larobe and your mother-in-law, was notified of your coming, and prepared to receive you. Instead of taking you to your father, who was simply a prisoner, yet of sound mind, he introduced you into the cell of a confirmed lunatic, shocking you with the terrible sight of a madman, whom you thought to be your wretched parent. The same deception was practised in regard to his death. The insane man who fell from a window, in trying to make his escape, was not your father, although he now lies in your family vault at Green Mount."

"Ingenious, but it won't pass current with me," answered Mr. Guy, with cold incredulity. He was regaining the self-possession lost, when the Doctor so positively asserted the presence of his father in the city. "Such things happen in books, but scarcely in real life. That wrong was done to my father, I have always believed, but not a wrong like this. In my opinion, he should never have been removed from our own hospital to another."

"That removal was only one step in a contemplated series. Your father's mind was only partially affected when taken there; and I had it from the resident physician, at the time he was removed, that he was fast recovering his mental equipoise, and in a fair way to an early and entire restoration. The physician was told by your mother-in-law, that she was going to take him home. Why this deception? Instead of taking him home, she had him sent away to a private madhouse, two hundred miles distant, and that is the last that was known of him, until the announcement of his death, not long after which she was married to her accomplice. She has gone to her reward in the other life; but her partner in crime is yet within the reach of justice, and must not escape.

With all solemnity, Adam Guy, I summon you to the vindication of your father's rights, and to the punishment of those who have done him such cruel wrong. All the evidence bearing upon his identity is secured, and you were about being placed in full possession of every particular."

"And pray, sir," demanded Mr. Guy, his

color rising, "under whose direction has all this been progressing, and why have I been kept in ignorance of what was going on until this time? I don't like the look of it, Doctor. It smacks of imposture. If my father had, really, come back from the dead, as it were, to whom but to his own son would he have made himself known?"

"His own son," replied the Doctor, with some severity of tone, "might have rejected him as an imposter, and refused to look at any evidence."

"And so, he came first to you?" said Guy, with manifest ill-feeling, and some scorn.

"He managed to communicate with me, and I rescued him from his jailer," replied the Doctor.

"When?"

"Months ago."

"Where?"

"In this city. He had escaped from Staten Island, a weak, half-crazed old man—body and mind broken down by his long and cruel imprisonment. Here he was taken, and again placed in confinement. But, before he was murdered, or removed to a distance, he managed to get word to me, and I saved him."

"You have been deceived, Doctor. The man is not my father!" said Guy, with almost angry positiveness.

"And yet, sir, within twenty-four hours after the chain was struck from his ankle—I speak literally, for I found him chained to an iron bedstead—your step-mother committed suicide."

"Suicide! I never heard that cause for her death affirmed," said Guy, with a confounded look.

"Yet, I know it to be true; for my son-in-law was her physician."

"Where has this person been ever since?" asked Mr. Guy.

"With your sister Lydia."

"And I kept in ignorance of the whole proceeding up to this time! Doctor Hoffman, this does not look well! There is about it a savor of fraud and imposture. As the oldest son of my father, there lay with me the right to be consulted. With my sister Lydia, indeed!" He said this with bitter contempt.

"Throughout this whole affair, Mr. Guy," returned Doctor Hoffman, without manifesting any resentment, "I have acted from reason and conscience. After your father's rescue, the long agony of hope deferred being over, he sunk into a state of total oblivion as to the past. He was as a child, with memory like an

unwritten page. In this state he had to be placed in the care of persons who would not only treat him kindly, but do all in their power to strengthen his feeble mind. Careful observation of your sister and her husband, satisfied me that they were, of all whom I knew, best fitted for the work, and at my solicitation, they received him into their family, both entirely ignorant as to who he was, and as unsuspecting of the truth then as you were. Nor did Lydia know him, until in the sudden rush of returning memories, he rejected the name by which she had been used to address him, and said that he was Adam Guy."

"Where is he now?" demanded the son, without showing a sign of natural feeling. The lines on his forehead were stern—his lips hard and cold.

"With your sister, still."

"Ah—yes! And, of course, she is ready to swear to his identity. A nice little arrangement, truly! But, it won't go down, Doctor, mark my word for it." The voice of Mr. Guy was pitching itself to a higher key. "I begin to see a little deeper into the affair," he added, still in a loud voice. "You are a dupe of that wench and her husband! They have got up the whole thing. Her husband is, I'll warrant you, a scheming villain, who—"

The door leading into the Doctor's private office, or consultation room, which had been ajar, opened suddenly, and a man entered. He was tall, and of erect bearing. His countenance was refined and intelligent—his look dignified, yet a little stern. He had large, strong eyes, and a broad forehead, away from which the fine black hair curled short and clean.

"Mr. Ewbank—Mr. Adam Guy, Jr." Doctor Hoffman introduced the two men. There was keen penetration on the one hand, and disconcerted surprise on the other; but, it was plain that Guy did not know Mr. Ewbank as the husband of his sister, a fact at once perceived by Doctor Hoffman. The large, dark, powerful eyes of Mr. Ewbank, rested in those of Mr. Guy, until the latter wavered and fell away with a sign of weakness. Man to man, the stronger was felt, and, by force, acknowledged.

"You spoke, sir, louder than you thought, just now," said Mr. Ewbank, in a deep, manly voice, that had in it a throb of indignation, "and I could not help but hear. I am your sister's husband!"

"You!" Guy stepped back, in manifest astonishment. Mr. Ewbank looked at him

steadily, until he fairly shrunk in the presence of superior manhood; then said—

"Knowing your sister as I, her husband, know her—pure, true, womanly and good—I cannot hear, with silent indifference, the coarse language you so wantonly applied to her just now. It does not hurt her; but it wounds me, and disgraces you."

"Sir!" Guy endeavored to rally under cover of indignation. But, he was in the face of one so far above him in moral power, that he felt himself almost as weak as a child.

"I regret," said Mr. Ewbank, "that our first meeting should be in this spirit. But I would be less than a man, if I did not rebuke your assault upon a sister, who, in the chiefest things that give beauty and worth to human character, is rivalled by few of her sex. For having ministered, in all tenderness and self-devotion, to your father, through months of watching and care, she merits something different from you. 'Wench' was not the word that should have fallen from your lips, Adam Guy!"

So stern and strong was the voice—so intense the eyes of Mr. Ewbank—as he stood drawn to his full height in front of the mean-souled man he was rebuking, that Guy shrunk, and covered in silent confusion. There followed a brief pause. Guy rallied himself enough to affect a dignified air, with which, bowing low, he retired from the office, paying no heed to Doctor Hofland, who called after him to remain.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

Two Ways to Live.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There are two men, Obadiah Ellsworth and James Rogers, living neighbors to each other, who are exactly opposite in their views of life—of the use to be made of life—the enjoyment to be derived from it.

They both began life poor. They are both lawyers, of about equal talent—realizing each an income of about fifteen hundred dollars from his profession—and their necessary expenditures are about equal; that is, they are in the same rank of life, and have families about the same in number.

Obadiah Ellsworth has a wife, two daughters, and a son. His motto is, "live while you live, and seize the pleasures of the present day;" and yet he does not at the same time neglect provision for the future. Every day sow some seed and reap some harvest in the present, is

his rule. He takes journeys, indulges in suitable relaxation when at home, frequents the places of amusement within his reach, enjoys social converse, supplies his table with the luxuries of the season, not extravagantly, but sufficiently for health and enjoyment; provides his literary taste in the same manner with what is new and desirable in the world of letters, and allows himself time to read it. His hand is open, too, to true charity. With all this the strictest economy is observed in his affairs, and his household, as regards any unnecessary waste or extravagant expenditure that will bring little remuneration in true enjoyment. He keeps up this style of living at an expense of about one thousand dollars a year, and lays up five hundred.

The other, Mr. Rogers, reverses this process in every particular. His creed is, "give to God each moment as it flies," but his God is Mammon. He allows himself no respite from business, except what is absolutely necessary in his opinion—not what is requisite in fact, for the preservation of his health of body, and to preserve the vigor and sprightliness of his faculties of mind.

In consequence of this, he is less brilliant as a speaker, than he would be with the pressure of care and toil occasionally removed from his mind to give it its true spring; besides, he has several times lost many months from confinement by fever, no doubt induced by overwork, so that he is a direct loser, pecuniarily, by his system, if he could but see it, besides the enjoyment of life he misses. His necessary expenses are less, if anything, than those of his neighbor, Mr. Ellsworth. He, too, has two daughters, who are not generally considered very productive ware; but he has two sons who more than pay their way, so they pour into the family treasury instead of subtracting from it.

These two men have been living upon their present system about twenty years, consequently, Mr. Ellsworth has laid up ten thousand dollars, and enjoyed twenty thousand. He is still hale and vigorous in mind and constitution, promising to be good for business for another twenty years at least, with the same enjoyment in the present—the same provision for the future—for his old age or his children.

The other has broken health, in consequence of over-application to business; is nervous—bowed in frame—older than his years. He has not enjoyed the blessings that lay along his daily path—waiting to enjoy much at once, which he will never reach.

Anthem of Thanksgiving.

BY MRS. C. M. LONDON.

Hark ! from the bosom of the mighty deep
Swell forth a song of glad and solemn praise ;
Earth's thousand harp-strings catch the glowing
theme—

The winds, responsive, waft it to the skies.
The towering mountains lift their lofty heads,
And speak their Maker's power ; the hills outspread
In beauty, show His matchless skill ; the woods
Exultant stretch their broad arms up towards
Heaven ;

The sleeping valleys tell His loving care,
And " God is magnified in all His works."
Oh, let us join the universal hymn,
And tune our broken lyres to sound His praise !

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye little ones,
Whose tiny feet have just begun to tread
The broad and lovely earth His hands have made.
Ye who with wondering eyes behold His works—
Who hear with reverence of His boundless love,
And feel his presence in your tender souls—
Ye pure young lambkins, dwell forever near
The gentle Shepherd's feet ; so shall ye stray
In ways of pleasantness and paths of peace.
Sweet buds, transplanted from celestial meads,
Dearest and loveliest types of perfectness,
Oh, yield to Him the incense of your lives,
Who placed you here to win our thoughts to
Heaven.

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye young and fair,
Who walk the earth in beauty—whose glad souls
Are bathed in dreams of holy sympathy.
A guiding star, long-sought, and found at last.
Praise Him who taught the human heart to love,
And let His worship sanctify the vows
That fall on mortal ears like living drops
From the bright River, whose pure waters gush
Unceasing from beneath the throne of God.
Ye live on angels' food, young hearts partake
With humble gratitude, the rich repast,
And bless His bounty who provides the feast !

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye who rejoice
In manhood's noontide strength—whose great,
brave hearts

Throb with the eager consciousness of power—
Power to give succor to a suffering race,
Whose strong arms shield the weary and the weak,
That faint along the path from earth to Heaven.
Ye whose intelligence surveys all time—
Who thirst for knowledge as for hidden springs,
And drink, insatiate, from the wells of Truth.
Bless ye the Lord, whose all-pervading life
Inspires your souls, and let your light so shine
That He whose work ye are shall have the praise !

Give thanks unto the Lord, thou aged man,
Who long hast proved the riches of His grace ;

Thine eyes have scanned the book of human life
Through every page, till thou art nigh the end.
Perchance the way seems shadowy towards the
close ;

Perchance the light of earthly love grows dim ;
But, Christian pilgrim, thou art not alone,
For He whom thou hast served is faithful still,
And daily thou shalt have thy rich reward.
The mild revealings of thy Father's face shall cheer
The twilight of thine evening-time, and soon
Thine earth-worn feet shall press the shore of Home
To wander nevermore ; and the beloved,
Who now unseen attend thy feeble steps,
Shall lead thee to the fields of rest and peace,
And all the longings of thy spirit shall
Be satisfied. Praise God, thou aged man !

Give thanks unto the Lord, oh, sorrowing one,
Whose idol has been taken from thy sight ;
Whose aching eyes seek vainly for the light,
Whose midday sun seems wholly quenched in
tears.

E'en from the shattered altar of *thy* hopes
May sweetest incense of thanksgiving rise,
For on thy spirit's dark Gethsemane
Shall beam an angel-face, with wooing sweet,
And with a power unfelt by thee before
The voice that thou hast loved shall bid thee claim
Thy heavenly birthright ; then shalt thou awake
From sorrow's night, to full and perfect day.
Thy chastened lips shall meekly kiss the rod
And bless the Hand that " doeth all things well."

Give thanks unto the Lord, ye poor oppressed,
Who groan beneath the foot of avarice !
Trust in the Lord, whose mercy faileth not,
Nor deem His loving kindness weak or vain,
For He, who hears the ravens when they cry,
The lightning rules, and bids the whirlwind cease.
The word of truth—the strong right arm of God—
Is mighty, and shall break your fetters yet.
E'en now the sun of righteousness appears,
The East is blazing with His herald beams ;
Oppression, shivering on her couch of pain,
Shall feel the approaching light, and gasp and
die.

Error, affrighted, from the earth shall flee,
And wrong and evil shall be feared no more
In all the ransomed heritage of God,
While, from the heaving bosom of the deep
Shall swell the anthem of unceasing praise,
Earth's eager harp-strings tremble with the theme,
And glad winds waft it to the answering skies.

A writer says, speaking of the deaths of
children, that "many mysterious dispensa-
tions of Providence" would be averted if chil-
dren were restricted to light suppers, say a
moderate supply of bread and milk, or milk and
rice.

A Little Speculation.

Jean Bertrand and Joseph Anatole Ravel were cousins. Their relationship was so well known, and well established a fact, that nobody doubted it, either in the village of Vaucluse or the city of Carpentras. But the cousins were far from being equal in the eyes of the world. Bertrand was the son of a poor peasant; Ravel's father was a well-to-do shopkeeper, who had long been a town-councillor of Carpentras, and had some pretensions to the dignity of mayor. Still, although Joseph wore a spruce jacket in boyhood, soon to be exchanged for the smart uniform and tightly buckled belt of the Lycée, while Jean was to be seen at work among the vines, in blouse and wooden shoes, Jean and Joseph were cousins. The one got a tolerable education, and though by no means brilliant in his mental powers, returned from college with an amount of classical and mathematical learning which delighted his parents; the other picked up a little writing and ciphering at the normal school of Vaucluse, and contrived, by painful study, to master the contents of an occasional newspaper. It was the old fable of the town mouse and the country mouse over again.

But if the contrast had been great between the kinsmen in their boyish days, it was much greater when they were both middle-aged men and fathers of families. Jean Bertrand had inherited little more than an unsullied name and a few acres of meadow and vineyard on the picturesque bank of the Sorgue, within a short walk of Petrarch's grotto and fountain; Ravel, on the other hand, had not only succeeded to all the savings of his parents, to a house and shop in Carpentras, and an estate at no great distance, but had been enriched by an unexpected legacy which enabled him to double his landed possessions. A French provincial with twelve hundred pounds sterling of annual revenue, is a much more wealthy person, relatively speaking, than an Englishman of the same nominal means, and Ravel had as much as this, or more. He shut up the shop where his father and grandfather had sold woollens for many years; he altered his house, bought new furniture, set up his carriage, and gave solemn dinners, twice a year, to the principal inhabitants. An Englishman in Ravel's position would perhaps have ruined himself, by taking to the turf or some other expensive pursuit; but a Frenchman, when undazzled by the glories of Paris, has a thrifty

instinct which keeps his expenditure within bounds; accordingly, Joseph Anatole Ravel was able to capitalize at least ten thousand francs a year, and grew richer by mere force of living and saving. He was thought a happy man. His wife, who had not, we may be sure, come to him empty-handed, was a notable housekeeper; his three daughters, though no beauties, were healthy and tractable; and his only son, Hector Ravel, was really a fine young man—tall, handsome, and high-spirited, with sparkling black eyes and a winning smile that charmed half the feminine world of Carpentras. Monsieur and Madame Ravel were wonderfully fond and proud of this jewel of a son, who was clever as well as pleasing in manner and looks; they predicted a grand destiny for him. The Ravel property was increasing; and though, by French law, girls and boys share alike, the two younger and uglier of the young ladies had already exhibited a desire for a conventual life, and with very little encouragement from their parents, were sure to end their days in the quiet nunnery at St. Eustache. This would reduce the future heirs of the estate to two, and it would bear dividing. Hector might go up to the University of Paris, take his Bachelor's degree, practise as advocate in the Imperial Court of his native department, keep company with the highest in the land, and marry—but there was the rub.

Hector Ravel, who might have aspired to mate with some member of the ruined aristocracy of the province, who might have wedded one of the old marchioness's daughters now pining at the Château de Lissolles, whom the Countess of Cambressin always welcomed graciously to her *salon*, whom the Baron de Bassemain smiled upon, chose to give his heart and plight his troth to a poor, humble peasant-girl. No wonder that his parents were pained, angry, furious; that his sisters were vexed and spiteful; and that all the artillery of family wrath was brought to bear upon the young man. Catherine Bertrand, the only child of poor Jean, Ravel's despised kinsman, was a good girl and a pretty girl, much prettier than any one of the six gaunt *Demoiselles de Lissolles*, or than *Mademoiselle de Cambressin*, or than the heiress of Baron de Bassemain, who had passed a winter in Paris, and gave the law in dress and deportment to all the untravelled misses of the district. I think Hector made pretty Catherine's acquaintance one day when he was out shooting among the mountains, and coming down thirsty and tired, stopped at the cottage door to ask for a draught

of the common country wine, cider, water, anything. They are hospitable folks, the peasants of the old papal province that had Avignon for its capital in elder times, and they made Hector welcome without knowing him in the least, for there was little or no intercourse between the families. But Catherine hastened to draw the wine from the best cask, and to set what modest refreshments the house afforded before the stranger, and Hector could not but admire the dark-eyed, peach-cheeked village beauty, in her simple rustic dress. Conversation followed, of course, and lo! the peasant maid proved to be the cousin of the elegant young townsman. Hector went home more than half in love; he came again and again, and presently he spoke his mind, and Hector Ravel was the accepted lover of little Catherine.

The young man's parents were very angry and bitterly vexed. They tried prayers, they tried threats; they argued, sneered, pleaded, menaced, all in vain. Their wrath and sorrow were not absolutely unnatural; all their hopes were bound up in their son. But the young man's strong love rendered him deaf to threat or cajolery. As for giving Catherine up, he spurned the notion; he would wait. His "grand majority" would come in a few years, when he should be twenty-five, and then he could marry, even if his parents still continued to refuse their consent. Before that time, the code stood sternly in the way, and French law forbade the young couple to be happy. There were many stormy scenes, not a few stolen visits to the cottage of the Bertrand family, vows repeated a hundred times, and love that burned the brighter for the clouds of difficulty and trouble; and the end of it was, that Hector Ravel volunteered for the army, put on the blue and scarlet of the Imperial Zouaves, and was draughted off to Algeria. "I shall come back before very long," said the young man, as he kissed his weeping little *fiancée* for the last time; "I shall write often. When my term of service is over, even if my father does not relent before, I shall be a free man; so dry your eyes, little wife: I shall think of you every day and hour, and you of me, darling, though I shall be in Africa, and you in our own France."

"But if they kill you, *là bas*—ah! Hector, I have heard those Bedouins are very wicked!" answered the little maid, as she clung trembling, to her lover's strong shoulder.

"You must pray for me, dear girl, and then I shall be sure to come back," answered Hector, simply. And we may be pretty sure that

when Catherine went to the gray little church on the rocky platform above the village, Hector's name was always foremost in her innocent orisons.

She was loving, tender, and constant, a good little thing; but not in the least clever. She was able, though, to read and admire Hector's fine letters from Oran or Constantine, describing the wonders and stirring adventures of a soldier's life in North Africa, the productions, scenery, and people of the province, and those wild campaigns against Kabyle and Arab, which renew the early experiences of the Crusades. Poor Catherine wrote short and simple answers to these epistles; she was no great correspondent, and she had not inherited the odd, undeveloped talent of her father. Not that Jean Bertrand had the reputation of being a clever man; on the contrary, being rather taciturn and undemonstrative in manner, he was looked on by his neighbors as an honest, dull fellow, never likely to distinguish himself in any way. French peasants esteem bargaining as the highest flight of the human intellect, and the surest test of genius, and Jean was only tolerable at a bargain; not one of those adroit and voluble higglers who always have the best of a transaction. There was something quiet and modest, too, about the man: he never bragged, and was averse to wordy arguments, so that he was by no means regarded as an oracle at Vacluse. No judges are so severe as a man's own relatives; and so it turned out that in the whole district there was no one who despised the abilities of Jean Bertrand so heartily as his rich cousin, Joseph Ravel. This feeling of scorn increased tenfold when Hector committed the unpardonable folly of falling in love with his poor kinswoman, and M. Ravel never spoke of Catherine's father without dubbing him "booby," "blockhead," or the like. It was impossible for even anger and spite to find a flaw in honest Jean's armor of integrity, but he was now abused as an idiot and a dunce on all occasions; yet one or two persons, M. le Curé and M. le Docteur, in especial, whose superior education enabled them to take a juster view of their neighbors' characters than that of the rest, felt pretty certain that Jean was no fool. Had he not been the first of all the farmers in the parish, when the dreadful *oidium* was ruining the hopes of the vintage, to apply the new sulphur-dressing to his vines, while many mocked his credulity who were sorry afterwards that they had not followed his example. When the Sorgue rose in flood, too, and threatened to

inundate the valley, Jean had been most useful in devising methods of strengthening and raising the embankments, although, when the peril was at an end, noisier talkers had unscrupulously appropriated the whole merit of his suggestions. The curate and the doctor, then, looked upon Bertrand as a sensible person enough; but the neighborhood had a poor opinion of his brains. One thing was certain, whether Jean were above or below the average standard of intellect, he was by nature the calmest and most unambitious of men. He had never been known to envy his cousin the prosperity and promotion which made the latter so inflated with pride; he was always, to all appearance, cheerful and contented, and worked steadily from day to day, without anxiety or repining. But since Hector Ravel went away, and since Catherine's gay spirits began to grow dull and depressed, and her bright eyes to grow thoughtful, a change, too, came over Jean Bertrand. The peasant became meditative and gloomy: he would often watch Catherine as she moved about the cottage, noting that her cheek was paler, and that her smile was more rare and less joyous than it had once been. Then Jean would sigh, and push back his chair, and go out, and stride along the bank of the river, with his brows knit, and his shoulders stooped, thinking deeply, with a restless, unquiet eye.

"*Bien sûr*, thy father is planning something," Madame Bertrand would say to her daughter, as they plied their classical-looking distaffs: "he has the air of one who seeks—I know not what. But be sure of this, *petite*, it is for thy good he is thus puzzling his poor dear head."

Madame Bertrand was one of the very few people who believed in Jean's hidden talents. This was in itself strong evidence. That man is no fool whose wife puts faith in his abilities. Some time elapsed, and whatever the peasant might have sought, apparently remained as far off as ever. He said not a word; he went about the work of the farm as regularly as ever, but he was perturbed and ill at ease. It was on a certain Sunday afternoon, while sitting in the open doorway of his cottage, slowly spelling through the contents of a provincial newspaper, that Jean suddenly started up, and, with a loud and triumphant exclamation, slapped down his broad hand upon the paper. And what was this exclamation? Had Jean Bertrand been a scholar, he would probably have cried "*Eureka!*" as it was, he merely exclaimed, "*I have it!*" which comes to nearly

the same thing. Then, without answering a syllable to the questions of his wife, whose curiosity was piqued by this unusual ejaculation, he tucked the journal under his arm, and left the house with a step far more elastic than common. Jean trudged down to the village, and Madame Bertrand watched him as he went. For a moment, she imagined that he might be bound for the *cabaret*, where, at that hour, a knot of stanch toppers and jovial companions might be found; but Jean was a paragon of sobriety, and this idea was dismissed as quickly as formed. "He has gone to buy something," said Dame Bertrand. Catherine said not a word. She had not heard her father's speech, nor noticed his departure; she sat gazing at her gilt-edged Book of Hours, open in honor of the day, but her thoughts were far away—far away among the yellow plains of Sahara, where the tents were pitched among the sand-wreaths, and where the evening watch-fires were beginning to flicker already, as the dusk and the dew fell, and the jackal's howl told of the coming night. Thus it fell out that Catherine did not share her mother's emotions of curiosity or surprise, which occupied the good woman until her husband came back, with the same brisk step, and with a bright but steady eye. In his hands he carried writing-paper, pen and ink, freshly purchased for the occasion, since the houses of poor south-country farmers are seldom overstocked with such matters. He had something else, too—a stamped and printed piece of paper, in which Dame Bertrand recognized what the French style a *bon*, and we a post-office order.

"Ah, ah, *notre maître*, are you going to write a letter?" asked the housewife, rolling her eyes at the stationery, a rare sight in the old papal patrimony. In truth, since their marriage, Dame Bertrand had only seen her consort pen, with much toil, two such epistles—one to a grazier near the foot of Mount Ventouse, who bought his heifers and calves; the other to the notary, who had invested the humble savings which were to constitute Catherine's modest dower. Jean answered his spouse's query with that bland, sheepish, mock-simplicity which a French peasant generally assumes when he wishes to baffle inquiry.

"Eh, it appears so, my wife. Open only the shutter of that window to the west, so that I may have light enough for the task."

Dame Bertrand did as she was bid. She asked no more questions. The connubial relations are different in town and country

throughout France. The Frenchwoman of the towns, she who keeps the keys, who buys and sells, and rules undisputed mistress over till and purse, has usually a will of her own. When she calls her husband *mon ami*, she does so in rather a condescending tone, as if she wished to convey the idea of complimentary encouragement. She is mistress in her own sphere, and it is only at the *café* that M. Bonhomme can do as he pleases. But the farmer's wife, when she calls her husband by the respectable title of *notre maître*, really means it. The strong man who can plough, and dig, and manage horses, is truly the master, and the inequality of the sexes is an article of faith. So Jean Bertrand was allowed to write his letter in peace, without question or comment. An awful business it was: it was painful to see how slowly the pen formed the irregular characters—how awkward was the manipulation of that great brown hand which wielded the hatchet and spade so dexterously, and how the worthy man glared at the page as he toiled on from blot to blot, from smear to smear, erasing, altering, or retouching his handiwork. All things must come to a close, and so did Jean Bertrand's letter. The good fellow gave a sigh of relief, wiped his forehead, and proceeded very deliberately to fold the document, enclosing it in the post-office order, to address it, and to secure it with a heedfully moistened wafer. Then he took his hat, and went forth and dropped it into the box at the post-office.

A day or two after this, a neighbor, hoeing his potatoes, was surprised to see Jean Bertrand at work in quite a neglected corner of his little domain. This, though the prettiest, was certainly the most unprofitable bit of the whole farm, consisting as it did of about three acres of stony soil, where the patient she-goat tethered there had much ado to pick up a living; but this strip of land went close up to the mountain-side, and was traversed by a limpid stream that leaped in a natural cascade from the brow of a crag, and fell into a rocky basin below. What was the amazement of the neighbor when, lifting his head from his occupation to have a friendly gossip across the low fence, he saw that Jean was actually at work deepening this basin in one part, clearing it of weeds in others, and constructing a kind of dam or breakwater, so as to divide it into two unequal parts.

"Good-morning, *compère*," said the neighbor, leaning on his hoe, and coughing a little inquisitive cough.

"Good-morning; how goes it with your

good wife and the children?" civilly returned Jean, digging away gallantly the while, and up to his knees in mud and water.

"Quite well, *mon brave*," said the neighbor—"well and fresh. But you, Jean, what fly has stung you, man! Do you hope to catch eels, that you wet your feet in that fashion?"

"Better than that," answered Jean, with a happy chuckle. The other stared at him with a bewildered air. Two or three more questions did he essay, and then gave it up as a bad job, for Jean chose to be mysterious, laughing good-humoredly, but baffling all inquiry and conjecture. The next day, and the next, and the next, every moment that Jean could spare from the regular work of the farm, he devoted to his strange voluntary labors among the rocks. Thanks to his persevering toil, the rocky basin was soon divided into two portions by a dam artfully built of osiers and loose stones; the smaller half received the foaming waters of the cascade, the larger spread itself out in a broad and shallow pool, with a bottom of pebbles and fine yellow sand, and where the force of the current was gentle and subdued. Nor did the alterations end here. Jean chose the softest spot in the little stony meadow, and carefully dug a broad and deep hollow, into which the stream being conducted, soon formed a pond, and this was connected in turn with a third pool, after which the water, gushing over a rude weir, ran into the sparkling Sorgue. All these toils of Jean Bertrand's, executed in the hours of repose or relaxation, did not fail to attract considerable attention in the parish. At the cabaret, at the church porch, wherever gossips congregated, this novel topic was certain to be discussed in all its bearings. What was, what *could* be the meaning of these remarkable proceedings? Was Jean mad, or had some malign witch or wizard—they believe still in witches and wizards in the Comtat—thrown a spell over him? It was an unheard-of thing that any farmer should task his muscles, and waste his time so unprofitably. The whole affair was incomprehensible to the last degree. It may seem at first sight as if the curiosity of the neighborhood might have been gratified by the simple process of asking a question; not so, however. Those who have dealt with the pensantry of France, best know how impenetrable is the reserve of those honest Gauls, a quaint impassibility, sprung partly from caution, and partly from long habit, which foils the most crafty cross-examiner. Nobody thought it worth while to ask Jean roundly why he de-

voted his leisure to such odd pursuits. A half-joking hint was thrown out, now and again, and baffled with ease. When the wits of the parish bantered Jean for the trouble he took, the worthy man joined in the laugh, merely rejoining: "Neighbors, what will you? One does what one does." Nor could the women of Vacluse elicit the truth from Dame Bertrand or Catherine: they knew nothing whatever of Jean's intentions or projects: the secret remained intact, because it continued to be the sole property of its originator.

Presently, Jean's self-imposed labors were over; four pools existed where only one had been of old, and still the clear runlet of water murmured gently by, as it wound among the stones, and subsided at last in the little reedy creek that communicated with the river. About this time, Jean Bertrand became immensely interested in the Carpentras diligence, a shabby green vehicle, drawn by three rawboned jades, which was the only public conveyance known to the neighborhood. Whenever this rattling vehicle arrived, Jean was sure to thrust his stalwart person, and his calm, well-shaved face, into the midst of the group of lounging idlers, who suspended their game with stone bowls to stare at the new arrivals. To be sure, the farmer did not seem to be much interested in the aspect of the few passengers, but he always patiently waited until the last package had been unloaded, and then heaved a little sigh, and turned on his heel. At last, his perseverance was rewarded.

"*Hien!* Monsieur Bertrand, I've got something for you," cried the bloused apology for a conductor, as he scrambled down from the dusty roof of his omnibus. Jean stepped forward: his eyes brightened.

"*Tiens!* where have I put it, this parcel of bad luck?" grumbled the rustic guard, as he tugged at the sheepskins and matting that choked the entrance to the "boot" of the diligence.

"Here it is, see then," squeaked the urchin driver, as he dropped the weather-beaten reins on the necks of his lean nags, and bestowed a sounding kick upon a box that occupied a place on the footboard.

"Hand it down, *enfant!*" cried Jean, eagerly; "so—carefully there. Nothing to pay, is there?"

"No; free to destination," rejoined the guard. "Nevertheless, Monsieur Bertrand, if your goodness could spare a man some *sous* to drink"—

"Ah, good-for-nothing!" said Jean, with a

kindly smile; "who should have *sous* to give thee, and where should they be got from, glut-ton?" But for all that the farmer put his hand in his pocket, and handed over to the grinning petitioner a few bronze portraits of Napoleon III. Then Jean tucked the box under his arm, and strode sturdily off. The idlers—there are always a few unoccupied persons, even in a village—gazed after him with wide open eyes, but all they could see was a wooden box of moderate dimensions, damp and dark of hue, as if something moist were packed inside it. That evening, the carpenter of the village, on dropping in at the cabaret, where a circle of choice spirits had assembled, wore an expression of mystery and importance which attracted all eyes towards him.

"Ha! you others, 'tis a singular world we live in," said the carpenter, as he took his seat. People in the provinces are not much given to theory, so every one looked to the man of wood for a practical illustration of the doctrine he had just broached. "A singular world!" continued the carpenter. "You know, you others, I told you the other day how Jean Bertrand had ordered me to make a lot of boxes, queer shallow things, such as I never put together in the course of my days, never?"

Yes, they all remembered. They were all dying to know the sequel, and after tantalizing them to a slight extent, the carpenter went on:

"Jean, as you know, neighbors, is as close as wax—no babbler, *allons*—he did not say what he wanted the boxes for, and I puzzled my head to no purpose to guess what for. Once I thought of cucumbers, but then, where was the glass? No; it decidedly could not be for cucumbers. So I cudgelled my brains in vain, until this evening Jean comes to my workshop, with old Antoine, you know, his day-laborer?"

"Yes, yes," cried the company; "we all know old Antoine; but what of Jean? Be quick, neighbor."

The carpenter was not disposed to part with his information without a little coaxing; he coughed, and said he was thirsty, and story-telling was dry work. The company grew hospitable to a bewildering extent; every man pressed his *canon* of wine, full or half full, on the carpenter. Had that artisan possessed eleven mouths, he might have quaffed eleven eleemosynary draughts at one and the same time. He chose a full stoup, drank, and after a little persuasion, went on:

"Jean, and old Antoine, his man, you must

know, had come to fetch away the boxes I had made, and for which Jean paid on the nail, as every honest customer ought to do. Well, seeing the boxes were heavy, I offered to help to carry them up, and Jean hesitated a moment, and then said to himself: 'After all, why not? it must be known now.' And then he accepted my offer, and we carried the boxes up. I thought they would be put into the house or garden; but no! Jean must needs have them placed—neighbors, you'll never guess where—in the pool where the water tumbles off the rock, where he built that funny dam, you know, for what nobody but the saints above can tell."

"Ah!" murmured the assembly.

The carpenter cast a proud look around. "You others, confess you are in the dark completely. But I am *bon enfant*, and you shall know all. Jean put the boxes there, and put gravel into them, sand and stones mixed, and carefully arranged them so that the water should trickle into them and out again. Then he put in what he had taken out of the box that came for him to-day by the diligence—and that neighbors, was—fish-spawn; *va!* the great word is spoken."

"Fish-spawn!" repeated everybody in profound wonder. The carpenter nodded.

"And what for? *tron de l'air!* what for?" asked the oldest peasant in the room.

"What for?" repeated the company, with oaths and exclamations that showed how genuine was their surprise. The carpenter was radiant with the pride of superior knowledge.

"See!" said he; "you all know that Jean is fond of reading the newspaper, not, like the rest of us, to see what price corn and madder bring at Avignon market, or what tricks the Parisians are up to, but to find out what brand new inventions are afloat. So, neighbors, it seems that he read a long rignarole about something he calls *pisci*—pisciculture that's the word—which means that they pretend you can grow fish as we grow vegetables, and have only to sow it in a pond—the eggs, that is—to make a fortune by selling fat fish of your own rearing."

"Those are the stories of Mother Goose, those!" exclaimed, in an authoritative tone, the oldest man present.

"Yes, yes, the Père Camard is right: that has not common sense in it," chorused the company. But when the carpenter went on to tell them that Jean had written to the director of the government establishment at Huninguen,

near Bâle, requesting a supply of spawn, with full directions, and had sent a *bon* on the post-office in payment of expenses, the clamor became deafening.

"It's a disgrace to the parish!" vociferated one.

"He believes, then, in all these cock-and-bull stories, these *billevesées* invented by the towns-people in black coats?" exclaimed another.

"Poor Jean! he ought to be taken care of. I never thought him as bright as most, but now he has turned out an absolute idiot!" bawled a third. And when the assembly fully understood that it was for the reception and artificial cultivation of fish-spawn that Jean had taken the trouble to construct a series of pools, their contempt and anger knew no bounds. Agriculturists in France are not very tolerant of innovation, and least of all when they belong to the old Comtat of Avignon. That night, Jean and his family were awakened by a rough serenade of kettles and clattering frying-pans, and by the jeers and laughter of a noisy crowd. The peasant wisely kept his doors shut, and the rioters withdrew when their voices were hoarse with shouting. The next day saw Jean Bertrand, quiet and affable as ever, going about his vineyard and potato-field, the same pains-taking tiller of the soil that the villagers of Vaucluse had always known him to be. But he had need of all his innate good-humor to withstand the storm of ridicule and expostulation which, by his attempt at pisciculture, he had brought about his ears. Derided by some, argued with by others, and hooted by the little boys of the village, Jean was compelled to pay the penalty of being in advance of his generation. When he was seen moving around his fishponds, with stooped shoulders and thoughtful eye, the village elders shook their wise heads, the middle-aged men tapped their sunburned foreheads with a significant gesture, and the children shouted a doggerel rhyme which some juvenile poet had elaborated in scorn of Jean Bertrand's new whim.

Still, honest Jean stuck to his hobby, and neither by word nor deed recanted his heresies. When a storm of rain caused an overgreat influx of water, and his miniature dams were injured by the sudden swelling of the mountain stream, Jean patiently applied himself to repair the damage. When whittlings bantered, or when rustic sages preached, the experimentalist never suffered himself to be tempted into repartee or debate, but merely rejoined, with

one of those indescribable Gallic shrugs that say more than words: "*Dame! qui vivra, verra.*" We must all do as we may."

But the more his new fancy was assailed, the more he clung to it; and his favorite stroll in spare time was to the pools where the spawn lay in the shallow boxes among the gravel, or where, at a later date, the young fry sported about, active and greedily in their first hunger and their first growth. Jean had no particular sympathy at home to encourage him in bearing the censure of his neighbors. His wife, though habitually obedient, was heartily sorry that her husband had made himself the laughing-stock of Vacluse, and wished most devoutly that the newspaper had never beguiled Jean into what she secretly agreed with the public voice in stigmatizing as an act of egregious folly. As for Catherine—young folks in love are sad egotists—I am afraid Catherine thought but little of her father and his ponds and fish-eggs, and the obloquy which he had brought upon himself, so busy were her thoughts with the absent Hector, now a corporal of Spahis.

And yet Catherine was the true cause of the step which Jean had taken.

"It is for you, my daughter," the good farmer would mutter to himself, as he turned his honest eyes wistfully on the pale pretty face of the suffering girl. But whatever were his hopes or projects, he kept them to himself, and never attempted to dazzle even his nearest and dearest by predictions and rose-tinted dreams of the future. If he were an Alnashar, in blouse and wooden shoes, it is certain at least, that he was the meekest and least presumptuous of the species. When Jean went to market, he found that his reputation had preceded him. Luckily, or unluckily, he was the only man in the department who had essayed the new art of fish-culture, and he was welcomed in the city of Carpentras as if he had been one of those eminent Laputan philosophers who proposed to extract sunshine out of cucumbers. Foremost among the laughers was Jean's wealthy cousin, M. Joseph Anatole Ravel. This substantial burgher was fond of attending the markets, partly to indulge his love of a bargain by personally superintending the sale of the produce of his estate, and partly because a rich man's opinion is commonly listened to with a certain amount of deference highly pleasing to some natures. Ravel was on speaking-terms with his kinsman, though neither had crossed, since childhood, the threshold of the other's dwelling. He had a grudge against Jean, as the father of the

village beauty who had captivated his idolized son, and to whose fatal charms were due the young man's obstinacy and self-imposed exile.

It so happened that the characters of Bertrand and his daughter stood so high and well established that no calumny could well be launched against either; but many a man who cannot be branded as an intriguer or a rogue can be derided, and Ravel was glad to see his cousin a laughing-stock. He had always despised Jean's calibre of intellect, and now he never spoke of him but in terms of the most insulting compassion. "The poor dunce," "the bon-homme with the brains of a calf," "such were the flowers of speech which were thickly strewn on Jean Bertrand; while at other times Ravel would bring forth all the stores of his erudition to prove that what the peasant was trying was a sheer impossibility. Nothing but Jean's philosophical sweetness of temper prevented a quarrel, more than once, when the cousins met. Once, when M. Ravel was peculiarly eloquent on Jean's waste of time and trouble, the poorer of the two kinsmen exclaimed with a sigh: "*C'est égal!*" My cousin, I wish I were master of the streams on that estate of yours; ponds, cascades, brooks—ah! you might make a use of them if you liked."

"In nourishing tittlebats!" said fat M. Joseph Anatole Ravel, puffing out his crimson cheeks, and eyeing his relative with sublime scorn—"tittlebats and tadpoles, eh?—is it not so, *mon brave?*" Thank you. Not such an ass."

Jean said not a word more. Six months or so from the date of this interview, and about two years from the time of the arrival of that famous Pandora's box from the government establishment, Jean Bertrand, radiant with good-humor and health, led his laden mule into the crowded market-place of Carpentras. The farmer was dressed with unusual elegance, as if for some festive occasion. He wore his Sunday coat of brown cloth, a span-new sash of red silk, a figured waistcoat, and leather shoes: he had a flower in his button-hole, and his bright eye and cheery smile matched well with his holiday clothes. In the centre of the Place stood M. Ravel, with a knot of flatterers around him, passing various kinds of agricultural produce in review. His eye lit on his relation as he came up.

"Ho! here comes the wisencore of Vacluse," exclaimed Ravel, who was in a remarkably jocose humor. "Good-day, Jean, thou Solomon of the country-side! What on earth have you slung on your beast's back, in those

covered tubs and baskets, Master Solon? Not tadpoles, *par hasard*, old frog-feeder?"

All the flatterers burst into an unanimous roar of laughter. Jean laughed, too, in his dry way.

"You shall have the first sight of my tadpoles, my cousin," said he; and he opened tub and basket and exhibited a tempting show of delicate fish, some alive, but all fresh and glittering, with dainty crimson spots on their dappled sides, and fins that had beaten the water but two hours before.

"Eh! eh! What have we here? *Diable!* they are trout and salmon," exclaimed Joseph Ravel.

"They are so, my cousin. Trout and salmon of my growing," said Jean, with a little tinge of triumph in his tone. "I have not taken out an eighth part of what the pond contains, but I have fifty kilogrammes weight of fish, well told; and it's hard if I don't clear my three francs a kilogramme, which will make up a hundred and fifty francs. Not bad for a poor fellow like me, Cousin Ravel."

Ravel was puzzled. He rubbed his plump hands together thoughtfully, and his brows were knit; all at once he looked up, and his eyes twinkled. "Those minnows of yours have cost you more than they are worth in the rearing. Now, confess," said he.

"Not at all," said Jean. "I made the embankments myself in spare time, and I only had the carpenter to pay for the boxes and the two floodgates—a bagatelle. As for the nourishment of the poor dear little things, you conceive, it is not like a calf or a sheep; they find their own food; only when they were very small, I gave them a little dried liver, powdered fine, which cost me some forty sous, not more. *Au plaisir*, my cousin."

And off went Jean; but Ravel and his flatterers laughed no more. Wherever the peasant went, his finny wares found a ready sale: fish always goes off well in a Roman Catholic country. The porter of a convent bought one great heap, another basketful was secured for the bishop's palace, the citizens' wives disputed with each other for the priority of purchase, and had Jean brought twice as much, he would have sold it all. By the time the mule was lightened of his load, the farmer's pocket was heavy with silver, copper and gold. His modest estimate had been exceeded; the last sales had had the character of an auction, and the total receipts amounted to a hundred and eighty-nine francs six sous. Ravel followed his despised kinsman about with a face

of stupefied amazement, looking first at the dainty fish, that were weighed in scales, and transferred to cooks' aprons or housewives' baskets, and then at the coin that showered into Jean's hard, horny, toil-worn palm. But when Bertrand was about to leave the town, having sold all his fish, Ravel sidled half timidly up to him. "Jean," said he, "upon my word, you are a shrewder person than I thought, and—and—if you would like to come home with me and take some refreshment—eh? because, you know, we're cousins, after all."

"You have been somewhat late in remembering it, my cousin," said Jean, with something of reproach in his look and voice; and he went his way, leaving his rich relation blushing and stammering in the public street. Nevertheless, two days afterwards, the combined effects of curiosity and self-interest drew Monsieur Joseph Anatole Ravel to visit the humble abode of Jean Bertrand. The latter received his guest with Provencal hospitality, and willingly showed him the fishponds which had gained for their constructor such a disagreeable renown. The pools, as Ravel's own eyes assured him, were well stocked with trout and salmon-parr—only parr, though Jean had somewhat grandiloquently called them "salmon." But the true salmon, as distinguished from their cousins-german, the parr, had fought and leaped so lustily to gain the stream which, as their unerring instinct taught them, would lead them to the river which would bear them to the sea, that Jean had lowered his dam to liberate the prisoners.

"You see, my cousin," said the peasant, "it was heartbreaking to watch the poor things springing and struggling for freedom, after the manner of their kind. I set them free. In due time, when well grown and fat, they will return to the place where they were bred, if they are not killed before they reach me. And if they never do come back, why, it can't be helped. They would have died here. It was the *Bon Dieu*, look you, cousin, who planted that instinct in my little fish."

And Jean reverently lifted his cap as he pronounced the words, and Ravel did not sneer at him; on the contrary, he said in a sheepish manner: "Cousin Bertrand, I have not been overkind to you and yours. Well, well, I am not a man for apologies; but if by-gones can be bygones?"

"Certainly," said Jean; "certainly. I bear no malice. Only my daughter Catherine, with her pale cheek that was so rosy, and those

bright looks she used to have all changed—that vexes me sometimes: that is all.”

“Hum!” said Ravel; “the *petite* is a good girl, and pretty to boot; I never denied that; and they are cousins, too, your child and my young hot-head out in Africa. But I have thirty thousand francs a year, and what father in his senses— There! don’t speak. I’m no chatterbox, but I hate to be interrupted. Now, Jean Bertrand, I will own that we who mocked you were wrong, and you were the wise man, after all, with your fish-eggs—there! Now, it has come into my head that I have, as you say, pools and streams in plenty on my property, and if you, with your little bits of ponds, could make so much profit by pisciculture, what could I make? hein?”

“If you had a man who understood the thing to direct affairs and put matters *en train*?” said Jean, timidly, but with a twinkling eye.

“I think that so necessary,” striking the palm of his fat hand gently on Jean’s shoulder—“so necessary, that I am willing to sign articles of partnership. If you will undertake to manage all about the construction of the weirs and breeding-ponds, and that, I will pay all expenses, and give you an equal share of the profits. How do you like that? Why, with your skill and my property, I ought to become the richest man in the *arrondissement*.”

A partnership was accordingly concluded, in the autumn of last year, between the cousins. A partnership of a more tender nature was also entered into by Hector Ravel and Catherine Bertrand, the young man having been recalled from the army by the promise of his parents’ consent to his union with the faithful village beauty.

The affairs of the firm of Ravel and Bertrand promise to thrive to a most flourishing extent, while nineteen farmers of the department have written to Huningue for spawn, with the intention of re-stocking the streams of the Comtat. As for poor patient Jean, he is now more honored and respected in Vaucluse than the *curé* himself.

MYSTERY magnifies danger, as the fog the sun. The hand that unnerved Belshazzar derived its most horrifying influence from the want of a body; and death itself is not formidable in what we know of it, but in what we do not.

Sophie's Influence.

BY FANNY TRUE.

“Will you be kind enough to write my name, in the centre of this white square? I’m sorry to trouble you to do it, but my eyes are dim, and I cannot do it nicely myself.”

“Certainly,” we replied; “so you are piecing a quilt;” and we took the album square from her hand.

“Oh no, it’s for Mary Lyman’s wedding quilt. She wants all the neighbors to contribute a square of their own dress-pieces, to remind her of old friends, when she is married and gone; so I found this commenced among poor Sophie’s things, and thought I’d finish it. It’s her work.”

“It is a beautiful square,” we remarked; “what a pretty harmony between this buff and blue.”

“Yes, that buff was Sophie’s dress, and it was so becoming to her, and—” the old lady turned abruptly from us, as though some startling thing claimed her attention at the window. Too well we understood the interpretation of this movement, so we quietly took the patch-work and went up to our room for pen and ink, to render the simple service.

Sophie was a stranger to us. We had never known her while living, and never seen her, save what the little wan, but cherished miniature on the parlor table, revealed to us of her form and features. But we knew her before long—knew her by a thousand little nameless associations and memories, that clustered around the old farm house.

Whether we wandered up, into the dim old garret, where stood the spinning wheel, still and useless, and the broad old cradle, dusty and untenanted, or peered into the deep dark closet where hung the drapery that had clothed her light figure, there was an ever present sense of hallowed memory, of the lost one before us. All about the little parlor were vivid mementoes, in the worsted lamp-mats, sketchings, scrap-book, and album, containing the written offerings of kind hearts.

Four years ago they laid her to sleep in the church-yard, and the tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner, ticked ceaselessly away the hours, one by one, but still that sense of loneliness remained. The little low lounge by the window was vacant; there was no Sophie with her sewing-basket and cheerful face to occupy it, but the mother sewed on, alone; and when the Sabbath morning came, and good Father Sawyer drove to the front door with “little

Kate" in the family chaise, there was no Sophie with her kind hands to shape the mother's bonnet, or adjust her shawl, preparatory to church going!

We felt like walking very softly when we went into the sitting-room, and sat down by the grieving mother, to whose heart her child's loss, was ever like a fresh-opened grave. We wanted to cover it with soft mosses, and sweet flowers; anything that should awaken a simile of the angel life she had entered upon.

But the great bereavement clouded every consolation, and we could only go out from her presence, with a prayer at our heart, that He whose hand had stricken, might be the one to bless and cheer her bowed soul.

There are many homes in this wide world, that owe their most refining influences to these tender associations, linked with departed ones; and that faith is beautiful and divine, that looks uncomplainingly up to God, blessing him for the bright brief life, that makes Heaven a dearer place—a home!

Heart-Widowed.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

She sits all day on the headland,
Gazing out on the sea—
Listening the sound of the breakers
Torn on the sandy lee;—
Weeping for souls it has won to perish,
That low-voiced treachery.

Her lover sailed one morning—
Warming with kisses her lips—
Sailed—bearing away her young heart,
In one of a fleet of ships;
And the shade of his spectre vessel,
Keeps her life in eclipse.

Out when the tempests are howling,
She reaches her pale thin hands—
Reaches them out for his phantom,
To lead her over the sands,
Down to the ocean which boundeth
The shore of the unknown lands.

She never wearies of waiting—
Never sighs in despair—
Never thinks that her burden
Is heavy for her to bear—
She takes no thought of the present,
Her heart is elsewhere.

God in His infinite mercy,
Shrouds the dead from her sight,—
Tells her not of the loved one,
Lying in state to night—
In state 'mid the plashing coral,
Flashing so red and bright.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers. A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXI.

With the opening of the autumn of seventeen hundred and eighty, there came a shock of surprise and dismay to all patriot hearts throughout the land; it was the tidings of the disastrous defeat which our army had sustained under Gates, at the battle of Camden.

It seemed almost incredible that the veteran General who had won such laurels a few autumns—to whom Burgoyne and his haughty troops had laid down their arms on the Hudson, was now utterly routed by an army whose numbers did not equal his own.

Congress and the country began at last to perceive that the commander-in-chief was right, as his calm judgment and deep forecast always were in all matters connected with the welfare of his country, when he entreated that an army might be organized at the South, instead of leaving its defence to the raw militia within its borders.

Major Dudley had accompanied the reinforcements which had gone South under General Gates; and the tidings of the disastrous battle at Camden had sent a shiver of dread to every heart under the Deacon's roof—but there was one to whom it was more than this—a silent, abiding anguish.

Yet Grace Palmer struggled with it bravely. She moved about diligent as ever in all housewifely duties, and more thoughtful for others than herself; and none would have suspected the slow pain which she carried, had it not been for the unbent lines of the mouth, giving it the look of a grieved child's, and the thin cheeks, out of which the faint roses had vanished.

The Deacon and his wife did not often touch with words on this sorrow which had fallen on their child; they showed their sympathy in the thousand nameless ways that love can—in watchfulness, in soft tones, and caressing ways; and so they all waited in fear and hope for the next tidings that should come from the South.

"Aint you stickin' down in the house most too tight, Grace?" said Mrs. Palmer, suddenly entering her daughter's room one afternoon in the middle of September, and finding her seated by the window with her book lying in her lap, and her eyes looking off to the distant sound, where the sails of the sloops and schooners were flashing to and fro, like white clouds driven of the wind.

Grace understood the solicitude which prompted the question, and she turned with a smile—not her old, beaming one, that was so joyous a thing to see—*this* had in it some new element of patience and pain.

"I don't know, mother" said the girl, "I don't feel much like going out;" and the same patient pain was in her voice, which had been a moment before in her smile.

"Wall, father and I was talking about it after dinner; he thinks you don't take the air enough. I think it would chirk you up to go over and see Seling Williams and her mother. They're lively sort o' folks; and I want to get the pattern of Isaac's meetin' coat for Benny."

"Oh, mother, I can't!" answered Grace, in such a hopeless kind of voice, that it went straight to her mother's heart.

"Grace," she said, placing her hard thin hand on her daughter's, "come, chirk up, there's a good girl! Things'll all come out bright, I guess."

Grace looked up suddenly, but the grateful glance was checked by the rush of tears in her eyes: "You're a good mother," she said, simply speaking her uppermost thought.

"I wish it was in my power to be a better one;" and the tears were bright in the mother's eyes too—"but you know, Grace, I'd do anything in the world to save you from this anxiety that I see plain enough's wearin' on your life."

"I know you would, you and father too. Oh, mother, if God didn't help me, I couldn't bear it!" She broke down here suddenly, and sobs and tears shook her, as a storm of wind and rain shakes the trees in midsummer.

Mrs. Palmer put her arms around her child, and comforted her as nobody but a mother can. There was not perhaps so much in what she said, for Grace knew perfectly well all her grounds of hope and fear, but there was something in the way of saying it which went straight to the daughter's heart; and Grace looked up at last with a smile shining through her tears.

And when she had grown calmer, Mrs. Palmer reverted again to her walk, for she felt that change of scene, however slight, was what Grace needed more than anything else. "I wish you'd take down a bowl of gooseberry jam and a bottle of currant wine to old Miss Ritter that lives in the lane, jest on the right of the old turnpike. You know she's all alone, Grace, and kind o' poorly this summer, and her grandson's down South to the war; and it'll do the old woman a sight of good to see a young pleasant face like yours. The old turn-

pike road's a pleasant 'un too, and it aint more'n a mile to Miss Ritter's door."

The prospect of doing some good stirred Grace at once. "Yes, I'll go there, mother," she said, with a show of cheerfulness; and Mrs. Palmer went down stairs, congratulating herself on her diplomacy.

Grace's mother was right. The soft warm afternoon, with its radiant mists going and coming in solemn state upon the mountains, was one which belonged only to the early autumn. Its pulses beat soft and low with the ripeness of the year; its face was not radiant with sunshine, but it shone sweet and tender in the eyes of the girl who carried her aching heart down the long, lonely turnpike road, with the dark rocks on one side, and the brown pastures on the other; and something of the stillness and gladness of the afternoon got into Grace's heart, and hushed the pain there; and when at last she knocked at the door of Mrs. Ritter's low brown dwelling, the inward peace shone in her face.

The little old woman that bustled to the front door in her linsey woolsey dress and deep yellow cap frill, gave Grace a most demonstrative welcome.

"It beats all how I've been wantin' to see you for the last two hours. I can't hardly believe my eyes! Grace, I've got some news for you!"

"Have you? Well, I shall be ready for it as soon as I've disposed of something mother sent you with her love this afternoon," placing the bowl and the bottle on the table.

"I declare, Grace, your mother's a masterpiece for rememberin' them that other folks is apt to forget. I shall reckon on that are wine and jam, as though 'twas so much gold. Things all smooth to home?"

"Very, thank you. Now for the news, Mrs. Ritter" taking a chair. "You see I've only half an hour to give you."

Mrs. Ritter plunged her hand into a very deep and plethoric pocket on her right side, and produced with a look of solemn mystery a large and somewhat soiled sheet, and handed it to Grace, saying: "That are was writ by Sam'wel!"

"Mrs. Ritter!" gasped Grace, her whole face lifting itself into eager curiosity, as she looked on the sheet, for Mrs. Ritter's grandson was a private in the regiment that Major Dudley had joined.

"I don't wonder you look taken aback, Grace—it fairly did me up, when the letter first come. Cap'n Jacobs brought it up to-day

from New York, and he got it straight from the soldier into whose hands that blessed boy put it. I've strained my eyes over the lines, Grace, and I've jest made out enough to know that Sam'wel is alive and doin' well, and aint forgot his poor old grandma; but I've been wishin' all the arternoon that I could get your young eyes on the letter, and it seems as though the Lord had sent you jest at this perticerler minute!"

Grace opened the sheet, and read the contents to the eager old woman. The letter had been written hastily the day after the battle. Samuel Ritter had just escaped being made prisoner; and completely exhausted by the fight and his subsequent escape, he had crawled to the house of a farmer in the neighborhood, whose son was the next day to start for the North, bearing despatches from Gates to the commander-in-chief. So the young soldier availed himself of this opportunity to acquaint his grandmother of his welfare.

"Poor Sam'wel," said the old woman, taking off her glasses and wiping her eyes: "The Lord's spared a remnant of my family to my old age."

"Oh, here's a postscript I didn't observe!" exclaimed Grace, turning over the sheet, and she read:

"I forgot to say, that just after the last charge of the enemy, I saw Major Dudley fall off his horse. The chances are ninety-nine to a hundred, that he was killed outright. He was a brave fellow, and all the boys loved him."

Grace read these words steadily to the end, like one who hardly comprehended them; then the letter dropped from her hands, and she sat staring at Mrs. Ritter with a face that was like the faces of the dead.

The old woman, who knew perfectly well the relation which Grace occupied towards Major Dudley, was too overwhelmed to utter a single word. But, at last, the silence and the white face frightened her into speech: "Don't, dear child, take it so," stammered the old woman.

Then Grace rose up. "I must go home," she said, in just the slow leaden tones in which one might say, "I must go to my death!" and before Mrs. Ritter could expostulate she was gone.

Years afterwards, Grace could recall that walk home on the old turnpike road, and every object which met her on the way, although she was unconscious of noticing it at the time. She could see the great swift, silent clouds, as they came and vanished in the sky, like dumb witnesses of her anguish—she could see the golden

rod waving its torches of flame by the stone fences, and how the road stretched its long blank face of sodden grass before her—the long, long road, that seemed to her to lie miles and miles away before it reached her father's door, and which she must tread, step by step, with the slow pain dilating in her heart, like a smouldering fire which she expected would burst up any moment and suffocate her.

At one time—she must have been about half way home then—a little golden robin alighted suddenly on a small ash by the roadside, and sang out brave and sweet in the deep silence. Grace stood still and looked at it, and wondered that anything in the world could be joyful again. What a world it seemed to her then! how utterly blank and desolate! and yet she kept on with her face set towards her home, kept on step by step!—step by step!

Mrs. Palmer was bustling about her "china closet," which she was "cleaning out" that afternoon, as she was expecting the parson and the doctor to tea on the following day. She was carefully wiping the "sugar tongs," when the door opened, and Grace suddenly entered.

"Oh, mother!" she said. It was not a loud cry, but her mother started as though a sudden blow had struck her.

"What has happened to you, my child?" she said, coming forward, and then she saw the white face.

"Mother, he is dead!" said Grace Palmer, and she sank down into a chair, and looked up in her mother's face and smiled. Such a smile! no wonder Mrs. Palmer closed her eyes involuntarily, as one does before a sudden burst of blinding light.

"Don't, child, don't," she said sharply, and then she opened her arms, and Grace lay white and shivering within them.

Mrs. Palmer was too much alarmed for the safety of her child, to realize the loss she had sustained. She carried Grace into the bedroom, and in a few minutes the deacon and Benny returned together, for it was now sunset. The sight of his darling lying there, just as the dead lay, with her face as cold and white as the linen on which it rested, was too much for the old man.

He turned away and left her with her mother, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Palmer's heart rose up against her husband.

But he came back in a few moments, and went straight up to the bedside and leaned over his child, stricken almost to death.

"Grace," said the soft, solemn voice of the

Deacon, not knowing whether she would hear or understand: "In the day of my trouble I will call upon Thee; for *Thou* wilt answer me!"

She opened her eyes then, and looked at her father.

"You know who it was said that, my poor child?" said the shaking voice of the Deacon.

"Yes—but oh, father!"

"I know it, my daughter, I would lay down my life gladly this moment to bring you help or comfort—but you are in those deep waters now, which no human arm or love can reach you. Oh Grace, you have not believed in the Lord for naught. He will not forsake you now!"

She turned away her head—the slow tears oozed out of her eyes, and the father knew that the broken heart of his child was comforted.

"Mother, what is the matter with Grace?" asked Benny, in a loud whisper, seizing hold of his mother's skirt, as she left the bed-room in search of a fan.

"She's heard that Major Dudley is dead, Benny," answered the weeping mother.

Benny's face expressed deep concern—still he continued: "She feels as bad as though it was you, or father, or Robert, and it isn't half so bad as that."

"You shouldn't speak so, Benny. Major Dudley was a friend, a very dear friend of your sister's."

"But it isn't the same for all that, you know, mother," subjoined Benny, with some show of indignation; and then he suddenly exclaimed, as though a new idea had struck him, "maybe, after all, he isn't dead!"

"Why, Benny," catching faintly at these words, "what makes you say so?"

"Cos they all thought Hezekiah Street was dead, until t'other news came. Where did Grace hear it?"

"She must have got the news from Miss Ritter. I haven't been able to get one word out of her sence she came home. There, Benny, you musn't keep mother any longer."

Benny made no effort to do so. Without speaking a word to any one, he put on his cap and trudged over the turnpike to Mrs. Ritter's, with whom he happened to be an especial favorite. He found the old woman in extreme anxiety about Grace, and soon drew from her all the knowledge she possessed of Major Dudley's fate. The boy also applied for the letter of Samuel Ritter, and obtained it to show to his father; and just as he reached the threshold, he turned and said, in his solemn,

tremulous way: "Maybe he isn't dead, after all, aunty?"

"What has put *that* into your head, child?" asked the old woman; but he was beyond the range of her voice.

Great was the Deacon's surprise, when his youngest born placed the letter of Samuel Ritter in his hands, and the surprise was not diminished when he discovered the manner in which he obtained it; but Benny's acuteness had for once done better service than the wisdom of his elders—for, after possessing himself of the contents of the letter, the Deacon and his wife both cherished a faint hope that Edward Dudley might still survive.

Grace shook her drooping head, when they first endeavored to communicate this hope to her; but the words found their way into her heart, and made a little light there—just as the stars of that autumn night, which settled darkly over the homestead of Deacon Palmer, made a faint frilling of light on the sky.

Afterwards, Grace Palmer did not yield to the blow which had fallen on her life. The very next day she rose from her bed, and went about her household duties busily as ever, only more silent. Mrs. Palmer did not expostulate with her daughter. The education and the habits of the Deacon's wife tended strongly to convince her, that "indulgence in the luxury of grief" was unwise, if not sin, and that active, engrossing labor was the next best thing to the grace of God, for any sorrow that was inevitable.

And so, though her heart yearned with unutterable tenderness over her child, and she followed with eyes of wistful solicitude the rapid figure, as it moved in and out of the room at its customary morning duties, the mother, on the whole, took pains to expand rather than diminish the day's labor, and Grace made no objection—only looking in her eyes, one saw that some great sudden storm of anguish had beaten down on her life, and torn up its roots.

Once that morning, however, the girl's heart gave way. She had gone into the parlor, at her mother's request, to bring out a jar of plum preserves, which Mrs. Palmer feared had begun to "work." As she crossed the threshold, the old memories surged in upon her soul. There was the old lounge where he had sat last, and she seemed once more to look up into the strong, handsome face, and hear the low, tender voice; and then she thought of the stately head, with its beautiful brown hair lying white and daggled on that dusty battle-field—it was too much. Grace Palmer sank down on the

low stool, where she had sat that last time with Edward Dudley, and low sobs of utter desolation shivered and surged through her.

At last, wondering at her long absence, her mother came softly to the door and put her anxious face inside. She saw Grace sitting there, bowed under that tempest of anguish. Mrs. Palmer made a movement forward, for her first impulse was to spring to her child's side, but a second thought checked her. This great grief was beyond even the reach of her mother's sympathy, and Mrs. Palmer left the room on tiptoe; and an hour later Grace came out, with her pale, calm face, and set quietly about the work she had left.

"I guess the Lord's heard my prayer!" thought Mrs. Palmer.

And so the days went over Grace Palmer. There was nothing for her to do, but to "wait patiently" for the tidings which yet her soul shrank from meeting, for Grace's sound judgment taught her that the chances for Major Dudley's life were just what Samuel Ritter had written. Yet her heart would cling—as what woman's heart will not—to its faint hope still: and for the rest, Grace had Refuge—that was to her soul the shadow of a Rock in a weary land.

There were hours when her faith could look even this great loss in the face—hours when she felt that she could give up Edward Dudley to the will of God. He would not be *dead* to her: the true, noble, manly spirit that she had loved, lived somewhere, doing the will and the work of God as she would do it on earth. She would still be worthy of him—knit to him by a love which reached beyond the grave, and rested in the one eternal love. She would live cheerfully, bravely, if not happily, doing to others all the good she could, and rejoicing that every setting sun brought her a little closer to the time of their long meeting; and when the morning light awakened her once more to the day's work and waiting, she would remember that one more night of the long absence was passed. And the heart of Grace Palmer said to herself, what long years after the greatest of her sisters sung—

"I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on!"

The girl's parents sometimes wondered at the solemn light and joy which shone in her face—the face which grew paler and thinner every day; but they knew what springs fed

that light, and they thanked God for their child.

Do not think, oh reader, that I write of Grace Palmer that it was always thus. She would have been more than human if it had been. There were times when her heart and her faith failed her—when the sense of her great loss overswept her soul, in a wild freshet of agony—times when she looked off to her future, stretching blank and desolate down the years before her, as the sodden turnpike had stretched *that* day towards her home, and the girl's grief would reach up in a cry, "Oh, God, it is more than I can bear!" and the prayer would rise to her lips, "Let me die, and go to him," and stop there, for Grace Palmer knew she had no right to *speak* it. Was it strange that her faith went into these eclipses, she was young, and her heart was so utterly stricken?

CHAPTER XXII.

"There, now, see what you've done?" exclaimed Lucy Trueman, in a tone made up of vexation and deprecation.

"Oh, Benny, you are a naughty, careless boy!" added Grace, in tones just touched with severity.

"I didn't mean to," answered the boy, plunging his fingers in his hair, and looking somewhat ruefully at the red beads which he had just upset from a large china saucer, and which sprinkled the sanded floor like the red coral moss blossoms among gray leaves.

"I'll help you gather them up, Lucy, in one minute," said Grace, as she threaded a very fine needle with silk.

"No, Grace; if you'll finish the bud, I'll save the beads," and Lucy bent herself to work on the floor.

The girl was working a large pincussion for her mother's "spare chamber," and she had come over that afternoon to get some advice from Grace respecting the centre flower. This, at least, was her ostensible purpose; but of late, Lucy Trueman had found some excuse for showing herself at the Deacon's almost every day; and Grace understood well enough the kindly sympathy which prompted the frequent visits, although very few allusions were made, after the first meeting, to the subject that was never absent from the thoughts of either. But Lucy proved herself so thoughtful and useful at this juncture—she made such constant efforts, and with so much tact and good sense, to interest and divert Grace, to draw her from the terrible thoughts that

would sometimes come upon her—she was so full of tender, yet judicious sympathy, that Grace could not but respond to her friend's efforts, and be deeply touched by the affectionate care which they evinced.

"It's a beauty, Grace!" exclaimed Lucy, putting her face over her friend's shoulder and surveying the moss rose-bud, which was opening itself on a ground work of white satin. "Come, now, let's put it up, and go out doors awhile. I do hate to waste such pleasant days in the house. There won't be many more of them, you know."

"I know," strangling a little sigh, which, however, did not escape the ear of Lucy, as she rose up and went for her sunbonnet.

They went down to the orchard, Lucy leading the way, and Grace following indifferently, for her thoughts were with that afternoon three weeks before on which she had walked over the turnpike. The frost had been busy among the trees since that time, and the maples flamed in the woods, and the russet and yellow leaves were dropping from the fruit boughs with every puff of wind.

Lucy led the way to the old apple tree in the centre of the orchard—the very one to which Grace had conducted the minister's nephew on the first night of their meeting. Had Lucy known what associations clustered around this peculiar tree she would certainly have avoided it.

"Isn't it pleasant?" said Lucy, pulling off her sunbonnet, and seating herself on the long grass, amid which the red apples burned.

"Very pleasant," said Grace, with a start, coming back to the present and gazing about her, and then, there came one of those sudden thrills and rushes of feeling that break down all barriers, as that autumn night six years before, rose up to her.

"Oh, dear!" she said, and burying her face in her hands, she burst into tears.

"Grace, I'm so sorry for you!" whispered Lucy, drawing close up to her friend, "only it don't do any good to say so."

Grace did not speak for awhile; at last she looked up with pale lips that seemed seeking after a ghost of a smile.

"There's no need of your telling me, Lucy, that you're sorry. I feel it all the time."

"Poor Grace," stroking her friend's shoulder in her pretty caressing way. "But you're so brave—so different from what I should be," and Lucy shuddered a little.

"Not always, Lucy," shaking her head sadly. "There are times when it all comes over me, and it seems as though I should be

crushed at once. I seem to see *him* lying there on the battle field with the clouds of smoke and dust, and the roar of cannon all about him. I hear the cries of the wounded, the moans of the dying, and I see the bright flashes of musketry, and the wild riderless horses going to and fro. But I see clearest of all that white, still face, with the closed eyes, and the matted hair, and the blood trickling over it, and I think, Lucy, if I could have been there just one little moment to have lifted up his head—to have heard his last blessing—to have had one little faint smile"—she stopped here. Lucy did not dare look at her friend; she turned away with a little groan.

It was Grace's voice broke the silence. The anguish was gone out of her face when she turned it around once more to Lucy, and said,

"It is best so, for it was God's will!"

Lucy Trueman looked on her friend with a new yearning for a faith which could sustain her in so awful a trial; but she did not say this, her words were,

"There is room for hope yet, Grace; he may not have been killed."

Whatever Grace's answer would have been, it was cut short by the appearance of Nathaniel walking hurriedly up to the front door.

"He *must* be after me," exclaimed Lucy, with a little chagrin in her voice. "Company at home, I s'pose," and she sprang up, and called her brother loudly.

Nathaniel wheeled about, and hurried to the orchard. The young man's face was full of excitement and eagerness as he approached the girls.

"What have you got to tell me?" asked Lucy, interpreting the expression.

"Tisn't for you—it's for Grace."

"Oh, Nathaniel, have you got good news for me?" cried Grace, a quick intuition springing her to her feet.

"I think I have, Grace." Then seeing her agitation, and fearing lest the suddenness of the news might prove too much for her, the young soldier added, lightly, "I didn't expect to find you two girls turned gipsies, and camping under an apple tree."

"Tell me, Nathaniel," cried Grace, taking no notice of his jest.

And Nathaniel drew a letter from his pocket, and gave it into her hands with some misgivings.

"It's *his* writing," was all he said.

So it was! The girl's eager eyes confirmed it, and Grace sank down on the grass.

"Let us leave her," whispered Lucy to her

brother, some fine instinct teaching her that Grace should be alone now.

It was some time before Grace knew they were gone. She sat there, with the letter lying on her knee, her eyes devouring the handwriting, while she seemed incapable of opening it. But this did not last long. The seal was broken, and the letter was—

"Be comforted, dear Grace, for *I live*; and the thought that you might be mourning me as dead, has been bitterer than all the pain which I have endured in the last two months. You have learned, before this, of the defeat of our army at Camden; and, since then, I have been a prisoner of war in the enemy's hospital.

"I have no knowledge of the time when I was taken off the battle-field, or of days after that. I had a bad shot in the right leg, and the surgeon says, Grace, *I shall be lame for life*.

"Don't take it hard, dear. It is not so bad as it seemed that it must be a little while ago—for Grace I have been nigh unto death!

"I am better now—out of danger, the doctors say—and with a brave heart, although a very feeble hand, as these tremulous letters bear witness.

"Look only at the bright side, my darling. There is much for which to say, 'thank God!'

"I am in comfortable quarters, and the weather will grow cooler soon. I shall be exchanged, when my turn comes; till then, we must both have courage and patience.

"My physician interdicts longer writing. Be of good cheer, oh, my beloved, for the sake of your
EDWARD."

Nearly an hour had passed before Grace rose up from her seat under the apple tree. She went up to the house. I need not write how different the world looked to her, or what a song was in her heart.

Mrs. Palmer sat in a corner of the kitchen carding wool; on one side of her the white pile lay like a fleecy cloud dropped from the sky.

"Mother, Edward's alive!" said Grace; and her voice made the words a song.

The wool dropped from Mrs. Palmer's hands. "What did you say, Grace?" she asked.

"I said Edward was alive, mother."

"How do you know that?"

"His own handwriting says so—here it is!"

"Oh child!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer; and here she broke into tears, and Grace put her arms around her mother, and they wept their tears of joy together.

Nathaniel and Lucy had been unwilling to return home, until they were satisfied of Major

Dudley's safety, although the former had little doubt of this, for he was perfectly familiar with the young officer's hand. The brother and sister, concluding that by this time Grace's first agitation would have somewhat subsided, presented themselves once more at the Deacon's to hear the good tidings, which it did not take long to communicate.

"How in the world did you get this letter, Nathaniel?" asked Mrs. Palmer, anticipating her daughter's question.

"I happened to be at the post-office when the stage came in, and as Mr. Jacobs had an attack of rheumatism, and couldn't leave his bed, I offered to open the bags for him; and when I saw Grace's letter, I knew what it meant."

And he turned and smiled on Grace, and she answered him; and the smiles of both were beautiful to see.

"You must stay to tea, both of you," said Mrs. Palmer, getting up, and shaking from her apron the little spray of wool which clung to it: "We'll all rejoice together over these glad tidings."

"I want to have a little piece of rejoicing to myself," said Lucy, with her light laughter between the words: "Come up stairs, Grace, and we'll leave Nathaniel and your mother to congratulate each other."

Lucy bestowed her friend with playful violence in the large rocking-chair, and seated herself on the arm, and taking the soft cheeks between her palms, she broke out: "Now, Grace, darling, how do you feel? I am so glad—so glad for you."

"I hardly know how I feel, now the first great surprise and joy is over, only I am just beginning to realize that he is——" her lips quivered, she could not yet speak the words Edward Dudley had written of himself.

Lucy was ready and skilful in comfort. "But it isn't a quarter as bad as it might be, if he had lost his eyes, or one of his limbs, or been cut up as many poor fellows are! Why it's nothing in comparison, Grace."

"I know, and I shall always remember this; but, when I think that I shall never watch him go down to the gate again with his quick, manly step—that he is maimed for life, it is hard at first. Maybe I was too proud of him;" she said this with a touching humility.

So Lucy argued, and comforted and sympathized, and Grace smiled faintly, and listened and struggled with herself, until Mrs. Palmer summoned the two girls down stairs.

Grace found that her father had returned; and, when he saw her, in the overflow of his

joy and sympathy, the Deacon took her in his arms before them all, and kissed her. "My daughter, the Lord has been very good to us!" was his simple comment.

And when they sat round the Deacon's table that night, heaped with a little more than its usual abundance, Nathaniel said: "I can't tell you, Grace, what a burden lifted itself from my thoughts when I saw that letter. I've felt for the last three weeks as though I'd lost my best friend."

"Complimentary to mother and me," with her pretty, pert toss of the head.

"Well, then, withdraw your interdict about my joining the regiment this fall, and I'll except you both."

Lucy shook her head, and the Deacon interposed: "Nathaniel, you served your country well while you could; and it would have been fool-hardy to jine the army so long as your health was so frail. You owe some care of your life, my boy, to your mother and sister."

"I know it, sir; and the one great aim of their existence seems to be, to prove to me that I'm made of nothing stouter than —. But, when I think of Dudley and Robert, and a hundred other brave fellows in the field, it seems a burning shame for me to be staying here at home pouring over my books;" and Nathaniel's face flashed with fervor and faded a little, as he caught Lucy's deprecating eyes.

"Perhaps, there'll come a chance for you yet, Nathaniel," said the Deacon; and though no one took particular notice of this speech at the time, they all remembered it afterwards. "It's been a strange summer," continued the Deacon, a little later, "with men's minds kept constantly on the watch for movements of the enemy and the tidings down South; but there's nothin' equalled that treachery of Benedict Arnold's!"

"Yes, that *does* beat all," subjoined Mrs. Palmer, as she passed her cake: "I knew his mother, Miss Arnold, almost as well as I do yours, Lucy, and she was a good, pious woman, and brought her son up in the fear of the Lord, if ever a mother did. It would have broken her heart outright, if she'd known that he'd ever turn traitor to his country. Dear me! mothers don't know what their boys is a coming to!" and she glanced anxiously towards Benny, who was quite too much absorbed in investigating the substratum of his cake of dried currants, to perceive the drift of her remark.

"It was one of the blackest deeds that history ever recorded," added Nathaniel Trueman; "and what has the man gained from his treachery, looked at from a merely material

stand-point—the scorn of every honest heart in the world—the execrations of all his own countrymen; certainly, it hasn't paid this time to serve the devil, Deacon Palmer."

"It never does, my boy, in the long run."

"But there's that poor Major André," suggested Mrs. Palmer. "I declare it did seem dreadful to have that young man hung, father! Think of his poor mother and sisters!"

"It was one of the awful necessities of war; and that can't al'ays take mothers and sisters into consideration."

"What a dreadful thing war is!" said Lucy Trueman, her bright face clouded with seriousness.

"Dreadful! but dishonor and slavery are worse!" said the Deacon.

And so the talk went and came, very much as ours does now, round that supper-table in the days of the Revolution.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LINES.

BY H. A. HEYDON.

Once, if the clouds around were dark,
I still bent forward to the light;
But now, with closing of the day,
Draws near the night.

Once, if I said that I was sad,
I to the future looked for cheer;
But now, nor joy nor grief I see,
To hope or fear.

There is a tangled grief for which
The world no solace has, nor balm—
But still beyond Life's storm-lashed sea,
Lieth a calm.

It is an Autumn of my heart,
Not an October's crimson glow—
But like December's leaden sky,
It's ice and snow.

And by the sere-brown, fallen leaves—
And by the wild wind's piercing breath—
I know that Winter comes apace,
With chill and death.

But o'er December's dreary sky
A single starry beam will glide—
For 'mid the darkness and the storm,
Is Christmas tide.

So let me find when gathering chill,
Death's dark December veils my eyes,
A Christmas morning dawn for me,
But in the skies.

Away—beyond Life's setting sun—
Beyond the sorrow and the sin—
Oh Saviour! ope the golden gate,
And let me in.

Kings and Queens of England.

HENRY III.

Henry was a son of John and Isabella; he was ten years old when his father died, who left the nation in a most deplorable condition. Henry owed his elevation to the throne to William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, who married his sister Eleanor, and who had always been loyal to his father in all the fluctuations of his fortune. This nobleman assembled all the barons who adhered to his party, and addressed them with much eloquence, and by many arguments prevailed on them to recognize Henry as their king, who was solemnly crowned at Gloucester by the Bishops of Winchester and Bath, October 28, 1216, ten days after his father's death; he was called Henry of Winchester.

Owing to the unfortunate condition of the kingdom the ceremony could not be performed with the usual pomp, and the crown being lost on John's disastrous passage over Cross Keys Wash, a plain circle or chaplet of gold was substituted in its place. The Earl of Pembroke was constituted regent of the kingdom during the minority of Henry. The political abilities of the regent established the king on his throne; his wise and judicious measures united the nation in his support, and his continued exertions preserved the tranquillity of the kingdom.

His first care was to provide for the fulfilment of the royal promises in regard to the exact observance of the Magna Charta; he established law and order, and governed with wisdom, honor and success for nearly two years, when he died, universally lamented. His valor and prudence had raised the kingdom from the unhappy condition in which it was left by John, to a state of peace and comparative prosperity; his death was a great misfortune to England and to its king.

Had those who succeeded to his office and influence possessed the same talents and integrity, and imbued the mind of the young monarch with the same maxims, the reign of Henry would not have been marked by so many, and so violent convulsions.

When Henry was twenty years of age he was declared competent to govern for himself; then his want of ability became apparent, and he was found totally unqualified to rule the nation. He appeared easy and good-natured to his dependents, but in no way formidable to his enemies. His personal address was not

agreeable, his countenance was not pleasing, and he had no dignity in his manner; without activity or vigor, he was unfit to conduct in war; with distrust or suspicion, he was imposed on in times of peace. His notions of arbitrary power were neither supported by brilliant qualities, nor tempered with discretion. He was avaricious and prodigal, and constantly extorting money from his subjects, without increasing his treasures, but he was never cruel; he was contented to punish rebels in their purses, when he might have caused them to expire on the scaffold, and was always more desirous of the money than the blood of his enemies. His profuseness to his favorites, and his inconsiderate waste of money, were the source of his misfortunes. The narrowness of his genius, his inconstant and capricious temper, and his proneness to be guided by interested counsellors, are conspicuous in all the transactions of his reign. Henry married Elinor, daughter of Raymond, Count of Provence, January 14, 1236, and immediately raised her relations to the highest offices. He invited many foreigners to his court, and bestowed on them every office and command; at the same time their avarice and rapacity were exceeded only by their pride and insolence.

This partiality to strangers excited the jealousy of the barons, who were constantly protesting against it. At last, queen Isabella, Henry's mother, who some time before had married the Count de la Marche, came over from Gascony, and a new swarm of foreigners attended her, which gave new cause for dissatisfaction. For many years the king and the pope seemed to have acted in concert to exhaust and impoverish the realm; every few years the pretext of an expedition to the Holy Land was used to obtain money. To these just causes of complaint were added the king's unsuccessful expeditions to the Continent, his total want of economy, his oppressive exactions, and many other illegal evasions of justice. To save the kingdom from ruin, a remonstrance, in the name of the whole body of the barons, seven hundred in number, was presented to the king, in which they assured him that if he did not dismiss all foreigners from court, and correct other abuses, they would drive both him and them from the kingdom.

It appears astonishing that the high-spirited barons of England should have borne, for thirty years, the tyranny, the perfidy and the caprice of this weak king, whose government was odious to all classes of his subjects. But now a formidable confederacy was formed

at the head of which was Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, a brother-in-law to the king: he having married Eleanor, the widow of the Earl of Pembroke. He was a man of eminent abilities and enterprising genius, and had been a great favorite with the king, by whose liberality he had been loaded with riches and honors; he was now the most active in opposition to Henry and his party. The foreigners, intimidated by the threats of the barons, shut themselves up in Winchester, where they were pursued, and were glad to capitulate on condition of being permitted to leave the kingdom.

The barons resolved to seize the person of the king, who being apprized of their design retired to the Tower. Thus by his unwise policy Henry was obliged to resign the government into the hands of the barons, who enjoyed the sovereign power for three years; but instead of using it for the reformation of abuses, they employed it for their own aggrandizement, and prostrated the rights of the people, so that all orders of men became dissatisfied, and called on Prince Edward to assert his own and his father's rights. At this time Edward was twenty-two years of age, and had given many proofs of his ability, wisdom and courage, which in some measure atoned for his father's weakness.

After a series of dark intrigues, Henry resolved to throw off the yoke of the barons, and a civil war seemed inevitable; but the mutual fears of the two parties suspended their mutual enmity. Two treaties were concluded through the mediation of Richard, the king's brother, which were almost immediately violated. Richard had been made king of the Romans by the pope; and now, when both parties had recourse to arms, Richard and Edward joined the king's army. They met at Lewes. The royal troops were formed in three divisions, commanded by Henry, Richard and Edward. The prince soon put to flight the body of Leicester's men, who were opposed to him, and while pursuing the rebels, both his father and uncle were defeated and taken prisoners. Edward and his cousin, Henry, agreed to surrender themselves prisoners in the place of their fathers, who, with all the other prisoners, on both sides, were to be released.

By this victory at Lewes, the Earl of Leicester had most of the royal family in his power, and governed the kingdom in Henry's name, but paid no regard to the treaty that had been ratified. He soon became an object of suspicion to the nobles; so to secure his ill-acquired power he was obliged to have recourse to the

body of the people, and ordered each county to choose two knights, and every city and town to elect two of its wisest citizens to act for the people, who, in addition to the noblemen, were rulers in their own right. This is the origin of the English House of Commons; and at this time the great council of the nation began to be called the Parliament. The people had been considered in a civil or political point of view of no importance at all from the time of the conquest till now, and only the lay and ecclesiastical barons had a voice in the national council.

The Earl of Leicester hoped, by advancing the interests of the people, to raise himself to the throne; the barons became alarmed, and the Earl of Gloucester, his former associate, took up arms against him, and being joined by Prince Edward, who made his escape at this time, a battle soon after ensued, in which the loyal troops were victorious, and Leicester was killed; whose authority had been no less arbitrary than that of the monarch whose power he had usurped.

By this victory Edward was enabled to liberate his royal father, who had been detained fourteen months in captivity, and established him on his throne. He gained a number of other victories, by which peace was restored to the kingdom; and as there was no more fighting to be done at home, he resolved on an expedition to the Holy Land, which was at that time the highest object of human ambition.

Edward married Eleanor, a French princess, and embarked for Jerusalem, accompanied by his cousin Henry, and a great number of the English nobles, but only a small army of fighting men. He distinguished himself by many acts of valor, and revived among them the memory of his great uncle, Richard I. His martial fame struck such terror into the Saracens that they employed an assassin to murder him, who, under pretence of delivering to him private letters from the Governor of Joppa, was admitted to his room and attempted to stab him; but Edward, with great dexterity, wrested the dagger from his hand and killed him on the spot, though not without receiving a dangerous wound in his arm from the poisoned dagger; but the strength of his constitution and the skill of his surgeon effected a cure. This was the last of those romantic expeditions called the Crusades.

If Henry was a weak and capricious king, who caused his subjects much trouble and agitation, the result of his reign was favorable to popular freedom; and though the kingdom

was made poor by the vast sums extorted by the king and the pope, yet a considerable progress was made in literature, in arts of elegance and in architecture. Four of the present colleges at Oxford were founded in this reign, and Roger Bacon flourished, who was the most learned man of the time; he was a monk of Oxford, and applied his learning to the discovery of useful knowledge. He invented telescopes, microscopes, reading-glasses and many kinds of astronomical and mathematical instruments, and was the discoverer of gunpowder; he also wrote several books. His learning being above others of his time, he was imprisoned for many years as a magician. Paper, which was invented in the reign of Henry II., was very little used before this time.

Henry, though deficient in the abilities necessary for a ruler, was not altogether wanting in sense; he was a promoter of the fine arts, and painting improved greatly in his reign; so also did architecture; and some of the finest Gothic buildings of England were erected in his reign. Westminster Abbey was taken down and rebuilt, and still remains a magnificent specimen of the architectural skill of the age. The Newcastle mines were opened in this reign. Henry expired at London, November 16, 1272. He was sixty-six years of age, and had reigned fifty-six years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Coffee vs. Brandy.

"We shall have to give them a wedding party," said Mrs. Eldridge to her husband.

Mr. Eldridge assented.

"They will be home to-morrow, and I think of sending out invitations for Thursday."

"As you like about that," replied Mr. Eldridge. "The trouble will be yours."

"You have no objection?"

"Oh, none in the world. Fanny is a good little girl, and the least we can do is to pay her this compliment on her marriage. I am not altogether satisfied about her husband, however; he was rather a wild sort of a boy a year or two ago."

"I guess he's all right now," remarked Mrs. Eldridge; "and he strikes me as a very kind-hearted, well-meaning young man. I have flattered myself that Fanny has done quite as well as the average run of girls."

"Perhaps so;" said Mr. Eldridge, a little thoughtfully.

"Will you be in the neighborhood of Snyder's?" inquired the lady.

"I think not. We are very busy just now, and I shall hardly have time to leave the store to-day. But I can step around there to-morrow."

"To-morrow, or even the next day will answer," replied Mrs. Eldridge. "You must order the liquors. I will attend to everything else."

"How many are you going to invite?" inquired Mr. Eldridge.

"I have not made out a list yet, but it will not fall much short of seventy or eighty."

"Seventy or eighty!" repeated Mr. Eldridge. "Let me see! Three dozen of champagne; a dozen of sherry; a dozen of port; a dozen of hock, and a gallon of brandy,—that will be enough to put life into them I imagine."

"Or death!" Mrs. Eldridge spoke to herself, in an undertone.

Her husband, if he noticed the remark, did not reply to it, but said, "Good morning," and left the house. A lad about sixteen years of age sat in the room during this conversation, with a book in his hand and his eyes on the page before him. He did not once look up or move; and an observer would have supposed him so much interested in his book, as not to have heard the passing conversation. But he had listened to every word. As soon as Mr. Eldridge left the room, his book fell upon his lap, and looking towards Mrs. Eldridge he said, in an earnest but respectful manner:

"Don't have any liquor, mother."

Mrs. Eldridge looked neither offended nor irritated by this remonstrance, as she replied:

"I wish it were possible to avoid having liquor, my son; but it is the custom of society, and if we give a party, it must be in the way it is done by other people."

This did not satisfy the boy, who had been for some time associated with the Cadets of Temperance, and he answered, but with modesty and great respect of manner,

"If other people do wrong, mother—what then?"

"I am not so sure of its being wrong, Henry."

"Oh, but mother," spoke out the boy, quickly, "if it hurts people to drink, it must be wrong to give them liquor. Now I've been thinking how much better it would be to have a nice cup of coffee. I am sure that four out of five would like it a great deal better than wine or brandy. And nobody could possibly receive any harm. Didn't you hear what father said about Mr.

Lewis? That he had been rather wild? I am sure I shall never forget seeing him stagger in the street once. I suppose he has reformed. But just think, if the taste should be revived again, and at our house, and he should become intoxicated at his wedding party! Oh, mother! It makes me feel dreadfully to think about it. And dear Cousin Fanny! What sorrow it would bring to her!"

"O dear, Henry! Don't talk in that kind of a way! You make me shudder all over. You're getting too much carried away by this subject of temperance."

And Mrs. Eldridge left the room to look after her domestic duties. But she could not push from her mind certain uneasy thoughts, which her son's suggestions had awakened. During the morning, an intimate lady friend came in, to whom Mrs. Eldridge spoke of the intended party.

"And would you believe it," she said, "that old-fashioned boy of mine, actually proposed that we should have coffee, instead of wine and brandy."

"And you're going to adopt the suggestion," replied the lady, her face lighting up with a pleasant smile.

"It would suit my own views exactly; but then, such an innovation upon a common usage as that, is not to be thought of for a moment."

"And why not?" asked the lady. "Coffee is safe; while wine and brandy are always dangerous in promiscuous companies. You can never tell in what morbid appetite you may excite an unhealthy craving. You may receive into your house a young man with intellect clear, and moral purposes well balanced, and send him home at midnight, to his mother, stupid from intoxication! Take your son's advice, my friend. Exclude the wine and brandy, and give a pleasant cup of coffee to your guests instead."

"O dear, no, I can't do that!" said Mrs. Eldridge. "It would look as if we were too mean to furnish wines and brandy. Besides, my husband would never consent to it."

"Let me give you a little experience of my own. It may help you to a right decision in this case."

The lady spoke with some earnestness, and a sober cast of thought in her countenance. "It is now about three years since I gave a large party, at which a number of young men were present,—boys I should rather say. Among these was the son of an old and very dear friend. He was in his nineteenth year—a handsome,

intelligent, and most agreeable person—full of life and pleasant humor. At supper-time, I noticed him with a glass of champagne in his hand, gaily talking with some ladies. In a little while after, my eye happening to rest on him, I saw him holding a glass of port wine to his lips, which was emptied at a single draught. Again passing near him, in order to speak to a lady, I observed a tumbler in his hand, and knew the contents to be brandy and water. This caused me to feel some concern, and I kept him in closer observation. In a little while he was at the table again, pouring out another glass of wine. I thought it might be for a lady upon whom he was in attendance; but no, the sparkling liquor touched his own lips. When the company returned to the parlors, the flushed face, swimming eyes, and over-hilarious manner of my young friend, showed too plainly that he had been drinking to excess. He was so much excited as to attract the attention of every one, and his condition became the subject of remark. I was mortified and distressed at the occurrence, and drawing him from the room, made free to tell him the truth. He showed some indignation at first, and intimated that I had insulted him; but I rebuked him sternly, and told him he had better go home. I was too much excited to act very wisely. He took me at my word, and left the house. There was no sleep for my eyes on that night, Mrs. Eldridge. The image of that boy, going home to his mother at midnight, in such a condition, and made so by my hand, haunted me like a rebuking spectre; and I resolved never again to set out a table with liquors to a promiscuous company of young and old, and I have kept that word of promise. My husband is not willing to have a party, unless there is wine with the refreshments, and I would rather forego all entertainments, than put temptation in the way of any one. Your son's suggestion is admirable. Have the independence to act upon it, and set an example which many will be glad to follow. Don't fear criticism or remark; don't stop to ask what this one will say, or that one think. The approval of our own consciences is worth far more than the opinions of men. Is it right? that is the question to ask; not how will it appear, or what will people say? There will be a number of parties given to your niece without doubt; and if you lead off with coffee instead of wine, all the rest of Fanny's friends may follow the good example."

When Mr. Eldridge came home at dinner-time, his wife said to him:

"You needn't order any liquors from Snyder."

"Why not?" Mr. Eldridge looked at his wife with some surprise.

"I'm going to have coffee, instead of wine and brandy," said Mrs. Eldridge, speaking firmly.

"Nonsense! You're jesting."

"No, I'm in earnest. These liquors are not only expensive, but dangerous things to offer freely in mixed companies. Many boys get their first taste for drink at fashionable parties, and many reformed men have the old fiery thirst revived by a glass of wine poured out for them in social hospitality. I am afraid to have my conscience burdened with the responsibility which this involves."

"There is no question as to the injury that is done by this free pouring out of liquors at our fashionable entertainments. I've long enough seen that," said Mr. Eldridge, "but she will be a bold lady, who ventures to offer a cup of coffee in place of a glass of wine. You had better think twice on this subject before you act once."

"I've done little else but think about it for the last two hours, and the more I think about it the more settled my purpose becomes."

"But what put this thing into your head?" inquired Mr. Eldridge. "You were in full sail for a party this morning, liquor and all; this sudden tacking for a new course, is a little surprising. I'm puzzled."

"Your son put it into my head," replied Mrs. Eldridge.

"Henry! Well, that boy does beat all!" Mr. Eldridge did not speak with disapprobation, but with a tone of pleasure in his voice. "And so he proposed that we should have coffee instead of wine and brandy?"

"Yes."

"Bravo for Harry! I like that. But what will people say, my dear? I don't want to become a laughing stock."

"I'd rather have other people laugh at me for doing right," said Mrs. Eldridge, "than to have my conscience blame me for doing wrong."

"Must we give the party?" asked Mr. Eldridge, who did not feel much inclined to brave public opinion.

"I don't see that we can well avoid doing so. Parties will be given, and as Fanny is our niece, it will look like a slight towards her if we hold back. No, she must have a party; and as I am resolved to exclude liquor, we must come in first. Who knows but all the rest may follow our example."

"Don't flatter yourself on any such result. We shall stand alone, you may depend upon it."

The evening of the party came, and a large company assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge. At eleven o'clock they passed to the supper-room. On this time, the thoughts of the host and hostess had passed, ever and anon, during the whole evening, and not without many misgivings as to the effect their entertainment would produce on the minds of the company. Mr. Eldridge was particularly nervous on the subject. There were several gentlemen present whom he knew to be lovers of good wine; gentlemen at whose houses he had often been entertained, and never without the exhilarating glass. How would they feel? What would they think? What would they say? These questions fairly haunted him; and he regretted, over and over again, that he had yielded to his wife and excluded the liquors.

But there was no holding back now; the die was cast; and they must stand to the issue. Mr. Eldridge tried to speak pleasantly to the lady on his arm, as he ascended to the supper-room; but the words came heavily from his tongue, for his heart was dying in him. Soon the company were around the table, and eyes, critical in such matters, taking hurried inventories of what it contained. Setting aside the wine and brandy, the entertainment was of the most liberal character, and the whole arrangement extremely elegant. At each end of the table stood a large coffee-urn, surrounded with cups, the meaning of which was not long a mystery to the company. After the terrapin, oysters, salad, and their accompaniments, Mr. Eldridge said to a lady, in a half hesitating voice, as if he were almost ashamed to ask the question:

"Will you have a cup of coffee?"

"If you please," was the smiling answer. "Nothing would suit me better."

"Delicious!" Mr. Eldridge heard one of the gentlemen, of whom he stood most in dread, say: "This is indeed a treat. I wouldn't give such a cup of coffee for the best glass of wine you could bring me."

"I am glad you are pleased," Mr. Eldridge could not help remarking, as he turned to the gentleman.

"You couldn't have pleased me better," was replied.

Soon the cups were circling through the room, and every one seemed to enjoy the rich beverage. It was not the ghost of coffee, nor coffee robbed of its delicate aroma; but clear, strong, fragrant, and mellowed by the most delicious cream. Having elected to serve coffee, Mrs. Eldridge was careful that her entertain-

ment should not prove a failure through any lack of excellence in this article. And it was very far from proving a failure. The first surprise being over, one and another began to express an opinion on the subject to the host and hostess.

"Let me thank you," said a lady, taking the hand of Mrs. Eldridge, and speaking very warmly, "for your courage in making this innovation upon a custom of doubtful prudence. I thank you, as a mother, who has two sons here to-night."

She said no more, but Mrs. Eldridge understood well her whole meaning.

"You are a brave man, and I honor you," was the remark of a gentleman to Mr. Eldridge. "There will be many, I think, to follow your good example. I should never have had the courage to lead, but I think I shall be brave enough to follow, when it comes my turn to entertain my friends."

Henry was standing by his father, when this was said, listening with respectful, but deeply gratified attention.

"My son, sir," said Mr. Eldridge.

The gentleman took the boy's hand, and while he held it, the father added,

"I must let the honor go to where it really is due. The suggestion came from him. He is a Cadet of Temperance, and when the party was talked of, he pleaded so earnestly for the substitution of coffee for wine and brandy, and used such good reasons for the change, that we saw only one right course before us, and that we have adopted."

The gentleman, on hearing this, shook the lad's hand warmly, and said,

"Your father has reason to be proud of you, my brave boy! There is no telling what good may grow out of this thing. Others will follow your father's example, and hundreds of young men be saved from the enticements of the wine cup."

With what strong throbs of pleasure did the boy's heart beat, when these words came to his ears. He had scarcely hoped for success, when he pleaded briefly, but earnestly, with his mother. Yet he felt that he must speak, for to his mind, what she proposed doing was a great evil. Since it had been resolved to banish liquor from the entertainment, he had heard his father and mother speak several times doubtfully as to the result; and more than once his father expressed regret that any such "foolish" attempt to run in the face of people's prejudices had been thought of. Naturally, he had felt anxious about the result; but now that the

affair had gone off so triumphantly, his heart was outgushing with pleasure.

The result was as had been predicted. Four parties were given to the bride, and in each case the good example of Mrs. Eldridge was followed. Coffee took the place of wine and brandy, and it was the remark of nearly all, that there had been no pleasanter parties during the season.

So much for what a boy may do, by only a few right words, spoken at the right time, and in the right manner. Henry Eldridge was thoughtful, modest, and earnest-minded. His attachment to the cause of temperance was not a mere boyish enthusiasm; but the result of a conviction, that intemperance was a vice, destructive to both soul and body; and one that lay like a curse and a plague-spot on society. He could understand how, if the boys rejected, entirely, the cup of confusion, the next generation of men would be sober; and this had led him to join the Cadets, and do all in his power to get other lads to join also. In drawing other lads into the order, he had been very successful; and now, in a few respectfully uttered, but earnest words, he had checked the progress of intemperance in a circle far beyond the ordinary reach of his influence.

Henry Eldridge was a happy boy that night.

How MEN GROW.—Henry Ward Beecher thus tells: "Even in the darkest cellar, when spring comes, the tuber will sprout. No rains help it, and no sunlight; yet it will waste its very life in shooting forth long and etiolated stems, and reach towards any chink or crevice through which the faintest gleam may come. But so little light as that makes growth to be exhaustion. And such are men grown in the darkness and dungeons of oppression; while a free man, with all the circumstances and opportunity of admirable liberty, resembles more our own New England pine, that asks not richness of soil; that grows from among the rocks, and clothes the granite hills, and feeds abundantly, even in the very sands—whose leaf never withers, and is as green in the winter as in the summer. Behold it, standing on the mountain's top, and singing with every branch when the summer winds sigh through it; and even in the direst extremity of winter bearing up the cold snows upon its tufted branches, as the warrior carries the white plume upon his head. And such is the man full grown, and strong in the nourishing air of liberty."

The Soldier's Dying Wife.

BY ALMENA C. S. ALLARD.

"I am weary waiting, mother,
Through the days and nights so long;
I am weary, weary watching,
At the evening and the dawn;
And when tossing on my pillow,
Brow and heart so full of pain,
When the chill and solemn midnight
Holds o'er earth its silent reign.

"I half fancy he is coming,
That I hear his step once more,
Coming up the flag-stone pavement,
That his hand is on the door;
And I hold my breath and listen
For his voice, but all in vain;
It was nothing but the patter
And the sobbing of the rain.

"Mother, darling, I shall never
Look again upon his face;
I had hoped through all these spring days
For one more, one last embrace;
But I bow in resignation,
For I feel it may not be;
I am by the river Jordan;—
He is by the Tennessee.

"If he comes when war is ended,
With that step so proud and high,
With the fire of battle flashing
In his lofty eagle eye:
If his dear face seems expectant,
As he enters at the gate,
And if towards the door he glances,
Seeming some one to await;—

"Go out, mother, dear, and greet him
Tenderly, but do not weep;
When he eager asks for 'Annie,'
Tell him that I am asleep;
Take him to our own room, mother,
Let the books be all arranged,
And the vases and the pictures
As they were; let naught be changed.

"Give him then this letter, mother,
His deep sorrow it will tell:
With my dying blessing freighted,
Closing with my sad farewell;
You must go and leave him, mother,
Till the first wild storm is past—
For his form will bend and quiver,
Like a strong oak in the blast.

"If he says that all the honor
He has earned is nothing now—
He would rather have, than laurels,
Annie's hand upon his brow—
He would rather hear one accent
Of her voice, than all the praise,
Than all the acclamations
A grateful land could raise.

"Go, and sit down by him, mother,
Wipe the hot tears from his face—
Take the curls I cut off, gently
From their quiet resting place;
Place them in his hand, where hanging,
They may fall in a caress;
Ah, how often in his fondness,
He has toyed with each tress!

"You must tell him then, my mother,
That as grew the hectic deep,
Flamed the torches death had lighted
On the paleness of my cheek;—
Tell him how I longed to see him,
But was happier, the bride
Of an absent, *soldier husband*,
Than with *coward* by my side.

"Mother, it is very bitter,
And my aching heart is sore,
That his voice's tender accents
I shall listen to no more;
That my head so weak and drooping,
Never, never more will rest,
Where so oft it has been pillowed,
On his broad and manly breast.

"This may seem like weakness, mother,
Ill becoming soldier's wife;
But the heart will not be stifled—
Love is parallel with life;
But the heart must yield to duty,
Though it should be cleft in twain;
And were Verner here, as last Spring,
I should send him forth again.

"'Donelson' and 'Pittsburg Landing!'
Names I shudder yet to hear,
For within those long wide trenches,
Friends of others just as dear,
As the one for whom I trembled,
Sleep unshrouded and unblest
By the rain-drops of affection,
Dropping o'er their place of rest.

"But you must not tell him, mother,
Of the chills that shook my frame,
As among the 'killed and wounded'
List, I searched to find his name;
Cold suspense seemed like a serpent,
Twined around my shrinking form,
And my drooping life has yielded,
As a flower in the storm.

"Is the evening coming, mother?
For the room is getting dark;
No—I feel it is the shadow
Of the valley, which my bark
Of life is swiftly nearing.
Farewell, mother, mother dear;
Tell him all that I have told you—
Tell him Annie still is near."

McCONNELSVILLE, OHIO.

Country Life.

The "Country Parson," who has the merit of taking practical and common sense views of things, offers a few suggestions on country life that are interesting, as going past all romance, and bringing us to the actual. He says:—

I wish to assure the man, shut up in a great city, that he has compensations and advantages of which he probably does not think. The keenness of his relish for country scenes, the intensity of his enjoyment of his occasional glimpses of them, counterbalance in a great degree the fact that his glimpses of them are but few. I live in the country now, and have done so for several years. It is a beautiful district of country too, and amid a quiet and simple population; yet I must confess that my youthful notion of rural bliss is a good deal abated. "Use lessens marvel, it is said:" one cannot be always in raptures about what one sees every hour of every day. It is the man in populous cities pent, who knows the value of green fields. It is your cockney (I mean your educated Londoner) who reads *Bracebridge Hall* with the keenest delight, and luxuriates in the thought of country scenes, country houses, country life. He has not come close enough to discern the flaws and blemishes of the picture; and he has not learned by experience that in whatever scenes led, human life is always much the same thing. I have long since found that the country, in this nineteenth century, is by no means a scene of Arcadian innocence;—that its apparent simplicity is sometimes dogged stupidity;—that men lie and cheat in the country just as much as in the town, and that the country has even more of mischievous tittle-tattle;—that sorrow and care and anxiety may quite well live in Elizabethan cottages grown over with honeysuckle and jasmine, and that very sad eyes may look forth from windows round which roses twine. The poets (town poets, no doubt) were drawing upon their imagination, when they told how "Virtue lives in Irwan's Vale," and how "with peace and plenty there, lives the happy villager." Virtue and religion are plants of difficult growth, even in the country; and notwithstanding Cowper's exquisite poem, I am not sure that "The calm retreat, the silent shade, with prayer and praise agree," better than the closet into which the weary man may enter, in the quiet evening, after the business and bustle of the town. People may pace up

and down a country lane, between fragrant hedges of blossoming hawthorn, and tear their neighbors' characters to very shreds. And the eye that is sharp to see the minutest object on the hillside far away, may be blind to the beauty which is spread over all the landscape. Nor is the country always in the trim holiday dress which delights the summer wayfarer. Country roads are not all nicely gravelled walks between edges of clipped box, or through velvety turf, shaven by weekly mowings. There are many days on which the country looks, to any one without a most decided taste for it, extremely bleak and drear. The roads are puddles of mud, which will search its way through boots to which art has supplied soles of two inches thickness. The deciduous trees are shivering skeletons, bending before the howling blast. The sheep paddle about the brown fields, eating turnips mingled with clay. Now, for myself, I like all that: but a man from the town would not. I positively enjoy the wet, blustering afternoon, with its raw wind, its driving sleet, its roads of mud. How delightful the rapid "constitutional" from half-past two till half-past four, with the comfortable feeling that we have accomplished a good forenoon's work at our desk (sermon or article, as the case may be), and with the cheerful prospect of getting rid of all these sloppy garments, and feeling so snug and clean ere we sit down to dinner, when we shall hear the rain and wind softened into music through the warm crimson drapery of our windows; and then the evening of leisure amid books and music, with the *placens uxor*, on the other easy-chair by the fireside, and the little children, screaming with delight, tumbling about one's knees. So I like even the gusty, rainy afternoon, for the sake of all that it suggests to me. Nor will the true inhabitant of the country forget the delight with which he has hailed a gloomy, drizzling November day, when he has evergreen shrubs to transplant. Have I not stood for hours, in a state of active and sensible enjoyment, watching how the hollies and yews and laurels gradually clothed some bare spot or unsightly corner, rejoicing that the calm air and ceaseless mizzle which made my attendants and myself like soaked sponges, was life to these stout shoots and these bright hearty green leaves! But a town man does not understand all these things; and I have no doubt that on one of these January days, when the entire distant prospect—hills, sky, trees, fields—might be faithfully depicted on canvas by different shades of Indian ink, he

would see nothing in the prospect but gloom and desolation.

Then it is very picturesque to see the ploughman at work on a soft, mild winter day. It is a beautiful contrast, that light brown of the turned-over earth, and the fresh green of the remainder of the field; and what more pleasing than these lines of furrow, so beautifully straight and regular? But go up and walk by the ploughman's side, you man from town, and see how you like it. You will find it awfully dirty work. In a few minutes you will find it difficult to drag along your feet, laden with some pounds weight to each of adherent earth; and you will have formed some idea of the physical exertion, and the constant attention, which the ploughman needs, to keep his furrow straight and even, to retain the plough the right depth in the ground, and to manage his horses. Hard work for that poor fellow; and ill-paid work. No horse, mule, donkey, camel, or other beast of labor in the world, goes through so much exertion in proportion to his strength, between sunrise and sunset, as does that rational being, all to earn the humblest shelter and the poorest fare that will maintain bare life. You walk beside him, and see how poorly he is dressed. His feet have been wet since six o'clock A. M., when he went half a mile from his cottage up to the stables of the farm to dress his horses: he has had a little tea and coarse bread, and nothing more, for his dinner at twelve o'clock (I speak from personal knowledge): he will have nothing more till his twelve (I have known it fifteen) hours of work are finished, when he will have his scanty supper: and while he is walking backwards and forwards all day, his mind is not so engaged but that he has abundant time to think of his little home anxieties, which are not little to him, though they may be nothing, my reader, to you—of the ailing wife at home, for whom the doctor orders wine which he cannot buy, and of the children, poorly fed, and barely clad, and hardly at all educated, born to the same life of toil and penury as himself. I know nothing about political economy; I have not understanding for it; and I feel glad, when I think of the social evils I see, that the responsibility of treating them rests upon abler heads than mine. Neither do I know how much truth there may be in the stories of which I hear the echoes from afar, of the occasional privation and oppression of the manufacturing poor, against which, as it seems to me, these unhappy strikes and trades unions are their helpless and frantic appeal. But I can say, from my own

knowledge of the condition of our agricultural population, that sometimes men bearing the character of reputable farmers practise as great tyranny and cruelty towards their laborers and cottars, under a pure sky and amid beautiful scenery, as ever disgraced the ugly and smoky factory-town, where such things seem more in keeping with the locality.

Yet, though in a gloomy mood, one can easily make out a long catalogue of country evils,—evils which I know cannot be escaped in a fallen world, and among a sinful race,—still I thank God that my lot is cast in the country. I know, indeed, that the town contains at once the best and the worst of mankind. In the country, we are, intellectually and morally, a sort of middling species; we do not present the extremes, either in good or evil, which are to be found in the hot-house atmosphere of great cities. There is no reasoning with tastes, as every one knows; but to some men there is, at every season, an indescribable charm about a country life. I like to know all about the people around me; and I do not care though in return they know all, and more than all, about me. I like the audible stillness in which one lives on autumn days; the murmur of the wind through trees even when leafless, and the brawl of the rivulet even when swollen and brown. There is a constant source of innocent pleasure and interest in little country cares, in planting and tending trees and flowers, in sympathizing with one's horses and dogs,—even with pigs and poultry. And although one may have lived beyond middle age without the least idea that he had any taste for such matters, it is amazing how soon he will find, when he comes to call a country home his own, that the taste has only been latent, kept down by circumstances, and ready to spring into vigorous existence whenever the repressing circumstances are removed. Men in whom this is not so, are the exception to the universal rule. Take the senior wrangler from his college, and put him down in a pretty country parsonage; and in a few weeks he will take kindly to training honeysuckle and climbing roses, he will find scope for his mathematics in laying out a flower-garden, and he will be all excitement in planning and carrying out an evergreen shrubbery, a primrose bank, a winding walk, a little stream with a tiny waterfall, spanned by a rustic bridge. Proud he will be of that piece of engineering, as ever was Robert Stephenson when he had spanned the stormy Menai. There is something in all this simple work that makes a man

kind-hearted: out-of-door occupation of this sort gives one much more cheerful views of men and things, and disposes one to sympathize heartily with the cottager proud of his little rose-plots, and of his enormous gooseberry that attained to renown in the pages of the county newspaper. I do not say anything of the incalculable advantage to health which arises from this pleasant intermingling of mental and physical occupation in the case of the recluse scholar; nor of the animated rebound with which one lays down the pen or closes the volume, and hastens out to the total change of interest which is found in the open air; nor of the evening at mental work again, but with the lungs that play so freely, the head that feels so cool and clear, the hand so firm and ready, testifying that we have not forgotten the grand truth that to care for bodily health and condition is a Christian duty, bringing with its due discharge an immediate and sensible blessing. I am sure that the poor man who comes to ask a favor of his parish clergyman, has a far better chance of finding a kind and unhurried hearing, if he finds him of an afternoon superintending his labors, rosy with healthful exercise, delighted with the good effect which has been produced by some little improvement—the deviation of a walk, the placing of an araucaria—than if he found the parson a bilious, dyspeptic, splenetic, gloomy, desponding, morose, misanthropic, horrible animal, with knitted brow and jarring nerves, lounging in his easy-chair before the fire, and afraid to go out into the fine clear air, for fear (unhappy wretch) of getting a sore throat or a bad cough. I remember to have read somewhere of an humble philanthropist who undertook the reformation of a number of juvenile thieves; and for that end employed them in a large garden somewhere near London, to raise vegetables and flowers for the market. There did the youthful prig concentrate his thoughts on the planting of cabbage, and find the unwonted delight of a day spent in innocent labor; there did the area-sneak bud the rose and set the potato; and there, as days passed on, under the gentle influence of vegetable nature, did a healthier, happier, purer tone come over the spiritual nature, even as a healthier blood came to heart and veins. The philanthropist was a true philosopher. There is not a more elevating and purifying occupation than that of tending the plants of the earth. I should never be afraid of finding a man revengeful, malignant, or cruel, whom I knew to be fond of his shrubs and flowers.

And I believe that in the mind of most men of cultivation, there is some vague, undefined sense that the country is the scene where human life attains its happiest development. I believe that the great proportion of such men cherish the hope, perhaps a distant and faint one, that at some time they shall possess a country home where they may pass the last years tranquilly, far from the tumult of cities. Many of those who cherish such a hope will never realize it; and many more are quite unsuited for enjoying a country life were it within their reach. But all this is founded upon the instinctive desire there is in human nature to possess some portion of the earth's surface. You look with indescribable interest at an acre of ground which is your own. There is something quite remarkable about your own trees. You have a sense of property in the sunset over your own hills. And there is a perpetual pleasure in the sight of a fair landscape, seen from your own door. Do not believe people who say that all scenes soon become indifferent, through being constantly seen. An ugly street may cease to be a vexation, when you get accustomed to it; but a pleasant prospect becomes even more pleasant, when the beauty which arises from your own associations with it is added to that which is properly its own. No doubt, you do grow weary of the landscape before your windows, when you are spending a month at some place of temporary sojourn, seaside or inland; but it is quite different with that which surrounds your own home. You do not try that by so exacting a standard. You never think of calling your constant residence dull, though it may be quiet to a degree which would make you think a place insupportably dull, to which you were paying a week's visit.

SELF-SACRIFICES.—There is not one of us who has not a brother or a sister, a friend or a schoolmate, whom we can make better as well as happier. Every day calls upon us for sacrifices of small selfishness, for forbearance under provocation, and for the subjugation of evil propensities. Drop the stone you were about to throw in retaliation for insult; unclench that fist with which you were about to redress some supposed, perhaps some real wrong; silence that tongue, about to utter words which would poison like the venom of asps; expel that wicked imagination, that comes into your thoughts as Satan came into the Garden of Eden; for if you do not drive that out of your paradise, it will drive you out.

A Class of American Women.

Anthony Trollope, in his recent volume on North America, lets off some pretty severe philippics on a class of American women, who do not always conduct themselves with a due regard to masculine rights. It will do them no harm to see themselves as others see them. He thus writes:—

I soon gave up all attempts at keeping a seat in one of these cars. It became my practice to sit down on the outside iron rail behind, and as the conductor generally sat in my lap I was in a measure protected. As for the inside of these vehicles, the women of New York were, I must confess, too much for me. I would no sooner place myself on a seat, than I would be called on by a mute, unexpressive, but still impressive stare into my face, to surrender my place. From cowardice if not from gallantry I would always obey; and as this led to discomfort and an irritated spirit, I preferred nursing the conductor on the hard bar in the rear.

And here if I seem to say a word against women in America, I beg that it may be understood that I say that word only against a certain class; and even as to that class I admit that they are respectable, intelligent, and, as I believe, industrious. Their manners, however, are to me more odious than those of any other human beings that I ever met elsewhere. Nor can I go on with that which I have to say without carrying my apology further, lest perchance I should be misunderstood by some American women whom I would not only exclude from my censure, but would include in the very warmest eulogium which words of mine could express as to those of the female sex whom I love and admire the most. I have known, do know, and mean to continue to know as far as in me may lie, American ladies as bright, as beautiful, as graceful, as sweet, as mortal limits for brightness, beauty, grace, and sweetness will permit. They belong to the aristocracy of the land, by whatever means they may have become aristocrats. In America one does not inquire as to their birth, their training, or their old names. The fact of their aristocratic power comes out in every word and look. It is not only so with those who have travelled or with those who are rich. I have found female aristocrats with families and slender means, who have as yet made no grand tour across the ocean. These women

are charming beyond expression. It is not only their beauty. Had he been speaking of such, Wendell Phillips would have been right in saying that they have brains all over them. So much for those who are bright and beautiful; who are graceful and sweet! And now a word as to those who to me are neither bright nor beautiful; and who can be to none either graceful or sweet.

It is a hard task that of speaking ill of any woman, but it seems to me that he who takes upon himself to praise incurs the duty of dispraising also where dispraise is, or to him seems to be, deserved. The trade of a novelist is very much that of describing the softness, sweetness, and loving dispositions of women; and this he does, copying as best he can from nature. But if he only sings of that which is sweet, whereas that which is not sweet too frequently presents itself, his song will in the end be untrue and ridiculous. Women are entitled to much observance from men, but they are entitled to no observance which is incompatible with truth. Women, by the conventional laws of society, are allowed to exact much from men, but they are allowed to exact nothing for which they should not make some adequate return. It is well that a man should kneel in spirit before the grace and weakness of a woman, but it is not well that he should kneel either in spirit or body if there be neither grace or weakness. A man should yield everything to a woman for a word, for a smile,—to one look of entreaty. But if there be no look of entreaty, no word, no smile, I do not see that he is called upon to yield much.

The happy privileges with which women are at present blessed, have come to them from a spirit of chivalry. That spirit has taught men to endure in order that women may be at their ease; and has generally taught women to accept the ease bestowed on them with grace and thankfulness. But in America the spirit of chivalry has sunk deeper among men than it has among women. It must be borne in mind that in that country material well-being and education are more extended than with us; and that, therefore, men there have learned to be chivalrous who with us have hardly progressed so far. The conduct of men to women throughout the States is always gracious. They have learned the lesson. But it seems to me that the women have not advanced as far as the men have done. They have acquired a sufficient perception of the privileges which chivalry gives them, but no perception of that return which chivalry demands from them.

Women of the class to which I allude are always talking of their rights; but seem to have a most indifferent idea of their duties. They have no scruple at demanding from men everything that a man can be called on to relinquish in a woman's behalf; but they do so without any of that grace which turns the demand made into a favor conferred.

I have seen much of this in various cities of America, but much more of it in New York than elsewhere. I have heard young Americans complain of it, swearing that they must change the whole tenor of their habits towards women. I have heard American ladies speak of it with loathing and disgust. For myself, I have entertained on sundry occasions that sort of feeling for an American woman which the close vicinity of an unclean animal produces. I have spoken of this with reference to street cars, because in no position of life does an unfortunate man become more liable to these anti-feminine atrocities than in the centre of one of these vehicles. The woman, as she enters, drags after her a misshapen, dirty mass of dotted wirework, which she calls her crinoline, and which adds as much to her grace and comfort as a log of wood does to a donkey when tied to the animal's leg in a paddock. Of this she takes much heed, not managing it so that it may be conveyed up the carriage with some decency, but striking it about against men's legs, and heaving it with violence over people's knees. The touch of a real woman's dress is in itself delicate; but these blows from a harpy's fins are loathsome. If there be two of them they talk loudly together, having a theory that modesty has been put out of court by women's rights. But, though not modest, the woman I describe is ferocious in her propriety. She ignores the whole world around her, and as she sits with raised chin and face flattened by affectation, she pretends to declare aloud that she is positively not aware that any man is even near her. She speaks as though to her, in her womanhood, the neighborhood of men was the same as that of dogs or cats. They are there, but she does not hear them, see them, or even acknowledge them by any courtesy of motion. But her own face always gives her the lie. In her assumption of indifference she displays her nasty consciousness, and at each attempt of a would-be propriety is guilty of an immodesty. Who does not know the timid retiring face of the young girl who when alone among men unknown to her feels that it becomes her to keep herself secluded? As many men as there are around

her, so many knights has such a one, ready bucklered for her service, should occasion require such services. Should it not, she passes on unmolested,—but not, as she herself will wrongly think, unheeded. But as to her of whom I am speaking, we may say that every twist of her body and every tone of her voice is an unsuccessful falsehood. She looks square at you in the face, and you rise to give her your seat. You rise from a deference to your own old convictions, and from that courtesy which you have ever paid to a woman's dress, let it be worn with ever such hideous deformities. She takes the place from which you have moved without a word or a bow. She twists herself round, banging your shins with her wires, while her chin is still raised, and her face is still flattened, and she directs her friend's attention to another seated man, as though that place were also vacant, and necessarily at her disposal. Perhaps the man opposite has his own ideas about chivalry. I have seen such a thing, and have rejoiced to see it.

You will meet these women daily, hourly,—everywhere in the streets. Now and again you will find them in society, making themselves even more odious there than elsewhere. Who they are, whence they come, and why they are so unlike that other race of women of which I have spoken, you will settle for yourself. Do we not all say of our chance acquaintances after half an hour's conversation,—nay, after half an hour spent in the same room without conversation,—that this woman is a lady, and that that other woman is not? They jostle each other even among us, but never seem to mix. They are closely allied; but neither imbues the other with her attributes. Both shall be equally well-born, or both shall be equally ill-born; but still it is so. The contrast exists in England; but in America it is much stronger. In England women become ladylike or vulgar. In the States they are either charming or odious.

See that female walking down Broadway. She is not exactly such a one as her I have attempted to describe on her entrance into the street car; for this lady is well dressed, if fine clothes will make well-dressing. The machinery of her hoops is not battered, and altogether she is a personage much more distinguished in all her expenditures. But yet she is a copy of the other woman. Look at the train which she drags behind her over the dirty pavement, where dogs have been, and chewers of tobacco, and everything concerned with filth except a scavenger. At every hun-

dred yards some unhappy man treads upon the silken swab which she trails behind her,—loosening it dreadfully at the girth one would say; and then see the style of face and the expression of features with which she accepts the sinner's half-muttered apology. The world, she supposes, owes her everything because of her silken train,—even room enough in a crowded thoroughfare to drag it along unmo-
 lested. But, according to her theory, she owes the world nothing in return. She is a woman with perhaps a hundred dollars on her back, and having done the world the honor of wearing them in the world's presence, expects to be repaid by the world's homage and chivalry. But chivalry owes her nothing,—nothing, though she walk about beneath a hundred times a hundred dollars,—nothing even though she be a woman. Let every woman learn this,—that chivalry owes her nothing unless she also acknowledge her debt to chivalry. She must acknowledge it and pay it; and then chivalry will not be backward in making good her claims upon it.

How to Beautify Life.

There is no more marked phase of the prevailing prodigality than the extravagance of the female toilet. That the rich should spend their wealth is naturally to be expected, but it would be well if it were spent in such a way as not to vulgarize the tastes and demoralize the character of their fellow-citizens. The expenditure of the opulent, particularly that of women, is too personal in its character, and necessarily leads to imitation. If the wealthy dame will persist in making a show of her riches upon her person, her less opulent rival will not be outdone in expense, even if she should break her back or her husband's credit by its weight. There is such a spirit of intense competition in the female heart that no consequences will deter a woman from an effort to equal a rival in personal attractions, which the female sex will persist in thinking depend upon the richness of their adornments.

If, however, women dressed to please their male admirers, they would remember that it is the universal sentiment of mankind that "beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," and that even homeliness gains nothing by being richly set. There is not one man out of a hundred who has not "dealt in the article" who is conscious of the difference between

Brussels and cotton lace, or silk and calico. All that the most fastidious male admirer will insist upon is, that propriety of female dress which comes from suitableness and harmony of color, neatness of fit and perfectness of detail. There is nothing so charming to a cultivated man as the exhibition on a woman's dress of a refined taste, exercised in the simplest materials. A plain calico neatly made and cunningly trimmed, with the nice proprieties of a pure white collar, a hand well gloved, and a foot *bien chaussée*, is the drapery the most provocative of admiration the male observer is conscious of.

Women, however, do not dress to attract the opposite sex, but their own. Men admire in female attire the becoming, but women the costly. It is to catch the knowing woman's eye, which can tell at a glance the difference between the cheap and the expensive, that our Junos spread out their fine feathers. Cheap calicoes are eschewed for moire antiques, cotton for Valenciennes lace, and French shawls for Cashmeres, and for no better reason than because cheap is cheap, and dear is dear, and sharp-sighted woman is conscious of the difference, and admires the wearer accordingly.

It is astonishing to what an extent this passion for expense in female dress is carried. Let us count the items. There is the jewelry, which may amount to any sum from one to thousands of dollars. There are the laces, with the multiple varieties of Valenciennes, Chantilly, points d'Alençon, and *appliqué*, enveloping, under the forms of veils, collars, sleeves, handkerchiefs, flounces, and insertions, the fluttering insect of fashion in a web that would have puzzled the skill of Arachne to have woven. A single veil often costs \$20, and a pocket handkerchief half that amount. As for the dresses, since they go on increasing in expansiveness, until they bid fair to outswell the dome of St. Paul's, it is difficult to embrace them within an estimate, or, in fact, within anything of fixed proportions. Say, however, that there are ten—each containing at least twenty yards of stuff—some of moire antique or stamped velvet, and others of the simplest material, the most expensive of which may have cost the yearly salary of many a respectable hard-working man.

To love such a woman may not be, as Steele said of a charming person of his day, a liberal education, but to possess her is undoubtedly a very pretty little fortune. We have taken, perhaps, an extreme case, but it is a genuine one, derived from real life, and will serve to

show the standard of female expense, which, if not always reached, is more or less approximated, and universally aspired to.

Examples of prodigality are found everywhere, but we conscientiously believe they are getting more frequent now than ever they were in female dress. Such examples should be avoided by the rich for their vulgarity, and by the poor for their danger.

If happiness consists in dressing extravagantly, it admits of many diversities. There is, however, one beauty of the willow, another of the magnolia, another of the live-oak; and so the elements of happiness, like those of beauty, vary in different organizations. The plan of happiness we would recommend is, not to force ourselves into other people's ways and imitate their modes, but to believe in our own nature, and make the best of that we can. Of all the abuses of what phrenology calls imitativeness, that is the most ridiculous which follows others in their particular channels of happiness.

If our object is to beautify life, let us see where it is best to begin. The best point to start from is simplicity. It is a great intellectual quality; it is a grand moral virtue. To be simple-minded is to be in a position to learn, and to be simple-hearted is to have access to all the love in the universe. This simplicity keeps alive the childhood of the soul, and makes every day a fresh gift from Heaven. How the senses live in it! How the spirit, cherishing its glad freedom, and content with its abounding consciousness, has a patrimony of blessedness in its infinite joy! Now, this simplicity is just what we need. For we act as if we believed that a man must own a little of everything to be rich, and enjoy a share of everything before he can be respectably happy. We are idolaters of the much. Far wiser would it be to cultivate the simplicity which expands the little within easy reach into a great deal, and by having a big heart, enlarges all that comes into it to the measure of its own capacity. Intelligent and living simplicity would cure half of our follies. It would convert our fops into gentlemen, and our fashionable belles into well-behaved women. It would build us such houses as had ideas in them as well as bricks. It would give us social festivities that would look higher than the cork of a wine-bottle. Above all else, a genuine simplicity would tend to diminish that excessive regard for circumstances which so often occupies the mind, to the exclusion of veneration for character. Acting thus on us, it would

soon show itself in outward life, breathing the spirit of art beyond the immediate sphere of art itself, and exalting us to the enjoyment of such pleasures as Nature offers to those who, by refinement and purity, are capable of appreciating her as the work of infinite beauty.

Life may be beautified by well-directed efforts to improve the society of home. We say well-directed efforts, for few there are among parents who have just that peculiar wisdom and temper which give the right tone to domestic character. Sympathy with children is a great means of cultivating the sense of moral and social beauty; it is such a pure and unmixed emotion, so singularly free from fictitious elements, so spontaneous in its light-some activity, that generous Nature has ample scope in it for her best instincts. The happiness of childhood is born within itself, and by entering into its gladness we learn the lesson which age is so apt to forget, that the mere consciousness of existence is a fruitful source of pleasure. Then, too, the various offices of home, while they exert a potent influence by the duties springing from such relationship, are yet more effective in the higher culture of character by the outgoings of that delicate, quiet, appreciative spirit, which seeks to adjust look, tone, and manner to the aspects of the family circle. Then, too, the calm of home, what a mighty power! We lose the inspirations of nature for want of tranquillity. Out into the fields and beneath the skies we carry eager, restless, turbulent thoughts; but the fireside breathes repose, and because of this, images of beauty and love rise from its hours of stillness and charm us heavenward. Is not this a kind of beauty and a kind of happiness which the most costly lavishment in dress can never give?

'TIS HABIT THAT MAKES OR MARS US.—Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed; no flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the evidence of truth and virtue.

My Cripple Boy.

BY ADA HAWLEY.

Oft when I watch my cripple boy,
With face whose lines of earnest thought,
Are lighted by some sudden joy—
Some passing sunbeam newly caught,
That gilds the Present's darksome day,
And makes him for the time forget
How all the Future's weary way,
With thorns and brambles thick is set;
A rush of mingled hope and pain
In tidal waves, sweeps o'er my soul;—
The first refreshes heart and brain,
The last, receding, leaves a shoal
On which love sees its idol thrown,
Unsheltered, motherless, alone.

Oh! when I see him looking on
With saddened brow and burning cheek,
While other children shout and run
In blind-man's-buff, or hide-and-seek,
And some, perchance, with careless jest,
Reproach him in their childish glee,
Forgetting by whose high behest
His limbs are bound while theirs are free;
My pulse beats faster, and I fain
Would save him from the anguished throes
That rend my life—yet, ah, how vain,
How wrong my wish, God only knows!
Then comes from Him the better thought
That once on Calvary brightly shone,
For them with full forgiveness fraught
Who mock our pain in jeering tone;
It thrills my frame with newer life,
And lifts me 'bove earth's toil and strife.
I *can* can look with thankful joy
Upon my life-long cripple boy,
Yet know how tried his heart must be,
And that he'll shortly turn away,
And drag his weary limbs to me;—
His throbbing brow then softly lay
Upon my lap to hide the tears
That oft will flow, ere he can know
The lessons which our riper years
Prove better than all else below.

Then while I soothe his troubled heart,
I breathe a fervent, trustful prayer
That God, in kindness, will impart
The strength this burden well to bear.
And as I smooth his flaxen hair,
I tell him of the "Better Land"
Where all is bright and wondrous fair,
And Love and Joy walk hand in hand.
A holy calm steals o'er me then,
In speaking of God's love to men;
While o'er his face a radiant light
Springs up, new-born, to glad my sight.
His eyes of soft, cerulean hue,
(Within whose depths a fount of love

Lies mirrored,) to my soul-wrapt view,
Reflect pure sunlight from above.
Ah! then I feel how kindly giv'n
Are trials and afflictions here,
To draw our earth-bound souls to Heaven.
The way no longer seemeth drear,
For perfect love hath cast out fear.

Margaret Dying.

BY SYBIL PARK CULVER.

Gather back the curtains, mother,
Let the room be full of light,
I shall leave you ere the sunset
Fadeth out in purple night,
And I fain would see the glory
Sweeping down like golden rain
O'er the meadows sweet with clover,
And the fields of waving grain.

I would see the south hills lying
In the distance blue and dim,
Hear the June-leaves softly sighing,
Like a low cathedral hymn.
When the last June-roses blossomed,
Just one little year ago,
I was gayer than the song-bird
Singing where the blue bells grow.

Now I'm dying—but the sunlight
Shineth gayly as before,
Can it be that I shall never
See its golden brightness more?
I am sad to leave you, mother,
Sad to leave each dear home-scene,
Which hath made these sixteen summers
Of my life a pleasant dream.

You will wait beside me, mother,
Till my last faint pulse is still,
And the red light hath departed
Slowly from the western hill;
If you touch my lips with kisses
When the angel seals my eyes,
I shall bear them pure and holy
Through the gates of Paradise.

Put your arms about me, mother,
Fold me closer to your heart;
Swiftly fades the glowing sunset—
Night is coming, we must part.
Through the dark and lonely valley,
Where the death-cold waters flow,
I must haste—the angels call me,
Kiss me now and let me go.

TONAWANDA, Bradford Co., Pa., June, 25, 1862.

Human foresight, to the wisest
Leaves them oft but choice of ill,
Tho' thou well set scheme devisest,
'Twill not always work thy will.

LAY SERMONS.

The Christian Gentleman.

It has been said that no man can be a gentleman who is not a Christian. We take the converse of this proposition, and say that no man can be a Christian who is not a gentleman.

There is something of a stir among the dry bones at this. A few eyes look at us in a rebuking way.

"Show me that in the Bible," says one, in confident negation of our proposition.

"Ah, well, friend, we will take your case in illustration of our theme. You call yourself a Christian?"

"By God's mercy I do."

Answered with an assured manner, as if in no doubt as to your being a worthy bearer of that name.

"You seem to question my state of acceptance. Who made you a judge?"

Softly, friend. We do not like that gleam in your eyes. Perhaps we had better stop here. If you cannot bear the probe, let us put on the bandage again.

"I am not afraid of the probe, sir. Go on."

The name Christian includes all human perfection, does it not?

"Yes, and all God-like perfection in the human soul."

So we understand it. Now the fundamental doctrine of Christian life is this:—"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"Faith in Christ is fundamental," you answer.

Unless we believe in God, we cannot obey his precepts. The understanding must first assent, before the life can be brought into a conformity with divine laws. But we are not assuming theologic ground. It is the life to which we are looking. We said "the fundamental doctrine of Christian life."

"All doctrine has relation to life, and I contend for faith as fundamental."

We won't argue that point, for the reason that it would lead us away from the theme we are considering. We simply change the form of our proposition, and call it a leading doctrine of Christian life.

"So far I agree with you."

Then the way before us is unobstructed again. You asked us to show you authority in the Bible for saying that a man cannot be a Christian who is not a gentleman. We point you to the Golden Rule. In that all laws of etiquette, so called, are included. It is the code of good breeding condensed to an axiom. Now it has so happened

that our observation of you, friend objector, has been closer than may have been imagined. We have noted your outgoings and incomings on divers occasions; and we are sorry to say that you cannot be classed with the true gentleman.

"Sir!"

Gently! Gently! If a man may be a Christian, and not a gentleman at the same time, your case is not so bad. But to the testimony of fact. Let these witness for or against you. Let your own deeds approve or condemn. You are not afraid of judgment by the standard of your own conduct?

"Of course not."

And if we educe only well-remembered incidents, no offence will be taken.

"Certainly not."

We go back, then, and repeat the law of true gentlemanly conduct. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them." You were at Stockbridge last summer?

"Yes."

And took supper at the hotel there, with a small company of strangers?

"Yes."

There was a dish of fine strawberries on the table, among the first of the season. You are fond of strawberries. They are your favorite fruit; and, as their rich fragrance came to your nostrils, you felt eager to taste them. So you counted the guests at the table, and measured the dish of strawberries with your eyes. Then you looked from face to face, and saw that all were strangers. Appetite might be indulged, and no one would know that it was *you*. The strawberries would certainly not go round. So you hurried down a cup of tea, and swallowed some toast quickly. Then you said to the waiter, "Bring me the strawberries." They were brought and set before you. And now, were you simply just in securing your share, if the number fell below a dozen berries? You were taking care of yourself; but in doing so were not others' rights invaded? We shall see. There were eight persons at the table, two of them children. The dish held but little over a quart; of these nearly one-third were taken by you! Would a true gentleman have done that? You haven't thought of it since! We are sorry for you then. One of the children, who only got six berries, cried through half the evening from disappointment. And an invalid, whose blood would have gained life from the rich juice of the fruit, got none.

"It was a little selfish, I admit. But I am so fond of strawberries; and at hotels, you know, every one must take care of himself."

A true gentleman maintains his character under

all circumstances, and a Christian, as a matter of course. A true gentleman defers to others. He takes so much pleasure in the enjoyment of others, that he denies himself in order to secure their gratification. Can a Christian do less and honor the name he bears?

"It wasn't right, I see."

"Was it gentlemanly?"

"No."

"Christian?"

"Perhaps not, strictly speaking."

In the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity, we fear, for all your profession. Christianity, as a system, must go deeper down into the heart than that. But we have begun with you, friend, and we will keep on. Perhaps you will see yourself a little differently by the time we are through. A poor mechanic, who had done some trifling work at your house, called, recently, with his little bill of three dollars and forty cents. You were talking with a customer, when this man came into your store and handed you his small account. You opened it with a slight frown on your brow. He had happened to come at a time when you felt yourself too much engaged to heed his indifferent matter. How almost rudely you thrust the coarse, soiled piece of paper on which he had written his account back upon him, saying, "I can't attend to you now!" The poor man went out hurt and disappointed. Was that gentlemanly conduct? No, sir! Was it Christian? Look at the formula of Christian life. "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

"He should have waited until I was at leisure," you answer. "When a man is engaged with a customer who buys at the rate of hundreds and thousands, he don't want paltry bills thrust into his face. He'll know better next time."

"Have you settled the bill yet?"

"No. He called day before yesterday, but couldn't give change for ten dollars."

"Why haven't you sent him the trifling sum? He worked over half a day at your house, and your family have been more comfortable for what he did there, ever since. He needs the money, for he is a poor man."

You half smile on our face at the suggestion, and say, "Merchants are not in the habit of troubling themselves to send all over the city to pay the little paltry bills of mechanics. If money is worth having, it is worth sending or calling for."

In thought, reverse your positions, and apply the rule for a Christian gentleman; remembering, at the same time, that God is no respecter of persons. In His eyes, the man's position is nothing—the quality of his life, everything.

A gentleman *in form*, according to the rules of good breeding, is one who treats everybody with kindness; who thinks of others' needs, pleasures, and conveniences; and subordinates his own needs,

pleasures and conveniences to theirs. He is mild, gentle, kind and courteous to all. A gentleman *in feeling* does all this from a principle of good will; the Christian from a *law of spiritual life*. Now, a man may be a gentleman, in the common acceptance of the term, and yet not be a Christian; but we are very sure, that he cannot waive the gentleman and be a Christian.

You look at us more soberly. The truth of our words is taking hold of conviction. Shall we go on?

Do you not, in all public places, study your own comfort and convenience? You do not clearly understand the question! We'll make the matter plainer then:

Last evening you were at Concert Hall, with your wife and daughter. You went early, and secured good seats. Not three seats, simply, according to the needs of your party; but nearly five seats, for extra comfort. You managed it on the expansive principle. Well, the house was crowded. Compression and condensation went on all around you; but your party held its expanded position. A white-haired old man stood at the head of your seat, and looked down at the spaces between yourself, your wife and daughter; and though you knew it, you kept your eyes another way until he passed on. You were not going to be incommoded for any one. Then an old lady lingered there for a moment, and looked wistfully along the seat. Your daughter whispered, "Father, we can make room for her." And you answered: "Let her find another seat; I don't wish to be crowded." Thus repressing good impulses in your child, and teaching her to be selfish and unlady-like. The evening's entertainment began, and you sat, quite at ease, for an hour and a half, while many were standing in the aisles. Sir, there was not even the gentleman in form here; much less the gentleman from naturally kind feelings. As to Christian principle, we will not take that into account. Do you remember what you said as you moved through the aisles to the door?

"No."

A friend remarked that he had been obliged to stand all the evening, and you replied:

"We had it comfortable enough. I always manage that, in public places."

He didn't understand all you meant; but, there is One who did.

How was it in the same place only a few nights previously? You went there alone, and happened to be late. The house was well filled in the upper portion, but thinly occupied below the centre. Now you are bound to have the best place, under all circumstances, if it can be obtained. But all the best seats were well filled; and to crowd more into them, would be to diminish the comfort of all. No matter. You saw a little space in one of the desirable seats, and into it you passed, against the remonstrance of looks, and even half uttered objections. A lady by your side, not

in good health, was so crowded in consequence, and made so uncomfortable, that she could not listen with any satisfaction to the eloquent lecture she had come to hear.

We need say no more about your gentlemanly conduct in public places. Enough has been suggested to give you our full meaning.

Shall we go on? Do you call for other incidents in proof of our assumption? Shall we follow you into other walks of life?

"No."

Very well. And, now, to press the matter home: Do you, in the sight of that precept we have quoted, justify such conduct in a man who takes the name of Christian. It was not gentlemanly, in any right sense of the word; and not being so, can it be Christian?

"Perhaps not."

Assuredly not. And you may depend upon it, sir, that your profession, and faith, and church-going, and ordinance-observing, will not stand you in that day when the book of your life is opened in the presence of God. If there has been no genuine love of the neighbor—no self-abnegation—no self-denial for the good of others, all the rest will go for nothing, and you will pass over to abide forever with spirits of a like quality with your own.

Who made us your judge? We judge no man! But only point to the law of Christian life as given by God himself. If you wish to dwell with Him, you must obey His laws; and obedience to these will make you nothing less than a Christian gentleman—that is, a gentleman in heart as well as in appearance.

T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Training Boys.

We take the following from the "Mother's Journal":

The mightiest influences in the world are usually those which make the least noise in their operation. And the best governed families are often those where the fewest commands, threats, reproofs, and the usual machinery of "governing" are heard. If at every step and turn a boy comes up suddenly against some perpendicular "shall" or "shall not," some ominous "you'll catch it if you do," he will be sure to rebel, or at the least to be discouraged.

My neighbor, Mr. Somers, believes in family government—in season and out of season—"when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way;" in short, government without ceasing. Our yards have only a picket fence between—I can therefore speak from personal observation.

"Herbert," said he to his son, a few days ago, "I am going away this afternoon, and I want you to stay in the house and garden, and behave yourself. You are not to go into the barn or workshop—you will be sure to get into mischief. Weed that bed of beets, that you ought to have done three days ago, and don't pull up half the beets themselves, either. Be careful what you do, now—see if you can't be a good boy for once. I should be sorry to have to punish you when I get home."

"But, father, John Winters is coming down to fish with me," replied Herbert.

"No, indeed, he isn't going to do any such thing. My boy doesn't go with such fellows as John Winters. He can't come inside this gate—do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," grumbled Herbert. "I never can do anything I want to—can't I have that quarter of a dollar you promised me?"

"You needn't expect rewards unless you deserve them—it will depend entirely upon your good behaviour."

"But where are you going, father?"

"That is my business—yours is to be careful where you go, and what you do while I am gone"—and Mr. Somers shut the gate and walked away, feeling as much the authority as the responsibility of a father. Herbert also went his way, thinking, probably, that father had made up his mind beforehand that he was going to be a bad boy, that he had no confidence in him, and cared very little whether he was pleased and happy or not, and let him do what he would, there would be just as much complaining when he came home. What wonder that half an hour after he was on his way to the fishing brook with John Winters?

Just across the street I have another neighbor, and as he and his wife started for the market town, a few mornings since, I heard the following parting conversation with their son Willie, whom they left to keep house—

"Now, Willie, you are all the hired man I've got, remember—I shall depend upon you to keep things straight."

"Yes, sir, I'll do it," answered Willie, cheerfully.

"Shall I weed the rest of the garden?"

"I want you to weed two hours, and as much longer as you choose. You had better prepare your vine ground, by-and-by, for I shall bring your grape-vines if I can find them."

"How much do you pay your hired man?" asked the mother, pleasantly.

"Well, Michael has a dollar a day, and Willie can do as much as he any day. I'll pay you at the same rate, Willie; you may keep account of the hours you work, and make out your bill."

"Now don't forget," said his mother, "about the fire, and the chickens, and the pig, and——"

"Yes, yes," said his father, "you've told him all about it twice before. We can trust Willie to have it all regular as clock-work—good-bye, sonny," and they drove away, calling back as they did so—"better not let any boys into the garden, they might like the looks of your strawberry beds too well."

His "better not" was far more powerful than Mr. Somers's "shall not."

Willie went to his work with a pleasant sense of responsibility—for boys like to be trusted. He had a sympathy too with his father, in his efforts to secure a good garden—"the very best on the road; he owned a share in it himself, with a prospect of a grape arbor by-and-by. Then father had hired him, and all these motives combined made him faithful, contented, and happy until his parents' return.

Now it is very probable that these two fathers, and their sons also, have very different natural dispositions, but the results cannot be avoided by any allowance made for these differences. Herbert will be a trial to his father, will long for the time to come when he shall be out from under his authority, which is the strongest tie that binds them together. As soon as possible he will leave home, and the ties which draw him back to it will be at least far weaker than they should be.

Willie will grow up to be a companion and a friend to his parents, their comfort and support, and the dearest interests and affections of his life, be it ever so long, will gather around his father's home.

Courteousness in Children.

BY J. E. M'C.

How naturally we all admire and love a courteous, well-bred little child, and yet how rarely are they met. How quickly a feeling of dislike arises in our hearts for a child whose behaviour is rude and impolite. We should rather learn to look on such a one with feelings of pity, for the character was formed by another hand. If children are instructed from their very earliest conscious existence in the little courtesies of life, they will come to be as much a part of themselves as their own peculiar features; "but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

It takes a constant, watchful care to first implant these right seeds, and then to water them as constantly and tenderly as the gentle dew that falls upon the summer flowers. We must not expect too much, or require perfection in a day, but "line upon line" will surely form the good habits we

desire. "It seems to me I have told Ellen that same thing twenty times over," remarked a mother of her little girl. "And you will have to keep telling her until she is twenty years old," remarked the aged grandmother, who sat by.

If good manners are not formed in childhood, they will almost invariably be left uncultivated through life. There are some few points which can be early inculcated, and which will lay a broad foundation for future correct deportment. And one most important principle is to teach your child to show due respect towards his superiors in age and position. To remain silent when others are speaking, to resign his seat to an elder, instead of selfishly keeping the easy chair for himself, as I have sometimes seen a child do; to answer questions cautiously, and especially let every mother impress on her child's heart that he should "rise up before the gray head, and honor the face of the old man."

"Young America" is drifting sadly away from the old moorings, and the terrible increase of precocious criminals is the natural result. Nothing is trivial which even helps to implant a right feeling. The boy who sits in silence at the table, and waits until others are helped, who acknowledges attention with a courteous "thank you," who naturally recognizes every favor in the same manner, will be a better boy for it in the street, on the play-ground, at school, or wherever he may be. The child who is always required to ask permission before handling, or examining an article belonging to another, will hardly contract the habit, which, however parents may resent the idea, is, alas, too common, of appropriating trifling things which belong to others.

The divine injunction, "be courteous," is one which parents may not overlook without incurring fearful risks with regard to their child's future.

Spirit of Disobedience.

A natural affection and obedience is frequently destroyed in children by parents themselves, in so conducting themselves as to lose their hold upon the generous instincts of childhood; or else in so mismanaging and misgoverning, as to root out and destroy them. This is done sometimes by harsh and severe methods of training. At other times, and more frequently, by an unwise indulgence and a neglect of suitable correction in their earliest years, when good or evil habits are chiefly formed. For I must insist that instead of waiting till children are ten years old, we should begin when they are ten months old—or still earlier—to form their characters and mould their dispositions. The outlines of the future man are pretty distinctly drawn before the child is five years old. Many important changes will take place after that, but the framework generally remains the same.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

Injustice.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Boys," said Uncle Isaac, coming back to the dining-room, where his nephews stood laying plans for going out fishing in the pond that day, "I want the leaves taken off from the strawberry vines to-day. It's high time that the sunshine got to them. Now, boys, set to work with a will, and you shant be the worse off when night comes; and next month you shall have as many bowls of berries and cream as you can put away."

"Augustus and Robert Warren were cousins. The fathers of the boys resided in Boston. Uncle Isaac lived in one of the beautiful towns which we find strung like jewels on all the railroad routes, for miles about the city. The two boys were very fond of getting away from the long vistas of red brick houses, to the fresh crystal air, the joyous sunshine, and the green hills of the country, as everybody is whose heart is not hard and whose vision is not seared to all true beauty.

"Uncle Isaac Warren" was a hearty, good-natured, kindly man, fond of his nephews, for he had no children of his own, and they were sure of a warm welcome and a "real good time" when they visited the pleasant gray cottage on the hill.

The boys were very unlike, however, in person and character. Augustus had light brown curls and blue eyes which laughed underneath them, and Robert had dark hair and deep brown eyes to match it. Augustus was a merry, indolent, fun-loving boy. Robert was reserved, studious.

The boys received their uncle's proposition with eagerness, and set to work among the beds with spirit. It was pleasant work with the sweet spring sunshine, the new golden wine of the year flowing in bright currents all over the earth. The smell of the fresh springing grass had life and health in it, and the boys tore away the dark matting of last year's leaves and grasses from the beds, and found beneath it the tender sprouts of the strawberry plants, among which a little later would hang the great glowing berries.

"I say, this is pleasant work, Augustus!" exclaimed Robert, as he toiled diligently at the stratum of last year's leaves, from which all the grace and beauty had long since departed, and which the winter storms had beat together in a dark, un-ightly, decaying mass.

"Yes, it is," answered Augustus, and then he lifted himself with a sort of weary air, and looked about and descried on the fence close at hand a beautiful golden robin.

"Sh—sh Robert," he whispered, "I'm going to try to catch her;" and he started off with swift, light steps, and he had approached within a few

feet of the bird, when it flashed its golden wings and was gone.

So Augustus came back once more to his work, but in a very few minutes he proposed to Robert to have an interlude, during which they could go down to the pond and see if any fishes had risen to the surface.

"Oh no," said Robert, in his rapid, decided way, "let's keep to work here until we've got through. I want to finish the beds before dinner."

Augustus did not demur any farther than to suggest five minutes couldn't make much difference anyway, which argument, however, did not seem to impress Robert. The former was in a little while engrossed by his "uncle's hired-man," who came down the road in the old wagon. Augustus stopped him.

"Where are you going, John?"

"Over to the mill. Get in, and have a ride, boys."

Augustus answered with a shout. Robert looked up and surveyed the team wistfully, but in a moment his answer came—

"I don't mean to give up this work until it's finished."

"What's the use of sticking at it so close?" inquired Augustus, with a mingling of contempt and argument in his voice.

"Because, when I work I want to work, and when I play I want to play. Father says you can't do two things well at once."

"Well, then, I'll do one—I'm going to play," answered Augustus, and off he started.

In an hour he returned, in high spirits, and before he set to work, he gave Robert a glowing account of the ride he had had. Not long after this Augustus had a chase with the dog, and helped some boys to search for a stray cow; and when noon came, although the beds were finished, he had done less than a quarter of the work.

"Well, boys, you've been smart. I didn't expect to see this," said Uncle Isaac, as he came along just after the boys had thrown themselves down under the tree. Uncle Isaac put his hand in his pocket: "How much must I pay you for this day's work?" he asked, with a pleasant twinkle in his eyes.

"Just what you think it's worth," the boys answered simultaneously. Uncle Isaac drew from his pocket a half dollar and a quarter.

"That's all the change I happen to have about me," he said. "I don't know which deserves the larger pay, but I reckon it's about equal; so I'll just throw the coin into the grass yonder, and he who finds the piece wins it."

I do not think this was by any means a judicious settlement of the matter on the part of Uncle Isaac; but as I said, he was a generous, easy, good-natured sort of man, and didn't give himself the trouble to

inquire farther into the merits of the case. The boys had a short search for the money. Augustus found the half dollar—Robert the quarter.

"I think it's a real shame," murmured Robert Warren to himself, as he walked up and down the road a little later. I've worked just three times as hard as Augustus, and here he gets as much credit and twice as much pay. I say it isn't fair. I'm sorry now, I kept at it so hard. And to see him pocket the money without saying one word, although I know he felt ashamed, for he knew it was mine by good rights!"

Robert Warren's sense of justice was keen, and this had received a wound which pained him much more than the loss of the money. At last, with his face clouded with dissatisfaction, the boy threw himself down under the tree; and there a voice seemed to come and whisper to him—

"Why do you mind it so much, Robert Warren? You did your work not merely for the pay but because it was a pleasure to serve your uncle, and you did it faithfully, diligently, well; and in that you ought to find your reward, and not to be vexing and fretting yourself because that Augustus has got that which didn't belong to him. And if he was selfish enough to pocket the money, and keep it, why, that is his look out, not yours. Just find peace and gladness in the thought that you've passed the morning doing your duty, and your own heart commends you, and that's more than Augustus can say, although he has the money and the credit which rightfully belonged to you."

And Robert Warren rose up, and the cloud had vanished from his face, and when he joined his uncle and his cousin once more, the former said—

"Why, my boy, how happy you look!"

"I feel so, sir!" answered Robert Warren.

Dear children, all of us, the old and the young, have in this world to bear our cross of injustice. It is a hard and cruel thing, but it has its sweet and hidden uses. And happy are we if we learn to take this cross quietly and bear it bravely, knowing that if our hearts approve us, the neglect or condemnation of others cannot do us harm. We must expect to be blamed and wronged sometimes, to see others claim and receive our rights, and it is natural and proper that we should feel indignation at these things; for God has implanted in all human souls a sense of justice deep as life itself.

But we can cultivate a spirit which will neutralize much of the sting and pain which a trespass on our rights so naturally inflicts; and we shall escape much suffering by resolving to do our duty, certain that God will approve it, and thus our souls need not always be torn with petty, narrow, selfish feelings, with heart-burnings and aches, but can grow calm and sweet and strong. So be sure that you carry in your hearts the sweet consciousness of never inflicting injustice upon others, and when it falls upon you, may God help you in a right spirit to take and bear it.

Parlor Amusements.

TO TAKE A SHILLING OUT OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

You ask one of the company for a shilling; then you take a handkerchief, and twist a corner of it round the shilling; the form of the piece of money will appear; but in order to convince the company that it is the shilling, you take it out and show it to them again. You then exhibit the form of the shilling, as before, in the handkerchief, and desire one of the company to hold it fast. You even make it sound, to convince them that the shilling is in it. While the person is holding the handkerchief, you tell him that he will find the shilling in his hat, which he had laid down. You take the handkerchief from him while he goes to look at his hat, and he there finds the shilling.

EXPLANATION.

You must have a curtain-ring about the size of a shilling. At first you put the shilling into the handkerchief; but when you take it out again to convince the company there is *no deception*, you slip the curtain-ring in its stead; and while the person is eagerly holding the handkerchief, and the company's eyes are fixed upon the form of the shilling, you seize this opportunity of putting it into a hat or elsewhere. When you get possession of the handkerchief again you slip away the curtain-ring.

PINCH WITHOUT LAUGHING.

In this game each player pinches the nose of his neighbor, who must submit to the operation without laughing. If he as much as smiles, he pays a forfeit. Of course the most strenuous exertions are made by the operators to cause him to lose his gravity.

We have heard of some designing persons in this game, blacking the tips of their finger and thumb with burnt cork, which leaves a very agreeable impression on the pinched nose. If two or three unsuspecting individuals happen to be victimized in this way, they laugh heartily at each other, neither suspecting that he is an object of equal ridicule—which is not only a fine moral lesson, but also leads to the great accumulation of forfeits.

COME OUT OF THAT.

This game is not complicated, being confined to the following dialogue:—

"Come out of that!"

"What for?"

"Because you have such or such a thing, and I have not."

Care must be taken not to name anything you really possess yourself, or that has been mentioned by a previous player; that is, unless you wish to pay a forfeit.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

BE CHEERFUL AT YOUR MEALS.—The benefit derived from food taken, depends much upon the condition of the body while eating. If taken in a moody, cross, or despairing condition of mind, digestion is much less perfect and slower than when taken with a cheerful disposition. The rapid and silent manner too common among Americans, should be avoided, and some topic of interest introduced at meals that all may partake in, and if a hearty laugh is occasionally indulged in, it will be all the better. It is not uncommon that a person dining in pleasant and social company can eat and digest well that which, when eaten alone, and the mind absorbed in some deep study, or brooding over cares and disappointments, will lie long undigested in the stomach, causing disarrangement and pain, and if much indulged in becomes the cause of permanent and irreparable injury to the system.

HOME COMFORTS.—Wealth is not essential to neatness. We have visited a large, showy house, in disorder from cellar to garret—nothing home-like, nothing inviting; and on the other hand we have seen a low log cottage, whitewashed outside, and embowered with roses, a model of neatness and comfort inside, with its white window-curtains, and every article of furniture handsomely arranged. This was owing to the excellent housewife. But while skill and labor within are so important in this great element of high civilization, namely Home Comfort, the surroundings of the house under the care of the owner, should never, for a day, be forgotten.

Remember—the highest mark of civilization is attention to domestic comforts, domestic happiness, and to elevating the condition and character of the female members of the family.

TO PRESERVE PURPLE PLUMS.—Make a sirup of clean brown sugar; clarify it; when perfectly clear and boiling hot, pour it over the plums, having picked out all unsound ones and stems; let them remain in the sirup two days, then drain it off, make it boiling hot, skim it, and pour it over again; let them remain another day or two, then put them in a preserving kettle over the fire, and simmer gently until the sirup is reduced, and thick or rich. One pound of sugar for each pound of plums.

SAGO PUDDING.—Rinse the sago in cold water; to one pint of milk put a half-pint of sago; stir it on a moderate fire until it thickens like starch; then take from the fire and mix with it three pints of milk, a small cup of sugar, four beaten eggs, nutmeg, teaspoonful of salt, and the grated rind of a lemon; add quarter of a pound of seeded raisins; bake three-quarters of an hour. Good hot, but best cold.

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VARNISH TO MAKE WOOD LOOK LIKE IVORY.—Take half an ounce of isinglass, boiled gently in half-a-pint of water till dissolved, then strain it and add flake white powder till it becomes as white as cream. Give the box or carved wood three or four coats of this, letting each coat dry before the other is put on, then smooth it with a bit of damp rag. It has quite the appearance of Ivory. If when mixed, it looks too white, a few grains of either carmine white will give it a pink look, or else chrome yellow; either of these colors improve it.

COLOGNE WATER.—A very fair article, that will improve with age, may be made as follows:—To one pint of alcohol, add twelve drops each of the oils of bergamot, lemon, neroli, orange-peel and rosemary, and one drachm of cardamon seed.

FRUIT SHORT CAKE.—This dish may be eaten either cold or hot, and is admirable as a dessert. Split short cake through the centre while hot, spread the halves in a deep dish, in alternate layers with freshly gathered small fruit sweetened, or stewed pie-plant. Pour soft sauce over the whole, made in the following manner:

Soft Sauce.—Beat together half-pint of sugar, piece of butter size of medium egg, and one egg. When thoroughly beaten, stir in gradually half-gill (wine-glassful) of wine. Then add half-gill of boiling water.

ICE CREAM.—One pound of sugar—two quarts of cream—two eggs, (beaten thoroughly.) Boil the whole over a moderate fire for three minutes, being careful not to burn it.

Just before putting it into the freezer, flavor to your taste with the essence of vanilla or other flavoring. The whole should be thoroughly beaten when taken from the fire, and not put into the freezer until cold.

If the vanilla bean be used, it should be boiled in the cream.

TO WASH LACE.—The following method of washing lace, lace collars, and crochet collars, will be found excellent, while it does not subject the articles to so much wear and tear. Cover a glass bottle with calico or linen, and then tack the lace or collar smoothly upon it; rub it with soap, and cover it with calico. Boil it thus for twenty minutes in soft water; let all dry together, and the lace will be found ready for use. If a long piece of lace is to be washed, it must be wound round and round the bottle, the edge of each round a little above (or below) the last: a few stitches at the beginning and end will be enough to keep it firm. A collar requires more tacking to keep it firm.

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HOLLAND CASES FOR PILLOWS, &c.—One very common instance of the unfortunate result of being "penny wise and pound foolish" is to be found in the continual escape of valuable feathers or down from valueless old "ticking" cases. As ticking is an expensive article, many housekeepers find a difficulty in procuring it; not thinking that any other material can supply its place. Thus every day the feathers diminish in their pillows, and the dust and flue increase in their rooms, until their formerly really valuable pillows are not deserving of an expensive covering. In such cases, and as a preventive of such cases, I can recommend a *fine, close brown holland*, instead of ticking. It will be found to answer every purpose, to wear as well (for the feathers or down), and to be much softer and pleasanter to lie on than the harsher and more expensive ticking. The French mostly use nothing else for the first covers to the down of which their quilts or "duvets" are composed; nor, speaking from experience, can anything be better.

A FRENCH BEVERAGE.—Boil four ounces and a half of powdered ginger in fourteen quarts of water, wine measure. Then beat up four whites of eggs to a froth, and mix them, together with nine pounds of white sugar, in the preceding. Then take nine lemons, and peel them carefully; add the juice and the rind to the foregoing ingredients. Put the whole into a barrel; add three table-spoonfuls of yeast. Bung down the barrel, and in about twelve days bottle it off. In fifteen days it will be fit for drinking; but it improves by keeping.

TO SEASON EARTHENWARE AND IRON.—It is a good plan to put new earthenware into cold water, letting it heat gradually till it boil, then letting it cool. Brown earthenware especially may be toughened in this way. A little rye or wheat bran, thrown in while it is boiling, will preserve the glazing from being injured by acid or salt. New iron should be gradually heated at first, as it is apt to crack.

TO OBTAIN FLOWERS FROM BULBOUS ROOTS IN THREE WEEKS.—Put quick-lime into a flower-pot till it is rather more than half full; fill up with good earth; plant your bulbs in the usual manner; keep the earth slightly damp. The heat given out by the lime will rise through the earth, which will temper its fierceness; and in this manner beautiful flowers may be obtained at any season.

A CHARLOTTE PUDDING: a good pudding for those who cannot eat pastry. Grease a pie-dish, and put in it a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of apples, peeled and sliced, with a sprinkling of sugar, and a little allspice or nutmeg. Fill the dish with alternate layers, letting the bread crumbs be at the top; pour over all a sufficient quantity of milk or melted butter to moisten the bread crumbs,

and bake an hour; or, if very large, it may require rather longer time to bake.

TO CLEAN TURKEY CARPETS.—To revive the color of a Turkey carpet, beat it well with a stick till the dust is all got out; then, with a lemon or sorrel juice, take out the spots of ink, if the carpet be stained with any; wash it in cold water, and afterwards shake out all the water from the threads of the carpet. When it is thoroughly dry, rub it all over with the crumb of a hot wheaten loaf; and if the weather is very fine, hang it out in the open air a night or two.

A DELICATE OMELETTE.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, half ditto of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three good table-spoonfuls of cream; beat them well together; then put two ounces of butter in an omelette pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and as soon as the butter is hot pour in the eggs, stir them round quickly with a spoon until delicately set, then shake the pan round, leave it a moment to color the omelette, hold the pan in a slanting position, just tap it upon the stove to bring the omelette to a proper shape, and roll the flap over the spoon; turn it upon your dish, and serve as soon as done. Take care not to do it too much.

TO HASTEN THE BLOWING OF FLOWERS.—The following liquid has been used with great advantage for this purpose:—Sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep in a well-corked bottle. For use put eight or ten drops of this liquid into the water of a hyacinth-glass or jar for bulbous-rooted plants, changing the water every ten or twelve days. For flowering plants in pots, a few drops should be added to the water employed to moisten them. The preference should be given to rain water for this purpose.

TO MAKE SHERBET.—Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons; grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double-refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it until it is almost cold, then put it into a vessel for use.

DIARRHŒA.—The first, the most important, and the most indispensable item in the arrest and cure of looseness of the bowels is absolute quietude on a bed. Nature herself always prompts this by disinclining us to locomotion. The next thing is to eat nothing but common rice, parched like coffee, and then boiled, and taken with a little salt and butter. Drink little or no liquid of any kind. Bits of ice

may be eaten and swallowed at will. Every step taken in diarrhoea, every spoonful of liquid only aggravates the disease. If locomotion is compulsory, the misfortune of the necessity may be lessened by having a stout piece of woollen flannel bound tightly round the abdomen, so as to be doubled in front, and kept well in its place.

TENACITY OF TEMPERATURE.—Take two newly-laid eggs; pass through one of them a galvanic shock; place them both half-an-hour in a freezing mixture of snow and salt. The galvanized egg, which has been killed by the shock, will be found frozen; the other will be unchanged; its living

principle has enabled it to retain its temperature! The same is true of seeds, which will retain their living principle and temperature for ages. Thus, life not only takes care of itself, but provides for future beings.

WOOLLENS.—If you do not wish to have white woollens shrink when washed, make a good suds of hard soap, and wash the flannels in it. Do not rub woollens like cotton cloth, but simply squeeze them between the hand, or slightly pound them with a clothes pounder. The suds used should be strong, and the woollens should be rinsed in warm water.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Temperature of Chambers.

Human life, says Dr. Hall, in his *Journal of Health*, would be prolonged, and an incalculable amount of disease prevented, if a little fire were kept burning on the hearth during the night, winter and summer, if the doors and windows are kept closed. One great advantage would be, that a constant draft would be kept through the room, fireplace, and chimney, making a great degree of atmospheric vitiation impossible. There is a baleful error in the popular mind as to the nature and effects of pure air, warm air, and cold air. Warm air may be as pure as that of the poles; and although cold air is almost a synonym of pure air, and although it is healthful to breathe a cold air, asleep or awake, yet the breathing of cold air is healthful only to a certain extent. It is not true, that because it is healthful to sleep in a cool room, it is more healthful to sleep in a very cold room, not only because, as has been previously stated, carbonic acid becomes heavy under a great cold, and falls from the ceiling to the floor and bed of the sleeper, but because also a great degree of cold in a room where one is sleeping is very certain to cause dangerous and even fatal forms of congestion in the brain and lungs. The same ailments result from keeping sitting or sleeping apartments over-heated. In midwinter, the heat of a sitting-room should not exceed sixty degrees of Fahrenheit, five feet above the floor. In the chambers of the sick in French hospitals, the directors are careful that there shall not be a greater heat than sixty degrees, or about fifteen centigrade. The temperature of a sleeping apartment for invalids and for children in health, should range about fifty degrees in cold weather, and not run lower than thirty-five; there is no advantage in sleeping in a colder atmosphere. Five hundred cubic inches of pure air should be delivered to invalids and sleepers every hour, as is the custom in the best-regulated French hospitals.

Nervousness.

In the August number of Hall's *Journal of Health*, we find these excellent remarks on the causes of nervousness and debility, with suggestions for their remedy:—

The practical view to be taken of nervous affections in general is, that they are an effect; and whether it be called neuralgia, nervous debility, nervous prostration, or any other name, and in whatever part of the body it is located, the immediate cause is in the condition of the blood, for it is upon the blood the nerves feed, it is by the blood they are nourished, and from it they derive all their power. If the blood is not supplied in sufficient quantity, inanition is the result, a general prostration; if the blood is too rich, there is abnormal action; if the blood is impure or imperfect, there is nervous irritability; the mind is fretful, peevish, unstable, the body is weak, restless, and invigorated; if the blood is over-abundant, there are aches and pains, neuralgias, which are literally "nerve-aches," in any and every part of the system. There is besides these, a nervous debility, which arises from the part being exercised beyond the strength given by the natural amount of healthful blood sent to it, and that part becomes exhausted temporarily; if rested, it returns to its natural condition; if called into excessive action soon again, rest will enable it to regain its usual strength; but that rest must be longer, each succeeding exhaustion requiring more time for recuperation, until, eventually, the power of recuperation is lost. This is destructive excess, not only to the part itself, but to the whole system, because the malady spreads as naturally and as certainly as the fire in a burning building, and ceases not until the ruin is complete. If the brain is exercised too intensely, whether in perplexing study, in incessant anxieties, or in the vortex of business, it soon begins at length to lose its elasticity, its power of concentration, its continuity of thought, and the mind goes

out in darkness, the body in death, or both body and mind together wilt and wither away. But even this condition of things is found in an unnatural state of the blood, brought about by the brain consuming more than its share of the nervous supplies; hence the stomach and other portions of the digestive apparatus have less than their share, perform their duties imperfectly, and make an imperfect blood, bringing us again to the point arrived at before, to wit, that in the cure of all nervous difficulties, rest to the parts is the first essential; the absolutely indispensable step; the next is to supply the parts with a better quality of blood, a blood which is perfect, pure, and abundant. Nothing can purify the blood without pure air; nothing can make it perfect and life-giving but muscular exercise, sufficient, yet not excessive, not exhausting, the whole expressed in three words, "MODERATE OUT-DOOR ACTIVITIES," always safe, always permanently efficient, and will always cure, if cure is possible.

In addition to these, and without which the others cannot be expected to be efficient, the nervous influences must be sent out of the body through another set of channels; must be expended in physical exercises, steady, hard, remunerative work, calling into requisition, the while, all that force of will which can possibly be brought to bear in compelling the mind into a different channel.

The proof of the truthfulness of the principle presented may be easily demonstrated in any half hour.

Move the arm up and down continuously, until motion becomes painful or impossible; then running can be done as vigorously as if the arm had not been moved so. After running for some time, and resting the arm, it recovers its entire strength. It is precisely so with every other muscle or set of muscles in the system, its glands or manufactories. A man may think until the brain seems scarcely to work at all, yet he can go out and work as hard as before he began to think, and after awhile can go to his study and think to advantage again.

To administer medicines to stimulate any power into wonted activity, is only the stimulus of a lash to an exhausted donkey; it either kills outright, or induces an unnatural effort, which can only be exerted temporarily, with the certain effect of falling into greater exhaustions. Precisely so is it with the tonics and other remedies more powerful and more destructive, when employed to "invigorate." As proof, the universal testimony is, "It seemed to do good for awhile." The recognition of this simple truth would prevent the blighting of many a fond hope, would save many a dollar to those who can ill afford its expenditure, would prevent the robbery of many a till, would save his integrity to many a (heretofore) noble-minded youth. Ignorance of that principle has allowed multitudes to precipitate themselves into wrong-doing, and into vices which have ultimated in ruin to body, soul, and estate.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

We give this month, two designs for cloaks from the establishment of Messrs. Woods & Schuyler, New York.

These beautiful creations are made alike in thick or thin materials, according to the season, and appear to equal advantage in either—the styles being admirably adapted to taffeta or cloth.

The effect of the trimmings upon the *Diamond* is striking and beautiful.

It is unnecessary to remark that this, as well as the *Jasper*, is made of black or dark colored cloths, although, for the sake of better illustration, the artist has not shaded the engravings. We would request that this be borne in mind by our readers, as frequently the pictures cannot be represented in black colors, without losing much of the minutiae which it is desirable should be depicted.

The *Jasper* is particularly marked by the peculiar construction of the skirt, the fulness of which is formed by the gored plaits set in the back.

The *passementerie* varies; generally they are adorned with elaborate cordings, or braid embroiderings.

COLLAR AND CUFF IN SATIN STITCH.

Materials required for one set are—a piece of fine nainsook, embroidery cotton No. 30 for sewing over, and No. 20 for tracing. This pretty little set of collar and cuffs is very quickly worked, particularly if done in *point de poste*. Both the collar and cuffs are ornamented with embroidery to imitate ends, which are fastened by means of *solitaires*.

CHILDREN'S COSTUMES.

FIG. 1. A lobelia blue silk, with a small black dash in it, made low neck. The skirt, body, and sleeves are trimmed with box-plaited ruffles edged with a very narrow black velvet. Brown Tuscan hat, with brown plume.

FIG. 2. Suit of gray Marseilles.

FIG. 3. Mauve and white summer poplin dress, trimmed with bands of mauve silk. Leghorn hat, trimmed with field flowers.

FIG. 4. Zouave jacket and skirt of white Marseilles, corded with scarlet braid.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"SOULS SOLD."

Every day, every hour, every minute the immortal birthright is being sold for that mess of pottage—money!

Oh reader, do you know what men will give in exchange for this? Honor, truth, manhood—all that is worth living for—all that is good or precious in dying!

Woe be to you, oh mother, when its greed has taken possession of your boy! Woe be to you, oh wife, when your love of display, or your social ambition, leads you to stimulate your husband, through his affections, to make gain the great object of his life—for that day and that hour *his soul is sold!*

We have often heard men say: "Talk of selfishness!—what do you women know about it? Why it's enough to make a man hate his own kind—enough to blast his faith in all human nature, to see the business side of the world—to see the hardness, the greediness, the dishonesty which meet one on every side."

And we do know that the trickery, the meanness, the knavishness, the selfishness which is practised in business circles, by men ambitious of social rank, calling themselves "gentlemen," is sickening, appalling.

And it is true, alas! shamefully true, that in this matter woman does not do her duty, does not utter as she should her solemn protest against these sins. A man who has money may too often enter the highest circles, may wed a good and lovely woman, when he is known to be in his business relations a man without honor, integrity—in blunt Saxon, a cheater and a liar, for his love of gain.

We have sat and listened in wondering indignation to conversations of this kind:

"They live in grand style," says one lady, speaking to another of a mutual neighbor.

"Yes; he must be very rich. How did he make his money?"

"Oh, in various ways; but everybody knows that he didn't get the half of it *honestly*. Why he was very heavily insured five years ago, and a sudden fire swept his store-houses to the ground. The incendiaries were discovered and convicted. There was no doubt but the miserable criminals were hired to fire the buildings by their proprietor, but he escaped, through some legal technicality and his money; and the men were sent to prison for ten years each."

"I shouldn't think this man would ever dare show his face in the daylight," we exclaimed, burning with indignation.

"Oh my dear," answered our friend, "don't you know *money* does a great deal in this world? This man's wife and daughters go in the first society, and give splendid parties. Everybody knows how he got his money—but then—"

"But then!" oh world, how unjust are thy judgments! We thought of the victims of this man's sin wearing away their slow ten years in the darkness and the silence of their cells, and we wondered that the very stones did not rise up and cry out against him. And here he was smiled on by good and lovely women, treated with respect and courtesy by men, and yet known to deserve a felon's cell. *He had money!*

Oh mother, with sons growing up around you, be sure that you teach them, by precept and example, that integrity is worth more than riches—that they see first that they are *honest to the core*—that when the mighty temptations of business life surge upon them, they shall be able to stand firm on the rock of solid principle, sure that if every man has his price, the whole world has not money to buy him!

Oh mother, what a joy it must be for your boy to lie down to his last sleep with *such* a thought—to feel that the sparkle of no gold ever bought his soul—ever won it from its loyalty to truth and honor—that he dies, as he has lived, *an honest man!*

And, reader, good a thing as money is, it cannot make us happy; the moment we make it the chief acquisition of life, that moment it becomes to us a fountain of bitterness and disappointment springing up in our souls.

Look at the rich men—the men that are living to make money. Do they look happy? Do those hard, greedy faces speak of peace, and calm, and sweetness within! "He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them!"

Does he not remember often, that in a few years at farthest his glazed eyes will catch no more the glitter of his gold?—that of all his broad lands he can use only a small green roof builded into a grave—and the rich man's soul must sometimes out of its hunger and disappointment, echo back the voice of crying in the wilderness of far gone ages: "Vanity of vanities: all is vanity!"

Dear reader, for all of us "the end" is close at hand. It is a little matter to be written "rich" on earth; and of these, there be many who shall be written "poor" in heaven! V. F. T.

"IN A HURRY."

The meetings, the partings—all the great crises of life are hurried. No matter how long you may have been preparing for them, they come with surprise and change and haste. The last words, the last caresses, are always rapid ones.

And as it is with life, so is it with death. It comes suddenly—no matter how long we may have been preparing for it. The last messages, the last glances, the final shock is always sudden.

Dear reader, has this never struck you? There is a forcible warning in the thought for all of us—

a warning lest we leave something undone for ourselves, or for others—lest we leave some word unspoken—some work incomplete. And as all living, which is worth the name, has reference to the time of dying, it is best to delay nothing—best, so far as possible, to keep all the rooms of the soul in order.

We have no time to do anything but the present; and yet how much we are all leaving for the future! "To-morrow," we say, "we will do this good deed, or that generous act; and these "to-morrows" are stately palaces through which our souls walk, singing to themselves sweet ballads of noble and beautiful deeds; but, alas! the "to-morrows" come, and the shining hours crumble slowly away, and the day is as yesterday!

So reader we slip off the burdens of "to-day" on "to-morrow," forgetting that the last has no stronger, no broader shoulders than the first. Don't put off things—take fast hold of the present—do whatsoever you find to do to-day, else when the change, the surprise, the hurry come suddenly upon you, you find it is *too late*!

V. F. T.

LAST POEMS.—By Elizabeth Barrett Browning; with a Memorial by Theodore Tilton. James M. Miller.

We welcome this little volume to our hearts. The brief biography of this most gifted woman of all the ages, will be eagerly read by the great company of those who love her; for it was evidently written by one who did this. And in these "Last Poems" the reader shall find fountains of comfort, strength, faith, courage, the things that help us to live steadily, humbly, bravely, as did that woman whose great heart is silent now in the still English burial-ground at Florence.

Uniform with this tasteful volume of blue and gold, are three others of Mrs. Browning's poems, embracing "Aurora Leigh," perhaps the grandest poem of all.

V. F. T.

THE MEASURE OF STRENGTH.

There is a lesson in the following, which we should well consider, when judging of others:—

"The measure of the strength of a thing, is the measure of the strength of the weakest part. To put it in simple phrase, the strength of your table is the strength of the weak leg, not that of the sound ones. Apply this rule to character, and at once many things are explained. We have all been perplexed at the numerous brilliant failures we have observed—men with talents so fine and promise so great, accomplishing little or nothing in the life-battle; and we are puzzled daily at the learned, able men, whose judgments are all awry, and who founder in great seas of light. They are victims to this severe law of mental mechanics, which renders their strength of character only up to the level of their weaknesses—fatal 'rifts within the lute,' too often making 'the music mute.'"

There is a lesson, as we have said, in this, and it should lead to the careful study not only of ourselves, but of all who in any way come under our influence. Let us find out, as far as may be possible, the measure of our own and of their strength, and see to it that failure or ruin do not come of an overstrain. The weakest part should be always most carefully guarded.

A HINT TO YOUNG LADIES.

We do not know the author of these hints to young ladies—but they are so good, that we endorse them:—*Loveliness!* It is not your costly dress, ladies, your expensive shawl, or gold-laden fingers. Men of good sense look far beyond these. It is your character they study—your deportment. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation, no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel, you have no attractions for them. If it is the loveliness of nature that attracts the first attention, it is the mental and moral excellence and cultivation that wins and continues to retain the affection of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow little or no thought on their minds and hearts. Fools may be won by gawgaws and fashionable and showy dresses; but the wise, the prudent and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty and virtue be your dress. Use pleasant and truthful language, study to do good, and though you may not be courted by the fop, the truly great will love to linger in your steps.

A GERMAN BED.

Dumas gives us this amusing description of a German bed. The lively Frenchman exaggerates, of course, as do most travellers, when writing of things different from what they have at home:—A German bed is composed as follows: First, a bedstead two or two and a half feet wide, and five to five and a half feet long. Procrustes must decidedly have been a German. On the bedstead they place a sack of shavings, on the sack of shavings an enormous feather bed, and then a sheet shorter and narrower than the feather bed, and which we should call a towel. Upon this sheet or towel comes a quilted coverlet of the same size, and a sort of cushion stuffed with feathers. Two or three pillows piled up at the head of the bed complete this singular edifice. When a Frenchman gets into a bed of this kind, as he does not think of taking any particular precautions, in about five minutes the pillows fall on one side, the coverlet on the other; the sheet rolls itself up and disappears; so that the aforesaid Frenchman finds himself with one side of his body uncovered and frozen, and the other side sunk in the feather bed and perspiring profusely. This arises, says the German, from the circumstance of the French being so impetuous and lively. With a calm phlegmatic German the case is quite different. The latter

raises the counterpane very cautiously, creeps underneath, and places himself with his back against the pillows and his feet against the bottom of the bed, screwing himself up into the shape of a letter Z. He then draws the covering over his knees, shuts his eyes and goes to sleep, and awakens the next morning in the same position. To do this it is necessary to be a German, and as I am not one, I had not slept a wink since I had been in the country; I was growing as thin as a lath, and I had a cough that seemed to tear my chest open. This is why I asked for a bed *à la Française*. Mine host had fortunately six of them. When I heard that, I could have embraced him.

LEGEND OF SAINT CHRISTOPHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Carry me across!"

The Syrian heard, rose up and braced
His huge limbs to the accustomed toil:
"My child, see how the waters boil?
The night-black heavens look angry-faced;
But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, safe as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring
In service to one Christ, a King
Whom I have never seen, yet love."

"I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful, Arprobus took
The burden on his shoulders great,
And stepped into the waves once more;
When, lo! they leaping rise and roar,
And 'neath the little child's light weight
The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he, wild
Struggling in middle of the ford:
"Boy as thou lookest, it seems to me
The whole world's load I bear in thee,
Yet"—"For the sake of Christ thy Lord,
Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved,
But gained the farther bank, and then
A voice cried, "Hence, *Christophoros* be!
For carrying, thou hast carried *me*,
The King of angels and of men.
The Master thou hast served."

And in the moonlight blue
The saint saw—not the wandering boy,
But Him who walked upon the sea
And o'er the plains of Galilee.

'Till, filled with mystic, awful joy,
His dear Lord Christ he knew. * * *

O, little is all loss,
And brief the space twixt shore and shore,
If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay,
Through the deep waters of our way,
The burden that *Christophoros* bore—
To carry thee across.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.

Among the books on our table we find Parson Brownlow's "Sketches of the Rise, Progress, and Decline of Secession; with a Narrative of Personal

Adventures among the Rebels." It is a volume to stir the reader's blood. The author says:—

"I have prepared this work from the single stand point of uncompromising devotion to the American Union as established by our fathers, and unmitigated hostility to the armed rebels who are seeking its destruction. My ancestors fought in its defence; and while their blood flows in my veins, I shall instinctively recoil from bartering away the glory of its past and the prophecy of its future for the stained record of that vile thing, begotten by fraud, crime, and bad ambition, christened a Southern Confederacy. I cannot exchange historic renown for disgrace, national honor for infamy, how splendid soever may be the bribe, or how violent soever may be the compulsion. This is my faith as an American citizen."

Throughout his book, the Parson calls things by their right names. He is rough, and strong, and indignant, writing as he speaks, with emphasis. In half apology for his style, he gives this sentence:—

"Extreme fastidiousness of taste may, perhaps, shrink with over-sensitiveness from some of the language I have employed. But it was no time for dalliance with polished sentences or enticing words; for an imminent necessity—like the 'burden' of the old Hebrew prophets—was upon us, and the cause of our Lord and land could be best served by the sturdy rhetoric of defiance and the unanswerable logic of facts. The traitors merited a sword-thrust style, and deserved the strongest epithet I have applied."

SEPTEMBER.

BY L. H. T.

I thank Thee, Father, for the grace,
The mercies rich and tender,
The kind revealings of thy face
That crown this sweet September.

The months lead on, with pauseless tread
The years that make us older;
These years that each, we thought with dread,
Should chill our hearts still colder.

Our God is better than our fears,
His constant love possessing,
We, wondering, find the onward years
New paths of newer blessing.

And warmer than our earliest joy,
And richer than our latest,
The thanks which still our hearts employ
For gifts of love still greatest,

Rises all former bliss above
The love we bear our brother.
As God unfolding his great love,
Makes dearer every other.

And step by step our gracious Lord,
Still walks the way beside us,
Refreshing with his pleasant Word,
His rod and staff to guide us.

Oh Lord, be still our present friend,
Our constant needs remember,
That life, whenever comes its end,
Be in its ripe September.

MOSSGILL, PA.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST PERIOD.

Kingsley gives his evidence on this disputed point. He thus declares: There is no pleasure that I have ever experienced like a child's Midsummer holiday: the time, I mean, when two or three of us used to go away up the brook, and take our dinners with us, and come home at night tired, dirty, happy, scratched beyond recognition, with a great nose-gay, three little trout, and one shoe, the other having been used for a boat, till it had gone down with all hands out of soundings. How poor our Derby-days, our Greenwich dinners, our evening parties, where there are plenty of nice girls, after that! Depend upon it, a man never experiences such pleasure or grief after fourteen as he does before, unless, in some cases, in his first love-making, when the sensation is new to him."

SLEEPLESSNESS.

Among the remedies for sleeplessness, with which so many are troubled, the following is worth a trial:—Nervous persons, who are troubled with wakefulness and excitability, usually have a strong tendency of blood to the brain, with cold extremities. The pressure of blood on the brain keeps it in a stimulated or wakeful state, and the pulsations in the head are often painful. Let such rise and chafe the body and extremities with a brush or towel, or rub smartly with the hands, to promote circulation, and withdraw the excessive amount of blood from the brain, and they will fall asleep in a few moments. A cold bath, or a sponge bath and rubbing, or a good run, or a rapid walk in the open air, or going up or down stairs a few times just before retiring, will aid in equalizing circulation and promoting sleep. These rules are simple, and easy of application in castle or cabin, mansion or cottage, and may minister to the comfort of thousands, who would freely expend money for an anodyne to promote "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

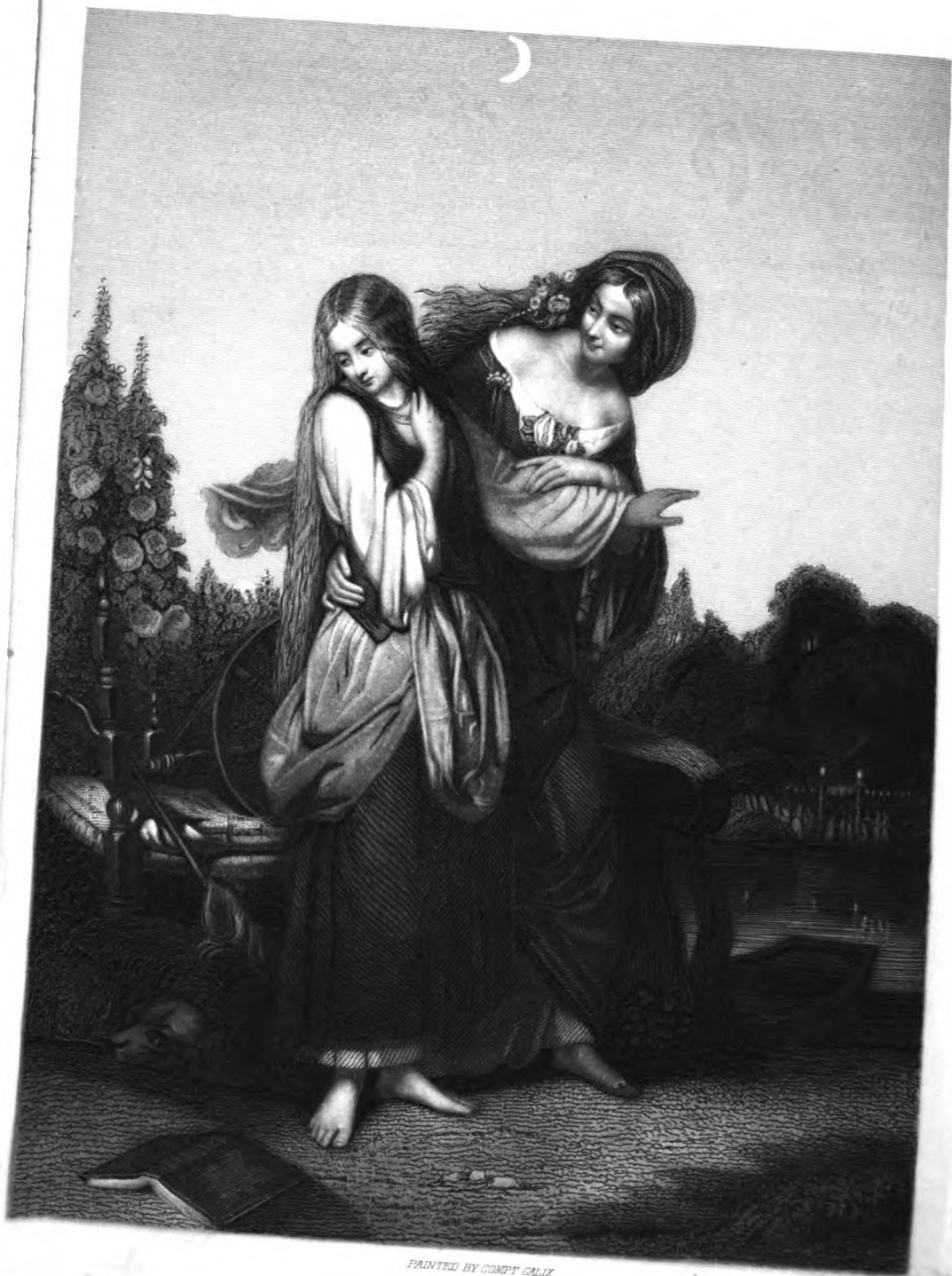
It is a mistake to suppose that preachers, as a general thing, could preach better, and writers on moral and religious themes write better, if entirely removed from the care and worry incident to common life. Through living experience, they get down to the heart of trial and temptation, and so comprehend the wants and infirmities of those to whom it is their province to minister. Mental suffering quickens the intellect, which would, in many cases, be sluggish or idle, without the spur of pain; and so, under providence, it happens that men who would accomplish little for humanity, if at ease, are made, through the impulses of necessity, the instruments of incalculable good. We gravitate, naturally, towards idleness, or self-indulgence, and where the motive for exerting all our powers is lacking, there usually come circumstances that trouble our peace, and set, per force, the wheels of thought and effort in motion.

Occasionally we hear a person, under great provocation, say: "I'll never forgive him." The suggestion made by Wesley, the founder of Methodism, to Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, may be of use to all such individuals:—It seems that these two gentlemen were fellow-passengers from Europe. In the course of this voyage, Mr. Wesley heard General Oglethorpe making a great noise in the cabin, upon which he stepped in to know the cause. The General immediately addressed him, saying: "Mr. Wesley, you must excuse me; I have met with a provocation too great for man to bear. You know the only wine I drink is Cyprus, as it agrees with me best of any; I provided myself with several dozen of it, and this villain (his servant, who was present, almost dead with fear), has drunk up the whole of it. But I will be revenged on him. I have ordered him to be tied hand and foot, and to be carried to the man-of-war which sails with us. The rascal should have taken care how he used me so, for I never forgive." "Then, sir," said Mr. Wesley, looking calmly at him, "I hope you never sin." The General, confounded at the reproof, threw his keys to his servant, and bade him do better in the future.

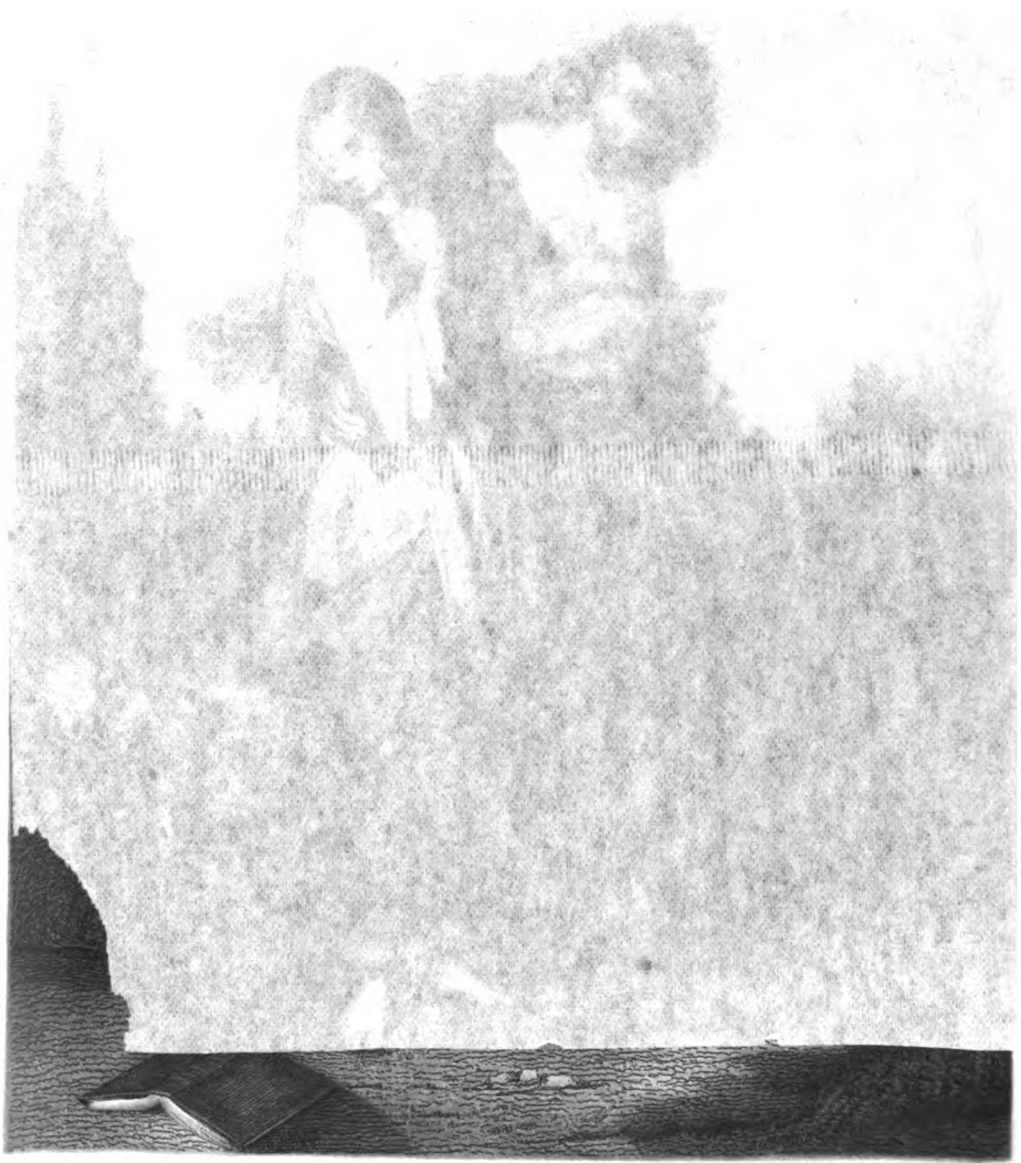
The English "Doomsday-Book" is often spoken of, without a clear understanding of its contents. It is believed to be the oldest record in England, and contains the survey of the kingdom, begun by William the Conqueror. From that survey, it was intended that judgment might be given upon the value, tenure, and services of all the lands in the kingdom. The precise date at which this survey was undertaken is not positively fixed by historians; but it is supposed to have been commenced in 1080, and completed in 1086. According to some authorities, the appellation of "Doomsday-Book" was given to the Conqueror's survey, because its decision upon questions of land tenure and the like was as irrevocable as the sentence on the Day of Judgment.

Saint Chrysostom says:—The true secret of living at peace with all the world is to have a humble opinion of ourselves. True goodness is invariably accompanied by gentleness and humble-mindedness. Humility is the first lesson which our Divine Legislator has given to man; it is with that he opens the code of salvation: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Such is the base proposed by Jesus Christ—for the palace of the sublime philosophy he was about to introduce upon earth, he gives humility for its foundation, well knowing that when once that virtue is thoroughly seated in the heart, all the others will come and range themselves around her.

The "Water Cure Journal," published for many years in New York by Fowler & Wells, has dropped its long familiar name, as a leading title, and now appears as "The Hygienic Teacher, and Water Cure Journal."



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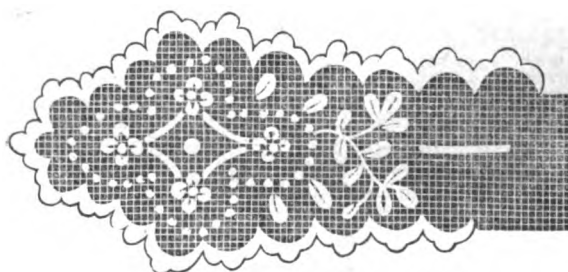
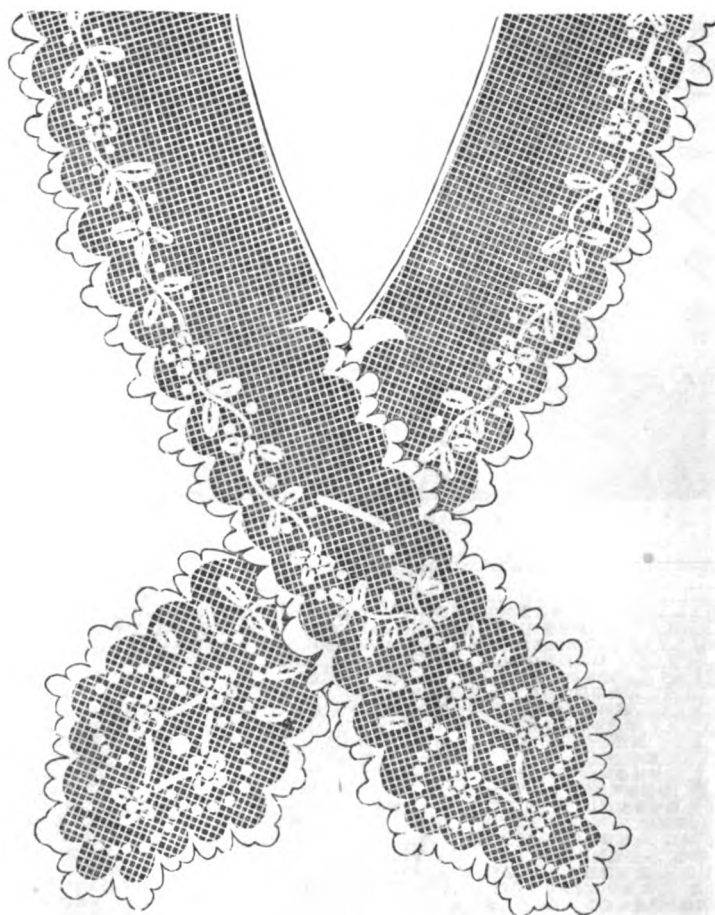
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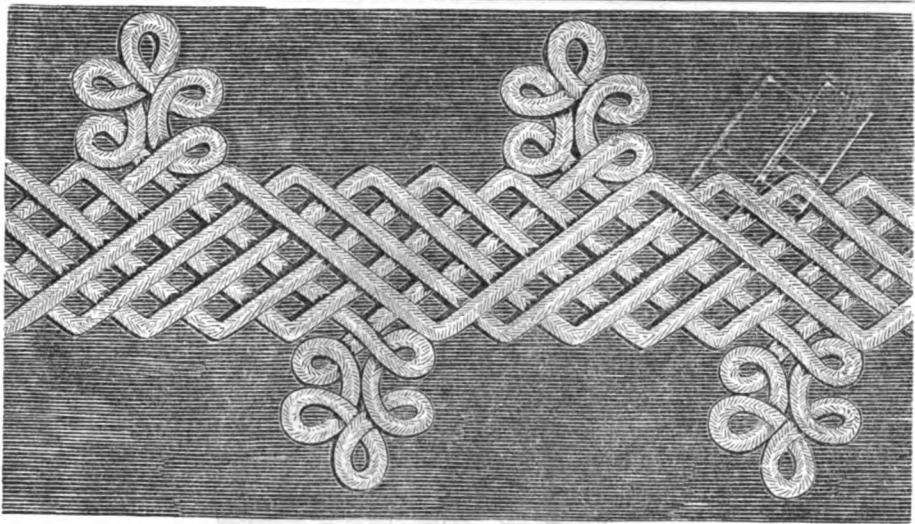


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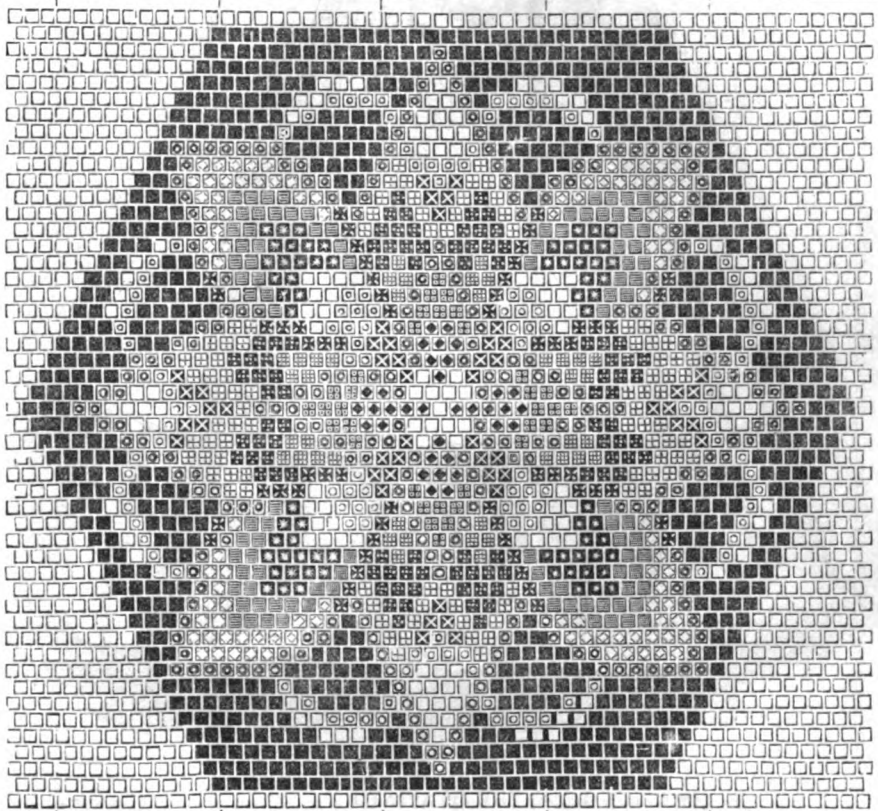


COLLAR & CUFF TO MATCH.

This neat and elegant collar, with ends to cross in front, is worked in satin stitch and raised dots, on very fine cambric or muslin, and the edge in button-hole stitch, with embroidered cotton, No. 60. A stud or button should be worn with this, which should be placed in the button-holes, as shown in the illustration. A stud or button, to correspond with that worn with the collar, should also fasten the cuffs.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



CUSHION COVER,

On material used for mosquito netting. See page 255.



THE HYACINTH.

**From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 255.**



THE EMERALD.

**From the Cloak and Mantilla Establishment of WOODS & SCHUYLER,
No. 69 Worth Street, New York. See page 255.**

Amelia

NAME FOR MARKING.



TOILETTE CUSHION, Braided in fine gold thread.

ARTHUR'S Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1862.

A Story of Needles.

BY MADEMOISELLE CAPRICE.

"I'm always very particular about my needles," Mrs. Dr. Spalding was saying to young Mrs. Courteney, who had invited the Ladies' Aid Society to sew in her splendid rooms. "There's all the difference in the world in the makes, as much as in the people who use them."

"There must be," assented young Fortescue, warmly, not in the least interested in the matter, but anxious to prolong his observation of the pretty hostess, whose cheeks, from the waxen hue of the camellia buds and pale white arum lilies behind her, had suddenly acquired the deep rosy dye of the red blossoms on the same flower-stand. To Mrs. Spalding's reiterated inquiry of "What do you use, Mrs. Courteney?" she had quietly produced, though not from her elegant work-basket, the neatest little case of bronze morocco, which she submitted to the lady's inspection, with a deep blush under fire of her husband's mischievous eyes.

"Hemming's or Smith's? Ah! I see, neither. Well, it may be old-fashioned, but I never could sew with any make but Warren's. I was brought up to use them, and I don't think I could take a stitch with anything else."

We use Milward's," said Mr. Courteney, advancing.

"Do we, indeed?" said Mrs. Spalding, astonished, "and how do you know, sir?"

"With a silver blade and a golden handle, have they not, Henriette? And how do I know, Mrs. Spalding? Ought I not to know the weapon at the point of which I surrendered my bachelor existence? Don't stare so, Fortescue, there's a good fellow, and I'll tell you all about it by and by."

So, having paid the little courtesies of a host to every lady guest, and seen his fair wife

seated, the quiet centre of a whirlpool of noise and flutter, and waited until the mysteries of cutting, shaping and planning so absorbed the members that the two only gentlemen were superfluous and forgotten, Mr. Courteney invited his friend into his own private sanctum, where a box of fine cigars and a glowing sea-coal fire awaited them.

"Better than hot-air furnaces and steam-pipes, eh, Jack?"

"Far better, Courteney; and now tell me how it is that I come back from Europe to find you married—you, of all our set, the last of whom I should have expected it?"

"Stop a moment. Tell me first how you like my wife; how does she seem to you?"

"Like a lily among ladies, a pearl among matrons—pale, pure and perfect."

"So she is to me, Heaven bless her! But, would you believe it, I should have lost the lily, and failed to find the pearl of price, but for that little morocco case you were examining, and her tendency to carry needles?"

"Comment?"

"It is true, and I'll tell you how it was, if, with a woman's proviso—you see I've learned their ways—'you'll promise never to tell it.' Being a man, however, the promise holds; for, though I am proud of the result, I don't exactly want to be known at the clubs, you see, as a Needle Picket, like these ladies here."

"I understand and am dumb. Go on."

"When I was an idle, scampish boy of sixteen, pretending to prepare for college in Mr. ———'s celebrated classical school, but in reality learning nothing but mischief, it chanced one day that my revered preceptor took me aside, and announced that he intended to bestow upon me a great charge, and endow me with a great trust at the approaching holidays, and on my naturally inquiring what such charge and trust might

be, explained, that although very bad in a scholastic and classical point of view, he thought I possessed some kindness of heart and a fine sense of honor, which led him to confide to my guardianship what he dared not entrust to better pupils. Duly proud of the flattering hints contained in this exordium, and ignoring the others, I heard with astonishment that a little orphan girl, a distant connection of the speaker, whose mother had just died at his house, was to be sent under my care to her friends in my native city, and that I alone, of all the students belonging there, was decreed worthy of the charge. However flattered by his good opinion, I was not delighted at the prospect, but managed to express myself with becoming resignation, and took my seat in the cars at the appointed time by the side of a slender delicate child of ten or eleven, dressed in deep black, and with a quiet sorrow in her little face that touched my heart far more than noisy sobs and tears. I tried to make friends with her at starting, and did with devotion such small services as it was in my power to render; but she softly put away my attentions, and seemed best pleased to be left undisturbed in the indulgence of her noiseless grief.

"The cars were close and dusty, the day was breathlessly warm—everybody fretted and complained except my little companion, who sat still and patient as a statue, her long curls drooping beside her sweet pale face, till suddenly her head fell heavily on my shoulder, and I found she had quietly fainted away. Without creating a commotion, I procured a glass of water, and a little wine, and when she recovered, her grateful eyes fixed on my face seemed to thank me for not making a scene, and betraying to those around us the feeling she had tried so hard to conceal. Very soft eyes they were, and very lovely and womanly—the little face already, and to a rough school-boy, without mother or sisters, it seemed the incarnation of feminine beauty and helplessness. Accordingly, I did my best to serve and amuse the poor child for the remainder of our brief journey, and she gratefully accepted my efforts, and seemed to take some pleasure in my care and protection, and in doing such little kindly offices for me as lay in her power. Her quick eye detected a rip in my kid glove, and straightway the tiny fairy extracted from her traveling basket a neat morocco needle-case, and busily stitched up the rent, while I looked on in respectful admiration, wondering at the shining armory of weapons in the house-

wife I turned over in my awkward fingers, and little dreaming what an influence they were to wield over my future destiny.

"Such, sir, was my first meeting with my wife. At dusk the next evening I handed her over to the keeping of a brisk elderly gentleman, on the platform of the ——— street depot, and sheepishly leaving a kiss on the little hand she placed in mine at parting, went home rejoicing, without even thinking to ask for the address of my gentle charge—and, truth to say, soon forgot all about her in the exciting holiday amusements that awaited me and my promotion from roundabouts to dress-coats.

"Several summers after, when you and I, and a dozen others in the senior class, were suspended for kicking that tale-bearing Thompson down stairs, you remember I was sent to rusticate at N——, and continue my studies under the auspices of good old Dr. Brereton, whose neighborhood to the city and somewhat lax rule, enabled me to indulge occasionally in the sports of youth."

"While I was kept in a moral treadmill by old Goodwin; confound him!"

"Such is life, my friend. 'Who here below receives his just deserts?' Well, if my reputation had preceded me, so too had my father's, and my late exploits at college and unhallowed career there, were more than counterbalanced by the governor's thousands; so of course I was well received among the society there, and had plenty of invitations out."

"For shame, Fred!"

"I am ashamed of the givers, for a more graceless puppy did not live than I, without sister or mother, or any home or kindly influence, fresh from the revels and restraints of college, and quite unfit, I am very sure, to be the companion and associate of ladies. But the dear angels did not know it, or pretended they did not, which answered the same purpose; so I danced and flirted in public, and dined and drank in private; for, so near a watering-place, of course there were great opportunities to do both, and not a few of the gentlemen and many of the ladies who spent the summer there, were old acquaintances of mine.

"My friend Miss Rosa Clive, then a dashing young beauty of seventeen, (she is seven years older now, and does n't look a day, having no mind to wear upon her face,) arrived very early in the season, with her papa and mamma, and took rooms directly opposite mine, where she used to kiss her hand to me from the muslin-

veiled windows every morning, and promenade till I joined her on the broad piazzas every evening. She was as fresh as a rose and as lovely, blonde, and pink, and pretty, but frivolous, empty, vain. Still, as she showed a sort of superficial preference for me, it became my duty to flirt with her, and I *did*, till the whole town knew it, the gossips at the rival hotels vociferously discussed it, and even the mild old Doctor felt obliged to remonstrate with me on my inattention to my studies, and general disregard of proprieties. He also laid upon me some stringent commands as to study hours, which I felt bound to obey; and thereafter Miss Rosa was left to her own devices from ten till four, while I remained shut up in my own apartment with a book and a cigar, and the blinds carefully darkened to the proper degree for study or reflection, of which however very little was done. It was easier to watch the passers by—the incomings and outgoings of my friend Miss Rosa, over the way, who amused herself in the gayest manner with other people during my hours of imprisonment; to smoke, to read, to sleep, to idle time away in any possible manner, rather than use it for its legitimate purposes of improvement.

"In a day or two I began to find another source of amusement and interest. The window beyond Miss Clive's, which was directly opposite mine, was tenanted by a female figure, which, with tastes and habits apparently quite different from hers, was always seated in the shadow, busily sewing, with bending head and busy fingers. I grew quite interested in my silent neighbor, and waited uneasily every morning till she had begun her task, before I settled to mine. There was a sense of companionship in the sight of her graceful form, as it bent over her work, she and I the only dwellers indoors. Sometimes, while everything else was out in the gay, bright sunshine, we only held aloof from pleasure, and remained in our isolated cells. I learned at last, by stray lights and moments when her figure stood in relief against the shadowy background, that my neighbor was slender and young, with a fair, clear profile, a long, dark eyelash, seldom lifted, a small, shapely head, with an abundance of glossy, chestnut hair, gathered under a brown silk net, in a long shining roll, that reached to the nape of her white neck. She had little busy hands, in which I sometimes saw the glancing steel of the needle, as she urged it through the cloth, or the flashing silver of her tiny thimble, that caught the rays of the sun as it plied its

trade, and as I watched her, I used to think of the Venus, Akestria of Allingham, and repeat:—

'Oh, Mary Anne, you pretty girl,
Intent on silken labor,
Of seamstresses the pink and pearl,
Excuse a peeping neighbor.'

and very probably might have sent her a copy of the verses, like an impertinent collegian as I was, but for her mourning dress and the quiet, almost sombre look, which was a charm against all such rudenesses, from me at least.

"One evening, as I came up the avenue after my customary walk, I stepped upon a little bundle, which proved to be a tiny morocco case, neatly tied with brown ribbons, and stored with glittering needles, assorted skeins of silk, and little pins, with a place for a thimble to fit in, exquisitely small; and the legend "Henriette," and "Remember your mother's counsels," written in a fair, fine hand, inside a small memorandum book. The thing was the merest trifle as to value, being also a little worn and faded, and I did not then realize what an attachment women feel for such things, so put it in my pocket, and made no attempt by advertising or otherwise to find the owner, further than among my immediate acquaintance, none of whom possessed anything like it, or to the best of my belief, sewed at all, being the idlest butterflies of fashion. So it became in a measure mine, and I was never weary of counting the shining rows of silvery shafts, setting and resetting the pins, and thrusting my finger into the depths of the little cavity meant to hold the thimble, while I mused after the fashion of 'the House that Jack Built,' how small must be the thimble that entered here; how pretty the little finger that wore the thimble; how fair the owner of the pretty hand that had the slender finger, &c., to distraction, till after several days of contemplation of the needles and their votary at the window, I put the thing into my pocket, and went to a picnic with Miss Rosa Clive, by way of a change of scene.

"She looked dazzlingly pretty, and I was very attentive, and we strayed about the seashore, or sat upon the grass together in great harmony, till the dancing began, and it was my dire misfortune to plant one unlucky boot on her trailing flounces, and loosen I don't know how many yards of those frail ornaments from their parent stem, the main skirt. The poor girl reproached me bitterly, and I was profuse of apologies, of course; but that did not mend the matter, till I luckily bethought

me the needle-case and its treasures in my possession.

"Come away with me, Miss Rosa," I proposed with a feeble attempt at gayety, "and we'll mend your dress. Of course, you know how to sew, and I have plenty of needles in my pocket."

"She stared in astonishment, but deigned to accept the invitation, and summoned a tall, slender girl in black, whom I had not before observed, and who followed us slowly away from the crowd to a retired grassy seat, where the belle threw herself down, a beautiful vision of pink muslin flowers and white satin shoulders, fluttering ribbons and blonde bandeaux, and a brilliant contrast to the pale, nun-like girl who stood beside her, and whom she carelessly introduced.

"My cousin Henriette, Mr. Courteney. And now let us see what you can do for my dress."

"The young lady bowed without speaking as I glanced at her. She was very young indeed, scarcely more than a child in years, and her face was both childish and womanly, very innocent and gentle, very thoughtful and sweet. She was dressed as plainly almost as a novice, and her only ornament was her silken chestnut hair, which fell in soft curls on each side of her fair temples, and except for the drooping lashes and finely arched eyebrows, formed the only contrast in her pale, oval face, which, however delicate in outline and lovely in expression, looked lifeless and colorless beside her brilliant blooming cousin. She was one of those sweet household spirits—those angels in disguise—those blessings unrecognized, which we meet with and pass by in gross ignorance, to waste our hearts and lives in offering homage upon altars less pure, and before shrines less fair, till we wake from the delusion too late, to find the gentle angel grieved and gone. So I passed by my guardian genius then, and never knew her such for many years.

"He says he has needles, Etta, and knows how to mend my dress, which is fortunate, for I am sure I don't, and I thought perhaps you could help us."

"I privily drew from my store a long needle and a skein of crimson silk, which Miss Rosa having slowly threaded, began to wield with an unskilful hand, but soon stopped in despair.

"I declare, I don't know how to mend it; you do it, please, Henriette."

"Her cousin sat down beside her and examined the implements.

"The silk is not the right color, and the needle should be small."

"Again I privately selected from my stock, and offered her another, which she took rather doubtfully.

"This is hardly large enough. If I might examine—"

"Reluctantly, I handed over the treasured needle-case with its contents, and the dignified Miss Henriette, with a childish exclamation of joy, which showed her not quite mature yet, in spite of her womanly stature, received it into her little hands, and then and there caressed it and cried over it, and talked to and welcomed it with a fervor of delight that made her face positively beautiful, with a beauty far exceeding that of her blooming cousin. But the sweet vision shone not long upon my admiring eyes. At the first token I gave of sympathy and congratulation, she fell from her raptures at once, and calmly thanked me for restoring it to her, and for the care with which I had preserved it. Her cheeks again became colorless, and her manner cold. As she spoke, she resumed the task she had abandoned, and her look and attitude in sewing, the little stitching fingers in motion, convinced me that I had found my Venus Akestria.

"On these grounds, I immediately resolved to set up a flirtation; but never was presumption more thoroughly discouraged; and although I met her many times afterwards with the Clives, our acquaintance made little progress, and I never again had a glimpse of her real nature as on that first day. She was evidently cognizant not only of my previous attentions to her cousin, but also of my character and reputation, and treated me with a gentle coldness, a delicate, distant reserve, that intangibly marked a line of separation between us, whose limits I could never pass. Something soft and sorrowful in her regards when her eyes met mine, made me vaguely dissatisfied and ill at ease, as if a pitying angel had detected the secrets of my soul, and turned away to wonder and to weep. She herself was a 'petite devoté,' a girlish saint, unconscious and unknown. Short as had been their stay, she had already her class of little orphan children, whom she taught, and clothed, and fed, her daily religious duties performed with loving care, her charitable labors for the poor. These facts I learned from the pettish Rosa, who was vexed to find one of her own admirers so much interested in her quiet cousin, and dwelt at length on the details she expected would horrify one as gay and pleasure-seeking as herself. Something

in the narrative touched me differently however. The thought of the delicate, gentle girl, busied in acts of piety and mercy; the sweet character that blossomed in isolated purity among these thoughtless fashionables, interested and attracted me. I began to wish to know more of her—to conquer a place in her regard.

“But looks and words and sighs gained me nothing; the artillery of flirtation was in vain used against the simple dignity of truth and candor. I received in answer only those soft, wistful, pitying glances, and responses hurried and shy, with a manner so gentle but so resolute, that it completely baffled me. I read her the *Venus Akestria*, and she disappeared from the window. I waylaid her coming from church, and she took another road. I offered a trifling contribution towards her works of charity, and she referred me to a venerable clergyman through whom such donations were made. I attempted to sentimentalize over the restored needle-book, with its thrifty contents and its guardian motto, and she grew rigid as steel. Only when she went away, a little softened in mood, by parting from many she had learned to love, she was less cold to me, and a certain rare color in her ivory cheeks, a dewy lustre in those soft brown eyes, accompanied her farewell to me as to others. For a week or two I remembered her very sadly, and studied very hard, with some idea of penitence and expiation, and made all manner of good resolutions for the future, with a vague reference to that sweet face. In the next few months it had grown vague indeed. I was recalled to town, and all the pleasures and pursuits of my former life, and my idea connected with study, self-sacrifice, goodness, piety and love, had faded and disappeared.

“Two or three years later I was in Europe, preparing to travel among those desperate Swiss mountains we all feel obliged to ascend, when I came upon a party of old friends in the office of a French diligence—Miss Rosa Clive, her orphan cousin, and her widowed papa, in the height of an exciting discussion about places, which Mr. Clive, who knew no language but his own, fancied he had secured some time before; while the French official, politely but firmly insisted that they were already taken by some one else. The intervention of the ladies was quite useless, and I offered my services to my angry countryman, and finally brought him through triumphantly; but wrath or fatigue occasioned a violent fit of illness before we reached our next stopping place, and in his helplessness, I became established as

the companion and protector of the party. It was not an unpleasant thing to be the escort of the two beautiful American girls who attracted such admiration everywhere, and I soon became reconciled to my new position, and fulfilled its duties with a good grace. Rosa was delighted with a cicerone who submitted to her caprices more readily than ‘papa,’ and her quiet cousin abated a little of her gentle reserve, in our new association, so we visited picture galleries and palazzos, rowed on lakes and steamed up rivers, strolled through streets and sat on ruins, in great harmony and comfort, till the mountain ascents and my troubles began.

“I had prevailed on the ladies to store away at different places on the route, subject to their order on returning, the McFlimseyish pile of baggage with which they left Paris, and by dint of unceasing argument and example, had reduced them to the modest wardrobe contained in three trunks, and myself to a small knapsack, which held a few necessaries of the toilet, some books and papers. With this scanty outfit I visited the St. Bernard, and explored about among the minor Alps with tolerable comfort, in my one suit of clothes, a rather elegant imitation of the substantial English travelling costume, made by a celebrated Parisian artist, who warranted them to last till I had done the ‘grand tour’ and come back to him for more. The smiling tradesman certainly never supposed that in my implicit reliance on his word, I should abandon all other civilized garments and cling only unto these, prolonging my tour weeks beyond the hasty excursions of the Parisian dandies, and requiring of the luckless articles the hard service of Alpine travel, and scrambling about among the ruins of Pompeii, and the fumes of Vesuvius.

“Through France and Germany they did very well; in Switzerland they began to fail; in Italy they were shabby. The seams were strained, the threads were cracked, the edges were frayed, the colors were faded, the salient angles were worn thin, and Rosa loudly declared that I looked like a loafer, and that it was a necessary result of the abominable sumptuary laws I had enforced against all baggage, a judgment upon me for denying myself the proper appanage and panoply of a travelling gentleman, and leaving behind as too much trouble to transport, the cumbrous arks containing it. Her gentle cousin, to whose eyes I had begun to turn for confirmation of every act and word, refrained from expressing

in them reproach or ridicule, but cast a reconnoitering glance over the suit, and discovering as yet no absolute fracture, comforted me with the hope that it might last (with care) till I was able to replace it.

"Forgetful of this condition, I was rambling about the lovely hills, with my fair companions, that very afternoon, proud of my agility and strength as I helped them up and down the steep ascents, and quite unmindful of the tender seams of my coat; when suddenly resenting an unwonted strain, the treacherous garment gave way in a dozen places at once, and I descended from seedy respectability to ragged poverty, directly.

"Rather crest-fallen, I walked back to the hotel, not much comforted by the pity and sympathy of the ladies, and returning them to their rightful protector, sought Teresa, 'the maid of the inn,' who listened to my tale with perfect nonchalance. A French chambermaid would have comprehended the case at once, and accepting the job with alacrity, gayly tripped off to a restorer of old clothes, or earned the bribe herself with her deft fingers; but the tall Teresa shook her stately head, with its coronal of black braids, fastened by silver pins, suspiciously like poniards,—in slow bewilderment, when I proposed the same to her, and crossed her bare arms upon her purple bodice, like a tragedy queen, when I tendered the tattered garment to her care.

"But a judicious expenditure of the small coin of the realm, and of flattery, to neither of which agents Teresa was wholly proof, persuaded her at least to retain the garment in her own hands, as a step towards restoration; and confident that no female fingers able to hold a needle, could witness its need without applying one, I wrapped myself in my travelling cloak, and went out to search among the shops.

"The town was a small, out-of-the-way place, where no English tourist ever thought of buying anything, and the supply was for a native market. There were brigand-looking cloaks, hose and doublets quite Shakespearian, gayly-braided jackets with slashed and corded sleeves, a few French-made coats, in the fashion of the last century, but nothing in which a respectable traveller, sensitive to ridicule, could appear with any degree of credit. Weary of the fruitless search, and of masquerading in a dozen different articles, in which I appeared by times a stage bandit, a Jacques, a Romeo, a peasant and a prince, or a livery servant, I returned to the vast ruined

pile belonging to some defunct noble, that did duty for an inn, and applied for news of the garment, now doubly valuable.

"Teresa was in a state of tranquil satisfaction; a person had been found who engaged to mend the coat, and restore it to the gentleman before he was ready to resume his journey in the morning, repaired and renewed. I made some attempt to find if this person was worthy of the great trust confided, but Teresa was mysterious, and voluble, and I learned nothing but that she had so ably managed the transaction as to deserve double the offered reward which I accordingly paid. Much relieved, I sought my party, but Mr. Clive had gone to bed. Rosa was listening to the musical voice of a travelling acquaintance, an Italian count, in the salon, and Henriette, who after all was the person I most desired to see, the person who made a little corner of this gaudy caravanserai home, was invisible. I lighted a cigar, and went out into the orange garden, a damp, secluded place, where nobody ever walked but 'these droll English,' amid whose odorous gloom I paced up and down like a sentinel before a row of arched deep windows, belonging to the mouldy suite of apartments inhabited by the two cousins, one of which, wide open and curtainless, showed a pretty tableau that might have delighted any lover of the beautiful, but had a peculiar significance for me.

"A high Roman lamp stood on the little mosaic table, and by its light Henriette was clearly visible, working with downcast eyes and delighted fingers on my unfortunate coat: her sweet face intent, and her thoughts apparently concentrated on the task I had assigned to the faithless Teresa. The pretty implements of her craft lay beside her, the shining scissors, the silk-lined basket, the neat little needle-case that I once had in my possession, and she herself sitting in the charmed circle of lamplight in the centre of that vast, magnificent room, her fair head bent, her swift fingers flying, busy and happy with her homely task, was a sweeter picture than all the crowded galleries could boast, a vision of gentle domestic loveliness, framed by the comfortless grandeur of the arched ceilings and the carved and gilded walls.

"I can't express to you how much I saw in that little scene—not only the dear girl herself, her goodness and her beauty, and the grateful news of her care for me, but a vision of home and peace, of happiness and calm, which to my idle, roving life, my total isolation from all kindly domestic ties, came like a revelation.

With one exception, I had seen women in their inferior and superficial aspect only as the ornamental part of the gay outer world of society; those of my acquaintance to whose intimacy I was admitted, were the veriest automata of fashion—vain, selfish, idle, beautiful and useless, beings to be flattered, flirted with, admired in the ball-room pageant, the public promenade; to be forgotten when the show was over. The idea of endless companionship with such was absurd, and quite unable to see why I should elect to be burdened and bored while the power of choice was left me, I had sought only the society of my own sex, its pleasures and its dissipations, and never even dreamed of marrying and introducing to domestic life one of these brilliant creatures, more than of turning to practical account the dazzling hues and graceful arches of the rainbow, that we admire—at a distance—in the sky.

"In this picture and the lovely girl that composed it, I found a new possibility, I received a new revelation, that upset my incredulity and scattered my preconceived opinions like chaff. Here was *one* nature, innocent, pure and good—here was one soul unstained, 'unspotted from the world,' *one* life devoted to works of piety, charity and kindness, one heart full of tenderness, truth and love for all human-kind; could it hold love and tenderness for me? On this problem I pondered all night long, and received the repaired coat from the hands of the false Teresa in the morning, with as sacred reverence as if it had been the holy garment of Saint Peter himself. I have it to this day, and none but myself and one other person, necessarily in the secret, knows why that faded and ragged habit, which ought to have descended to the old-clothes-man long ago, is folded respectfully away, in the inner sanctuary of my wardrobe, and is to be handled more choicely and delicately than the newer articles of satin and broadcloth, beside it. As soon as I could replace it, I did so, not for its shabby appearance, for I positively hated to give it up, endeared to me as it was by that secret recollection; but I wanted to keep those careful little silken stitches intact, and while I wore it, was never without the thought of its benefactress and mine. Day after day she was near me, and the feelings I could no longer conceal began to be expressed in my manner, and reflected—I almost fancied—in hers. Her eyes grew softer and darker, and sheltered beneath their long lashes, failed to meet mine; her cheeks were colored with a rare rosy tint, that brightened

as I spoke; her hand trembled when it touched my own; and one day, when opportunity favored, I retained it in my clasp, and told her how blest the gift of it would make my life.

"To my surprise and dismay she refused me, with soft, tearful eyes and agitated voice, but still decidedly and firmly. In my bewilderment and trouble, I pressed to know the reason.

"'You are very rich,' she faltered.

"'Is that a crime?' I vehemently asked.

"'You have been brought up very differently from me; we should not be happy together—we are not alike.'

"'Henriette, you do not know me!' I exclaimed, 'you have seen me but a little while; you have not thought about me.'

"'I have known you longer than you have known me,' she declared, with the simplest candor. 'I have thought of you more. I am your friend, I will be now and always. But I cannot share the life you lead. Can you ask me to do it?'

"She looked up earnestly, wistfully, searching, with her beautiful eyes into mine. Self-condemned, I turned away, I could not bear to meet their look of sad inquiry; how dared I, indeed, ask this pure life to mingle with mine, wasted in idleness, sunk in folly, stained by dissipation? Silently convicted, I offered her my hand in mute farewell, but she clung to it and wept, tears that might have washed all my sins away.

"'I must do right,' she said, 'whatever comes; I must obey my mother. When she died, she gave me this to remind me of all she taught me.' She held up before my half-blinded eyes her constant companion, the little needle-book, with the warning motto inside and I begged of her, who refused me what I valued most in life, to give me the most precious treasure she had.

"Whether I hoped her resolution would be weaker, with that constant reminder away; whether I thought the little talisman would work a miraculous change in me, or longed for it only as a souvenir of what she had done for me, and of her pure and gentle presence, I hardly knew; so rapid and bewildering had been the changes of thought and feeling in those few agitated moments; but I pleaded and obtained, and kissing the little hand that gave it, bore it away.

"Three weeks later I crossed the Atlantic, and descending like a thunderbolt on the slumberous soil of my neglected plantations, began to inaugurate a new era in their history and my own. Spurred by a restless fever of

improvement and change, I dug and drained, reaped and sowed, planned and planted, with unwearied industry and increasing interest. I grew brown and sunburned, stout and robust, but I also grew healthy, vigorous and strong in mind and body, and forgot the idle excitements and wasting dissipations of my former life, in the healthier and purer pleasures of this. I was not happy, but I was strangely content in trying to do right; and it was pleasant to be beloved by my servants, respected by my wiser friends, approved by my conscience. Through all the busy day there was no time for memory and for pain, all was cheerful activity and occupation; but in the quiet silent evenings, when the lamps burned brightly, when the grate glowed red, when the silver bells of the clock on the mantel rang a musical chime that echoed sadly through the empty rooms, then I was tempted indeed. 'Better wine and cards,' I thought, 'better wild excitement and deep dissipation, than this ceaseless, bitter pining, and this solitary retrospection!' Nothing but her memory saved me from going back to the oblivion of this life, and through those weary hours the struggle was very hard. I used to try to read, and throw down the book in impatient sorrow, remembering how we passed some cheerless wintry days in Florence with reading aloud and talking over what we read; how exquisite was her appreciation of the author, how true her thoughtful comments, and how, looking up from my book, I used to meet the sympathetic brown eyes, and read in them a sweeter story than in the printed page. A thousand memories haunted me, thoughts that pierced more keenly than the needles in my souvenir, regrets sharper than its pins. At those times I used to take it out of its hiding-place and lay it on the table, waiting for an imaginary task, and try to recall the picture so often renewed in memory, of the little industrious fairy on the cars, the Venus Akestria at N——, the vision that lighted up the old Italian palace, and did a secret good to me. Apart, each of these remembrances had been to me all that is lovely and good in womanhood; together, they formed my ideal of womanly perfection, and my only vision of happiness and home. Never had I loved her so dearly, even while in her gentle presence, as living in those memories I learned to do. If she had been a white witch, and the needle-book the binding charm she bestowed, its spell could not have wrought more potently, or its influence more compelled me than these remembrances, into the new and

difficult path I hoped but hardly dared to believe, might lead at last to her.

"A year ago, I saw her name in the morning paper, among the list of arrivals at the —— House; and ten minutes after, my fast Sir Archy was on his way to town. I did not send up my card from the hotel parlor, but wrapped in paper the little needle-case and demanded an answer. My heart beat against my breast like waves against a rock, while I sat waiting; the minutes seemed endless, the time interminable; at last the door opened and she came in. She was blushing, she was smiling, she was crying all at once, and holding the precious recovered treasure in her hand. What I said I cannot tell, and I shall never know what she replied. It was like a dream to me when she came and laid her hands in mine, and told me what I had never hoped to hear, like a dream still, sometimes, that her presence now daily blesses and brightens the home so long dedicated to only memories and hopes of her, and where she has been my guardian spirit indeed, is now an angel entertained, I trust, not wholly un-awares.

"A very pretty romance to come of needles," said Fortescue, drawing a long breath. "What a pity all ladies don't sew!"

The Nearly Re-union.

BY L. H. T.

Circling round the longest race
That our earthly feet may trace,
Through the winter's night of gloom,
Through the spring's sweet wealth of bloom,
Greet we now the festive chime
Of our pleasant meeting time.

Many happy years be ours,
Crowned like this with August flowers,
When our paths that widely roam
Gather in the dear old home,
And a father's welcome free,
Light the glad festivity.

When the latest of our band,
Worn with years, and toil, and strife,
Meets upon the Heavenly strand
All the fulness of his life,
There, oh there, with gladness free
Let our last re-union be.

MOSSGIEL, PA.

Good manners—true—though wrought with finest skill,
Are but the outward garment of good will.

The Schoolmaster's Essays.

THE DUST IN LIFE'S HIGHWAY.

It has been a long, warm day. The sun appeared a crimson circle at his setting. I have been taking a long walk since four o'clock. I am not a "Country Parson" but a country schoolmaster; having for my charge some fifty pupils great and small in this quiet, sunny, shady, white and green little village of H——, in Michigan. My week's work is finished, and I have two days of rest and recreation in prospect before Monday shall bring its routine of pedagogical duties.

In one of his essays, Mr. Boyd remarks the impracticability of concentrating thought upon a given subject when the physical occupation is changed—giving for an instance the change from the quiet of the study to a long walk to visit a distant parishioner.

I have often noticed the truth of his remarks, and the fact that any marked change in the bodily *position* or employment seems to necessitate a change of the mental. So this afternoon, when I left my school-room, I let my thoughts go free; but they did not fly away and soar into the heavens among the clouds and sunbeams of science or of song—no, they settled right down into the dust of life's highway. And now, in this lazy twilight, I sit down to tell you a little of how I mused; but first perhaps you would like to know what suggested this train of thought. It was the spectacle of a young man, arrived, I should judge, at the mature age of three years, proceeding through and raising all he conveniently could of the dust of the road; which occupation seemed to afford him the most intense satisfaction. To-morrow the probability is, from the appearances of the sky, he will be engaged in the equally laudable and interesting enterprise of building mud-dams in the ditch by that same road-side. "And such is life."

There is a flower we are told which is found but once on all the earth, and that upon a high and rock-bound coast of ocean. There it flourishes and fades away; but in all the ages it has blown, not a wind of heaven, nor bird, nor wave of the sea, has cast its seed upon another soil where it might thrive. Thus while other plants are spreading over earth, mountain nor ocean having power to stay them in their course—that, in all its original, glorified beauty, stands alone where first it basked

in the rich sunlight and bathed in the still rains of God.

It would be vain to look for a parallel amongst mankind. The chain of resemblance between the human and vegetable kingdoms here wants a link. All nations have representatives throughout all the regions of the globe. Blown by *every wind* and tossed by *every wave* of circumstance far aside from the way he meant to walk, and the path he would have trod, man is chosen from the lowly to sit among the proud, to wave the sceptre of power, and to grave his name in characters of burning glory upon fame's immortal tablets, while another, by mad ambition driven when he has almost gained the *summit* of his desires, and finds himself defeated, turns in his desperation and casts his name upon the cycles of the centuries linked in ignominy with those of Judas, Arnold and all the list of traitors whose names darken the pages of the history of the world.

Man, in the pride of his strength, glories in the dominion he possesses over the lesser works of God; yet, more than all or any of these, is *he* the creature of impulse and circumstance. Why, as we pass onward in the journey of life, do we find the way macadamized with bones—with the skeletons of hopes, which, having led their worshippers in a panting race—unheeding by calm streams and silvery fountains, through meadows and groves of beauty, unnoticed the rich golden harvest fields and substantial fruits in yellowing orchards all around—turned like Dead Sea apples on the lips to dust and ashes in the grasp?

I have read somewhere of an arrangement of nature's works, beautifully illustrating the lives of many men. A hill crowned with a beautiful grove, which as the traveller gazes upon it in the morning looking towards the east, as the sun mounts above the horizon and casts his beams of glorious light through leaves and boughs, presents the appearance of a sheet of burnished silver. As he proceeds upon his journey, reaches the woods at noon, passes them, and at evening looks again upon the object of his morning's admiration, he sees the most dazzling splendor again reflected to his eastern view. Thus man may look forward to life's noontide as the goal and perfection of his desires and hopes of fame; but when it is reached the glory is all dust and ashes; as the woods at *noon* presented to the traveller but the common scene of gnarled and twisted limbs and roughened, ragged bark and blackened stumps, scattered here and there with rotten logs. But when the hour has passed for gain-

ing the world's applause and honor, he may be strong enough to rise with the mourner in "Locksly Hall" to longings for a higher, holier life, and say—

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range,
Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit has not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Oh, that mankind would not fly along the path of life with blistered, bleeding feet,

"Where many feet have flown and bled before,"

pursuing the Ignis Fatuus of Fame, the Fata Morgana of wealth, and the mirage of worldly, artificial pleasure. Oh, that they would leave the dusty, blackened highway, and pass under the green trees, loaded with yellow, ripened fruit, and through the arbors covered with vines of God's own planting, and pluck the purple clusters hanging in glory on every hand, and wander through the green pastures, by the still rivers, towards the kingdom of God, "and all these things should be added unto them."

It is a strange, a wondrous sight, to see a young life going down—to see a gorgeous sun eclipsed forever in the full noontide of its day of splendor. Mysterious that some bright, happy beings, beautiful in face and form, should sink into a decline, and, when to our short sight 'twould seem they were just ready with floating grace to enter life's most flowery gardens, yield in all their readiness to that grim Conqueror, across the threshold of whose palace doors they never shall return until the angel shall proclaim that Time shall be no more. It seems a bitter thing to follow one we love to the repose which cannot be disturbed; but the pain of the last sad rites is measured by the degree of peace in which he closed his eyes upon the world. If in the quiet, white, spotless robe of faith, he wrapped himself for the good sleep, it seems less hard to say "good by" than if, filled with all passions, goaded by remorse, stung by the last pangs of vain ambition, panting for revenge, and burning with fierce hate in all his veins, with gnashing teeth, and with his bony fingers clutching at wild phantoms of the crazed brain, with execrations welling and bursting from his foaming lips, and howling curses and blasphemy with maddened strength to lash his life out amid all commotion of his stricken soul. Then oh, that he had left the dusty highway

for the peaceful wayside pleasures, that he might have approached his end

"Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Did you ever follow to the grave a friend in a quiet country place, where such an occurrence had not the business air it has in cities? As the train moved on "in the smoky light of harvest time," to the rural spot chosen for his loved remains to rest, and while you watched them lower the coffin into its narrow house, thoughts of your own death and burial may have passed over your spirit. You wondered where your ashes would be cast, and who would follow you to your long home; and then the thought—"When I am dead—shall I be missed?" comes with a power and significance ever before unfelt. What a sense of failure would fill the heart when it could feel "When I return to dust, there will be none to mourn; though gone, I shall not be missed, and when the turf is green above me, I shall be forgotten."

From such bitter thoughts you strengthen up in the belief that yours will be no such dying moments, and as the forms of friendship crowd before you, you feel that with our noblest American poet you would have your grave in some green field beneath the pleasant sky, and you may respond to the sentiment of his beautiful lines—

I know. I know. I should not see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep
The friends I love should come to weep
They might not haste to go;
Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is—that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

A. L. W.

EVERYTHING within us and about us shows that it never was intended that man should be idle. Our own health and comfort, and the welfare and happiness of those around us, all require that man should labor. Mind, body, soul, all alike suffer and rust out by idleness; the idler is a source of mental and moral offence to everybody around. He is a nuisance in the world, and needs abatement for the public good, like any other source of pestilence.

What Came Afterwards.

A Sequel to "NOTHING BUT MONEY."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXV.

A little after ten o'clock, on the next day, Adam Guy, Jr., entered the office of Justin Larobe. The lawyer was engaged, and he had to wait nearly half an hour before he could obtain an interview. He was sitting in an ante-room, where a student was writing, when a person came through, whom he recognized as Glastonbury, a well known counsellor at law. He had been all this time in conference with Mr. Larobe. It was now his turn. A look, searching and suspicious, met him as he went in.

"Ah, Mr. Guy." The lawyer arose and received him formally, and with an air of deference. What struck him was the great change in Mr. Larobe, who did not look, to him, like the same man he had known ten years ago, and, occasionally, met during the lapse of that period. Particularly did he note the absence of a certain steadiness of the eyes, which had once given him an advantage over timid people, and those not entirely self-confident. Now they fell away from his gaze, if he looked at him intently, but came back again, the moment his eyes were withdrawn, in a suspicious, searching scrutiny, that was detected over and over again. There was in his face a worn and exhausted air, and a pinching of the features, as if he had suffered from bodily pain. The long nose and wide nostrils were sharp and thin—his hair turning gray rapidly—his form beginning to stoop.

The men touched, rather than clasped, hands. Mr. Guy took the chair that was offered. Both were ill at ease. Guy was half doubting the policy of this interview which he had sought; and Larobe was trembling in suspense for the words that should reveal what was in the mind of his visitor.

"Mr. Larobe," said Guy, forcing himself to speak—"I have called for the purpose of talking with you on the subject of certain extraordinary rumors that are afloat in regard to my father. You have heard them, no doubt."

A deadly paleness, in spite of his effort to be composed, overspread the lawyer's face.

"What is the purport of these rumors?"

Mr. Larobe managed to keep the tremor that ran through his spirit, out of his voice.

"It is said that he is alive and now in this city."

"Do you believe it?" asked the lawyer.

"Of course not."

The face of Mr. Larobe was no longer of a deadly paleness. He leaned in a more confidential way, towards Guy.

"What else is said?"

"More than I can repeat. Chiefly, and of first concern to us, that a person, said to be my father, is in the hands of designing and interested individuals—one of them my sister's husband—who asserts that they are in possession of all that is required to prove the claimed identity. Of course, you are to be convicted of crime and punished, and I am to be robbed of so much of my father's estate as came fairly into my hands by his will. A precious plot, truly!"

"In the hands of your sister's husband! And pray who is he?"

"A fellow named Ewbank. I never saw him until last night. If I had heard the name, it was forgotten."

"Ewbank!" Larobe looked confounded. "Not Ewbank the teacher?"

"Teacher or preacher, it is more than I can say."

"And is he your sister's husband?" Larobe's look of surprise remained.

"Yes. But, what do you know of him?"

To this interrogation, the lawyer made no reply, but sat with looks cast down.

"Who is in league with Mr. Ewbank?" he asked, at length.

"Doctor Hofland."

"Who else?"

"I am not informed."

There was silence again.

"This Ewbank, then, is your sister's husband," said Larobe, after musing for some time.

"Yes. So I learn."

"Which sister?"

"Lydia."

"Lydia. I thought she married a low, worthless fellow."

"So she did. But he died, I believe; and this shrewd rascal picked her up, in order, no doubt, to make her a stepping-stone to fortune through the imposture now attempted."

Larobe did not answer. He looked stunned. Guy was troubled at his manner.

"Were you advised of this plot before?" he asked.

"In part."

"Did you know that Doctor Hofland had mixed himself up with it?"

"I have inferred as much. But, have you information, Mr. Guy, as to where the man now is who claims to be your father?"

"He is living with my sister."

"In the family of Mr. Ewbank!"

"Yes. So I understood Doctor Hofland."

"How long has he been there?"

"For several months."

"It can't be possible!" There was more than surprise in the countenance of Mr. Larobe. Even Guy was startled by its expression. The gleam of his eyes—the curve of his lips—the quiver that ran through all the facial muscles—gave signs of evil passion; of malice, hate, and cruelty. For an instant, he looked the wolf at bay.

"Where does your sister live?" asked Larobe, as he dropped a veil of apparent indifference over his face.

"I am not informed."

"Have you seen the man?"

"No."

"It is a most extraordinary case!" said the lawyer. "And this long waiting, and working in secret, shows that we have skilled plotters against us."

"The chain of evidence is complete, according to Doctor Hofland."

"He said that to you?"

"Yes. That all the testimony was ready, and that I was about being informed of every thing."

"When did he say this?"

"Last night."

"To you?"

"Yes. I called to ask the meaning of some things that came to my ears yesterday, and he then made the astounding communication about my father."

"Who were implicated?"

"You, and my step-mother. He says, that neither the man I saw at the Institution on Staten Island, nor the lunatic who was killed in falling from the window, and whose body now lies in our family vault, was my father. He was very positive, and talked like one who believed all he said."

"You don't know where your sister lives?" Larobe had not replied to the last sentences of Guy. From a state of abstraction into which he fell, he looked up, asking this question in a tone of interest, that a little puzzled his companion.

"No," was answered.

They sat silent again.

"What can be done?" asked Guy, breaking the pause.

"Nothing, until a move is made."

The office door opened quietly, and a sheriff's deputy came in. Larobe looked up with a slightly annoyed expression—

"I'll be at leisure in a few moments, Garland. Wait in the front office."

But the deputy sheriff, instead of retiring on this invitation, said—

"Let me speak with you, Mr. Larobe."

There was something in the officer's tone, that caused Guy to look at him curiously, and made Larobe's face a little paler. Rising, the lawyer crossed the room and stood near the officer, who said a few words in his ear.

"For me!" exclaimed Larobe, his face becoming white.

The officer handed him a paper. He did not read the legal form, for he understood too well its import. He was under arrest. For years, a haunting terror had dogged his steps. For years, he had lived in dread of this hour. For years, his steps had been close upon the edge of a dark abyss, and in all that time had dwelt with him a painful sense of danger. Now, his feet had slipped, and there was no arm to save him! He must go down to swift destruction. No wonder that his face grew white as ashes; nor that his knees trembled and gave way.

"What is it?" said Guy, advancing. He had observed the blank fear in Larobe's countenance. The lawyer, aware of the presence in which he stood—of the keen eyes that would read every look and movement, made a feeble effort at self-composure. But, the old strength of will was gone. He was unable to command the hitherto obedient muscles—to look indifference while terror palsied his heart. There was an almost helpless waving of the hand towards Mr. Guy, as if to keep him off. But, Guy pressed close upon him, grasping his arm, and crying out, sternly—

"Is it all, then, true! Villain! speak!" He shook Larobe with violence, in his excitement.

All this was too much for the guilty man. He staggered back, and would have fallen, had not the sheriff's officer supported him to a chair.

"Leave me for a few moments, Garland. I wish to have a word or two alone with this gentleman," said Larobe, in a weak, exhausted way.

But the officer did not move.

"Don't be afraid. I shall make no effort to escape. Just a minute or two, Garland. I have something very particular that I must say

to him alone." The pale, shivering prisoner plead with the officer.

"I'll be surety for him," said Guy. "Give us a few minutes alone."

A little while the officer hesitated, and then went slowly into the next room, leaving the door partly open. As soon as they were alone, Mr. Larobe, striving anew to compose himself, said to Guy—

"What if this man should be your father?"

Guy did not answer. The question was unexpected.

"I do not say that he is your father. I only ask, *what* if he is? This arrest is for the purpose of giving importance to the claim about to be set up for an unknown person, who assumes to be Adam Guy, Sr. Now, suppose the claim, right or wrong, affirmed by legal decision; how will you stand? I merely put the question."

"That is my affair, not yours," answered Guy, with considerable impatience.

"Very well. I have no more to say." The lawyer's voice was choked and husky. Rising, he called to the officer, who immediately came in.

"I am ready, Garland. Thank you for waiting." And the prisoner went out with the deputy sheriff. He was scarcely past the threshold, ere Guy repented of his stupidity in not accepting from Larobe the communication he had, evidently, intended to make. He even called after him. But the opportunity was gone.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Not in vain had Mr. Ewbank, through all the months of Mr. Guy's childish state, wrought with him for good—not in vain had Mrs. Ewbank ministered to him in patience, in gentleness, and in love. Too deeply had the impressions they sought to make, imbedded themselves in his consciousness. A sudden and entire restoration of the past, might have obliterated much; but, old things came back so gradually, that opportunity was given to blend with them new and better states of life.

The old hardness—the old love of money—the old intense selfishness, manifested themselves at times—but, love for his daughter, born of her love and care for him, and a regard for, and confidence in Mr. Ewbank, upon which no suspicion could intrude, were softening and countervailing elements with Mr. Guy. Light had come into his mind, showing him a different relation of things. He saw higher truths than had ever before presented themselves; saw

beauty in goodness, and a charm in self-denial. Limited, for a period of time, to the society of his daughter, her husband, and Doctor and Mrs. Hofand, he became familiar with traits in human character never seen before. In the old life, he did not believe that such a thing as unselfishness existed. It was a dream of the preacher and the enthusiast. But, in the new life, it was a conviction that no reasoning could disturb.

Everything in regard to his family that could be learned, from the period of his removal to the hospital until the present time, was communicated to Mr. Guy. By many things that were related, he was touched deeply; and many things aroused his fiery indignation. Always, Mr. Ewbank endeavored to draw from his anger the spirit of retaliation; to lift him above revenge into a regard for what was just and humane. Towards his son Adam, on learning how heartlessly he had separated himself from his brothers and sisters, and how basely and unnaturally he had acted towards Lydia, when informed of her presence in the city under circumstances of extreme destitution, his feelings were very bitter. No argument, no excuse, no representation, could soften him towards Adam.

"He is unworthy the name of son or brother! Don't speak of him!"

In sentences like these, varied with harsher words, he answered all the attempts made by Lydia and her husband to draw, in his mind, a veil over Adam's heartless conduct; and they finally ceased all reference to a subject, that only made him sterner and less forgiving.

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Larobe had been arrested, Doctor Hofand received a note from him, asking an interview on matters of importance at eight o'clock in the evening. The place named was the lawyer's office. He had given bond for his appearance at court, and was at liberty. At the hour mentioned, Doctor Hofand called, as desired. He found Mr. Larobe alone. His appearance shocked him. Never had he seen, in any face, a more exhausted, worn, and hopeless expression. But, his eyes were steady as he looked at him—steady, with some desperate purpose.

"Excuse me, Doctor, for having put you to the trouble of coming to my office," he said, calmly. "I would have called on you, but here we shall be free from chance interruptions; and I have that to say which needs to be calmly considered. And, first of all, Doctor, will you receive from me any communica-

tion I may think best to make, and hold it sacred to the extent I desire. I can trust your honor. Your pledge given, I know it will bind."

The Doctor, after a few moments' reflection, answered—

"Is any good to arise from this communication?"

"That will depend, mainly, on your judgment in regard to it. If what I have to propose meets your approval, good will arise—if not to me, at least to others. If it does not meet your approval, I stipulate for an honorable silence touching all that I may communicate. On no other terms will I utter a sentence of what is in my mind. You are, no doubt, aware that I was, to-day, placed under arrest."

"I am aware of it."

"And you know something of the cause?"

"Yes."

"It is of this that I desire to talk with you. Are you prepared to hear me, in the strictest confidence? To hold my communication as sacred as if made at the confessional? I have no purpose of deception or hindrance. What I shall say will not embarrass you in the smallest degree. Your present relation to the case will remain undisturbed, if you decide not to act in the line of policy I wish to present for your consideration."

"I will hear you," said the Doctor, after a silence of over a minute.

"In honorable confidence?"

"Certainly."

They were sitting at opposite sides of a table, and Larobe was leaning, in nervous expectation, towards Doctor Hofland. At the answer he drew back, with stronger signs of relief than he meant to have betrayed.

"Of course," he said, after a pause for collected thought, "I have not been in ignorance of the movement for some time planned against me; nor of the nature of the evidence that will be adduced to convict me of crime. I know just how much it is all worth, and how to meet and dispose of it; and I feel sure of being able to thwart all the plans laid for my ruin. Still, I shrink from the infamous notoriety which must come when the case opens. Of late years, my health has not been good. I am losing in both nervous and mental stamina and do not feel equal to the strain that must come. Therefore, I am looking for some door of escape; and will abandon much that I hold dear for the privilege of a quiet exit. You understand me?"

The Doctor bowed.

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes."

"Of course, I cannot obtain the privilege asked, except by yielding all this suit is designed to secure."

"Say, in the fewest and directest sentences, just what you wish to communicate, Mr. Larobe." Doctor Hofland drew himself up, and spoke with firmness. "I have passed my word of honor to betray your confidence in nothing."

"In a sentence, then, Mr. Guy is living." Larobe's face crimsoned slightly; and then became paler than before.

"I am aware of that," replied the Doctor, unmoved.

"But the evidence in possession of his friends is not, in all respects, complete, and may be so obscured by the testimony of witnesses on the other side, as to make the issue doubtful. I shall fight in this contest hard, and without scruple as to the means employed to gain success, for, with me everything is at stake. A desperate man, Doctor, will use desperate means. But, all doubt as to the issue may cease if you will. I am ready, if permitted, to retire from the field. It is to say this, that I have asked an interview."

"What are your stipulations?"

"The abandonment of this suit, on condition that I place in your hands such evidence as will, at once, restore Mr. Guy to his proper legal status."

"It is not with me, Mr. Larobe, to say yes or nay to such a proposal," replied Doctor Hofland.

"I am aware of that. But, being in possession of my offer, you may ascertain without committing me the chances of its acceptance. It will be better, all round, I think. The issue of the suit will go no farther, at the worst, than the establishment of Mr. Guy's identity. I shall escape legal consequences. The loophole is open."

"What then?" asked the Doctor.

"Within twenty-four hours after I am satisfied that the suit is to be abandoned, and my surety safe, I shall retire from this city."

"Whither?"

A shadow of pain swept over his face.

"I shall drop down, like a wind-blown seed, in some unknown spot," he answered, in a sad voice. "But whether the soil be rich or barren, my roots will not strike deep; for there is no vitality in me. I have played madly, in life, Doctor, risking honor, happiness, safety,

everything—and I have lost! O, fool! fool!" He shivered as he said this, like one a-cold.

"Something more than you have offered will be required," said the Doctor.

"What?"

"You will have to restore some twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars appropriated from the estate of Mr. Guy."

There was a look of blank dismay in the face of Larobe.

"That demand will be cruel and oppressive," he answered. "I am not debtor in any such sum to Mr. Guy's estate. All that I am worth, would not cover it."

"The executors under the will of Mrs. Larobe, find evidence going to prove the claim; and this evidence is in Mr. Guy's possession. Of one thing, you may be sure, he will never abate one jot or tittle of the demand."

"Then, driven to the wall, there is nothing left for me, but desperate battle." The eyes of Larobe were fierce with a sudden gleam. His lips drew back from his teeth. He looked savage and defiant.

"And certain defeat," was replied. "Ah, sir! You may well affirm that you have played madly in life, as all play, who seek, through wrong, a coveted good; for in all wrong lies hidden the seeds of a just retribution, which, sooner or later, surely comes. If you give desperate battle, according to your threat, the more disastrous will be your defeat. Take my advice, and let your offer include full restitution in every particular. As I have just said, there is evidence now in Mr. Guy's hands, going to show that you have between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars of his estate in your possession. He is not the one to yield a farthing of his just rights; and of all other living men, you have the least title to his consideration."

For the space of nearly five minutes, Larobe sat with his eyes on the floor. Heavy lines furrowed his brow—his face was rigid.

"What is the extent of your influence with Mr. Guy?" he asked, at length. His voice had regained its calmness.

"He has yielded in many things to my judgment," replied the Doctor.

"Do you think he will act according to your judgment in the matter I have presented?"

"It is impossible for me to say, Mr. Larobe."

"What do you think?"

"He may be influenced."

"What will be your course?"

"That is not decided."

Larobe had not expected this answer, as the

half surprised, half alarmed expression of his face showed.

"What I have offered, will secure all that can be gained through the courts, after long delays—for, I will fight him to the last."

"Possibly you may be right in this—possibly wrong. I will give sober consideration to what you have said, and then, after sounding Mr. Guy and his friends, see you again.

"When will you see me? I want no delays."

"Say to-morrow night."

"Very well. To-morrow night. Will you call upon me at my office?"

"Yes."

The Doctor arose, and withdrew. Larobe did not accompany him to the door. He was too much oppressed for courtesy. When alone, he bent forward on the table at which he was sitting, with an abandoned air, letting his chest and face rest heavily down upon it. A groan parted his lips. He did not stir for a long time. Then he arose, heavily, like one who had been stunned, and moved about the office with an uncertain air. Finally, he took from an iron safe a bundle of papers—title deeds, certificates of stock, and various securities—and, spreading them out on the table, passed several hours in examining and arranging them. In this work he was active and in earnest. It was nearly twelve o'clock when he replaced them in his fire proof, and throwing himself on a lounge, passed the remaining part of the night in a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The two interviews held by Adam Guy, Jr., with Doctor Hosland and Mr. Larobe, left his mind in a state of doubt, anxiety and alarm. To him, the re-appearance of his father would be regarded as a calamity. No natural affection, no love of justice, no righteous indignation towards the alleged perpetrators of a dreadful crime, had power over his basely sordid spirit. "How will it affect me?" Beyond that, he had no concern—asked no question. It was not his interest to have his father alive; and, therefore, he assumed the negative, instead of examining all affirmative evidence; and, because he wished his father dead, tried to accumulate arguments against the possibility of his being alive.

He could not help being profoundly disturbed. The fact that his father—or, as he had it, the person claiming to be his father—was with his sister Lydia, towards whom he had acted with such cold-hearted indifference, was particularly distasteful to him. On the

presumption that this claim was valid, the fact suggested many unpleasant consequences. The meeting with Mr. Ewbank had left impressions and reflections by no means agreeable. He saw in him a man of superior mind and quality—one, so far as his sister was concerned, fully competent to maintain her rights in the impending contest.

Two or three days were spent by Adam Guy, Jr., in perplexed debate touching his own action in this strange complication. Then, with something of blind desperation, he resolved to call at his sister's and see for himself the man who claimed to be his father. The time chosen was evening. In reply to a note written to Doctor Hoffand, he got the location of his sister's house. It was late—past nine o'clock—when he stood at the door of a moderate sized dwelling in the western part of the city. In answer to his inquiry for Mrs. Ewbank, he was informed that she was not at home.

"Can I see Mr. Ewbank?" he then asked.

"He is out also," replied the servant.

Partly turning, he stood for a little while; then said, like one who had constrained himself to speak—

"Is Mr. Guy at home?"

"No, sir. They all went away together."

"Went where?"

"To Mr. Larobe's, I think I heard Mr. Ewbank say—down by the Monument."

"When did they go?"

"This morning; and the children went with them."

Adam Guy, Jr., turned away without a word more. He was confounded. What could this mean? Affairs were rapidly assuming most unwelcome shapes. All the family gone to the residence of his late step-mother!

He had returned to the central portion of the city before reaching a decision on the course to be pursued. Still undetermined, he yet walked in the direction of the Monument, and at last found himself in front of the house where, for the time, all his thoughts centred. Acting more from impulse than from any clear judgment of the case in hand, he ascended to the door and rang the bell. He had not even decided the question as to who should be inquired for; and this decision had to be made in the face of an expectant servant.

"Is Mr. Larobe at home?" He knew that he was not there, when he asked the question. But this would give him time.

"No, sir. Mr. Larobe does not live here now." The answer dashed him a little.

"Mr. Larobe's children are still here?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Guy turned away partly, and stood with an irresolute air for some moments.

"Is Mr.—Mr.—Ewbank—" He hesitated and faltered in his speech, leaving his sentence imperfect.

"Yes, sir. Mr. Ewbank is here," promptly answered the servant.

"Can I see him?"

"Walk in, sir." And the servant moved back. Mr. Guy entered and stood in the hall. The parlor doors were open, and a strong light from the chandelier poured through them. The sound of voices was on the air.

"I would like to see Mr. Ewbank here." And yet undecided visitor, shrank back from the glare of gaslight towards the dim vestibule. In the few moments that elapsed from the time the servant left him until Mr. Ewbank appeared, Mr. Guy sought in vain to bring his thoughts into order, and to determine some line of action. Mr. Ewbank did not recognize him.

"Mr. Guy," said Adam, introducing himself.

"Oh!" Mr. Ewbank's ejaculation was in a surprised tone. He made no other response, but stood in a waiting attitude, for Mr. Guy to speak his wishes. But, what had he to say? All his thoughts were still in confusion. Half stammering, he uttered the sentence—

"I called at your house this evening, and they told me you were here."

"Yes, sir."

"I would like to have a few words with you."

"On what subject?"

"About this person who assumes to be my father."

"Ah! He is here, Mr. Guy. Perhaps you had better see him for yourself," said Mr. Ewbank.

"Just what I desire. It was with this end in view that I called at your house."

"Walk in." And Mr. Ewbank moved back, followed by Mr. Guy, who, never in all his life before, had experienced such strange, confused, and oppressed feelings. Ere he had recovered himself, he was ushered into the parlor, where he found nearly a dozen persons, old and young, assembled. On one of the sofas lay a pale-faced boy, whose large bright eyes turned wonderingly on him as he entered. Sitting in a large chair with purple linings and cushions, close by the sick boy, and with one hand on his forehead, was a man, against

whom leaned a singular looking girl, whose half vacant, half intelligent face, expressed wonder and delight. The moment he entered, he was transfixed by the eyes of this man, who leaned slightly forward, with contracting brows. All doubt left the mind of Adam Guy, Jr. He knew this man. As if the dead had been raised up, his father was before him. He stood still, all power of speech and motion for an instant suspended.

"At last," said his father, speaking sternly. "At last, Adam!"

There followed a breathless silence. Adam then came forward, slowly, pausing within a few feet of his father, and looking at him with straining eyes.

"My father!" dropped from his lips—not coldly—not with constraint—but with a kind of wild, gushing surprise, mingled with so much feeling that every heart felt the throb in his voice. "My father!" he repeated. Then covering his face he stood trembling.

"Adam!" The old man's voice softened a little; and he made an effort to rise from his chair. Lydia was by his side in a moment, and her lips were at his ear.

"Forgive him!" she whispered—and Adam heard her words—"He is your son. Forgive the past, father—the dark and dreadful past—and bless God's love for the sunshine that lies about us now. Don't let anger shadow this happy hour, dear father!"

"Adam!" Mr. Guy reached forth his hand. It was grasped and held tightly for a little while. Both father and son were strongly moved. Adam was first to recover himself. With returning composure, came a measure of embarrassment. The position he had maintained towards all his family—his conduct and language with reference to his father since becoming aware of his presence in the city—his conscious selfishness and cupidity—all had their effect. He felt humbled, unworthy, if not debased in the presence of his father, and of the sister he had despised, cruelly neglected and basely insulted. The sister who now said to his father—"Forgive him! He is your son!"—and said it with a manifest power that showed her influence.

At the earliest opportunity, Adam Guy, Jr., took Doctor Hofland aside, and asked—

"What of Larobe?"

"He has confessed everything," replied the Doctor.

"I am amazed! Confessed that he kept my father imprisoned for ten years!"

"Yes. We have the painful narrative in his

hand writing, and sworn to, thus every impediment to the restitution of your father's legal rights is removed."

"But, such a confession must consign him to a criminal's cell. I wonder that he made it."

"He has fled from the city."

"And betrayed his surety," said Guy. "So, dishonor is the twin of crime."

"Your father will abandon the prosecution."

"Was this agreed to?"

"It was, no doubt, understood. Barred away from the city of his nativity—stripped of fortune—broken in health and spirits—and bearing with him the undying memory of all he had madly risked and lost—I think his bitterest enemy might willingly abate the prison cell. Let not man follow him with retribution. His punishment, like Cain's, will be greater than he can bear. He is in the hands of the Just and the Merciful, and we may safely leave him there."

"I am not of your spirit, Doctor. I would hunt him to the death," answered Guy. "No retribution is too severe for such an infamous crime. He should never have been permitted to escape."

"Your father thought differently," replied Doctor Hofland. "As you have evidence to-night, he is under the influence of those who draw him towards forgiveness. Your sister and her husband, Mr. Guy, are not of your hard, stern, unrelenting quality; else, had reconciliation been a more difficult thing than you found it. You owe them much, if you set any value upon this reconciliation. A word a motion, from Lydia or her husband, would have thrown up a wall between you and your father that you might have striven in vain to pass. But, they are above such base and selfish action. Lydia has been learning in a new school, under a new teacher, lessons of humanity and forgiveness, that you and all the members of your family should learn also. Mr. Guy, pardon me; but, it has so happened in the order of Providence, that my relation to your father and some members of his family, has assumed features that make it my duty to use plainness of speech—and I now say to you:—Let there be laid as heavy a mantle as possible over the past; and let the present, as it unfolds itself, be accepted in a new and better spirit than you have ever shown. Against you, Mr. Guy, as the oldest son and brother, all have cause of complaint. You did not act well the part assigned you in the Provi-

dence of God; but drew away from the weak and the helpless and left them to the world's tender mercies. If they are ready to forgive, accept the proffer. Of all your sisters and brothers, Lydia was most cruelly neglected; yet, is she the first to speak for you—the first to step in and turn aside your father's anger."

Mr. Guy was visibly affected. He saw his own image as he had never seen it before—distorted, hideous, in contrast with the beautiful image of his sister. Not answering, Doctor Hofland resumed—

"As for her husband, I have, during several months, observed him closely, and my testimony to his worth is without abatement. A purer, truer man, I do not know. And he is, also, a man of education and enlarged views. One of superior quality in all respects. Of necessity, taking all the peculiar circumstances of your father's restoration to society, Mr. Ewbank will, hereafter, exercise much influence over him, and I need not add, after what has just been remarked, that this influence will be for good. In everything, it will, I know, for I have talked with him freely, lead towards family re-union on the right basis. Accept him, Mr. Guy, as a true friend—a wise, unselfish friend. Don't assume a hostile attitude; this will hurt only yourself, for he is a strong, clear-seeing man, and brave as strong. In the line of duty, he can be as inflexible as iron. I say all this freely, that you may know just where you stand."

Mr. Ewbank joined them at this moment, and Doctor Hofland saw, by Guy's subdued and respectful manner, that his counsel would be heeded. He left them together, and was pleased to see them in earnest conversation, for a long time.

"My son," said the father, holding Adam's hand, as the latter was about going away—Lydia stood with an arm drawn in one of her father's, and leaning her face against him tenderly—"My son, there is for us all a better and a truer life, if we will lead it. Your sister and her good husband have helped to open for me the door of this better and truer life, and my feet, I trust, are on the threshold, trying to enter. Will you not enter with me? Touching the past, my son, I have much to complain of you"—Lydia moved uneasily, and looked up into her father's face. He went on—"But I will throw a mantle over the past; and I pray you, Adam, not to remove it. This is now my home, and the home of Lydia and her husband. Let there be no jealousies towards

them, for they will provoke none. Had my will, my impulses, had away, you and I would not now be standing face to face; for my anger was like fire when I learned all that you had been and done. But for them, I would not have forgiven. Under this roof, my son, a new home is to be constructed, in which love and peace are to dwell. We have heard from your sister Frances. She is in the west, and is now returning to make one with us. Edwin has not been here. May I trust you to see him, and take a message from his father?"

"I will do faithfully, all you may desire."

Adam's voice trembled.

"Say to him, that I know all that he has recently done; and that I understand the motives from which he acted. Say also, that I have laid it away with the past which I have forgiven, and desire to forget. I wish to see him. You understand me, Adam?"

"I do."

"And the spirit in which I speak?"

"Yes."

Father and son held each other's hands with a tightening clasp for some moments. When Adam turned away and left the room, his eyes were dim with moisture; and wet eyes looked after him.

"May God's peace be on this dwelling," said Doctor Hofland, taking the hand of his old friend, as Adam retired.

Mr. Guy lost his self-control, and leaning down, laid his face on the head of Lydia, who was still at his side, and sobbed aloud.

On this last scene in our drama of life, the curtain falls. Its foreshadowings of days to come are full of promise—so full, that their blessing will not be counted dear even at the great price through which the purchase came. The fire is never too hot that burns out the dross, leaving only precious gold.

THE END.

Know Thyself.

"Know thyself," is a precept descended from Heaven, Which to weak erring man for his guidance was given,

Yet he heeds not its teaching, but stretches afar,
His vision to scan distant planet and star;
Caves, cataracts, rivers, he rushes to view,
Ransacking for novelties old world and new,
The pyramids mounts and afar sends his eye,
And climbs Chimborazo fresh wonders to spy;
He travels to China to scale its grand wall,
Yet knows not himself, greatest wonder of all.

Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD I.

Edward I., and his queen Eleanora, were crowned at Westminster, August 19, 1274. At the time of the death of his father, Henry III., he was in the holy wars, fighting under the banners of the cross, and acquiring military fame in the distant region of Palestine. But his absence was no obstacle to his succession, for his prudence and valor were fresh in the memory of the English, who hoped he would employ those talents in maintaining the tranquillity of the kingdom, which had suffered so much in the two preceding reigns.

Immediately after the death of Henry the barons assembled with one accord, swore fealty to their absent monarch, and appointed a regency to govern the kingdom until his return, which was almost two years afterwards.

The majestic form and countenance of Edward corresponded with his vigorous mind and martial disposition, and displayed a character very different from that of his father. His eyes were black, and sparkled with uncommon vivacity; his hair was also black, and curled naturally. He had a fine open forehead and regular features. He delighted in all martial and manly exercises, and had great courage and military skill. His intellect was of a very superior order; his character was adorned with many virtues, such as a solid judgment, a perfect command over his passions, consummate prudence, an acute penetration, and an exemplary chastity, for the last of which, few if any of the kings since the conquest had been remarkable. But with so many good qualities he suffered ambition and the love of rule to lead him to commit many acts of injustice, yet he was considered a great king, and England derived many benefits from his administration.

Edward began his reign by making a strict inquiry into the affairs of his kingdom, and reforming abuses. He and his parliament enacted new laws for securing the rights of the people; he took the Magna Charta for the standard of his reign, and established a system of wise and vigorous measures, which gave order and peace to the country. The desire of possessing the whole island of Great Britain had so beset his mind, that every other consideration gave way to it, and he determined first to conquer Wales.

The Welsh had for many years enjoyed their own laws, language, customs and opinions. They were the remains of the ancient Britons,

who had escaped the Roman, Saxon, and Norman invasions, and preserved their freedom and their country uncontaminated by the admission of foreign conquerors. Whenever England was engaged in war, the Welsh made it a constant practice to lay waste the open country, and trusted to their inaccessible mountains for defence; but those barriers did not prevent Edward from taking possession of the country, and the reigning prince, Llewellyn, and his brother David, were slain in battle. The Welsh lost their national independence, which they had preserved for more than eight centuries, and Wales was annexed to England, from which time the eldest son of the king of England has had the title of the Prince of Wales. The Welsh were amply repaid for the loss of a distinct nationality, and emerged from barbarian freedom to a state of more civilized liberty; they became one and the same nation with the conquerors, and enjoyed the same laws and privileges.

The Jews, who were introduced into England by William the Conqueror, had never been treated with much kindness; the king was their only protector, and absolute lord of their estates; at any time when he wanted money he felt at liberty to demand the amount required. In one year in the reign of Henry the Third Aaron, a Jew of York, paid the king thirty thousand marks of silver, besides two hundred marks of gold to the queen; and the last seven years of Henry's reign he received from the Jews the sum of one million two hundred and sixty thousand pounds. They submitted to these extortions, as there was scarcely any Christian country where they were more equitably treated in those days of bigotry and ignorance. Edward now caused all the Jews in England to be seized in one day, and after a strict examination two hundred and eighty were convicted of coining and circulating counterfeit money; they received sentence of death, and were executed at London. The other Jews were all banished from the kingdom and permitted to take their personal property, but their lands were confiscated.

Edward now resolved to unite Scotland with England. A sister of Edward's had some time before married Alexander III., of Scotland, who died leaving only one child, Margaret, who married the king of Norway; she also died and left an only daughter, who was three years old when Alexander died and left his throne to his grand-daughter. Edward proposed to the king of Norway that the Prince of Wales should marry his daughter, Margaret, the little

queen of Scotland, which he agreed to; but the death of the young queen put an end to the project. There were many who claimed the throne, but Robert Bruce had the best right to the crown, being the grandson of Alexander's brother, David, by his daughter Isabella.

Edward marched an army into Scotland and was victorious in many battles, but the Scots would not submit to his rule, though he treated them as a conquered nation, and placed English garrisons and governors in the fortified places. Many of the Scottish nobility swore to obey him as their king, but William Douglas and others refused to take the oath. Edward carried the crown, sceptre, and other symbols of royalty to England, also the famous stone on which the inauguration of their kings was performed, which is still to be seen in Westminster Abbey. William Wallace and other brave men resisted Edward's authority. Robert Bruce, a son of Robert Bruce already mentioned, was crowned king of Scotland a year before the death of Edward, which so exasperated him that he took a solemn oath to march into Scotland and never to return till it was subdued; he spent many months in pursuit of Bruce. He died in a tent by the road-side, July 7, 1307. He was seventy years old, and had reigned thirty-five years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

One Day.

BY IDA HOPE.

I am weary and vexed to night, and all because I have not been able to spend the day as I wished and expected. This morning I rose early and fully and carefully planned out the day's work. Each particular amount of study, reading, writing, practising, sewing, &c., was put down in its proper quantity and order, and I determined to, this day, "*make up for lost time*," resolutely saying, it should be one of advance. Scarcely had the first in the list of duties been crossed out as "*finished*," when callers were announced. Social politeness told me to obey the summons, and with a slight feeling of vexation I went to the parlor, and found two lady friends, who declared themselves "delighted to see me; and *knew* I must be, equally with themselves, bored to death by these long dull days—how did I pass my time! and wasn't it a shame this horrid war should take away all the dear beaux and leave us so disconsolate!" Then came the talk about

the fashions. "Didn't I think Brodie's last mantles perfect beauties? and wouldn't such and such a shape and shade become Clara best?" then "how did I enjoy last night's soiree—and wasn't it strange Miss G—, should be so jealous of Miss R—'s singing, when their styles were so different there could be no comparison, and both so fine."

Thus we chattered away an hour of what were to me golden moments, but to them mere playthings; my only consolation being that I was helping the really charming little butterflies to gracefully kill an hour of their dull day. They went, and I was soon deeply absorbed in writing out, for his mother, an account of soldier B—'s experience in secessia—similar, alas! to too many that have been lived and suffered in our war-cursed land.

Hush! there's a knock at the door. I say, "what is it?" upon which brother Bertie's curly head pushes in—a pleading voice asks, "Sister Ida, mayn't I come in? I've such a darling little chickie I want to show you, its fur is soft as white kittie's." "Yes, Bertie," then after chickie's fur has been duly stroked and admired, Bertie says, "now, sister, just please untangle this twine. I can't play horse unless you do. I've worked *real* hard, but it only gets worse." So I untangle the knot and his perplexity at the same time, then with a kiss and an injunction not to come again that morning, I send the little teaser away. An hour of quietness follows, in which my work progresses finely; the facts gathered from letters, and memory of conversations, are being woven into a tale of truth which stirs my own soul to its very depths. Just now sister Lizzie, in the music room below, strikes up a joyous song of victory; a cold chill runs over my excited nerves, and I could almost scream for the pain caused by the discord of the sounds in the room below with the *feelings* in the room above. Reader, did you never, when full of anxiety over some little trouble you could not tell to others, or touched at heart over some thrilling story, or deeply interested over some mental work—your nervous system all life and activity in the effort—feel any sound to be almost torture, and listen with a sort of morbid dread to the steps and voices, which are very natural and pleasant things, when the mind is not thus excited? Then you know something of my feelings when the music below struck in upon and made discord with them. Now this song was the one I oftenest admired and called for. There was such grand harmony between the notes and words. The sounds would go

reaching and swelling out as if striving to equal the sublimity of the thoughts. But this morning, the *voice* and *harp* below were tuned to the high concert pitch of jubilant victory, while the *heart* above was tuned to the wailing dirge notes of oppression, sorrow, and death. Could the two instruments blend tones without horrid jarrings?

After a time the music ceased, and I composed myself to writing, with many self-scooldings at this nervous weakness. Presently, Biddy comes to the door with a note from Mrs. H——, which contains an invitation to tea, and a request for the loan of our "daily" for poor Mrs. P——, who has a son in the army! I dispatch the paper and my acceptance, then shut up my work disappointedly, and go about a few household duties, the performance of which brings me to the time of my engagement with Mrs. H——; and now, after the fulfilment of it, and an evening spent in the parlors with company, I am once more seated at my desk thinking over the day's labor. I look hungrily at "*Les Misérables*," and "*Last Poems*," which lie by my side; but no, it is very late, and they must not be touched until to-morrow, which perhaps will be but sister of to-day.

Vigorous-minded men who have power to lock out all these vexatious interruptions with the key which locks *them* in, and the "not at home" which stands guard at the door, may well wonder why women never accomplish so much in a literary way as they, and laugh at her "*want of time*!" wouldn't they call her an unsocial, frigid "blue-stocking," if she should "*take time*" as they do? Verily it is woman's duty to conform to circumstances, not to *control* them.

Album Lines.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Idle it were to wish thee perfect bliss—
God's system gives us not full happiness;
Else might we heaven's sweet home of love ignore,
And cling despairing to this earthly shore.
But in the way of duty lieth peace,
And calm content, whose blessings never cease!
A life well spent! it is a royal thing
To reach perfection through much suffering!
Though dark and doubtful seems the dreary way,
Far in the distance looms the brow of day
His ways are joy, if fully understood;
The truly happy always are the good.

A Death-bed Promise.

From the darkened chamber where Philip Stourton's wife lay sick of a mortal disease, the doctor had taken his departure, after gentle but ominous words, and husband and wife were face to face in "the valley of the shadow of death." Buoyed up to the last with hope, that might ebb and flow, but had never wholly forsaken them, the doctor's warning fell heavily indeed on their hearts; and the pangs of parting came upon them with premature and unlooked-for bitterness.

"I could have wished to live a little longer with you," said the sick lady, in a momentary lull of tears, "and not to leave the bonnie little children so soon with no mother to care for them; but, Philip, you will promise me this, it is my dying request—do not put them in the power of a mother who is not their own; such are always cruel. For the memory of me, dear Philip, and for the sake of the children, promise me not to marry again."

Philip Stourton was silent; he felt all the onerous conditions which a promise of this nature involved. However much he loved his wife—and he loved her devotedly—yet he saw what his partner could not see, that in depriving himself of his free will to act, he might be creating for himself a life-long burden and sorrow. But his wife renewed her entreaties, and clasping him round the neck in a passion of tears, besought him not to refuse the request of one so near to the grave. With those dark beseeching dying eyes upon him, he could not deny the petition: he promised. Nay, she begged him even to swear that he would be faithful to her memory, and never wed a second wife; and Philip Stourton took the oath, his reluctance vanquished by an importunity which it seemed almost cruelty to resist.

The nurse who tended Philip's wife was a woman of a peculiar temperament, strictly upright, but fanatical in her notions of duty, and with a strong self-will. She was an old servant, had been in the family of Mrs. Stourton's father many years, and had been selected to accompany the young lady at the marriage. She had a sincere attachment to her mistress, who trusted and favored her, and when the fact became known that Mrs. Stourton could not recover, her grief was violent and uncontrollable. On the day following the scene above described, Philip Stourton walking almost noiselessly into his wife's sick chamber, observed the nurse bending over the poor

invalid, and taking from her hands a letter, whilst some whispered instructions were being given as to its careful delivery. His entrance seemed to disturb them somewhat; but he was too heavy of heart to heed anything except the pale face which looked wistfully at him from the pillow. It was a sorrowful day, for before it closed his young wife died in his arms.

During the months of desolate solitude which followed his bereavement, the circumstance of the promise he had given never once recurred to his mind. The great grief swallowed up all minor responsibilities of life. His loss was irreparable, his sorrow inconsolable; with his heart sealed up, as he fancied and wished, against consolation, he went on his cheerless way. But the influences which nature brings to bear upon us in our misfortunes, though slow and silent in their operation, are in the end irresistible. Grieving constantly over his loss, Philip's sorrow grew less poignant. His children became more dear to him, and to a greater degree than he had thought possible grew to supply the place of his dead wife. By degrees their merriment became less grating to his ears. There were times, too, when his disposition recovered its natural tone; intervals of forgetfulness of the past, of hopefulness for the future. The children found a kind but strict foster-mother in the nurse; and his household was a fairly ordered household yet, though not the bright and complete one which he knew before the spoiler had trespassed upon it.

So Philip Stourton lived through his trouble, and found, after awhile, in his children, his calling, and his books, both comfort and tranquillity.

In his profession of an architect, he worked steadily and successfully; he loved it because he excelled in it, and labor of any kind blunted the sense of pain and loss. A wealthy manufacturer had employed him in the erection of some extensive business premises, and afterwards of a private mansion; and on the completion of the latter, arranged a pleasant party to celebrate the circumstance. To this festive gathering the architect received a kindly worded invitation. Philip debated with himself whether he should accept it, and finally concluded to do so. His wife had now been dead two years, during which time he had altogether refrained from society. In his happier days he had been anything but a recluse, for a gay and buoyant temperament had made him the favorite of many circles; and now the natural desire to mix with men once more began to find

a place in his mind. His promise occasionally recurred to memory, but had hitherto caused him no embarrassment or uneasiness. It was no fear on this score that had influenced his mode of life hitherto; and he thought not at all of the circumstance when he consented at last to break in on the seclusion which had become habitual. Once under the roof of his hospitable friend, Philip's mind quickly took a coloring of cheerfulness and gaiety in keeping with the scene. This gaiety was, in fact, its most natural phase, and long constraint served no doubt to make each pleasurable impression more vivid. It has been said that he was well fitted to shine in such gatherings; he seemed to regain all his old powers on this occasion. Had the reunion been specially and cunningly planned (as it was not) to allure him back into the circle of living sympathies, the object could scarcely have been accomplished more effectually. The lights, the music, the wine, conversation and repartee, the fair and happy faces about him, made up an atmosphere which a nature like his could not long resist. And when Philip returned to his sombre hearth, the shadows seemed less dense, and life more lovable than before; for we look at life through the coloring medium of inward feelings, and to these human intercourse is like sunshine. But was there no special reason beyond for this revulsion in Philip Stourton's mind? He might have answered there was no other; but it was whispered that bright glances had shone upon and fascinated him. Pshaw! glances indeed. Yes, but they were Honor Westwood's glances, and Honor was a very lovely girl.

She was the niece and ward of Mr. Westwood, their host; his heiress, also, it was said. Philip admired her beauty, felt perhaps a little flattered by her favor. But he was not to be taken by the first pretty face that chanced to look his way. Not in the least.

But Philip had or made an errand to the great house within a few days, when an opportunity was afforded to him of judging whether he had not overestimated the young lady's beauty and courtesy on his first visit; a matter which curiously interested him, and exceedingly favorable to the lady were the conclusions he came to.

Then more than once or twice or thrice did he repeat his visit, and gradually from his heart and from his hearth faded the dark shade which fell upon them when his dear wife died.

One night, after a prolonged visit to the

Westwoods, Philip Stourton returned home, and sat down in his silent study with a flushed and troubled brow. He tried to read, but after turning a page or two the book was thrown aside, and he sat with thoughtful eyes before the fire, absorbed in reverie. Not very pleasant were his reflections, to judge from the muttered words that escaped him now and then, betraying the theme on which his thoughts were busy. He had subjected himself to an influence which few can long resist, more especially when the mind has been acted upon by sorrow and solitude. He found himself suddenly in a forbidden realm, tempted by beauty, affection, companionship, feelings universally welcomed as the highest good of earth. But he was under disabilities; he was not free to choose like others; his promise stared him in the face. A wild mood of passion and remorse, and unavailing repentance perhaps for his rash promise, took possession of his mind, and made the long hours of that night sleepless. He was not so deeply enslaved but that he still retained sufficient control over himself to take what was undoubtedly a wise resolution, if he desired to preserve inviolate the pledge he had given to his lost wife.

Honor Westwood wondered when the summer evenings came and went, but brought not the wanted and welcome guest. To wonder succeeded disappointment, and to disappointment, the bitter, though only half-acknowledged, pangs of slighted love. Would he ever come again? What discourtesy had she been guilty of? She searched her memory and tortured her mind in vain. In Philip's absence she brooded over his image, and, as we are all apt to do, overvalued the merits of what she seemed to have lost, till in this way her half-formed attachment ripened into absolute love.

Mr. Westwood missed Philip Stourton too, and, unacquainted with the true state of affairs, at last sent a pressing summons for him. And what did Philip? With the faculty for self-delusion which is common to us all, he resolved to visit his friend; it was but a pleasant, intelligent intercourse he sought; was it manly to shun the society he valued because of this shadowy danger? Honor Westwood was nothing to him; he would go. He went, and in that peculiar mood of mind it may be easily guessed with what results. His early impressions were intensified, a passionate love took root in him, against which all his struggles were unavailing. But the lady was changed too; now, Philip had come back, she manifested a certain reserve. He felt the change,

and was piqued. Instead of accepting the opportunity thus offered, and placing the intimacy on a footing more consonant to his sense of duty—as had he been at one with himself on the subject he would have done—he determined to combat and overcome this estrangement. He succeeded. As his visits grew more frequent, Honor Westwood's manner resumed its old grace and warmth, till her uncle began to take note of such small circumstances as led him to suspect that his niece and his architect were—well, no matter—Honor was of age, mistress of a small fortune, and Philip Stourton was an estimable man and his good friend. Smooth as regarded outward influences was the course of Philip's love-making, but his own mind was irresolute and distracted. He felt the fascination which had seized upon him grow day by day in power. He knew that he was paltering with a sacred engagement which he had never proposed to himself to break through, yet he would not terminate the dangerous intimacy, and he dared not look beyond the present hour. He worked hard at his profession, crowded task upon task, purposely allowing himself little leisure for reflection, but he gave blind way to his impetuous feelings whenever chance or choice led him to Honor's side. He did not neglect his own home; but the nurse (now housekeeper), to whose management his domestic concerns were intrusted, was far from being satisfied with the state of affairs, and spoke out her mind as she was in the habit of doing. "The motherless children were slighted. Business—if it was business that absorbed Mr. Stourton—should not swallow up home duties; and if it was gay company that attracted him, it was still less excusable." These remonstrances she did not scruple to make to Philip's face, and far from being silenced by his rebukes, let fall expressions which showed a knowledge of the attentions he paid his fair acquaintance, and inveighed bitterly against second marriages. This was sufficiently insolent, but Philip did not care to resort to the obvious remedy. Her well-tryed fidelity, and the anxious care with which she watched over the welfare of his children, forbade her being sent away; so her insubordination was endured, and her prate and caprices passed over as necessary evils.

There came a time, however, when Philip's vacillating purpose became fixed, though probably in an opposite direction to what the real balance of his confused feelings inclined him. On a quiet winter evening he and Honor met once again. It might be she was kinder to

him than usual, or he himself more susceptible. However that might be, her beauty and the scarcely concealed favor with which she regarded him so far conquered, that before they parted he had asked her to become his wife. And on the morrow, while his mind was filled with conflicting emotions of love and remorse, Honor wrote to him, consenting. It made him very happy of course. Poor Philip Stourton.

He had taken a step, however, which seemed irrevocable, and he rushed blindly on to the end. Like a man engaged in the commission of a crime, he resolutely evaded reflection on the course he was pursuing, though he could not prevent his thoughts from playing at a distance, as it were, round the forbidden point. In incessant labor, he endeavored to escape self-examination, indemnifying himself with long evenings of delicious companionship, when conscience, which should then have stung the sharper, was laid to sleep by the all-powerful blandishments of the hour.

After awhile, the marriage day was fixed, and the preparations for it were begun. The fact was whispered about, and reached the ears of Philip's housekeeper; but, strangely enough, that ready tongue of hers for once was mute, though her feelings were anything but placid, to judge from her stormy face.

One evening, after a laughing dispute about some intended matrimonial arrangement, Honor suddenly remarked—

"By the way, Philip, what was the nature of that promise you made your late wife? I have received a curious anonymous letter about you, which I suppose I ought to show you."

Philip's face grew white; he was not able to affect unconcern, the onset was so unexpected and so deadly. He remained silent, breathing hurriedly, like a man in pain.

Honor was rather startled when she observed the effects produced by her words, and said—

"I am sorry, dear Philip, if I have grieved you by my question, but I have indeed received a letter containing some vague accusation or other against you. I give not the slightest credence to it, however; neither do I ask you to explain anything, if to do so would be disagreeable to you. I can trust you, Philip."

"You have trusted me, Honor, more than I deserve," said Philip; "let me look at the letter."

She handed it to him; it contained but a few words, penned evidently by an illiterate person, and ran thus: "You are about to be mar-

ried to Philip Stourton, I hear. You have no right to him. Ask him about the promise, the oath he took to his wife who is dead. God will visit you both."

There was no signature. Philip read it thrice, and lingered over it, as though endeavoring to take some resolution in his own mind. He looked at Honor at last, and said:

"Could you marry me, Honor, if you knew I had broken a promise such as the letter mentions?"

Honor trembled a little; but after a short pause, smilingly said:

"Well, perhaps I could, provided it were not a very bad case."

"A death-bed promise—an oath?" said Philip.

The lady was silent for a moment, and her eyes began to fill with tears.

"What have you been doing, Philip? What do you mean? Must you break an oath in marrying me?"

"I must," groaned Philip. "I promised my wife on her death-bed not to marry again. She had no right—I feel it now—to impose such a burden upon me. I had no right so to pledge myself; but I did. It is irrevocable; no one can relieve me of it."

"I will not marry a man who has perjured himself," said Honor. "You have been cruel, very cruel to tempt me so far for this. I cannot marry you now, Philip," she repeated; and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed bitterly, and left the room. Philip, too, stole away, crushed and miserable; in his own eyes, hopelessly dishonored.

Truth, loyalty, self-respect, you are but thin shades dwelling in a human breast, lightly esteemed, seemingly of little power; but when you depart, the pillars of the world seem to have fallen in, so weak and desolate are our lives without you.

If Philip had been less scrupulously honorable, if in his heart he had attached as little weight to the promise made to his wife as his recent course implied, he need not have seen his hopes fall in ruin about him as they now appeared to do. It was not that he lacked the ingenuity to avert it. It had crossed his mind, of course, to deny the vague accusation contained in that miserable scrawl, to impute malice and falsehood to the writer. Who was to know what transpired between him and his wife at such an hour? And Honor Westwood would have been a lenient judge, although in her secret heart she had believed him guilty; but when confronted with his offence, con-

science reasserted itself, and constrained him to admit the truth.

Philip went straight home to his study, and there sat down. By and by he got up hastily, unlocked a secretaire, and drew out something which glittered in the dull light of the lamp. It was a pistol. He placed it on the table at his elbow, and turned his pale cheek and absent eyes towards the fire. Did he see faces there, as we all do occasionally, when imagination is busy and judgment in abeyance? Perhaps he did. The gentle face, it may be, of his dead wife—earnest, loving, deprecating the evil deed he meditated. The faces, perchance, of his children, touched with dread and wonder, appealing to him not to leave them helpless to the scant mercy of the world. However that might be, a change came over his face before long which augured a better mind, and he put the shining loathsome weapon back.

On the morrow, though his reflections were bitter enough, the despair which had given birth to that dark thought of the previous night no longer haunted him. It was true that there was an end forever to his hopes for Honor, but now at least he could face conscience once more. He was even glad, amidst his disappointed passion and poignant sense of humiliation, that he had been prevented from completing his design. The authorship of the anonymous letter perplexed him, though his suspicions finally narrowed down to his own housekeeper. Yet how could she have possessed herself of the secret? His wife, he felt certain, would never have communicated to her what took place at that troubled interview, but it was possible she might have overheard. He took measures to ascertain, if he could, the truth; but they were of no avail. The woman's sullen answers revealed nothing, and Philip ceased at last to question, though not to suspect her.

With stern self-discipline, Philip weaned himself from everything connected with his unfortunate passion, hoping to find, as once before he had found, in labor, solace and forgetfulness. The struggle, though sharp, was in a measure successful, and he calmed down by degrees into content. It would have been harder to him had he seen how dim the fair face of Honor grew beneath the cruel blow dealt her in her trustfulness; and had he heard the apologies she made for him to her own heart, he would most surely have been tempted back. Her sex naturally, it may be assumed, would deal lightly with such an offence. A woman perhaps was wronged, but a woman

was the gainer—and promises are but words. Honor was angry with him, it must be confessed; but rather because he faltered than because he allowed himself to be tempted. "She had no right to exact such a promise; he had no right to give it; but the fault was hers. O Philip! had you urged this as some would have urged it, I think I should have forgiven you." So mused the woman he loved; and it was well for Philip he could not know.

With great chivalry of character, Honor never disclosed to her guardian the cause of the abrupt termination of their engagement; and he naturally attributed it to some petty quarrel originating in a difference of disposition.

"You must make it up, Honor," he said more than once. "Write to Philip, and bring him back." But of course Honor never wrote, and Philip never came.

Several months had passed away, when Philip Stourton's housekeeper was taken seriously ill. Meeting the doctor after one of his visits, Philip asked how his patient progressed. "I will not disguise from you," was the reply, "that she is in great danger, I fear she will not recover."

"I trust you are mistaken, doctor," Philip said; "I could ill afford to lose her, she has been a most faithful servant."

The same evening Philip visited the sick-room, and perceived too plainly that he had heard the truth. A peculiar expression came over the pale hard features of the housekeeper when she observed his entrance, and there was an anxiety in her manner of replying to his inquiries which attracted his attention.

"Are we alone?" she asked.

Philip replied in the affirmative.

"I wished much to see you. I know I shall not live long," she continued, "and there is a matter nearly concerning you, of which I feel it my duty to speak—something about your late wife, my beloved mistress."

Her voice was steady, her manner resolute; but she paused, as if debating with herself whether or not to proceed. Philip asked if she referred to the letter received by Honor Westwood.

"Yes, to that, and something beside. Mark, sir, I do not confess I have done wrong. I do not believe it, and I do not repent of what I have done. But if I had lived, I should have broken silence some day, and I feel I have no right to take my secret out of the world with me. Listen: I nursed Mrs. Stourton when she was a child, and I loved her. Before she died,

she called me to her, and confided to me how in the first dreadful moment when the knowledge of her fate came upon her, she had exacted from you an oath that you would never marry again. She told me that in a calmer hour she had considered and repented of the act, but that the subject was too painful to be revived betwixt you again. She intrusted to me a letter which she had written to you, and enjoined me to deliver it to you when she was dead. That letter I never delivered."

Philip was struck dumb by the avowal; the old affection and the new hope, both starting to life at the sound of the dying woman's voice, clashed together within his heart.

The housekeeper went on: "Of second marriages I do not approve, and I do not believe they are happy ones. It was enough for me that my darling wished you not to marry again. She might unsay the words, but she could not unsay the wish, and I followed her wish. Had you not your children to console you, and was I not better to them than a stepmother could be? However, I am leaving you now, and you may work your will. I wrote the letter to Miss Westwood. I do not say forgive me for all this, for I have prayed to Heaven for guidance, and my conscience does not condemn me."

"Nurse, you have acted a strange part; I might reproach you, save that you are so near to the time when you will be judged by a higher power. Where is the letter you have withheld?"

The sick woman put her hand beneath the pillow, and drew it forth. Philip took it, and silently left the room.

In the silence of his study, with a beating heart, he opened the letter, which seemed in truth like a message from the dead. With difficulty he deciphered the loving, sorrowful words that his wife's dying hand had traced to free him from his fetters. Amongst many a blurred passage of tenderness and regret, there was no word of reservation; he stood fully absolved from his oath.

Men's hearts will not cease to beat with love and passion, though never so faithful a friend or dear companion is spirited away from their sides. The dead are not forgotten, nor are their memories profaned because we who are left, impelled by irresistible instincts, seek out in the living world those who can best compensate us for our loss. It is but selfishness, after all, that commands us to remember yet forbids us to restore, and

Set our souls to the same key
Of the remembered harmony.

It was not long before Honor Westwood had to weigh another proposal, urged with greater earnestness and new credentials; nor was it long before the bells rang out a merry marriage peal for Philip Stourton's second nuptials.

Our Lamie.

BY H. A. HEYDON.

Six times the New Year's sun had poured
His glory o'er the wintry skies,
When 'mid the falling of the snow,
Our Lamie opened his blue eyes;
And all of winter's chill and gloom
Was banished from our little room.

We did not heed the storm without,
For all within was bright and fair;
Light, beyond summer's day.
Lay on our baby's shining hair;
And his wee hands put far apart
All clouds and darkness from our heart.

Earth had no music like his voice—
Aye, not the Sabbath's holy bell,
So like a benediction came
As his soft, dove-like cooing fell,
To the dear baby it was given
To keep the voice he brought from Heaven.

Five times the April sun had poured
His glory o'er the Spring's soft skies,
And with his kindly kiss of love
Had oped the violet's blue eyes.
When soft and low, a voice there came,
And called our Lamie by his name.

For the kind Shepherd, looking down
With love and pity in his eyes,
Saw where our little Lamb had strayed
From the green fields of paradise.
Our Lamie knew His voice of old,
And turned obedient to the fold.

We laid our little treasure down
With April violets to sleep,
Well knowing that the Shepherd's love
His Lamb and ours would safely keep—
Would give to him eternal rest,
Close folded on His loving breast.

Father, our hearts have heard the voice
That called our precious Lamb away,
And we would follow meekly where
His little feet have led the way,
Till through the gates of light we pass,
And with him view thee face to face.

A good wife is to a man, wisdom and courage, and strength and endurance. A bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless where the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Another year had come and gone, and the day long dreaded dawned at last for New London. It was a pleasant Autumn morning, that sixth of September which we all have read of; the apples were ripening in the orchard, the nuts in the forests; no touch of the frost had shriveled the leaves into yellow parchment, or burned them into crimson; it was a fair and peaceful morning, with white mists like a camp of shining tents unfurled on the distant hills; the sweet exhilarating scent of sassafras, and pine, and fern filled the air; the birds sang the joyful songs they had sung through all the summer mornings which had just gone by, and the blue smoke curled up lazily from the many homesteads of the pleasant town, that sat that morning as it would never again sit by the blue Thames.

With the early dawn of that day whose history was to be written in fire and blood, and in one of the most shameful massacres that ever disgraced humanity, the inhabitants of New London were aroused from their slumbers by the alarm guns from Fort Griswold, on the opposite side of the Thames. Anxious faces were soon peering from every window and house-top towards the large fleet of the enemy which stood off the harbor. And when the sun rose, it rose on a distracted town and on a heart-rending scene.

The inhabitants knew too well the character of the enemy they had to deal with, to dare to trust themselves in his power, and there was no resource but to seek safety in flight. The streets were full of mothers hurrying away with their little children—of old and young alike seeking some place of refuge; cries of terror, confusion, lamentation filled the sweet morning air, and all this time the proud war ships rode slow and threatening towards the town.

Sir Henry Clinton had discovered at last the destination of the American army, which its commander had concealed from him by such a series of masterly manœuvres. That army was now far on its march to Yorktown, to join the forces assembled there. The British general saw at once the great advantage which Washington had gained by this move, and the imminent peril to which Lord Cornwallis would now be subjected. Stung with mortification and filled with apprehension on first learning

the destination of the American army, Sir Henry Clinton resolved as a kind of counter-plot, to strike a fearful blow on New London, which might possibly have the effect of detaching a part of the troops intended for Yorktown, for the protection of Connecticut; and the command of this expedition, which signalized itself by all that is barbarous and bloodthirsty in warfare, was given to the arch traitor, *Benedict Arnold!*

"Daughter," said Deacon Palmer, giving the spyglass to his daughter, for the signal guns had aroused the family at the homestead, "your eyes are younger than mine. Look off the southard and tell us all you see."

The Deacon and his daughter were at the top of the house. Mrs Palmer and Benny stood at the foot of the ladder which led to the scuttle, awaiting, the one with trembling anxiety, the other with boyish curiosity for the tidings. Grace steadied the glass and swept the harbor with her gaze.

"There is a fleet of ships and transports sufficient to carry thousands of troops. They are moving straight towards the town! Oh, father, what shall we do?" setting down the glass.

"What shall we do, father?" echoed Mrs. Palmer at the foot of the ladder.

"Look to the Lord for help against the mighty," answered the solemn voice of the Deacon; and the words strengthened all their hearts.

Deacon Palmer took hasty counsel with his family.

"Don't you think we'd better set to work and pack up and hide as much as we can? The British'll take and destroy whatever they can lay their hands on," asked Mrs. Palmer, trying to speak very calmly.

"I don't think they'll be very likely to get out as far as here. The militia'll be on hand to hold 'em back, but they'll fight at fearful odds. You may as well pack up your silver and any little trinkets you or Grace have, and I'll bury 'em with my papers at the back of the barn. As for the household goods, there's no use in tryin' to conceal 'em, and we must leave them to take their chance."

"I'd like to see them British come to my house!" exclaimed Benjamin, who had listened to all this conversation with wide eyes and mouth, and he dashed his small fists fiercely in the air, at an imaginary foe.

"Oh, Benny, poor child, what could you do!" exclaimed his mother, looking at him sorrowfully.

"I could do a great deal!" his self-esteem somewhat wounded. "Aint I nine years old?"

Mrs. Palmer did not smile now, as under other circumstances she would have been very likely to do; and the next moment her youngest born set off energetically to assist his father in preparing a place of concealment for whatever was most valuable or precious to his family.

Grace went to her own room and took out Edward's portrait, and gazing on the beloved features, a thrill of thankfulness went over her that both he and Robert were absent, and that she was spared from the haunting anxiety which would fill so many hearts that day; and then she thought with a pang of Nathaniel Trueman and his mother; he was at home; he would be among the first to join the militia that the signal guns were calling together to resist the progress of the foe!

Grace had not seen her betrothed during this year, as she had at one time ventured to hope. He had remained at the hospital until nearly spring on account of his wounds, and when at last he was exchanged, did not solicit a furlough, as he had previously anticipated doing, because of the arrival of his friend General Greene at the South. The latter, on taking command of the Southern army, had earnestly entreated that the young officer would remain with him. The Major had recently been promoted to the rank of Colonel.

The various articles which it was thought best to secure, were hastily bestowed in a strong box and buried in the rear of the barn. Then Deacon Palmer returned to his wife and said quietly, but in that kind of voice which showed that his mind was made up—

"Wife, give me your blessing, for I'm goin' to start right off to j'in the militia!"

"Oh, father, such an old man as you!" gasped the deprecating voices of the wife and daughter.

"No matter for my age, so long as I've got stout muscle enough in this right arm to aim a musket. Every man that can do that, old or young, ought to set out now. Mother—Grace, you won't be the one to keep me from doing my duty?"

The two pale women could not say a word. The Deacon went up stairs and brought down his musket. His wife slipped his breakfast into his hands. Then the old man commended his family "to the love of God" and set out.

Grace and her mother went to the top of the house once more, and watched the ships come to anchor, and the debarkation of the enemy.

They landed in two divisions of about eight hundred men each on either side of the river.

Arnold had command of the division on the New London side, and the two women traced with fear and anguish the path of the British troops by the gleam of their scarlet uniforms through the foliage. But in a short time they were summoned down again. All the roads leading from New London were filled with groups of panic-stricken women and children, fleeing from their homes and seeking shelter at the farm-houses along the road.

They met everywhere with cordial reception, but found nowhere a warmer and more sympathetic welcome than at the Palmer homestead. The Deacon's wife bestirred herself with her characteristic hospitality to furnish food and shelter for all who sought it under her roof that day.

"It's well we've got a full larder to share with 'em, Grace," she whispered to her daughter, as they set the tables; for the group of homeless, panic-stricken women increased constantly, and each had some pitiful tale to sob into Grace's ear or her mother's, and each had saved some precious relic which was confided to their care.

"Grace," said one pale, broken-hearted looking woman, slipping a small package into the girl's hand, "them's my little Tommy's red morocco shoes—the only pair that ever went on to his blessed little feet, and he was so proud on 'em. Last night he breathed his last in my arms, and his father had to hurry him off in a box to the graveyard and bury him without a parson or a prayer; but I was determined if the British got everything else I own in the world, they shouldn't have my little Tommy's red morocco shoes!"

"They shant either, without they have my life with them," and Grace sobbed with the poor mother.

"Grace," said a very old woman, who had tottered out of the town leaning on her staff and the arm of a kind neighbor, "you don't 'pose them are Britishers 'll burn up the house where Jacob and I lived so many years?"

"I hope not, Aunt Platt. Do rest yourself in this arm chair."

The old woman clasped her shrivelled hands on her staff with the bewildered, appealing look of a little child—

"Grace," she said, "I couldn't get along without the chimbley corner to sit in. There's no other place in the whole world that seems home to me. It's my corner, Grace, and my old oak chair stands there that Jacob made me

the second year we was married. You don't have any fears that they'll burn up my chimbley corner, do you?"

"I *hope* not," answered Grace, with a sinking of heart for the old woman's sake. "Do take a glass of mother's spiced bitters, Aunt Platt. They'll set you up after your long walk," and she pressed the glass into the old woman's shaking hands

"Grace," called a third, a pale, grief-stricken woman, with an infant on her knee and three little children standing about her, "you don't 'spose they'll burn up my house in Widow's Row, do you? It's all I've got in the world to shelter me and my fatherless little children. I thought when word came that Jason was shot in the battle of Camden, that I wouldn't ask to live another hour if 'twasn't for my children; but what are they going to do now—poor little fatherless things, if the house is burnt down, and they no father to care for 'em and no home to go to!"

And Grace looked from the mother to the little bewildered faces clustered about her.

"You and the children shall have a home with us, if the British burn yours!" she said, out of the fulness of her heart.

And so the girl went, an angel of comfort from one stricken group to another, listening to the sad stories that were poured in her ear on every side, offering what comfort of cheer or sympathy she could, and forgetting her own sorrows in those of others. As for Benny, his sympathies were aroused into large activity by all he saw and heard. He made himself very useful to his mother and sister in their benevolent work that morning, and went everywhere, his merry face elongated with an expression of grave interest, although on the whole it must be admitted that he somewhat enjoyed the excitement.

At last, unable to contain himself any longer, he mounted a chair, rubbed his hands, and thus delivered himself—

"Look here, you folks, don't be scared if the Britishers do burn down your houses. You can all stay here just as well as not, and father'll build on some new additions, and we can live together!"

A faint smile flitted over many a troubled face at this generous offer of Benny's, and more than one voice said—

"He's a true chip of the old block."

But the anxiety of every one, whether general or personal, converged of course to one centre, and that was, the progress of the British troops towards the town. There was

a height covered with young oaks back of the Deacon's house, from which the progress of the enemy could be watched with perfect security.

Arnold's progress to the town of New London was only slightly disputed. The militia, who manned an advance battery and Fort Trumbull, retreated before the overwhelming superiority of the enemy to Fort Griswold, on the other side of the Thames, and Arnold advanced and took possession of the town. He drew rein on a height which commanded it, and surveyed the scene before him. One wonders what feelings must have stirred the heart of the traitor at that moment! Every object that his glance touched must have been familiar to his eyes, for only a few miles to the north lay his birth-place. Did no memory of his guileless childhood oversweep his soul at that hour—no thought of the gentle mother who led him every Sabbath morning to the old church—no memory of the pleasant summer days when he played in the green pastures with his sister Hannah—did no thought of what he was *then*, of the deed he had come to do *now*, accursed of God and man, sting through his darkened soul, as he drew bridle on the height which overlooked New London, sleeping in the peaceful autumn sunshine? If any such memories overswept the soul of Benedict Arnold in that hour, they only stung it into fiercer desperation and deadlier vengeance. He waved his sword. "Soldiers, do your duty," was his infamous order to his troops; and then they set to their foul work of devastation and destruction.*

We all know what was done to New London on that day. The shipping and the public buildings were first fired, and then the inhabitants watched from a short distance the red flames as they rose up and wrapt their homesteads one after another. They wondered that the sun could shine and the pleasant sky look down calmly on that scene of horror.

"Oh righteous Judge, come and rend the heavens—come with Thy right arm bared to the rescue of Thy people!" prayed Grace Palmer, as she leaned herself heavily a moment

* For the sake of justice the writer subjoins the following:—

"It ought to be stated as a general fact, that Arnold's orders appeared to have been given with some reference to humanity and the laws of civilized warfare. Private houses were to be spared, unless in some few instances where the owners were particularly obnoxious. Yet no one can be certain that an excited soldiery will not transcend their orders, and scenes of distress must be expected in the train of a reckless invasion."—*Miss Caulkins's History of New London.*

against the side of the house, for she had been witnessing on the height the devouring flames, as home after home of those around her went down in their lurid glare, until her soul had sickened at the sight, and unable to endure it she sought the house. But the sun shone on, the blue sky smiled calmly over that day's work, and the destruction went on, in the pleasant old town that sat by the Thames. And fearful as were the scenes we have related, others of a far more terrible character were transpiring on the eastern side of the river.

The history of that sixteenth of September was written at New London in fire, it was written at Fort Griswold in blood!

CHAPTER XXIV.

We must draw briefly, oh reader, and drop quickly for your sake and ours the curtain which hangs before that awful tragedy. The very heart-blood curdles to read the story as history with her calm voice relates it, and for the rest, they alike who wrought, and they who suffered that woe, are long since with God.

There were at the time but about one hundred and fifty men in the newly built fort, and two-thirds of these had hastened with whatever arms lay at hand to reinforce the slender garrison. The hearts of brave men beat, however, under those coarse garments, and when the British officer sent an insolent demand for absolute surrender, it was twice sternly rejected. Then the work of destruction commenced. The little band in the fort fought against the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, as brave men will for all they hold most dear. Colonel Eyre, who commanded the British forces, was mortally wounded, and Major Montgomery, who succeeded him, thrust through with a spear; but at last the little garrison was overcome, the fort was carried at the point of the bayonet. Then the slaughter commenced—a slaughter in which it seemed that the foe was suddenly turned into a company of fiends.

Colonel Ledyard, the brave commander of the fort, who had said that very morning, as he stepped into the boat which was to convey him across the Thames—"If I must this day lose life or honor, you who know me can tell which it will be"—ordered his men to lay down their arms. He surrendered his own sword only to have it thrust through his body! Everywhere the helpless little band was hunted and slaughtered as men would not slaughter wild beasts.

The men lifted up their hands and cried in vain for mercy of their foes. They were gashed through and through—bayoneted over and over—pursued, ferreted out from every spot where they had sought shelter, only to be slaughtered. The history of civilized warfare cannot furnish a massacre perpetrated with more diabolical fury than that which transpired at Fort Griswold. But have we not said the wronger and the wronged are with God. Eighty-four of the little band of brave men, who had assembled in the morning for the defence of the fort at Groton, were slain; the wounded lay all about in the hot afternoon sun, with none to offer them so much as a draught of cold water. But at last that long day of horrors drew to its close. The smoke rose slowly from the blackened hearths where the pleasant homesteads had stood that morning, the militia at last gathered together in such force from the neighboring towns as to render them formidable, and Benedict Arnold looked on and gave the order to retire.

The ghastly corpses at Fort Griswold were left where they had fallen; the wounded men were hastily packed one on top of another in a heavy ammunition wagon, and twenty of the enemy undertook to drag it down the steep ridge, on the summit of which stood Fort Griswold. The weight was so great, however, that the men abandoned it, leaving the wagon to descend of itself. The sides of the hill were sprinkled with rocks, stumps, and bushes. The wagon, left to its own impetus, proceeded with accelerated velocity, and at length struck suddenly against an old apple-tree, recoiled and swayed round, thus enhancing the agony of the mangled men inside, until their cries swept across the Thames, and were heard amid the cracking of the flames, and the confusion and distraction that reigned there. Several of the men were thrown upon the ground, several were killed outright. The sufferers were hastily conveyed into a house at the foot of the hill. Benedict Arnold left orders to fire the fort, and then taking what prisoners they could with them, the enemy set sail from the shores they had ravaged.

Deacon Palmer hurried home to relieve the apprehensions of his family at nightfall, and carry with him the joyful tidings of the departure of the enemy.

"Oh, father, have you been spared!" broke out Mrs. Palmer, as she saw the form which had never left her thoughts for a moment that day, entering the door.

The Deacon set down his musket.

"Yes, Patience, the Lord's preserved me, and seen fit, I'm afeared, to take many lives of more account than mine. We've had an awful day, and I expect we don't know the worst on't yet, for there's been hot fitin' at Fort Griswold, but the enemy's left our shores."

There was a flash of joy on the pale faces of the women that had huddled round the Deacon; and as the old man looked from one to another, and saw many who the next morning would find their homes a blackened heap of cinders, his heart gave way, and he bowed down his head and wept.

"Has there been much fighting to-day, father?" asked Grace, when the old man lifted his head once more.

"Not much on our side the river. The militia was ready enough to go into the battle, but they wanted a fair fight in an open field, and not to give the enemy the privilege of shootin' 'em to death cooped up in stone walls, where resistance would be useless."

At that moment the door was thrust wide open again, and Mrs. Trueman and Lucy hurriedly entered the room. Mrs. Trueman addressed herself in a rapid, agitated way to the Deacon, seeming hardly conscious of the presence of the others.

"It's all Lucy's doin's that I stopped in here to see if anybody's goin' over to the fort, though I don't need company, and it's nonsense to talk about it now!"

"No, it isn't, mother," put up Lucy's protesting voice. "I shall go with you unless you find somebody else to do it."

"What takes you over to the fort to-night, Mrs. Trueman?" asked the Deacon with a sinking heart.

"Because my boy's there. He started off early this morning, and I must know whether he's dead or alive afore I can ever sleep again."

It was evident there was no use in attempting to oppose Mrs. Trueman. Lucy had been convinced of this, and leaving the tavern full of women and children, who had crowded there for shelter, she had accompanied her mother as far as the Deacon's, resolved that much as she was needed at home at this juncture, she would not suffer Mrs. Trueman to visit the fort alone.

"It isn't safe for mother," said Lucy, in a tone whose decision reflected her parent's. "I shall keep close to her side, unless there is some man here to take charge of her."

There was no one to accompany Mrs. Trueman but the Deacon, and the fatigue and ex-

citement of the day, and the overflowing household of helpless women which needed his care, rendered his departure almost impossible. Mrs. Trueman listened impatiently to her daughter's expostulations, and was making up her mind to end them by leaving the house, when a neighbor suddenly appeared at the door, to whom the matter was easily explained. The man offered to accompany Mrs. Trueman to Groton, thus ending all discussion.

Mrs. Trueman had just left the door when a light hand touched the Deacon's arm, a hand which he knew had a silent entreaty in it.

"What is it, daughter?"

"I think I may be of some use there at the fort. Perhaps there are wounded men there who need care."

The Deacon looked up in his daughter's face and hesitated.

"My child, you will be likely to see terrible sights. I'm afraid they'll prove too much for you."

"I can stand it," her brave, steadfast face was witness for her. "Oh father, if anybody that we knew or loved was lying there!"

He knew then that she was thinking of Edward and Robert.

"I will not stand in your way, my child," said the old man, and Grace hurried away, and came upon Mrs. Trueman a few rods from the gate.

It was late that night before the two women could cross the ferry and reach the fort. Of the awful spectacle which presented itself to their eyes, history has kept its sickening record. More than eighty men lay dead before them—more than eighty-four not killed in fair and open fight, but foully slaughtered by others, whom the thirst for blood had turned into fiends. There they lay gashed and mangled, and plundered after they were dead, so that many of them could not be recognized.

And amongst these, with the torches glaring wildly over their white faces, the women of Groton searched for their dead; that day's work had made forty widows. Every few moments some new shriek, breaking above the general sobs and lamentations, proclaimed that another beloved face had been recognized; while amid the groups was occasionally one who seemed utterly stupefied by the great shock of anguish, and looked on the dead with wild dry eyes without a moan.

In one corner sat a woman with a head pillowed upon her lap, the short black hair daggled in blood, while she rocked herself to and fro, and kissed the white lips over and over.

"My little boy called to me when I left home, 'Mother, you'll bring pa back, wont you?' and I said, 'Yes, Tommy, I'll be sure to bring him,' and now when I go back alone he'll stretch out his hands and ask me for him the first thing, and how can I tell my boy that he is fatherless!" She said this lifting up her pitiful face to Grace, who had never seen her before.

And a little way from this woman knelt another, with her hands clasped over a mutilated form which that morning had been her husband.

"He called back to me as he went out this morning, 'Now, Nancy, keep up a brave heart, and expect me back with good news and a first rate appetite for supper.' And I waited long past supper time but he didn't come—oh he didn't come!" passionately sobbed the broken-hearted woman.

And this, oh reader, was what the fathers and mothers suffered to purchase our birth-right of liberty. Grace had taken no thought for herself from the moment she left her father's door. Every other feeling had been absorbed in sympathy for Mrs. Trueman, who had scarcely spoken during the journey. Mrs. Trueman and Grace had simultaneously staggered back at the sickening spectacle which met their eyes when they first entered the fort, but in a few minutes the mother stepped forward and made a sign to Grace. A man who stood near passed a couple of torches to the women, and they commenced their search. Mrs. Trueman went first and Grace followed. One by one they searched—one by one. The glare of the torches dropped on each dead face a moment and then passed by, until it reached the last! Then Mrs. Trueman turned to Grace, and there came almost a smile to her white lips—

"Nathaniel is not among them!" she said, and as the awful dread lifted itself from her heart, Grace wondered if the mother rejoiced more than she did.

The early dawn once more looked in at Fort Griswold, when tidings were brought that the wounded men had been conveyed to the foot of the hill on which the fort stood. Mrs. Trueman and Grace hurried thither, both with unspoken fears in their hearts.

Sixty wounded men had passed that long night of anguish together under one roof, with no hand to relieve, nor voice, save their own groans, to soothe their sufferings. The men lay as they had been carelessly tossed in here by the enemy, after being plundered.

In one of the rooms to the right lay, a little apart from the others, the slender figure of a young man; the face was turned towards the east, whence the light would be sure to come. It was a face that once seeing you would never have forgotten, but would have turned back to look at again and again amongst all those faces. A smile of singular, I had almost said awful sweetness, lingered on the still lips, and seemed to shed its peace over all the thin, beautiful face. The long brown hair clustered thick about it. There was no trace of violence on the features, only a deep wound near the breast; and at midnight out of that wound had gone peacefully the life of Nathaniel Trueman! Mrs. Trueman and Grace entered the room together. Their eyes fell upon the face turned smilingly to the east. It needed no second glance to tell that story, which sooner or later is all that can be told of any of us.

"He is dead!" said under her breath a woman who had followed the two.

"Sh—sh—" Mrs. Trueman turned round and smiled at the woman, a smile which made Grace shut her eyes when she saw it. "You'll wake my boy," she said, "he isn't dead, he's only gone to sleep!"

That first shock had been too much for the poor mother! She sat down on the floor—she smoothed the brown hair softly away from the cold cheeks, with just the look of a mother watching over her sleeping infant.

"My pretty boy!" she murmured, "how sweet he smiles; he al'ays had jest that trick of smilin' in his sleep! How I've sat by his cradle and watched it for the hour together, until he looked so beautiful I'd grow almost afraid he'd take wings suddenly and fly away. He looks as if he might now, don't he, Grace?"

There came no answer, only a low sob. Mrs. Trueman looked up, and seeing Grace's tears she moved uneasily—

"Don't cry, Gracie," she said, "My boy isn't dead as they called him. Don't you see he's only gone to sleep!"

"Mrs. Trueman," said Grace, and her tears were still, "*Nathaniel sleeps in God.*"

The truth seemed to flash upon Mrs. Trueman's mind. She drew down her cheek to Nathaniel's, put her arms about him—

"Oh, my boy," she murmured, "wont you let your mother come and sleep with you?"

A little later, when they went to remove the two, they found the mother lying unconscious, with her arms wrapped tight about her dead son.

CHAPTER XXV.

Nearly seven weeks later Grace Palmer, wiping the breakfast dishes one morning, paused a moment, threw open the kitchen window and looked out. It was a fine morning in the late October, with a keen sharp air which had a touch of the frost in it. She drank in the pungent odor of pine, and sassafras, and sweet fern, with a pleasant seasoning from the sea. She saw how the maples had burned and the chestnuts paled when the frost walked in the night among them, and the golden rod flamed by the farm fences.

The girl's thoughts went back as she gazed over the last seven weeks. They had been very busy ones for the family of Deacon Palmer. The friends who had found hospitable cheer under their roof, on that awful sixth of September, had mostly remained with them until they could find or return to their friends.

Their numbers had contracted gradually, until the only one who remained now was the old woman who had evinced so much anxiety for the safety of her "chimbley corner;" but this had not escaped the general conflagration; so the Deacon had generously offered her his, and the old woman had settled herself there in the placid contentment of second childhood.

"Grace," said a low, sad voice, at the girl's shoulder. She turned quickly, to meet the face of Lucy Trueman. She had come softly round by the side-door, and the girl had not been in the house since *that* night.

"Oh, Lucy, I'm glad to see you." All Grace felt at the moment was not in her words, but it was in her face.

"The doctor said I mustn't stay in the house another day," said the girl, "without taking the air, so I thought I'd step in a minute, Grace."

She was not the Lucy Trueman of old, with her arch, pretty ways, and breaks of laughter that lighted your heart. The spring was gone out of her voice and step, and the shadow of a great sorrow had fallen on the bright face.

In a grief such as Lucy's had been, one always feels the weakness and limitation of words. Grace did not touch it with these first, but she kissed Lucy, and held her hand in a tender caressing which had its language.

"I was thinking just that yesterday, that you'd certainly get sick if you kept in the house so close, and was going over this afternoon, to force you into a walk with me."

At that moment Mrs. Palmer came in with an apronful of late squashes she had just gathered.

"Well, Lucy, I declare I'm beat!" was her

homely welcome; but her voice made it a very cordial one; and she took off her sunbonnet, and emptied the squashes on the table.

"How is your mother, Lucy?" sitting down close by the girl.

"There don't seem to be much change, Mrs. Palmer. She hasn't set up for the last two days, only to have her bed made, and don't seem to take any interest in the world. I can't rouse her only to talk about—you know."

The tears glistened in the eyes of both listeners.

"I should have been over yesterday afternoon, if the shower hadn't come up just as I got through with cheese pressin'. I'm still in hopes she'll be more reconciled."

"I've almost given up hope," continued Lucy, wiping the great tears from her cheeks; but Parson Willetts says he hasn't. He comes to see mother every day, and you ought to hear his prayers and how he talks. It just lifts one right up from this world. He told mother he didn't believe that if Nathaniel had been his own son he could have felt his death more. You know he studied with the Parson for the last three years, and Nathaniel was so much attached to him."

"Can't he say something to comfort your mother, Lucy?" asked Mrs. Palmer.

"Oh, you'd think he *must*, if you were to hear him talk. He said to her yesterday that she had cause for thankfulness above most mothers—that we could none of us tell what sorrow or darkness might have been Nathaniel's portion if he had lived; but now we were certain he had got beyond the reach of any possible pain or harm; and that good and happy as he was on earth, he was better and happier now."

"Mrs. Trueman," said he, "it's a great thing to have such a noble, beautiful youth as Nathaniel to give back to God, who first gave him to you. When I think of the clear evidence he left of his beautiful Christian life, crowned by his noble death, I feel as if I could come to you and say, as though I spoke to you in God's stead—'Be comforted, for the child is not dead but liveth.' And I know, too, that if Nathaniel stood here in my place, he'd say to you—'Don't shed another tear—don't mourn for me another hour, mother. It's well with your boy—better even than all your love could make it.' And Mrs. Trueman, you know, too, that much as you loved Nathaniel, he's gone where he's loved deeper and better than he is even in *your* heart."

"Mother broke right out into a sob, then,

and it's the first tear she's shed since that dreadful day. 'I know it, Parson Willetts,' she said; but oh, my poor heart aches and cries for my boy, and I can't give him up.'

"You haven't got to give him up. God is going to give you back our dear Nathaniel in a little while, and you'll have him forever. Think of what *that* means!"

Lucy was crying so that she could hardly get through with the Parson's speech, and both her auditors kept her company.

"I think it sunk deep into mother's heart," continued Lucy, after a little silence; I've sort of felt she was pondering on what the Parson said, although there hasn't seemed any outward change. And he said, too, that Nathaniel would be growing in this brief separation in all the beautiful and lovely qualities which drew our hearts to him, and that he would want those he loved to grow too, and that sinking under any grief was not the way to do this."

"Oh, *that* must have touched the heart of your mother. You may depend, Lucy, it'll do her good, whether she seems to mind it now or not," said Mrs. Palmer, betwixt her tears.

And then they passed another half hour talking over all that was lovely in the life of Nathaniel Trueman, and telling anecdotes of him which they all hoarded like precious treasures in their memory. And then Lucy rose hastily, saying that her mother would miss her if she was gone longer.

Mrs. Palmer sent some particularly tempting pears, and a small china tureen of very dainty broth, which she had prepared for the invalid the day before, and Lucy departed, feeling that her visit had done her good.

A minute later, the door was burst wide open, and Deacon Palmer came into the room, his face full of some joyous excitement that seemed almost more than he could contain—

"Mother!—Grace! Cornwallis is taken!" he cried.

Grace bounded from her chair to his side.

"Oh, father, is it true?" she cried, white for joy.

"True as the gospel, my child. The news come straight. The Lord has arisen for the deliverance of his people. The war has had its death."

Even while he spoke, the bells struck up the joyful tidings; they heard the guns firing for joy of the victory. That swift, silent march of Washington had done its work—a work from which not even the ravaged coast of Connecti-

cut had diverted him. The final blow had been struck.

"Oh, my beautiful, precious, *free* country!" exclaimed Grace, betwixt her jets of happy tears.

"Thank God, daughter, that you live to speak those words—that we live to see this hour, the happiest of my life," said her father.

The next moment, Grace bounded from the house to the front gate—

"Lucy—Lucy Trueman! come back here!" she shouted to her friend, who was not quite out of sight.

And Lucy came back in mute wonder at the changed face and tones of Grace. She was seized by the arm and dragged unceremoniously into the house.

"Tell her the news, father."

And hearing it, the face of Lucy Trueman sprang out of shadow again.

"Even mother will be glad now!" she said, a little while later, as she started for home the second time.

"And tell her that Nathaniel helped to buy this day for us," added Deacon Palmer.

Of the day and the night that followed, with its ringing of bells, its blazing of bonfires on a thousand hills, who shall write fitly?

After seven years, the people held jubilee through all the land—a *free* people—a people who had bought with their best blood the great price of liberty.

And amid all the joy for her redeemed country which Grace felt at that time, and despite the patriotism which had proved itself with her so disinterested and pure, feelings of a personal character gave a deeper coloring to her gladness—feelings that she hid in her own heart until very late that night, when the tide of jubilant friends and neighbors had flowed out of the front door, and Grace found herself alone a moment with her father. She went up to him, laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered softly—

"Edward will be coming home before a great while, father?"

"I think he will. God has been very good to us, my little daughter." And he kissed her.

"God has been very good to us," sang the heart of Grace Palmer, as she went up stairs to her room that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME men so dislike the dust kicked up by the generation they belong to, that, being unable to pass, they lag behind it.

The In-door Naturalist.

During the last few years we have watched with intense gratification the growing popularity of natural history among the educated classes of society. The great book of nature, which lies open to all, had been too long neglected; but it is pleasant to note that thousands of students are now profitably engaged in conning its gorgeously illuminated pages, and are thus preserving that healthy tone of mind to which the tendencies of our busy, money-making age are so inimical.

"Happy, truly, is the naturalist," writes the Rev. Charles Kingsley. "He has no time for melancholy dreams. The earth comes to him transparent; everywhere he sees significancies, harmonies, laws, chains of cause and effect endlessly interlinked, which draw him out of the narrow sphere of self-interest and self-pleasing, into a pure and wholesome region of solemn joy and wonder."

We are beginning at last to see rare beauties in the weeds of the fields and hedgerows, in the fairy insects that sport around them, in the tiny fishes that people our ponds and streamlets, and in the humble zoophytes of our coasts. Many town folk now take a lively interest in studying the habits of sticklebacks, newts, and beetles, or amuse themselves in cultivating ferns and mosses; but we could point to a period, not very distant, when they would have scorned to waste their time upon such "rubbish." As for fern-growing, it has become quite a mania, particularly among our young ladies, "who," says the writer before quoted, "find an enjoyment in it, and are more active, more cheerful, more self-forgetful over it than they would have been over novels, gossip, crochet, and Berlin wool." Again, how many lads there are who now pursue the study of entomology, and seize upon every opportunity that presents itself for a ramble among the haunts of the dragon-fly, the stag-beetle, and the peacock-butterfly. The popularity of the microscope is another proof of the spread of natural science. Pope's sneer at the "microscopic eye" has long since lost its sting, and the true philosopher finds much to wonder at even in the inspection of a mite. Our literature is strongly tinctured with natural history. We cannot take up a magazine without meeting with some pleasant gossiping article about birds, beasts, or fishes. Now we light upon a charming series of seaside zoological studies, written by a gentleman previously known to fame as the author of clever dramas and meta-

physical essays; and now we read an eloquent defence of the minute investigation of Nature's works from the pen of one of the most vigorous of thinkers and poetical of writers now living. Turning to the book world, we find heaps of modern works specially devoted to natural history, adapted to all ages and tastes, while in other volumes of a more general character we notice an increased fidelity in the description of natural scenery, plants, and animals. Modern art is essentially naturalistic. The little band of youthful enthusiasts who astonished learned art-critics some few years ago with their crude but beautiful works have carried all before them. Casting aside scholastic canons, they resolved to be guided by nature alone, to paint all things from life, and to bestow the same amount of pains-taking on the great and small. Pre-Raphaelitism can now be scarcely said to exist as a distinct school of art; but the majority of our modern painters, including some of its bitterest opponents, have adopted its fundamental principle, and have gained strength by patiently studying the beautiful minutiae of nature.

A man's avocations may fetter him to bricks and mortar; the leafy forest may whisper a friendly invitation in vain; the placid lake may be dimpled with a thousand smiles of welcome, but he sees them not; the deep sea may roar a bluff greeting, but he hears it not; he is shut up in his town prison, and hemmed round by stern duties which he cannot elude. However, let his duties be never so irksome, and his town prison never so smoky, the naturalist may still pursue his studies. He may preserve a little oasis of healthy vegetation beneath his fern shade, and a miniature Windermere in his aquarium. Ay, and a mimic ocean as well, if he so pleases. The management of these little vivaries will cost him but little trouble, and will form an agreeable break to the monotony of his city life.

THE WATER GARDEN.

Many of our readers are, doubtless, acquainted with that interesting botanical experiment of growing an acorn in water, which has been christened "the acorn tree." In country places these delicate little sprouting oaks are very favorite parlor ornaments, but we rarely catch a glimpse of them in town apartments, where their presence would be particularly desirable. An acorn tree can be grown in a common wide-mouthed phial, but more conveniently in a white hyacinth glass, which may be procured from a florist for a few

pence. In order to form one of these trees, take a ripe acorn, and, having removed its cup, steep it for a day or two in rain water, or let it lie among some damp moss. Then tie a thread round it, and suspend it in the hyacinth glass from a piece of cork or card-board, which must be made to fit the mouth of the glass so tightly as to exclude the air. The acorn should hang about a quarter of an inch above the surface of the rain water, with which the glass is to be half filled. In a few weeks the acorn will begin to sprout, and the whole process of its germination may be observed through the transparent sides of the glass vessel. As soon as the leaves reach the cork, another arrangement must be adopted. The hole through which the thread passed must be widened, in order that the leaves may be pushed through it. The young plant must then be raised and re-suspended, so that its rootlets just touch the water. The tree will continue to grow, and will flourish for three or four years if proper care be taken to cleanse its roots from fungi, and to change the water whenever it becomes slimy or turbid. A horse-chestnut may be grown in a similar manner.

We have often thought that this mode of growing plants in water might be carried out on a much larger scale with every chance of success, and that a host of flowers might be added to the hyacinths and crocuses, which now form almost the sole ornaments of our water garden. We have repeatedly grown tulips, snowdrops, and other bulbous plants in saucers filled with damp moss, and have thus procured some charming ornaments for the sideboard and breakfast-table; but we have never yet attempted to cultivate plants with fibrous roots in this manner. A well-known naturalist has lately directed our attention to a very old book, which contains an account of an extended series of experiments on the growth of all kinds of plants in water. It is entitled, "A Flower Garden for Gentlemen and Ladies; or, the Art of Raising Flowers without Trouble, to Blow in full Perfection in the Depth of Winter, in a Bed-chamber, Closet, or Dining-room." From this strange old book we will take the liberty of making such extracts as are likely to interest the in-door naturalist, to whom we must leave the task of verifying the statements which they contain.

"I flatter myself," says our quaint author, "that the following improvement in the delightful art of gardening, as it has hitherto escaped the thought of the curious, will meet with no unwelcome reception, it being a con-

trivance to divert the ingenious, in a place and at a time they cannot be otherwise furnished with those pleasing objects of delight; that is, to raise many sorts of flowers in a chamber, in the greatest smoke of London, and in the midst of winter, and to have them blow in full perfection within twelve days of Christmas, as I had myself in the last Christmas past.

"I shall run into no extravagances, and only give the reader what I performed with very little trouble, leaving the improvement thereof to better understandings."

After having described his early experiments, in which he succeeded in raising tulips, snowdrops, crocuses, and other plants in large basins filled with good garden mould, he arrives at the conclusion that earth can be entirely dispensed with, and that the plants may be made to flourish in water alone.

"I resolved to trust to the effects of water only," he continues, "that is, without earth, which would be a much neater and cleaner way, and might be more acceptable to the curious of the fair sex, who must be highly pleased to see a garden growing, and exposing all the beauties of its spring flowers, with the most delicious perfumes thereof, in their chambers or parlors—a diversion worthy the entertainment of the most ingenious; but yet farther, to bring this to a more profitable use by raising young salads in the same place, and all with very little trouble or charge.

"I bought some dozens of flint tumbler glasses of the Germans, who cut them prettily and sell them cheap. I bought them from whole pints to halves and quarters. These glasses are wide at the top, and are made tapering to the bottom, which renders them very convenient for this use. I likewise bought some glass basins as large as I could get, and took care to choose them also tapering from top to bottom; then I fitted pieces of cork, about half an inch thick, to the inside of the tops of the glasses, which could not sink far in, by reason of the glasses being less all the way from the top to the bottom, as aforesaid. In these corks I cut holes proportional to the roots which I designed to place upon them. Some glasses would hold two roots, some but one, and some three or four. The corks on the basins had many less holes cut in them, in order to place on them a number of smaller roots, which might blow together with the more splendor. Being thus prepared, which was all my charge and trouble that way, my next business was to get the flower roots. A little before Michaelmas I accordingly made a

small collection of polyanthus and narcissus roots, several sorts of hyacinth, tulips, crocuses, daffs, jonquils, &c., all large blowing roots, or the labor of rearing them would have been lost. These I placed upon corks in glasses proper to their size, the crocuses on the corks in the basins, that they might, being of various colors, blow together, to make the more pleasing object. Before I placed these dry roots on the corks I filled the glasses and basins only just to the bottom of the corks, so that the bottoms of the bulbs would but just touch the water, of which I take the Thames water to be the best, as being strongly impregnated with prolific matter, like rich earth well manured for corn or garden use." (In the present day the richness of the Thames water would probably prove fatal to the success of these experiments.) "My dry roots being thus placed in my windows, some of them even with the panes, others with their tops only even with the bottom of the sash, which, by the way, I kept always shut, because my glasses hindered the opening of the casement; but, doubtless, a little air in very fine weather, when the wind was only in the south or west, and when there was no frost, would have been very advantageous to the plants. I took particular care that no water should be filled up to wet any more than just the bottoms of the bulbous roots; for that would certainly have rotted them, and have destroyed all my hopes.

"In a few days after I had placed my spring flower-roots on the corks over the water, they threw out their white fibrous roots strongly into the water, which was a most diverting pleasure to behold. The whole process of that germination (if I may so call it) was visible through the glass. When the glasses were pretty well filled with these fibrous roots—that is, when there were enough to draw sufficient strength for the nourishment of the leaves, stalks, and flowers—the green buds first appeared, which soon shot into leaves, and the stalks with the flower-buds soon followed, all as strong, or, I may say, rather stronger than the garden does afford. They grew so fast, and yet with a full strength, that I had polyanthuses and narcissuses blowing out in perfection before Christmas day, with all their perfection of color and perfume. Several hyacinths followed them in the same manner. The crocuses would have been equally early, but I could not get any roots to my mind till some time after Michaelmas, which occasioned their being later than the rest of their companions. I at last met with the large roots of

the great blue crocus, which blows late, and very often not at all. The yellow crocus and the white-stripped, or very pale blue, are the forwardest, and the best to be chosen for our use.

"At a time when the gardens are divested of all their beauty this early production will supply the curious ladies with most agreeable perfumes for their chambers and parlors, and with nosegays to adorn their bosoms at Christmas, when they dress their houses with evergreens. It must be remembered that the rooms in which this gardening is carried on must have fires in them every day, as I had in my chamber, which was kept with reasonable warmth all the day and evening, but not in the night. These exceedingly forward rarities are certainly most grateful to the exterior senses; but this leads me to a more useful fact: namely, that by the same means you can produce, as early as you please, something that may be acceptable to the taste and nourishing to the microcosm, or little world—the body; that is to say, that you can raise fine young salads in the coldest part of winter, in any warm room, as aforesaid, and very near after the same manner."

Our author grows eloquent upon the subject of salads, and speaks lovingly of the virtues of scraped horseradish and young cabbage sprouts, which he added to his chamber-grown luxuries. The pleasures of the table had evidently great attractions for him. One more extract, and we have done:—

"All fibrous roots will grow and blow in these glasses, and it is much better for their lasting in bloom than putting cut flowers in flower-pots, which usually decay in four or five days, when those on the glasses will keep blowing for a month. I have had all this Christmas great double daisies, red and white primroses, and striped polyanthuses, in full, fair, and sweet blooms, flourishing upon my glasses in as much perfection as they would have done in the garden in summer; and by this means the chamber garden may be continued all the year round, not to be destroyed by heat or cold, by wind, nor by any inclemency of the air; and these glasses give a full and most delightful view of vegetation in all its progressions. You here behold the great Creator's all-wise directions in the course of nature, and see wonderful things produced from very weak and small beginnings."

We have been much gratified with the perusal of this quaint volume, and we are convinced that the extracts we have selected indicate a fresh and delightful path of study for the in-door naturalist.

Confession of a Student.

The following remarkable letter we find in the "Independent," addressed to the editor. Its perusal will set mere book devourers—those who are always taking in, but never giving out—to thinking in the right direction.

Mr. Editor: I read your sermons in *The Independent*, and a sentence in one of them has filled me with self-abasement. Your doctrine is, *He who receives is bound to give*. I have just passed the "grand climacteric" of life, and have lived these sixty-three years as a semi-recluse. My father had money enough to supply all my wants, because all my wants were comprised in one word—*books*.

In a large and retired family, I was my father's favorite daughter, and he allowed me to become a book-eater. I read every new publication of interest that my time would allow, and all my time was my own. I permitted no one to direct or hinder me, and cared not who criticised me. I rambled much among the libraries of my favorites, Philadelphia and New Haven, but visited so few friends, and worked so little for the poor, and watched so little with the sick, that my life was one breathless chase after mere mental self-sustenance. As a woman, I suppose I have a heart, but my intellect seems to have eaten it up. Scholarship has been my idolatry, not so much for the fame of it as for its agreeable self-absorption. My first ambition was languages, and I tried Latin, Greek, French, Russian, German and Italian. I have read some of their historians and poets. Dante's *Inferno*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Shakespeare's *Tempest*, I nearly committed to memory. For the last forty years it has been my habit to run over the best articles in *The Edinburgh Review* and *London Times*. Of my own countrymen, I prefer Prescott, Bryant, and Longfellow; and of our female authors, I most relish Mrs. Stowe and Miss Sedgwick.

I do now with grief confess, that I have been a gormandizer of books. It seems as if I am now a mere conglomerate, *wholly made up of others*. I am they. I wonder if any of my original personal identity is left! I am afraid that in another world each author who has enriched my mind will come and take from me what he gave, and thus leave me poor indeed! Perhaps they all would say, "Why did you not do unto others as we did to you? Could you not find any ignorant and necessitous whom you could benefit? What apology have you to

offer to the ten thousand uncultivated whom you could have enlightened?"

Mr. Editor: From my inmost heart I cannot help feeling that the condemnations of your sermon fall upon me here. *He who receives is bound, in his time and measure, to give*. This maxim is common sense, Christian politics, and Gospel truth, binding on every grade of ability. You quote that sacred (yet to me damning) text, (Prov. iii. 27,) "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it." For more than fifty years I have hoarded knowledge with a miser's greed, and during that time have distributed next to nothing to the necessities of the ignorant or the young! I have never written or published a review of any book I ever read! I have passed a life of intense intellectual selfishness; and now I feel that my accumulations are so many witnesses against me. In my abysmal mortification and regret, I begin to rank myself among the first-class pirates! In the beginning of my course I acted from the worthy desire of improving my mind and increasing my happiness. The intellectual appetite strengthened every time it was gratified; and the more I hungered, the more I ate, forgetting, alas! that the whole of life does not consist in eating.

Oh! it is a mistake, an awful mistake, an inexcusable mistake, *to live for one's self*. Nature's doctrine and the Gospel's doctrine is, "Be ready to distribute, willing to communicate." The lake that turns the mill-wheel keeps healthy by its outlettings. I have denied myself through life the happiness of giving. I cannot now excuse myself for not translating and publishing some of the noble works which have appeared in Germany and Russia and France, or for not taking the place of head in some female college, or orphan charitable society, or city mission. I now think of half a dozen ways in which my talents and attainments might have been employed to strengthen the risen and mold the rising generation; yet, woe is me, I have neglected them all.

Mr. Editor: It is with acutest heart-pain that I have written the above. I write thus not to ask your advice or your opinion. I need neither. I write that I may warn every young lady throughout my country *not to do as I have done*. My young sisters, choose some department in human life according to your talents and taste, and then study and labor for its advancement in knowledge, virtue, and happiness; *thus you will live best for yourselves by living most out of yourselves*.

The Selfish.

BY H. B. C.

The worst of it is with selfish persons, they never know they are selfish. This is the most incurable symptom in their case—if they yield a little to others, they have no idea but what they cover the whole ground. They do not know how often they trample upon the rights and privileges of those about them, because they never think of them, and *not* to think of others, which is sometimes made an excuse by the selfish, is the very essence of all selfishness. They do not know that they expose themselves by the very refuge behind which they attempt to hide.

Another distinguishing feature of selfish persons is, that they accept the sacrifices of others without knowing that any have been made for them, so completely absorbed are they by self.

By these marks ye may know them.

The Good we Lose.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"Give me a subject to write about," I asked of a young friend.

"Take a kernel of corn," she said, bestowing a handful in the popper and shaking it over the coals.

In a minute it was converted into a snowy mass ten times its former bulk, beautiful to the eye as well as delicious to the taste.

"Would it not seem like magic," I said, "to one unacquainted with the nature of the process, to see these insignificant looking grains burst suddenly forth into beautiful white blossoms? Would it not excite the wonder of the king of Siam as much as the fact that water could be made to become solid like rock, which he did not believe?"

How many beautiful and wonderful things pass under our eyes every day, but which custom has so familiarized we give them no heed. The most beautiful and curious phenomena scarcely excite in us an emotion of pleasure or a feeling of wonder. We go groping with our half closed eyes fixed in the dust at our feet, when we might feast them with glory and beauty.

The sublime panorama of the sky, to a mind attuned aright, would be ever pleasing, ever new. And what delight the variety the earth presents might afford us, in its summer carpet of green, begemmed with a countless variety of flowers; or in winter's robe of spotless white,

sometimes by the jeweler seen bestrewn with countless gems of the most gorgeous and delicate dyes, the diamond, the opal, and all precious stones.

And not only do we neglect what is pleasing in our daily life, but we do not set a sufficient value upon our substantial blessings. Instead of trying to make the most of them by a process analogous to popping the corn, expanding and beautifying them, and by a mental alchemy transmitting even evils to blessings; like the bees of Trebizond, gathering honey from poisonous flowers, we reverse the process, sucking poison from the fairest.

We look at our privileges through the little end of the telescope, making them appear small and distant, while we hug and magnify our disadvantages, rolling all that is bitter and unpleasant in our pathway like a sweet morsel under our tongues.

Loved and Lost.

BY ARTHUR FORREST VERNE.

It was in the snowy winter,
When the moon was pure and bright,
That I loved a winsome maiden,
Lovely as the morning light.

If the fair beyond the River,
Ever leave their pearly strand,—
If the angels of Beulah
Ever leave their flowery land,

And consent awhile to tarry,
'Mid the sorrowing ones of earth—
She was of that radiant number,
First for whom my love had birth.

All my soul was hushed in loving,
Save a wild celestial thrill
That was ever thro' it stealing,
And would never more be still.

All my soul was lost in loving
Her, the pure, the gentle one,
And it never dreamed an instant
It would e'er be left alone.

But I'm eating bitter ashes,
Out on sorrow's dreary plain,
For she's gone up to the Country
Of the Beautiful again.

It was in the dreamy summer,
'Neath a sad and moonless sky,
That I parted with my darling,
And I spake a last good-bye.

She has crossed the misty River,
She has touched the golden shore,
And in flowery Beulah
She is floating as of yore.

Home Heroism.

As an instance of long and patient self-denial, we give the case of a grandfather and grand-daughter, who are, at the moment of our writing, living together in the strictest seclusion, he receiving and she bestowing, all the care that a mother could give a child. This aged gentleman is verging on his ninetyeth year, having passed beyond, not only the "three score and ten," but the "four score" years appointed as the span of man on earth. That "labor and sorrow" which is the pre-ordained lot of those who are thus spared beyond the ordinary limits of human existence make life a burden to him, and often does he wish that the day which rises upon him, on earth, may close upon him in Heaven. The young and healthy, rejoicing in their vigorous and enjoyable energies, can with difficulty be made to comprehend a tithe of that distressing debility of body and prostration of mind which are the saddest afflictions of protracted years. The snow-covered head, the brow with its deep-furrowed wrinkles, the eye filled with rheum overflowing down the living channels time dug in their corners; that eye from which the light of day is all but gone, too dim to distinguish between the features of stranger or of child, the hearing lost except to the exertions of a most fatiguing utterance, the powers of mastication gone, the appetite not to be tempted, the emaciated body wasted and shrunk to attenuation, the tottering and enfeebled limbs, unable to sustain their frail weight, the shuffling foot, unequal to the task of lifting itself from the earth, and perhaps above all, the wrinkled hands, with their cordage of dark veins and crumpled folds, nerveless even to the looping of a button—these are but a few of the outward signs of decaying life of which the endurance is "labor and sorrow" as it waits for its extinction in the grave. We constantly bless God for our "creation;" to bless Him for taking the life He gave is a "hard saying;" nevertheless, it is as much a mercy at His own appointed time. Surely, like many other of our fellow creatures' sorrows, permitted to teach us thankfulness, these rare instances of protracted life are allowed to warn us from the craving for an overlengthened term of sojourn upon earth.

The condition of this aged gentleman would, indeed, be forlorn, were it not for the companionship of his grand-daughter. When a child, she would creep into his arms, and weep

away her little griefs upon his shoulder, while his age was green, and his faculties unimpaired. Time passed on, and sorrowful changes came over his large family. His wife dropped into the grave full of years. Of many sons and daughters, some preceded and some followed her to her final resting-place; and of those who survived the last, having formed new ties, left the parental roof. It was at this juncture that his youthful grand-daughter came to take up her abode with him, having been left an orphan, with one other sister.

The fate of these two girls has been, up to this moment, widely different. The one in her fresh youth went out to India in the hey-day spirits of hopeful and enjoyable energy. The anticipation was delightful, and the realization equal to the promise, which is saying much for anything in this world. The pleasure of preparation, the gratification of choosing the necessary articles of an expensive outfit, the excitement of the voyage, the luxurious idleness, the sociability and conviviality, the dance on deck at night, with the merry music breaking over the still waters, and the moon throwing a trail of silver ripples down on the sea's surface, the exquisite changes of novelty, all rendered her new life only too charming, as contrasted with the quiet reserve of the home she had left behind; not to mention the austerity of the grave, and sometimes even reproving uncles and aunts, who had often thought it their duty to read her severe homilies on the frivolities of a spirit too gay for a serious home and household. She had gone, however, while her younger sister remained to share and lighten the loneliness of the old man's deserted dwelling.

No one ever saw a sign of regret in the face of the young grand-daughter, as she pursued "the even tenor of her way." Each day was a counterpart of the last; and so time went on until the news arrived of the splendid wedding of her sister, emblazoned with vivid descriptions of the imposing glitter of oriental festivities. The military show, the extravagance of the dresses, the imposing titles, the multitude of domestics, with their dark skins and striking costumes, the rich bridal presents, the innumerable parties, the union of indolent luxury and high-sounding parade, clothed in that glowing description which is sometimes assumed to enhance the value of what is thus brilliantly told, too often exciting the envy of those who hear, came copiously. Every Indian mail brought accounts of enjoyments not to be understood in our own cold climate and still colder moral atmosphere.

These glowing delineations came direct from their warm fountain-head to a little quiet home as opposite as the poles. They came like spirits of temptation; and, be it remembered, these are not always temptations to sin. The feeling is the stronger when we are lured to do what we wish without feeling ourselves repelled by a sense of wrong. No reproach could have attached to the light-hearted bride's young sister had she desired to share her exciting enjoyments and her brilliant prospects. Both were gifted with great personal attractions, and the woman who denies herself the admiration she might command merits far more than she loses. The old man's seclusion was almost solitude, and in its privacy his young granddaughter found herself bound to strict and daily duties; duties, too, growing more stringent as time passed, since he to whose life her own was now linked, every day became more and more enfeebled. She might have joined her sister at any moment of her life, but she never seemed to harbor the idea that such a surrender of what she deemed her duty could be possible. Doubtless that choice of her position rendered her fixity final. Remaining in that strictly regulated household, immured with an old man who had from a youth lived in religious seclusion, she was in fact surrendering all the bright charms that fascinate, the glowing imagination and the buoyant feelings of youth.

Gradually, the corporeal faculties of the grandfather waned away; his eye grew dim, and then it was her duty to become, as much as human substitution can, "sight to the blind." She must read to him, and this labor grew into no slight tax upon her strength as his hearing also failed, and greater and greater were the exertions needed for words to penetrate the dull barrier which was daily growing more impenetrable, dividing him from oral communication with his fellow creatures.

Then, too, the tottering steps became more and more enfeebled, as with dimmed eyes and dulled hearing the aged man attempted to take occasional exercise. Length of days had also tended to develop a tendency to asthma, and the suffocating breathing and harassing cough grew daily more distressing. In winter he was unable to venture abroad, and every year the cold seemed to linger longer, confining him more tenaciously to the house. Simultaneously with this constantly progressing decay of nature, his dependence on his granddaughter seemed to increase. Every year his comforting and strengthening support was more and more

needed, as every year that imprisonment in the house grew longer, and the confinement more wearying. Friends ceased to visit, or abridged their calls within the shortest compass, for they felt that protracted age had a right to be exclusive.

Meanwhile the sister, after enjoying a career of gayety in India, replete with exhilarating pleasures and freedom from care amid scenes of intoxicating luxury and novelty, returned home to renew a life of enjoyment almost as vivid in England. An elegant house was prepared for her reception; she had an indulgent husband who anticipated every wish; blooming children, the liberty of a free expenditure, and a large participation in the gayeties of the world abroad, places of amusement in the season, parties, shoppings, dinners, balls, and all the *et cetera* of the gay world; with autumn wanderings into those haunts when fashion patronizes the beauties of nature, breaking the repose of her solitudes to impart to them her own attractions—these make up the life of their happy possessor, and a participation in these enjoyments is constantly being offered with affectionate earnestness to the secluded sister whose life was gliding away in so opposite a current.

And now, while we write, the first fresh bloom is fading from the cheek of this devoted grand-daughter, as the patriarchal years of her aged relative have accumulated on his hoary head. Night and day her cares are in requisition. Never does she lay her head upon her pillow without the dread of being called from it to witness the awful visitation of death; and daily, often in prostration of mind and exhaustion of body, does she continue those cares which custom as well as affection have rendered necessary to the aged invalid. Although in her brightest teens when she first entered on the task, the summers and winters that have come and gone, leaving their footprints between his seventieth and his ninetieth year, have stolen from her the best and brightest season of her life; that season when the zest of the heart makes every novelty a pleasure—novelty being that one enjoyment of all others denied to her most totally.

So much affectionate piety will not be without its reward, and we feel assured it will not be disputed that this is in truth one of the "Heroisms of Home."

Men will wrangle for religion,
And for it their lives will give,
Write and fight to help maintain it—
Anything—but for it live. H. R. C.

In Heaven.

BY CORAL MAR.

Shall we know the loved in Heaven?
To regain that peaceful clime
One hath left me standing lonely
On the mournful shore of Time.

Sad our parting—what shall follow?—
This to each remaineth now,
Unto *her* eternal gladness,
Unto *me* a life-long woe.

But, in all my desolation,
One sweet hope could make me blest—
“I shall find her—I shall *know* her,
Where the ransomed have their rest!”

Shall we know the loved in Heaven?
All in silence and in pain
I have answered to the greeting
Of a heart that loved in vain.

Vain—for here a gulf doth sever
Life-ways that should intertwine,
And a gulf of doubt and sadness
Widens 'twixt his heart and mine.

God is good—we do not murmur,
But we cannot stay this prayer—
“Guide us, Father, up to Heaven,
Let us know each other there.”

JUNE, 1862.

The Beloved Wife.

Only let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband—not useful, not valuable, not convenient, simply, but lovely and beloved: let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attentions; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, appreciated, and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored and cherished in fulfilment of the marriage vow, and she will be to her husband, and her children, and society, a well-spring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her as a tower and a fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy may dull the edge of her sorrow. A house with love in it—and by love, I mean love expressed in words, and looks, and deeds, for I have not one spark of faith in the love that never crops out—is to a house without love, as a person to a machine; the one is life, the other mechanism.

The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other, but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, and penetrating, and pervading brightness, to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is a ray of sunlight in the house. She gleams all over it. It is airy, and gay, and graceful, and warm, and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices, and plots, and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She is herself a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for “Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love.”

Lines

TO KATY, OF NORTH CAROLINA.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESY.

Sweet Katy, the days are so lonely and long,
In sorrow and yearning I wait
To catch through the distance thy heart's loving
song,
Away in the old North State.

The shadows lie thick on the path that leads down
To the home of my earliest years,
And across it, dear Kate, with a funeral sound,
Is rolling a river of tears.

Oh, when will the channel be filled with the steel
That crashers have reddened with gore,
And the soft rays of roselate morning reveal
The Angel of Peace on the shore?

I'm weary of waiting, the wheels are so slow
That bear us along to the goal,
And the tide of my spirits is sometimes so low
I struggle awhile on a shoal.

I sit at the window and look to the South,
And dream of its blossoming wild,
And long for one word from the sweet, rosy mouth,
That sang me to sleep when a child.

I know not, alas! if those lips are yet red,
Sweet Katy, with life's ruby wine,
For long, weary months, in dumb silence have fled,
Between thy heart, Katy, and mine.

Oh, when will the shadows be lifted away
From the path that leads southward, sweet Kate,
And thy heart in warm olden words, soothingly
stray
Again from the old North State?

LAY SERMONS.

Into Good Ground.

"What did you think of the sermon, Mr. Braxton?" said one church member to another, as the two men passed from the vestibule of St. Mark's out into the lofty portico.

Mr. Braxton gave a slight shrug, perceived by his companion as a sign of disapproval. They moved along, side by side, down the broad steps to the pavement, closely pressed by the retiring audience.

"Strong meat," said the first speaker, as they got free of the crowd and commenced moving down the street.

"Too strong for my stomach," replied Mr. Braxton. "Something must have gone wrong with our minister when he sat down to write that discourse."

"Indigestion, perhaps."

"Or neuralgia," said Mr. Braxton.

"He was in no amiable mood—that much is certain. Why, he set nine-tenths of us over on the left hand side, among the goats, as remorselessly as if he were an avenging Nemesis. He actually made me shudder."

"That kind of literal application of texts to the living men and women in a congregation is not only in bad taste, but presumptuous and blasphemous. What right has a clergyman to sit in judgment on me, for instance? To give forced constructions to parables and vague generalities in Scripture, about the actual meaning of which divines in all ages have differed; and, pointing his finger to me or to you, say—'The case is yours, sir!' I cannot sit patiently under many more such sermons."

Mr. Braxton evidently spoke from a disturbed state of mind. Something in the discourse had struck at the foundations of self-love and self-complacency.

"Into one ear, and out at the other. So it is with me, in cases like this," answered Mr. Braxton's companion, in a changed and lighter tone. "If a preacher chooses to be savage; to write from dyspeptic or neuralgic states; to send his congregation, unshriven, to the nether regions—why, I shrug my shoulders and let it pass. Most likely, on the next Sunday, he will be full of consideration for tender consciences, and grandly shut the gate he threw open so widely on the last occasion. It would never answer, you know, to take these things to heart—never in the world. We'd always be getting into hot water. Clergymen have their moods, like other people. It doesn't answer to forget this. Good morning, Mr. Braxton. Our ways part here."

"Good morning," was replied, and the men separated.

But, try as Mr. Braxton would to set his minister's closely applied doctrine from Scripture to the account of dyspepsia or neuralgia, he was unable to push from his mind certain convictions wrought therein by the peculiar manner in which some positions had been argued and sustained. The subject taken by the minister, was that striking picture of the judgment given in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew, from the thirty-first verse to the close of the chapter, beginning: "When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats." The passage concludes: "And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal."

Now, although Mr. Braxton had complained of the literal application of this text, that term was hardly admissible, for the preacher waived the idea of a last general judgment, as involved in the letter of Scripture, and declared his belief in a spiritual signification as lying beneath the letter, and applicable to the inner life of every single individual at the period of departure from this world; adding, in this connection, briefly: "But do not understand me as in any degree waiving the strictness of judgment to which every soul will have to submit. It will not be limited by his acts, but go down to his ends of life—to his motives and his quality—and the sentence will really be a judgment upon what he *is*, not upon what he has *done*; although, taking the barest literal sense, only actions are regarded."

In opening and illustrating his text, he said, farther: "As the Word of God, according to its own declarations, is spirit and life—treats, in fact, by virtue of its divine and scriptural origin, of divine and spiritual things, must we not go beneath the merely obvious and natural meaning, if we would get to its true significance? Is there not a hunger of the soul as well as of the body? May we not be spiritually athirst, and strangers? naked, sick, and in prison? This being so, can we confidently look for the invitation, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father,' if our regard for the neighbor have not reached beyond his bodily life? If we have never considered his spiritual wants and sufferings, and ministered thereto according to our ability? Just in the degree that the soul is more precious than the body, is the degree of our responsibility under this more interior signification of Scripture. The mere natural acts of feeding the hungry and

giving water to the thirsty, of visiting the sick, and those who lie in prison, of clothing the naked and entertaining strangers, will not save us in our last day, if we have neglected the higher duties involved in the divine admonition. Nor will even the supply of spiritual nourishment to hungry and thirsty souls be accounted to us for righteousness. We must find a higher meaning still in the text. Are we not, each one of us, starving for heavenly food? spiritually exhausted with thirst? naked, sick, in prison? Are we eating, daily, of the bread of life? drinking at the wells of God's truth? putting on the garments of righteousness? finding balm for our sick souls in Gilead? breaking the bonds of evil? turning from strange lands, and coming back to our father's house? If not, I warn you, men and brethren, that you are not in the right way. That, taking the significance of God's Word, which is truth itself, there is no reasonable ground of hope for your salvation."

It was not with Mr. Braxton as with his friend. He could not let considerations like these enter one ear and go out at the other. From earliest childhood he had received careful instruction. Parents, teachers and preachers, had all shared in the work of storing his mind with the precepts of religion, and now, in manhood, his conscience rested on these and upon the states wrought therefrom in the impossible substance of his mind. Try as he would, he found the effort to push aside early convictions and early impressions a simple impossibility; and, notwithstanding these had been laid on the foundation of a far more literal interpretation of Scripture than the one to which he had just been listening, his maturer reason accepted the preacher's clear application of the law, and conscience, like an angel, went down into his heart, and troubled the waters which had been at peace.

Mr. Braxton was a man of thrift. He had started in life with a purpose, and that purpose he was steadily attaining. To the god of this world he offered daily sacrifice; and in his heart really desired no higher good than seemed attainable through outward things. Wealth, position, honor among men—these bounded his real aspiration. But prior things in his mind were continually reaching down and affecting his present states. He could not forget that life was short, and earthly possessions and honors but the things of a day. That as he brought nothing into this world, so he could take nothing out. That, without a religious life, he must not hope for heaven. In order to get free from the disturbing influence of these prior things, and to lay the foundations of a future hope, Mr. Braxton became a church member, and, so far as all Sabbath observances were concerned, a devout worshipper. Thus he made a truce with conscience, and conscience having gained so much, accepted for a period the truce, and left Mr. Braxton in good odor with himself.

A man who goes regularly to church, and reads

his Bible, cannot fail to have questions and controversies about truths, duties, and the requirements of religion. The barest literal interpretation of Scripture will, in most cases, oppose the action of self-love; and he will not fail to see in the law of spiritual life a requirement wholly in opposition to the law of natural life. In the very breadth of this literal requirement, however, he finds a way of escape from literal observance. To give to all who ask; to lend to all who would borrow; to yield the cloak when the coat is taken forcibly; to turn the left cheek when the right is smitten—all this is to him so evidently but a figure of speech, that he does not find it very hard to satisfy conscience. Setting these passages aside, as not to be taken in the sense of the letter, he does not find it very difficult to dispose of others that come nearer to the obvious duties of man to man—such, for instance, as that in the illustration of which, by the preacher, Mr. Braxton's self-complacency had been so much disturbed. He had never done much in the way of feeding the hungry, giving drink to the thirsty, clothing the naked, or visiting the sick and in prison—never done anything of set purpose, in fact. If people were hungry, it was mostly their own fault, and to feed them would be to encourage idleness and vice. All the other items in the catalogue were as easily disposed of; and so the literal duties involved might have been set forth in the most impassioned eloquence, Sabbath after Sabbath, without much disturbing the fine equipoise of Mr. Braxton. Alas for his peace of mind!—the preacher of truth had gone past the dead letter, and revealed its spirit and its life. Suddenly he felt himself removed, as it were, to an almost impossible distance from the heaven into which, as he had complacently flattered himself, he should enter by the door of mere ritual observances, when the sad hour came for giving up the delightful things of this pleasant world. No wonder that Mr. Braxton was disturbed—no wonder that, in his first convictions touching those more interior truths, which made visible the sandy foundations whereon he was building his eternal hopes, he should regard the application of doctrine as personal and even literal.

It was not so easy a thing to set aside the duty of ministering to the hungry, sick, and naked human souls around him, thousands of whom, for lack of spiritual nourishment, medicine and clothing, were in danger of perishing eternally. And the preacher, in dwelling upon this great duty of all Christian men and women, had used emphatic language.

"I give you," he said, "God's judgment of the case—not my own. 'Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me. And these shall go away; where? 'To everlasting punishment!' Who shall go thus, in the last day, from this congregation?"

As Mr. Braxton sat alone, on the evening of that Sabbath, troubled by the new thoughts which came

flowing into his mind, the full impression of this scene in church came back upon him. There was an almost breathless pause. Men leaned forward in their pews; the low, almost whispered, tones of the minister were heard with thrilling distinctness in even the remotest parts of the house.

"Who?" he repeated, and the stillness grew more profound. Then, slowly, impressively, almost sadly, he said:

"I cannot hide the truth. As God's ambassador, I must give the message; and it is this: If you, my brother, are not ministering to the wants of the hungry and thirsty, the stranger, the sick in prison, you are of those who will have to go away."

And the minister shut the Book, and sat down. If, as we have intimated, the preacher had limited Christian duty to bodily needs, Mr. Braxton would not have been much exercised in mind. He had found an easy way to dispose of these merely literal interpretations of Scripture. Now, his life was brought to the judgment of a more interior law, as expounded that day. It was in vain that he endeavored to reject the law; for the more he tried to do this, the clearer it was seen in the light of perceptive truth.

"God help me, if this be so!" he exclaimed, in a moment of more perfect realization of what was meant in the Divine Word. "Who shall stand in the judgment?"

For awhile he endeavored to turn himself away from convictions that were grounding themselves deeper and deeper every moment. To shut his eyes in wilful blindness, and refuse to see in the purer light which had fallen around him. But this effort only brought his mind into severer conflict, and consciously removed him to an almost fatal distance from the paths leading upward to the mountains of peace.

"This is the way, walk ye in it." A clear voice rose above the noise of strife in his soul, and his soul grew calm and listened. He no longer wrought at the fruitless task of rejecting the higher truths which were illustrating his mind, but let them flow in, and by virtue thereof examined the state of his inner life. Now it was that his eyes were in a degree opened, so that he could apprehend the profounder meanings of Scripture. The parables were flooded with new light. He understood, as he had never understood before, why the guest, unclothed with a wedding garment, was cast out from the feast; and why the door was shut upon the virgins who had no oil in their lamps. He had always regarded these parables as involving a hidden meaning—as intended to convey spiritual instruction under literal forms—but, now, they spoke in a language that applied itself to his inward state, and warned him that without a marriage garment, woven in the loom of interior life, where ends and motives rule, he could never be the King's guest; warned him that without the light of divine truth in his understanding, and the oil

of love to God and the neighbor in his heart, the door of the Kingdom would be shut against him. Ritual observances were, to these, but outward forms, dry husks, except when truly representative of that worship in the soul which subordinates natural affections to what is spiritual and divine.

At last the seed fell into good ground. Mr. Braxton had been a "way-side" hearer; but, ere the good seed had time to germinate, fowls came and devoured it. He had been a "stony-ground" hearer, receiving the truth with gladness, but having no root in himself. He had been as the ground choked with thorns, suffering the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches to choke and hinder the growth of heavenly life. Now, into good ground the seed had at last fallen; and though the evil one tried to snatch it away, its hidden life, moving to the earth's quick invitation, was already giving prophetic signs of thirty, sixty, or a hundred fold, in the harvest time.

Why was there good ground in the mind of Mr. Braxton? Good ground, even though he was wedded to external life; a self-seeker; a lover of the world? In the answer to this question lies a most important truth for all to whom God has committed the care of children. Unless good ground is formed, as it was in his case, by early instruction; by storing up in the memory and consciousness truths from the Bible and states of good affection; by weaving into the web and woof of the forming mind precepts of religion; there is small hope for the future. If these are not made a part of the forming life, things opposite will be received, and determine spiritual capabilities. Influx of life into the soul must be through prior things; as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined; as the child's memory and consciousness is stored, so will the man develop and progress. Take heart, then, doubting parent; if you have, in all faithfulness, woven precious truths, and tender, pious, unselfish states into the texture of your child's mind—though the fruit is not yet seen, depend on it, that the treasured remains of good and true things are there, and will not be lost. They are the means by which angels lead precious souls in the heavenward way.

T. S. A.

N. Y. Ledger.

TWO DIFFERENT WAYS.—The worldly way of greatness leads through self, and in self-seeking. God's way leads through the seeking of others' good—the good of the world—the good of mankind. The one makes self the aim and end; the other makes self merely the instrument of another and a higher end. Under the influence of a true ambition, one offers up his whole being, with all its forces, as a gift of God, to be used in his service. The one imprisons the soul, and gives it over to all servitude of the passions; the other ennobles it by bringing it to the love of nobler themes and things; and it works purity and magnanimity.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Second Mother.

BY M. D. R. B.

Although not of right belonging to the "Mothers' Department," yet it may not be considered altogether beyond its limits, to urge the claims of that much abused and misrepresented class so often invidiously and disparagingly termed "step-mothers." If ever there ought to be words dropped out of use, —and it is an undoubted fact that fashion rules language no less than manners and dress, and causes certain words to become obsolete and "unfit for ears polite," which were once accepted in common parlance, and formed the current coin of the most polished circles,—I would like to expunge from our vocabularies and daily conversation, the terms "step-mother," and "old maid," as not only disagreeable, and, in the latter case, decidedly vulgar, but also satirizing some of the most estimable and useful members of society.

Granting that there have been ill-tempered and malicious women, who, having arrived at what is called a *certain* age, meaning I suppose an *uncertain* one, and becoming soured by disappointment, or rendered misanthropic by the loss of former tender ties, have made themselves unlovely and unloved in their own immediate neighborhood, is that any reason why each high-souled, self-devoted female who prefers a single life, a life of benevolence and virtue, to an ill-assorted imprudent match, or marriage of convenience, should be stigmatized with that opprobrious epithet? I repeat that it is an outrage on good taste; and it is time that woman should assert as one of "Woman's Rights," the honor and dignity of her sex in this particular instance; and make it a scandal and a shame to bandy about this odious designation. Enough has been written and printed in times that are past, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," about the selfishness, the scandal-mongering propensities, the love of dress and display, the little peculiarities, and other defects of character that have made stereotyped pictures of the sisterhood. Look in future at the FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES, not only on the Crimean battle fields, not only in the hospital at Scutari, but among the sick and wounded of our native land;—listen to the voice of a MARSH, impressing Bible truths on the hearts of British navvies, she the idol of those rugged, iron-visaged men;—absorb yourself enraptured in the enchanting pages of a MULOCK or a SENGWICK, or—for the time would fail me to mention more of these honored worthies—peruse the immortal writings of a HANNAH MORE, whose pen "mightier than the sword," helped to put down riot and sedition among the oppressed poor, and also furnished them with a wholesome and entertaining literature,

by the publication of her cheap Repository Tracts. Who does not still read with feelings akin to reverence, the story of the venerable sisters of Barley Wood, so genial in their hospitalities, so alive to all the amenities of society?

In like manner—for this digression about single women is analogous to my subject—it has become so much the custom to hold forth to ridicule as the caricatures of fiction, the hated office of step-mother, that she who has with many misgivings and heart-shrinkings, accepted the place of "second mother" to the children of a family, often feels as if she were under the ban of society; and when she has fulfilled in the tenderest way her carefully performed duties,—burdensome only because the eye of suspicion is ever upon her,—how often is she chilled and insulted by the unfeeling remark made in her presence: "O, of course she cannot be expected to treat them as if they were her own; she is only their step-mother!"

Granting again that there have been and are still many bad step-mothers, so there have been unnatural fathers, mothers who have been monsters in human form, having ceased to have compassion on the babes they have cradled on their bosoms; shall therefore a part stand for a whole, or a few individuals typify a class? It is bringing a foul blot upon human nature to assert, that because the hapless little ones, who are bereft of a mother's care, are not "mine" as well as "thine," therefore they must be viewed with a jealous eye, as the offspring of a former love. She who is a true woman will take them at once to her heart of hearts, sharers in that affection which she feels for him who gave them into her tender keeping; and even as we most sedulously guard the property which another has entrusted to us, so should she watch over them, as one who must render an account.

Should she become herself a mother, her difficulties will greatly increase, especially if the spirit of insubordination already exists, and she has only in part succeeded in gaining the affections and confidence of her little charge. From the hour of its birth, her innocent babe is looked upon with dislike by those who have, as they suppose, the first right to the consideration and love of their father; and too often by their own misconduct they succeed in alienating themselves from him, and making the whole family a miserably divided one.

But this is undoubtedly the shady side of the picture. It suited very well with the "dark ages" of society, to represent the ancient step-mother as a ruthless tyrant, whose only aim seemed to be to get rid of her innumbrances as fast as she could, in order that her own offspring might succeed to their rights; but such is no longer the case. How many lovely families now arise to our remembrance,

where the "second mother" is as tenderly loved and cared for in her old age by the children of her adoption, as if they were indeed her own; where all are so closely united that one, unacquainted with the fact, would fail to discover that some are the offspring of a former, some of a later marriage; where the endearing title "mother" flows naturally and gracefully from the lips, and the elder protects the younger members of the family, in the same way they would have done had all been nursed at the same bosom.

Be not discouraged, then, O desponding second mother, but willingly take up the reproach, and prove to the world that it is possible for one who has hitherto been a stranger to a mother's feelings to enter into the maternal relation with children who are not her own. The office it is true requires patience, wisdom, and discrimination, greater, if possible, than is necessary in governing and educating one's own children. Years may have elapsed since they were bereft of a fond and prudent mother's care; the father, absorbed in sorrow, or the pressing calls of business, or perhaps over-indulgent to those in whom he sees that mother's image, and pitying their bereaved condition, has with an unwise fondness permitted them to become headstrong, quarrelsome, and selfish. Or they are left in many instances to the care of mercenaries, whose interests are best forwarded by petting and spoiling them, or who are too ignorant and careless to be the proper guardians of their young charge. Should much time be suffered to pass in this age of misrule, she who takes the place of mother to these misguided children will indeed enter upon a hard task.

If she succeed in gaining their good will at first, her burdens will prove incomparably lighter, and it may be hoped that by a prudent, wise, and straightforward course in the path of duty, the stubborn hearts of these her elder children may be subdued, and their wills made to yield to the magic power of firmness united with love. We have seen many instances where the "second mother" has won the confidence and respect of those who at first were disposed to look upon her with dislike and suspicion, as an intruder into the sacred rights of another; and they have shown themselves more than willing, even eager, to claim full relationship with her. But all depends on the manner in which the work is commenced. How many, discouraged and repulsed at first, have ceased to try their influence further, and deterred from any attempt at proper government on account of the odium which is attached to a step-mother's discipline, have ended by suffering the child to go on in its own way and becoming entirely ruined.

But let the "step" be at once and forever forgotten, or, if it must remain, use it as a step to climb into the affections of the little ones you have taken for your own. Step by step you will succeed, and once gained, take care by no ill-judged action on

your part, to lose the foothold you have secured. Love them as you would have your own offspring loved, should death deprive them of your maternal offices; and you will soon learn to look with less of dread on the obnoxious name of step-mother, as conferring an honor and a crown of victory on her who, through many trials and discouragements, earned for herself the noble title of second mother.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

Discouraging Children.

It is somewhere related that a poor soldier, having had his skull fractured, was told by the doctor that his brains were visible. "Do write and tell father of it, for he always said I had no brains," he replied. How many fathers and mothers tell their children this, and how often does such a remark contribute not a little to prevent any development of the brain? A grown person tells a child he is brainless, foolish, or a blockhead, or that he is deficient in some mental or moral faculty, and in nine cases out of ten, the statement is believed, the thought that it may be partially so acts like an incubus to repress the confidence and energies of that child. Let any person look to childhood's days, and he can doubtless recall many words and expressions which exerted such a discouraging or encouraging influence over him as to tell upon his whole course of future life. We know an ambitious boy who, at the age of ten years, had become so depressed with fault-finding and reproof, not duly mingled with encouraging words, that at an early age he longed for death to take him out of the world, in which he conceived he had no ability to rise. But while all thus appeared so dark around him, and he had been so often told of his faults and deficiencies that he seemed the dullest and worst of boys, and while none of his good qualities and capabilities had been mentioned, and he believed he had none, a single word of praise and appreciation, carelessly dropped in his hearing, changed his whole course of thought. We have often heard him say, "that word saved him." The moment he thought he could do well he resolved that he would—and he has done well. Parents, these are important considerations.

Teaching Children.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by example, and use gentle and patient means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by encouraging frank good-humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion. If pride makes his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short, give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sin.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

"A Furlough."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"No letter," said mamma, drawing a deep sigh, "no letter from Andrew to-day. I'm afraid something has happened to my boy!"

"Oh, now, Martha, don't, like all the rest of your sex, make a swift jump to conclusions. There may be a hundred good reasons for your not hearing from Andrew. Perhaps he hasn't had time to write. Perhaps his letter has been miscarried or lost. For my part, I'm neither going to make the boy sick or bury him until I've some better reason for it than the fact that we've had no letter."

"But if you were his mother, Thomas, you couldn't help feeling anxious and troubled as I do! Just think now, if he should be taken down with the fever, away off there in camp, and be sent to the hospital; or if he should fall in some skirmish with—" mother stopped here; the tears were in her eyes.

"That little word 'if' makes a mighty difference, as our mother used to say; and now as you've got the art of putting things, according to the Country Parson, on the dark side, I'll put them on the bright one. What if Andrew's hale and hearty, doing good service for God and his country off there in camp, and learning new lessons of self-sacrifice, of a deeper, broader patriotism, and of human brotherhood in his new strange collision with all kinds of men than he could ever otherwise have done; what if he comes home a truer, better, and of course a stronger, happier man for all the hard, tough experience he has had; better able to comprehend and appreciate the worth of liberty, the blessing of peace."

The sadness was all gone from the face of mother as she lifted it up to Uncle Thomas.

"If he comes back so, I shall never regret that I gave my only boy to the war," she said.

"Well, Martha, I want you to look at my 'if' and not at yours," said my uncle, in his quaint way, while I'm gone. "Will you promise me this?"

"I'll try," answered mother, with a bit of a smile.

And then Uncle Thomas kissed us and went away. He is my mother's only brother, as Andrew is mine. He is an old bachelor, and when papa died he adopted us, and mamma has lived with him ever since.

I cannot remember my own papa, whose portrait hangs over the piano in the parlor, but it does not seem to me that I could have loved him better than I do my Uncle Thomas, with his broad, warm heart, the lurking humor in his gray eyes, and his quaint, pleasant jokes, like nobody's else in the world.

Andrew is my only brother, and there are ten years—just half my life—betwixt him and me. Andrew had just graduated at college, and several of his classmates had joined regiments, when he too took it into his heart that he'd go to the war. It was a long time before mamma could be brought to think of it all; but Andrew was set upon it, and at last through Uncle Thomas's influence she gave a tearful, tremulous consent; and for a year Andrew has been with the army on the Potomac. He has been promoted from a private to a captain, and is much in love with his military life, as men will be, notwithstanding all his hardships and exposures; but oh, dear me! he don't know what a long heart-ache mamma carries for fear something should happen to her boy, my noble, beautiful brother!

Three days slipped away, and then Uncle Thomas returned. I was in the hall when somebody slipped suddenly out of the library, caught me round the waist, and slipping one hand softly over my eyes, said—

"Who has caught you now, lady-bird."

"I know it's Uncle Thomas," and then I was snatched up for the kisses I was ready to receive and bestow. Setting me down, he asked—

"How's mother?"

"Very well, thank you, Uncle Thomas."

"And have you heard from Andrew?"

"No, Uncle Thomas."

"Haven't heard yet?" There was surprise and disappointment in my uncle's voice, which showed me very plainly, that however he might disguise it before mamma, he partook of her anxiety respecting Andrew. A minute later, he opened the sitting-room door.

"Oh, Thomas, I'm glad to see you back!" was mamma's first greeting to her brother.

"And have you looked at my 'if' or at yours—confess now, Martha?"

And his light tones were not now the same which I had heard a few moments before in the hall.

"I've looked at both, Thomas, but more at mine than at yours to-day, for there hasn't come yet a letter from my boy," and the tears were in mamma's eyes.

"No, but he's come instead," answered a voice at the door, which made us all spring and look round, and there, in his officer's uniform, tall and sunbrowned, stood my brother Andrew!

We couldn't believe it—we couldn't believe it, not even after we had shaken hands and kissed and hugged him over and over. Uncle Thomas rubbed his eyes in his funny way, and said he was trying to wake up and couldn't.

"Oh, Andrew," sobbed mamma, "if you knew what I had suffered, fearing for you the last week."

"And all this time, dear mother, I was planning my surprise for you. The truth is, I was down for a week with the fever in the hospital, and then I obtained a furlough for a month and came home for you and Alice to nurse me."

"Sick in the hospital—oh Andrew!" cried mamma, with a shudder.

"Martha!" Uncle Thomas's voice was very solemn now, "you ought instead to say, 'thank God that Andrew was spared to come back to us.'"

"And I do say it," answered mamma, with her hands clasped on Andrew's shoulder.

Do you know what it is to have a brother come home from the battle field as I know what it is, these long summer days? Such stories as Andrew has to tell us of camp life and battle scenes, over which we sometimes cry and sometimes laugh together. I sit in my old place on his knee—I drop asleep every night with my head pillowed on his shoulder; we play "hide and seek" about the house just as we did in the vacations when he returned from college. He is growing stronger every day, and the brown hue is fast fading from his cheeks; but I put away the thought as I would a blow, that every day which goes like a song and a smile over our heads, takes away one from my brother's furlough. And sometimes in the midst of all my gladness, a swift pang pierces my heart, for I remember that there are many sisters scattered over all this fair land, whose brothers will come out from the hospitals to no "furlough" except that long, silent, unbroken one whose name we call death.

Parlor Amusements.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN.

A circle is formed, and the player best acquainted with the game addresses his nearest neighbor as follows:—

"I have been to my grandmother's garden. My grandmother's garden is a beautiful garden. In my grandmother's garden there are four corners."

Each player, in succession, repeats the same phrase, not adding or omitting anything, on pain of a forfeit; the next player always taking up the word before he can have time to correct an error. When the turn of the first speaker comes round again, he repeats what has been previously said; adding to it, "In the first corner is a rose-tree. I love you to distraction."

The others repeat not only this, but also the original phrase, paying a forfeit for each mistake.

The turn finished a second time, the leader repeats the whole; adding: "In the second corner there is a sun-flower. I would kiss you, but I am afraid."

After the third turn he adds, "In the third corner there is a peony. Tell me your secret."

Each player then whispers whatever he pleases in the ear of his preceding neighbor.

The fourth repetition over, the leader makes another addition. "In the fourth corner there is a poppy. Repeat aloud what you whispered to me just now."

As the oration (which has now reached its full growth) goes round the circle, each player is compelled to divulge the secret he had previously imparted to his neighbor in confidence—rather an embarrassing condition sometimes, for people not prepared for such an arrangement—for the company are equally amused at the secrets which are not very clear, as at those which are rather too much so.

This game will be recognized as only another version of the *House that Jack built*,—on the model of which endless games may be formed, the leader relying upon his own inventions for the sayings to be repeated.

THE HORNED AMBASSADOR.

The leader of the game, having prepared a number of little horns of paper that can be attached to the heads of the players—curl-paper fashion—commences by addressing to the person seated on his left in a circle a discourse, which all the players must repeat after him word for word, without the slightest alteration or addition, on pain of receiving the name of *Horned Ambassador*, instead of that of *Royal Ambassador*, which all hold in right of the game. The speech is as follows:

"Good morning, Royal Ambassador—always Royal. I, the Royal Ambassador—always Royal—come from his Royal Majesty—always Royal (indicating his neighbor on the right) to tell you that his eagle has a golden beak."

The second and following players repeat this formula as we have already stated. If any one makes a mistake, he receives one of the paper horns for each blunder. And in the following round, instead of saying, "I, the Royal Ambassador—always Royal," he says, I, the one (two or three, according to the number he has received) *horned Ambassador—always horned*," &c.

By the same rule, when addressing the wearer of one or more horns, instead of saying, "Good day, Royal Ambassador—always Royal," it is necessary to say, "Good day, one (or more) *horned Ambassador—always horned*."

At the second round, the leader adds, and the others repeat successively, a new quality to that mentioned as possessed by the king's eagle in the first—such as *brazen claws*; at the third, *diamond eyes*; at the fourth, *silver plumes*; at the fifth, an *iron heart*, &c. The last act of this game (which may be prolonged *ad libitum*) is the collection of forfeits in proportion to the number of horns that have been distributed, and the penalties exacted for their redemption by the king of the *Ambassadors—always Royal—from their many horned brethren*.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

TWO WAYS OF USING COLD BOILED FISH.—1. Take two pounds of cold fish, cut into very small pieces, scald one pint of milk in a saucepan, mix in enough flour to make a paste, and half a pound of butter; season with pepper and salt, and then whip in the yolks of four eggs, one by one; butter a dish, lay in first a layer of fish, then of the paste, and so on, to fill the dish. Bake three-quarters of an hour in a moderate oven.

2. Cut up a fish in convenient pieces, and put in a jar a layer of fish and then spices (pepper, cloves, allspice and mace to taste,) until the jar is filled; then put in vinegar enough to cover thoroughly. Tie a paper tightly over the jar; then spread a paste of flour and water over the paper, set it in the oven for eight hours. If rightly done, the bones will be entirely absorbed. It is excellent.

GINGER BEER POWDERS.—Powdered white sugar two drachms; powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix and wrap in blue paper. Tartaric acid, thirty grains; wrap in white paper. Dissolve each separately in half a glass of spring water, mix, and drink while in a state of effervescence.

ARTIFICIAL CHEESE.—Well pound some nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, to which add a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream; boil these in the milk; put in eight eggs, six or eight spoonsful of wine vinegar to turn the milk; let it boil till it comes to a curd; tie it up in a cheese cloth, and let it hang six or eight hours to drain; then open it, take out the spice; sweeten it with sugar and rosewater; put it into a cullender; let it stand an hour more, then turn it out, and serve it up in a dish with cream under it.

BLANC MANGE.—Break one ounce of isinglass in very small pieces, and wash well; pour on a pint of boiling water; next morning add a quart of milk, and boil until the isinglass is dissolved, and strain it. Put in two ounces of blanched almonds, pounded; sweeten with loaf sugar, and turn it into the mould. Stick thin slips of almonds all over the blanc mange, and dress around with syllabub or whip cream.

RICE BLANC MANGE.—Take one pint of new milk; add to it two eggs, well beaten; four spoonsful of ground rice; two spoonsful of brandy; grate a little nutmeg; sweeten to your taste; boil it; when near cold, put it into your mould; when quite cold, turn it out, mix in a little sugar, cream and nutmeg, and put round it in the dish garnish with red currant jelly.

CHEESE CREAM—A PLAIN, FAMILY WAY.—Put three pints of milk to one half pint of cream, warm or according to the same proportions, and put in a

little rennet; keep it covered in a warm place till it is curdled; have a mould with holes, either china or any other; put the curds into it to drain about an hour. Serve with a good plain cream, and pounded sugar over it.

AN ECONOMICAL DISH.—And, if well cooked, a pleasant one.—Take three sheeps' tongues; let them lie in cold water for two hours, until all the blood has left them; then throw them into boiling water for a minute, one by one, until you can remove the hard skin that covers them. Place them in a saucepan of lukewarm water; stew them gently for three hours, with three small carrots, two laurel leaves, cloves, a small onion or two, pepper and salt; cut them in two lengthways, remove the roots, and serve with a *sauce piquante*.

GINGER WINE.—Take nine gallons of cold water; dissolve twenty-seven pounds of good, light, raw sugar; put the mixture into a boiler, then add eighteen ounces of the best ginger, bruised, and the rinds of eighteen lemons. Boil it half an hour, skim it well, and let it stand in a cooler until blood warm. Put it in a cask with nine pounds of raisins, chopped. Stir all these ingredients together; add a tablespoonful of yeast, and stir every day for ten days. Then add two and a-half ounces of isinglass, dissolved in some of the liquor, and a quart of the best brandy. Cork it close, and draw off as wanted.

CARROT SOUP.—To seven pints of soft water, put one pound of lean beef, cut thin, half a pint of split peas, one large carrot, cut into pieces, one or two turnips, some celery, and a large onion. Boil all together until the liquor is reduced to one-half the quantity, then strain it through a coarse hair-sieve. Have ready three or four large carrots (half-boiled and then grated fine) put this into the soup; boil it with pepper and salt to your taste. Just before it gets to the last boil, take a little fresh butter (about the size of a walnut) rubbed in flour, and put into the soup. Serve it up with fried bread. If more soup is wanted, all the ingredients must be doubled, with the exception of the grated carrots; and, if they are large, six will be found sufficient for a good-sized tureen.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—Make a dry mixture of one-third saltpetre, one-third common salt, one-third best loaf sugar. Mix one ounce of the above with one pound of butter which must be made perfectly free from buttermilk, and to have been put into water as little as possible. Work the ingredients well in, and put into a stone crock. Sprinkle the mixture at the top of each layer of butter as you add, and when the crock is full, fasten down tightly and exclude the air. When required for table, wash and make up into pats as fresh butter.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Muscular Education.

It is considered the thing just now to run down dashing horsewomen by fastening upon them the epithet, "pretty horsebreaker," that expression being always used as a term of reproach, often as a sneer; but surely it is not unwomanly to take delight in two such noble and high-spirited creatures as a horse and a dog; or, shall we be told it is indecorous for ladies to hunt? The writer is perhaps speaking too much from his own point of view; but to him, and he fancies to many like him, a young lady appears far more natural, more herself, and more interesting, when flushed with the glow of health, and the excitement of a gallop through the fresh, life-breathing air, than when framed in the stiff finery of artificial flowers and full dress, to act a part for the evening. Then there is the indescribable charm of health and high spirits, for which we all have so keen an instinct; this is a flower one rarely finds in the hothouses of society. To admire or to sanction the swash-buckler style of a manly young lady, who has been betrayed by silly brothers into talking slang and swaggering, is quite another thing. Rude health brings with it a sort of irresistible spirit of opposition and independence that means no harm; like the prancing of a spirited filly fresh up from grass, there's no vice in it, and the pretty creature will soon take to the bit, especially under a light hand, and become invaluable.

But the best argument in favor of riding for ladies is, that it offers almost the only violent exercise open to them; and violent exercise is necessary for strong health. As to dancing, that is violent enough in all conscience, but entirely in the wrong direction; the chest being confined, while the breathing is raised to the highest pitch of rapidity, feeding on air of the hottest and stalest kind, loaded with dust and perfumes, the heart still stirred till it beats like that of a frightened bird. All this awful waste of resources, this consuming fire in the system, is made more destructive by choosing the hours which Nature demands for sleep and renovation. If this favorite amusement must be had, and no doubt it is in nature that it must, then we ought to have dancing-rooms as cool and well-ventilated as a gymnasium, instead of the quasi-Turkish bath to which we have so generally to submit.

Of the few good exercises enticing enough to keep their votaries in the field, archery is the best. It has decidedly gained in public favor of late, and deserves to be encouraged in every way. Young ladies at school have the great advantage of being permitted to be a little hoydenish; and if we were to speak as a father it would be to say that your

hoyden is not to be put down as a rude tom-boy. Let her by all means bowl her hoop, skip and play long-rope to giddy distraction; and even play bat-trap and cricket, with an occasional pull on the lake or river. But better than all, are the regular drill and systematic exercise of the gymnasium. Let no one suppose that wielding the clubs hanging on the horizontal bar, or indeed any strain upon the arms, ever makes the hands clumsy; that it ever interferes with the finest needlework, the most delicate drawing, or that that highly-prized quality, the touch of the pianoforte player, is destroyed by it. It is proved beyond question that the hand becomes more delicate and obedient the more it is used in every kind of exercise; therefore, the excuse we often hear against romping games as "spoiling the hands" has no foundation; even the thick, hard skin on workmen's hands is found rather to increase the sense of touch than to diminish it.

Man is *par excellence* a walking animal. He is the only creature that has a calf to his leg; and, as every one knows, this is the essential mechanism for walking. A man will walk down any game, and tire out the best horses in the long run. Dick Turpin's mare carried him from London to York, the distance being just within two hundred miles, and there are instances of horses doing more than a hundred miles at a stretch; but there is nothing to equal the celebrated feat of Captain Barclay, who walked a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours, playing the bag-pipes on entering every town, according to the terms of his wager. Omnibus horses in London do about twenty-five miles a day with a rest; but many of the letter carriers on the out-lying districts walk this distance, and with short intervals of rest; this is not more than a man in good condition can sustain for weeks. There are few better tests of a man's condition than hard walking, and the practice is one universally applicable, eminently delightful, and beyond everything beneficial to the health.

Running foot-races seems to be coming in afresh with the astonishing victories of the American Indian, "Deerfoot," whose pace is fleetier than that of many fast trotting horses. It is a fine, high-mettled sport, and thoroughly English, being a favorite pastime in the middle ages, when the prize was nothing but a silver ring. The Greeks were content with even a more modest symbol of victory in a sprig of the wild olive. At the Olympic Games they ran races; but the course was much shorter than ours. The *stadium*, being little more than two hundred yards long, was run over twice without stopping. This does not give a very exalted idea of their running, which was probably neither equal in speed nor endurance to that of our day. In Kent, one of the most popular games is "a running." In this the young men of a place, or of

two rival villages, meet in some chosen meadow, and, dressed in the lightest clothing, with bare feet, compete one against the other, as in wrestling matches, till the two best runners are left to contest the palm.

The system of training in the palmy days of the ring, was not very far wrong. As to quantity of food, there was no limit for our prize fighters, though they were not allowed to gorge as the Greek and Roman athletes did. Two full meals with meat a day were considered sufficient, breakfast and dinner; but if the appetite demand supper, it must be simply a little meat and dry biscuit at eight o'clock, to be followed by a walk, and then to bed at ten. The modern trainers pursue a regimen very similar to this, allowing some little latitude as to smoking, and tea and coffee in moderate quantities; but they keep the strictest surveillance over their man, and never allow him to be out of sight, day or night, when any important match is on the *tapis*. Running and walking are the chief exercises adopted, and the former occasionally at full speed, and in the morning, after which the trainee is rubbed down dry, and clothed in his usual dress, flannel being worn for all exercise. A series of strong gymnastic exercises is adopted also. Great attention is paid to the condition of the skin, a point upon which the connoisseurs are particularly knowing; it should be smooth, soft, yet firm and tight over the muscles, having the look which in a horse is called "fine." The muscles should stand out hard and decided, in form like the carving of an ivory statue, and showing no roundings off by fat. Persons in good health train plump; but if they fall off, it shows that they are not able to bear the severity of the process. Gentlemen do not generally bear training so well as men accustomed to labor from boyhood; and it should be understood that the severe training undergone by prize-fighters is not favorable to the constitution; a more moderate system of exercises is preferable for those who are not disposed to sacrifice too much to the reputation of being an athlete of the first water.

The rationale of training is to nourish the body as rapidly as possible, and at the same time get rid of the waste material. It might be compared, for illustration, to the rapid consumption of fuel in locomotive engines by a quick draught of air and the production of steam from an immense extent of heated surface, obtained by exposing to the fire many tubes filled with water. The best of fuel is supplied to the man in training in the shape of his meat, bread and water; his smoke and cinders must be got rid of rapidly, so as to excite the fierce combustion demanded for the pace he has to go, and the long-continued efforts he has to make. To accomplish this, the fire-grate and chimneys of the human engine must be kept clear and in perfect working order. The skin, which lets off the waste steam and smoke at millions of pores—or, say twenty-eight

miles of tubing, for this has been calculated—is of the first importance; hence, by long experience, from the Greeks and Romans to our day, trainers, who are no great physiologists, have paid the closest attention to the skin, whether in training horses or men. The Greeks used a scraper called a *strigil*, and they sometimes rolled in the dust of the stadium after anointing, all of which compelled them to use a great amount of friction in merely cleansing the skin. Perspiration is excited and kept up at regular intervals; and the pores are cleansed by rubbing with hard brushes and towels, with occasional sponging, though the bath is used sparingly. By this means also the circulation of the blood in the minute net-work of vessels all over the body is assisted. Men in ordinary health get rid of about three pounds of water alone from their skin, daily; but in training it must be more than this. Then the lungs, being nearer to the central furnace of the body, are of even more importance to be kept at work than the skin; for from them the chief part of the smoke must be got rid of, besides a good deal of steam, or in other words, carbonic acid gas and watery vapor. In ordinary good health, a man expires about twenty-one ounces of steam daily; of course, a man undergoing great exertion breathes off much more than this. Then the light, fresh air is exchanged in breathing for the heavy carbonic gas, ammonia, hydrogen gas, and volatile animal substances, making altogether from six to eight per cent. of effete material got rid of by the lungs. Now we can see the necessity for a man having what is called "good wind;" his lungs must be able to bear the constant and rapid contraction and expansion, and the strong action of the heart in driving on the vital stream without distress. Hence no person with the slightest weakness of the chest should ever attempt to train, though the regimen, very moderately and gradually applied, would be beneficial; for it may then simply embrace the well-known precepts of fresh air, exercise, simple food, no excesses, and early hours. Those are favored by Nature who can endure exercise occasionally as severe as the prize-fighters go through; by it the lungs are ventilated as they cannot be in ordinary exercise, and the high vigor of the system maintained. In quiet breathing, as much as one hundred and seventy cubic inches of air remains in the chest, while about twenty-five inches are expired; but this is raised to two hundred and forty cubic inches by violent exercise, and renewed at the rate of from forty to fifty times in a minute.

It cannot be too strongly enforced that, no matter how intellectual the calibre, or how sensitive the fibre, material health lies at the root of all. The brain must have its fat and its phosphorus, the heart must be touched with the bright and pure life-stream, or the pace begins to slacken, and the machinery yields to the *vis inertiae* of earth till it stops dead. It is not too much to say that the greatest achievements await those who, having

pursuits not necessarily favorable to health, nevertheless make it of the first consideration to attend to the culture of the body. Good eating and drinking, as it is called, is far too much relied upon; in fact, it is this that in towns leads universally to disease and short lives; it is absolutely necessary to combine good food with invigorating and refreshing exercises, and if the more violent can be borne, so much the better. If gymnastics were esteemed with us as important as they were with the ancient Greeks and Romans, and practised habitually, as by them, there is no doubt that the public health would be raised, and new fields of enjoyment would open out to the multitude who are always wondering what ails them, or what on earth they can find to do. Amongst the Greeks it was thought impossible for the mind to be in a vigorous state unless the body was. Philosopher, physician and gymnast were united in one person—Galen dislocated his shoulder, when wrestling, in his thirty-fifth year. The *aliptæ*, who superintended the diet and training, became reputed physicians, and their cure of diseases consisted almost entirely in adapting some of the processes of training adopted in the *palæstræ*, the places built for the separate use of the *athlete*, who were the professional strong men, and distinguished from the *agonistæ*, who were amateurs. Every town of importance had its gymnasium; and here poets came to recite, philosophers to dispute, and the fashionable public to look on at the exercises and to gossip. The great contests were in running, jumping, leaping with weights in the hands, (*halteres*) boxing, wrestling, throwing the *discus*, (a sort of quoit play) and hurling the spear. All these were

practised also by boys; and they had a favorite game of pulling a rope against one another, something like our "French and English," a game which to this day is practised on a large scale at Ludlow, in Shropshire, where on Shrove Tuesday the different wards of the town pull upon a long rope for the mastery. The gymnasium amongst the Romans became rather a place for military training, and the athletic sports changed into the fights of the gladiators and combats with wild animals in the amphitheatre. The bath, however, with frictions of the skin and gymnastic exercises, were the custom, and most houses had their *palæstræ* which were richly adorned with works of art. The Roman boys were not trained as the children of the Greeks were, and gymnastics were certainly not so rigidly practised for their own sakes. The Romans preferred the magnificence and display of the circus and the amphitheatre. They would not have knocked a way through their city walls to welcome a victor in the Olympic games, esteeming him too great a personage to enter by the ordinary gate, as the Greeks did. Rome might never have been a prey to the Goths, had she been satisfied with the Greek model; and the modern Italians, cast as they are, in such a noble mould, would never have become the irritable, indolent and melancholy race they are, had not athletic sports and manly exercises been lost by the people and discouraged by the nobles. Whether they will be regenerated by the example of their manly king, and the enlightened exertions of their statesmen, is a subject of the deepest interest to all who admire the splendid organization of the Italians, and remember the deep debt we owe to Italy.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE "HYACINTH" AND EMERALD.

These two beautiful styles are among the latest creations of "Lady Fashion." They are made in all colors which are worn this season, and of lighter or heavier texture as the year advances. The trimmings vary greatly, but the styles depicted in our illustrations—embroideries in *braids* and velvets, are among the most elegant modes of ornament.

CUSHION COVER.

Very pretty tidies and cushion covers are now made on mosquito net, which is a very useful manufacture as a groundwork on which to work ornamental patterns in darning and fancy stitches. The pattern given is for this purpose, and when worked, will be found to have a very lacy and

good effect. The stars are worked in cottons of different degrees of coarseness, and the lines which form the stars are traced in the coarsest kind. The interiors of the points are filled in with different kinds of lace stitches, which are very easily executed on this coarse fabric, such as sewing lines of the net over, crossing in diamonds, and filling in with stars—but which have a very pretty effect, introduced in this manner. The shape indicated by the black ground in the illustration, is formed by running a line, in coarse cotton, across the net in the different directions. This gives a novelty to the style of work. To complete the tidy, a light lace in crochet, or a rich knotted fringe, should be carried all round. This will be found a very showy and pretty way of working on this net.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AMERICA BEFORE EUROPE. PRINCIPLES AND INTERESTS. By Count Agenor de Gasparin. Translated from advance sheets by Mary L. Booth. New York: *Chas. Scribner*. Philad'a: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

We regard this as one of the most important issues of the press that has appeared since the commencement of the war. "The uprising of a great people" was a prophecy of success for just principles, which events have made history. The second volume of the clear-seeing Frenchman is devoted mainly to the work of showing to Europe her false position towards America, and the perils that attend this false position. It is divided into six parts. The first reviews the attitude of Europe, and shows what it ought to have been—rebuking, in strong language, its failure to take a position in favor of honor and right, instead of being drawn aside by policy and interest. We make an extract from this part of the book:—

"We had thought ourselves justified in saying, without exaggerating its chivalrous sentiments, that the cause of the South would excite in it a hearty indignation; that this rebellion in favor of slavery would meet naught but anathemas among us; that the nineteenth century would not suffer this single occasion to be lost of seconding otherwise than by words the most glorious work of modern times. We were mistaken; the narrow policy too often prevails over the broad. Instead of entering frankly into the path of large sympathies, instead of encouraging, instead of believing in good, which is one of the surest means of doing it, Europe has chosen rather to be suspicious, to find fault, to recall old grievances, to gather up new complaints, to treat, in fine, as an enemy or suspected power, this youthful government, sprung from a generous reaction against injustice, and charged with pursuing its redressal. It was first necessary to love it, in order to counsel it, and to aid it to become better. Supported by us, it would have proceeded without hindrance to its end; not to immediate abolition, as has been pretended, but to certain abolition, through the growing preponderance of the North, through the abrogation of odious laws, through the inevitable and progressive suppression of slavery, confined within a continually narrowing circle. On the day that it was decided that it should no longer increase, slavery would have begun to die, yet it would not have died a death of violence—gently, tranquilly, by pacific and Christian means, the redoubtable problem would have been resolved, for the common safety of the North and the South, the whites and the blacks.

"We did not desire this. To desire it would have been to quit the beaten track and depart from the precepts of false policy. A most impolitic policy in any case; for, to speak only of our material interests, it has endowed us with the civil war which is

desolating America, ruining the cotton production, and calling forth sufferings in our Old World which will go on increasing. If the South had known in advance that it could not count on us, it is not probable that it would have attempted an insurrection. At all events, this would not have been of long duration. It deludes itself less than people imagine; it knows the strength of the national government, and is not ignorant that resources will ere long be lacking to the insurrectional government at Richmond. Even its victories have never given it the audacity to take a single step in advance; its plan is to secure time for Europe to intervene. Europe needs its cotton, Europe is at its mercy, Europe is about to aid and recognize it, Europe will seize on the first pretext that offers; she will break the blockade and impose peace. Take away these convictions from the South, and you will cause the weapons to fall from their hands. Suppose Europe, for a moment, not to exist, and America to be a duelling ground in which no one can interfere, and you can no longer imagine possible a continuance of the struggle.

"Four months will suffice for the reduction of the South, from the day that it shall have ceased to count on Europe. It is said that Mr. Seward has more than once expressed this conviction. I believe it to be well founded, as well founded as that noble complaint in the last message of Mr. Lincoln: 'Every nation distracted by civil war must expect to be treated without consideration by foreign powers.'

"What is it, then, that has gone wrong among us? Simply that we have been lacking in youth at heart. Instead of asking on which side were justice and liberty, we hastened to ask on which side were our interests, then too on which side were the best chances of success. It seemed to us that this rebellion without a pretext was not without a future. From this we had not to go far to find in it some appearance of right. And thus it is that, after having protested for the acquittal of our conscience against the 'crime of slavery,' after having declared (the thing is granted) that slavery is detested by those who, moreover, never fail to serve it, we have refused to the generous impulse of the North that spontaneous, cordial, and, as it were, naïve support which would have decided all questions on the spot."

In the second part, he reviews the mean and miserable policy of England, and in doing so makes for her this ingenious and just apology. Let us, as Americans, give to it a fair consideration.

"There are two nations in England. Whoever does not begin by admitting this, must renounce all hope of understanding the history of this strange country. There are two nations, I say it to the glory of England. How many peoples are there,

among whom energetic reactions towards good are unknown! How many countries are there, whose rivers flow smoothly down an even slope, where no block of granite ever falls to turn aside the current! Blocks of granite have fallen into the current of England.

"Oftenest, doubtless, the river turns aside, then descends tranquilly to the sea, while nothing announces that an obstacle has disturbed the flow of the waters. There are the epochs of inertia, languor, and forgetfulness of principles; a policy then prevails, not more selfish, perhaps, than the policy of other governments, but less attached to forms, and more offensive, by reason of unceremoniousness and bad taste. But suddenly a reaction is wrought; a great moral truth comes to light, agitation becomes diffused, a superior force arises in opposition to the power of habits and interests. Humanity then wins one of its victories. To-day, it is the abolishment of the slave trade; to-morrow, it will be the abolition of slavery; the day after, Catholic emancipation; then, the reform of Parliament; then, the protective system. There will be extended investigations, there will be persevering efforts to obtain religious liberty everywhere, there will be powerful sympathies in favor of the independence of peoples. When Christian and liberal England rises, when its journals and meetings begin to protest against a great social iniquity, we feel that this will not be a passing and feeble desire, a well-meaning caprice, such as we have witnessed too often, but a fixed design which will be pursued to the end with that manly energy which delays discourage no more than reverses.

"Before the reactions of which I speak, the common traditions of the British administration always yield in the end. We know in what manner the crimes of the Indian government were openly denounced in Parliament. We know what voices were raised, even during the American war to obtain the independence of the United States. If, some day, the opium trade should succumb, upon which I count, it will fall, be sure, beneath the blows of a moral reaction aroused in England.

"This is how it happens that English history contains so many contrasts, so much good, and so much evil. He who sees nothing but the evil, is in the wrong; he who sees nothing but the good, is likewise in the wrong. There are two nations, I repeat. When unprincipled England grieves us, let us turn with confidence towards liberal and Christian England! Thank God! the latter is constantly gaining ground. For fifty years, it has not ceased, as it were, to give battle. For a moment in torpor, it was not long in awaking. It is at hand, it is advancing; a little late, doubtless, but nevertheless in time; it is about to reform with its generous hand the policy pursued with respect to the United States."

The third part of Count Gasparin's book is de-

voted to the correction of certain errors that are widely credited in Europe—errors mainly promulgated there by Southern emissaries. In this he does his work thoroughly, in the presentation of facts and the evidence found in documents. Five errors are met and corrected; they are these:—I. "Slavery is not really in question." II. "We are, before all, to avoid Civil War." III. "The South had a right to secede." IV. "The South, though conquered, will not be brought back to the Union." V. "The South will not be conquered."

The confidence felt in the result of our struggle is thus expressed by the author in closing his volume:—

"Yes, you will be the stronger, generous defenders of justice; you will be the stronger, if you ally yourselves to justice and to God. Hope! God himself has implanted the need of encouragement in the inmost depths of our soul. Hope! Cling to hope, preserve a serene and impregnable faith in the triumphs of eternal right.

"Danton said: 'Audacity, audacity, and again audacity!' I say willingly: 'Hope, hope, and again hope!' This crisis, despite the suffering that it includes, will be the honor and consolation of our times. Never, perhaps, were matter and spirit so directly at strife; the question is a moral one; it is for America to know whether the Puritan element will win—for the whole world to know whether liberty and justice will finally prevail.

"The whole world, I have just said, is engaged in the contest. The uprising of this people upraises us also; this spectacle of sufferings nobly accepted, does us good. We feel that one of those storms which purify the atmosphere is passing at this moment over our globe.

"Those over whom it passes have to suffer; but after the tempest comes fine weather, and like that fleet which, after having been dispersed by the storm, found itself again entire in the smooth waters of Port Royal, America will seem, perhaps, almost to sink beneath the violence of the winds, until it attain the end. This end is peace.

"Having once succeeded in suppressing the fearful evil which is devouring them, the United States will not feel that their present sacrifices are disproportioned to the progress accomplished. Acquired at this price, the abolition of slavery will not have been bought too dear.

"The question in the end is a second creation of the United States. This is carried on by the American method, that of Washington, that of the war of 1812, that which begins in weakness and ends in grandeur.

"No, the sixteenth President of the United States will not be the last; no, the eighty-fifth year of this people will not be the last; their flag will come out of battle pierced with bullets and blackened with powder, but more glorious than ever, without having let fall, as I hope, in the mêlée a single one of its thirty-four stars."

THE NEW GYMNASTICS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN. With a Translation of Prof. Kloss's Dumb-Bell Instructor, and Prof. Schreiber's Pangymnastikon. By Dio Lewis, M. D., Professor of the Essex-street Gymnasium, Boston. With Three Hundred Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philad'a: W. S. & A. Martien.

This book should reach a sale of hundreds of thousands. The author is a public benefactor. It describes and illustrates a new system of physical training, which may be introduced with little or no expense in every home, and adopted in every seminary. Novel in philosophy and practical in its details, its distinguishing peculiarity is a complete adaptation, alike to the strongest man, the feeblest woman, and the frailest child. Dispensing with the cumbersome apparatus of the ordinary gymnasium, its implements are all calculated not only to impart strength of muscle, but to give flexibility, agility and grace of movement. The apparatus is not fixed, so that any room or hall may be used for the exercise.

All the different movements in the dumb-bell exercise are given, with illustrations, so that any one may practice them without a teacher. The same is true of the Indian club exercise; also, of the Wand exercise, and exercises with rings and bags filled with beans. There is also a chapter, fully illustrated, of Free Gymnastics, or exercises without apparatus, suggested by the Swedish movement cure. And, lastly, a full description, illustrated by over a hundred wood cuts, of the use of a single piece of apparatus called the Pangymnastikon, by Dr. Schreiber, Director of the Medical Gymnastic Institution of Leipsic. In this piece of apparatus is sought the simplest means for the complete development of muscular strength and endurance. It consists of two large hand rings, suspended from the ceiling by ropes, which, running through padded hooks, are carried to the walls. Two other ropes extend from the walls directly to the hand rings. A strap with a stirrup is placed in either hand ring. By a simple arrangement on the wall, the hand rings are drawn as high as the performer can reach, or let down within a foot of the floor; or at any altitude they can be drawn apart to any distance. The usefulness of the apparatus depends upon the facility with which these changes can be made. The rings must be raised, let down, drawn apart, the stirrup straps changed or removed altogether from the rings, each and all with a single motion of the hand and in a moment. All these movements are clearly described in the book, by aid of illustrations.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH. With a memoir by Charles Elliot Norton. Boston: Ticknor & Field. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

The author of these poems was born in Liverpool in 1819, and died at Florence in November 1861. He was educated at Rugby, to which school he went very young, soon after Dr. Arnold had been elected Head-master, where he distinguished him-

self. From Rugby he went to Oxford. Mr. Clough came to the United States in 1852, and established himself at Cambridge, where he proposed giving instruction to young men preparing for college. During his residence there, he drew around him a congenial circle of cultivated and thoughtful minds. But, old friends in England, desiring to win him back, procured for him a place in the Educational Department of the Privy Council, and in the next year he returned across the Atlantic. His work in the Council-Office proved too exhausting, and early in 1861 he gave it up, and sought by travel to regain his lost health. But it was too late.

His poems, collected in this volume, show high culture, taste and thought. They are not—the minor poems at least—of the kind to stir the popular heart; but will hold the attention of those who think deeply, and dwell in the world of ideas. The three longer poems, that make up more than two-thirds of the volume, we have not yet read. Of the minor poems, some are playful and sparkling, yet with a grave undertone. We give a single specimen.

"That out of sight is out of mind
Is true of most we leave behind;
It is not, sure, nor can be true,
My own, and only love of you.

"They were my friends, 'twas sad to part;
Almost a tear began to start;
But yet, as things run on, they find
That out of sight is out of mind.

"For men that will not idlers be
Must lend their hearts to things they see;
And friends who leave them far behind,
When out of sight are out of mind.

"I blame it not. I think that when
The cold and silent meet again,
Kind hearts will yet as erst be kind;
'Twas 'out of sight,' was 'out of mind.'

"I knew it when we parted well,
I knew it, but was loath to tell;
I felt before what now I find,
That 'out of sight' is 'out of mind.'

"That friends, however friends they were,
Still deal with things as things occur,
And that, excepting for the blind,
What's out of sight is out of mind.

"But love, the poets say, is blind:
So out of sight and out of mind
Need not, nor will. I think, be true,
My own and only love, of you."

THE BOOK OF DAYS. Parts V. and VI. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This miscellany of popular antiquities, in connection with the callendar, grows more interesting as the numbers increase. Part VI. comes down to March 17th, the birthday of St. Patrick, whose legendary history is given. The author of this history gives the following curious facts:—"One of the strangest recollections of a strange childhood is the writer having been taken, by a servant, to see

a silver case, containing, as was said, the jaw bone of St. Patrick. The writer was very young at the time, but remembers seeing one much younger, a baby, on the same occasion, and has an indistinct idea that the jaw bone was considered to have had a very salutary effect on the baby's safe introduction into the world. The jaw bone, and the silver shrine enclosing it, has been for many years in the possession of a family in humble life near Belfast. In the memory of persons living, it contained five teeth, but now retains only one—three having been given to members of the family emigrating to America; and the fourth was deposited under the altar of the Roman Catholic Chapel of Derriagby, when rebuilt some years ago. The curiously embossed case has a very antique appearance, and is said to be of immense age; but it is, though certainly old, not so very old as reported, for it carries the 'Hall-mark' plainly impressed upon it. This remarkable relic has long been used for a kind of extra-judicial trial, similar to the Saxon *Corsnet*, a test of guilt or innocence, of very great antiquity; accused or suspected persons freeing themselves from the suspicion of crime, by placing the right hand on the reliquary, and declaring their innocence in a certain form of words, supposed to be an asseveration of the greatest solemnity, and liable to instantaneous, supernatural, and frightful punishment, if falsely spoken."

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA. Parts 50 and 51. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The fifty-first number of this valuable publication, of which we have heretofore spoken in terms of high praise, comes down to the letter G. It contains a carefully written article of some fourteen pages on "Galvanism," and another on Illuminating "Gas;" besides a brief account of the "Gallitan Church," and other instructive matters. The fourth volume is nearly completed. The publishers are issuing the work rapidly, at the low price of fifteen cents a number. It should be in every family library.

OLIVER BLAKE'S GOOD WORK. A Novel. By John Cordy Johnson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

SISTER ROSE; or, The Ominous Marriage. By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

ADEN POWER; or, The Cost of a Scheme. A Novel. By Farleigh Owen. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

THE WOMAN I LOVED, AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME. By the authoress of Agnes Tremorne.

SISTER ANNA'S PROBATION. By Harriet Martineau. Boston: A. Williams & Co. Philad'a: John McFarland.

All of the above stories, published in cheap form, are interesting. A friend, at our side, speaks warmly in praise of "Oliver Blake's Good Work." Wilkie Collins never fails to hold his reader's attention. The name of Miss Martineau will ensure a reading for "Sister Anna's probation."

EDWIN BROTHERTOPF. By Theodore Winthrop. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

We have another volume from the manuscripts left by the lamented Winthrop. Its publication again reminds us of how rare a genius was lost to the world of literature in his death. Of the previous volumes, "Cecil Dreeme," and "John Brent," large editions have already been sold, and for *Edwin Brothertopf* there will doubtless be as liberal a demand. It has all the freshness, the dash, the freedom and interest of its predecessors. In reading it, one cannot help the intrusion of a regret, that the author's life had not been spared for maturer work and higher aims.

THE FLYING DUTCHMAN; or, the Wrath of Herr Vonstopelnoze. By John G. Saxe. With Sixteen Comic Illustrations. New York: Carleton. Philad'a: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

If there is anything witty, allegorical, useful or instructive in this book, we honestly confess our inability to see it. There are a hundred themes on which the writer, with his fine ability, might have written to good purpose for society and his country. His present effort, at a time like this, is so much like trifling, that we cannot hold back an impulse to condemn.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"LIVING FOR SOMETHING."

Of all miserable people in the world, saving those who are haunted by some memory of guilt, or some slow eating remorse, we believe they are the most so, who have no aim, nor work, nor purpose in life.

Men generally have this: a worldly, a selfish, or a sordid one; perhaps in the majority of cases, but by it a law of their natures is fulfilled; while there is frequently no outward or apparent necessity for active exertion either physical or mental on the part of women. And it is an easy and a pleasant thing to fall into this idle, luxurious, lounging life, for all work is an effort until it becomes a habit; but like most pleasant and easy things in this

world it ends sooner or later in disappointment, misery, and bitterness of spirit.

Now, dear reader, no human being has a right to live a barren, unproductive life—a life whose aim and purpose all centres in *self*. We are in the world, and therefore we owe it something. It ought to be a little better, a little wiser, a little happier because we dwell in it. *Is it?*

There are many women lounging and frittering away their lives, to whom the shelter of luxurious homes, the possession of fortunes, which render all exertion of their faculties unnecessary, is an absolute misfortune; frequently a blight, and a curse on soul and body. Just think of it! How many

of our sex dandle away the time for which God shall hold them responsible, betwixt a little embroidery, a little light reading, a little drumming on the piano, and a great deal of dressing! It is terrible to think of these lives, wasted, frittered away—these lives with their awful responsibilities, their infinite opportunities of doing good—these lives which, when the Master calls for, shall be only “the pound laid up in a napkin.”

And then, sooner or later, this violated law of our being brings with it its own inevitable penalty. Do you know of any more unhappy person than those who have nothing to do, nothing to live for, whose chief purpose it is to find some method of making time pass away smoothly and pleasantly? Alas, for such women! how utterly they fail of their aim—how ennui, and weariness and disgust eat slowly into their hearts and minds—how petty they become—how selfishness, morbidness and bitterness, and all unlovable qualities, takes possession of them.

Happy is that woman who hasn't time to brood over her troubles, to foster her own wants and desires—not time to let her thoughts go seeking after her happiness, and contentment, and peace, which never comes while we seek it in ourselves.

If you would get comfortably through this world—if you would have any peace or pleasure in living, you must dwell in a sphere of brisk, cheerful, bracing activity—you must get out of yourself, must live for, and *do* for others! The more your sympathies are stirred and developed, the deeper and broader flowing they will be. Find something to work for, to love and to bless, and you shall be blessed in return. There are crushed, aching hearts all over the world that need your help and sympathy—there are poor little fatherless and motherless children all over the world that call for your love and care. Oh, be not deaf to their young voices; be not blind to their small pitiful faces. There is nobody in the world so weak or so helpless, that they cannot do some good of word or deed. Set about it. Set about it.

Work! why it is the blessed inspirer and sweetener of life—the one best tonic for all the insufficiency, and loss, and disappointment of this world. These golden hours which build themselves into days, these days which are the broad, pearly beams of the weeks, these weeks which lay deep and strong the shining foundations of the months, these months which are hewn into golden summers and glowing autumns, into stormy winters and shrieking springs, make your opportunities for work or waste.

Oh, reader, have some good, strong purpose in life—not one, but many; purposes which shall summon into bracing activity all your faculties, all your sympathies, all the best, highest range of your emotions, your affections, your sympathies, and “Verily,” saith the sweet voice of the Master, calling down softly over the shore of the centuries, “Verily I say unto you, you shall not lose your reward.”

V. F. T.

There be many hearts a-hungry, many souls athirst for human love in this world; many who sigh for appreciation and sympathy as they walk in loneliness of heart and soul the long road, or pause awhile at the inns of life. And yet these forget that everlasting love that is about them by day and by night; forget that blessed truth that they are beloved of God! Oh soul, hungry and thirsty, is not this a blessed thought to feed and refresh you; that however forgotten and neglected you may be of others, there flows about you the great unfathomable ocean of God's love; a love strong, tender, unchangable—a love which never forgets nor forsakes—a love which always watches tenderly over you, whose great aim is your highest good and happiness, and which no words have lines and plummetts to fathom.

God's Love! Whoever and whatever you are, reader, you may have this. *God's love!* they are words to go sweetly to sleep with, like a great treasure wrapped up in the heart—they are words to awake joyfully on and to count over, and to carry through the long day with its trials, its burdens, its sorrows—and to carry, too, trusting and exultant through the heat and burden of that other long day we call *life*; and oh, they are blessed words to whisper softly when the last night gathers, and the sleep falls coldly upon us; blessed last words to go out with, peaceful, trustful, victorious!

God's love! Having this are we not rich over all mischief, or loss, or change of time—having this, what real harm can befall us—having this, shall we not put off the sackcloth and ashes, and putting on the garments of praise and joy go on our way of good cheer?

V. F. T.

OCTOBER.

With dyed garments of crimson and sandals of gold the prophet walks once more upon the hills, and proclaims the feast of the year to the inhabitants of the earth. The orchards are mighty tables bending under the weight of the great banquet which October has piled upon them. The air is delicious nectar, which we can quaff without measure or price.

Then there is the wonderful architecture and painting of the sunsets; the white embroideries of the mists, seamed with gold, upon the hills; the stately splendors of the trees, as the frost flushes them into their last glory; and the tender, serene, solemn light, that has a parting in its smile, not exactly sad, but yearning and tender as the last smile of one who goes home to heaven.

“October!” It is the farewell of the year—its “Finis” of beauty. Beyond it lie decay and death, but the face of October is not one that mourns, it is a face which says, serene and victorious, “I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do!”

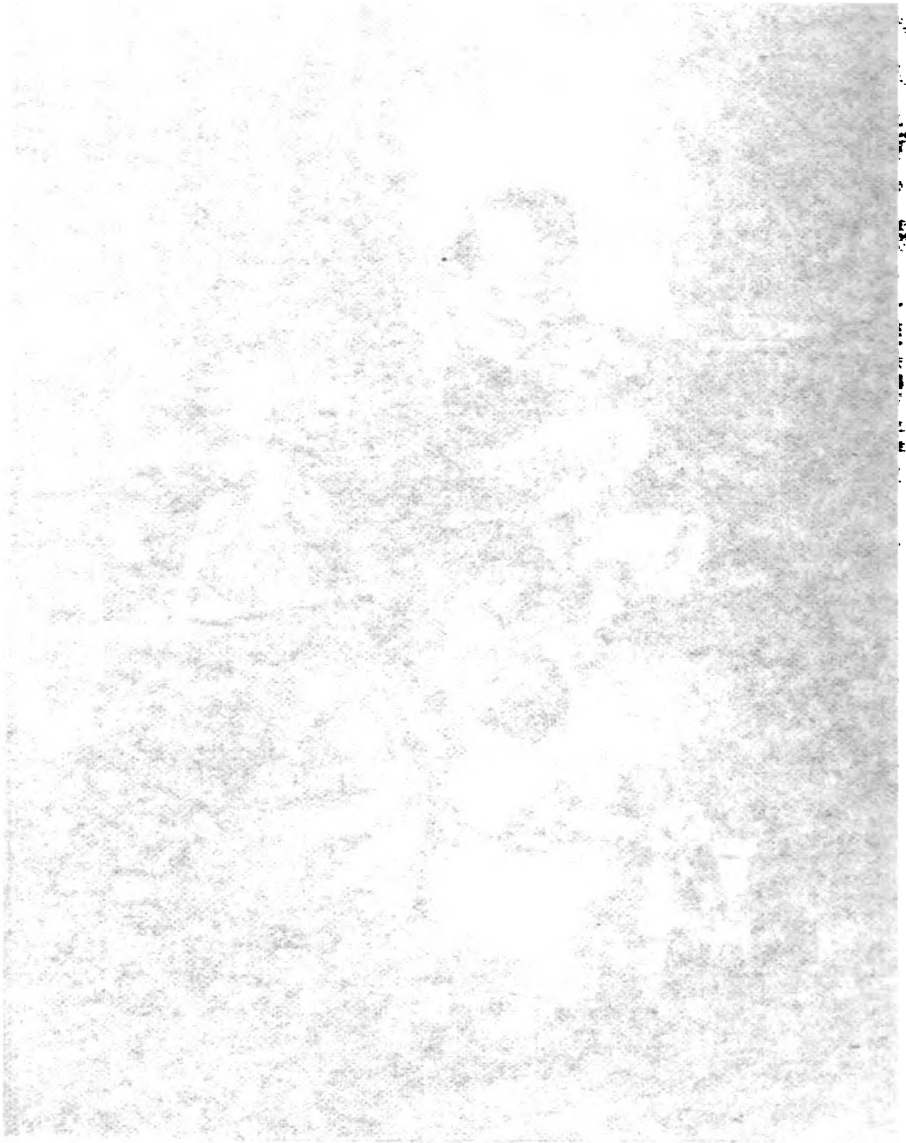
Oh reader, if our lines fall into autumn, may their last days be calm, serene, rejoicing, like October's!

V. F. T.



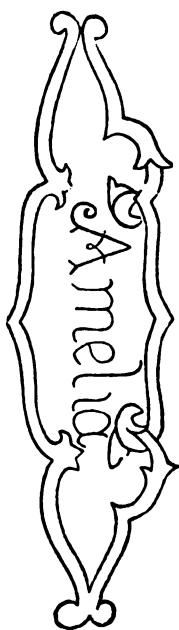
THE LIGHT OF HOME.



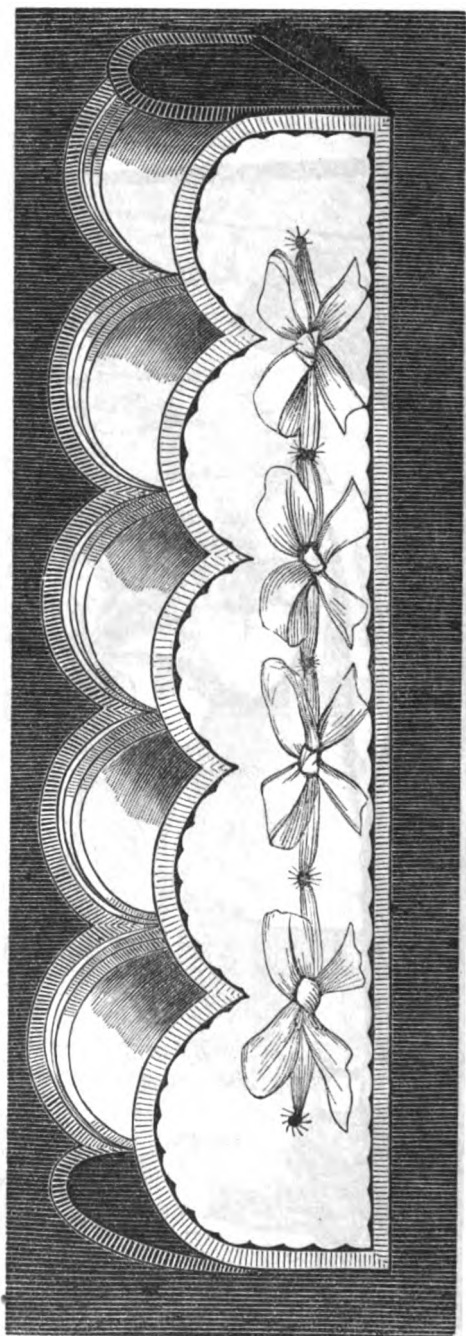




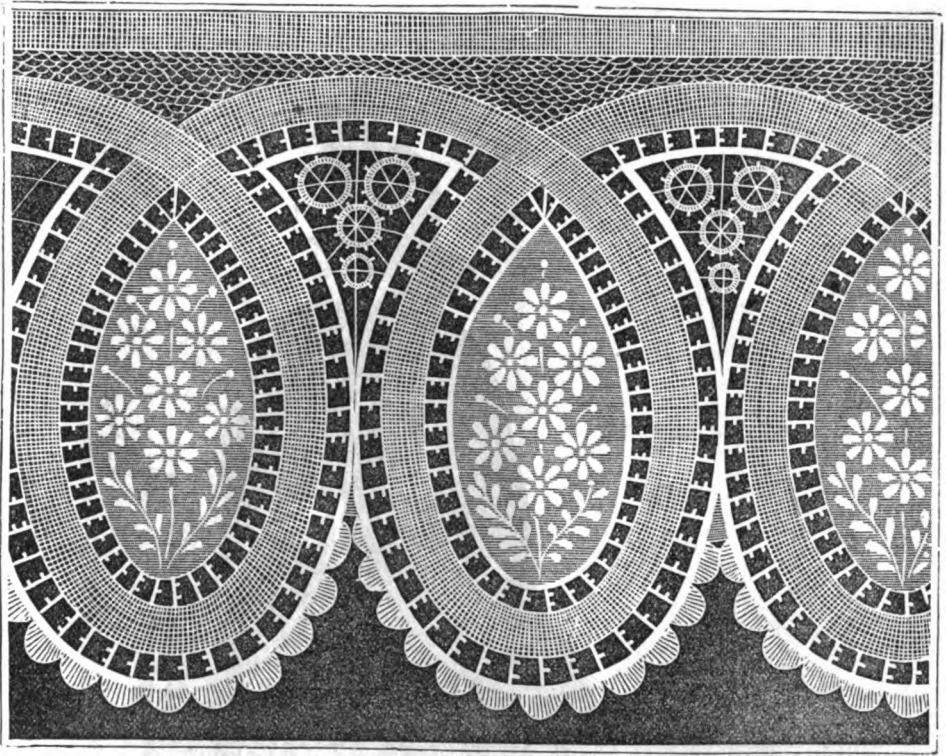
MOTHER'S OUT.



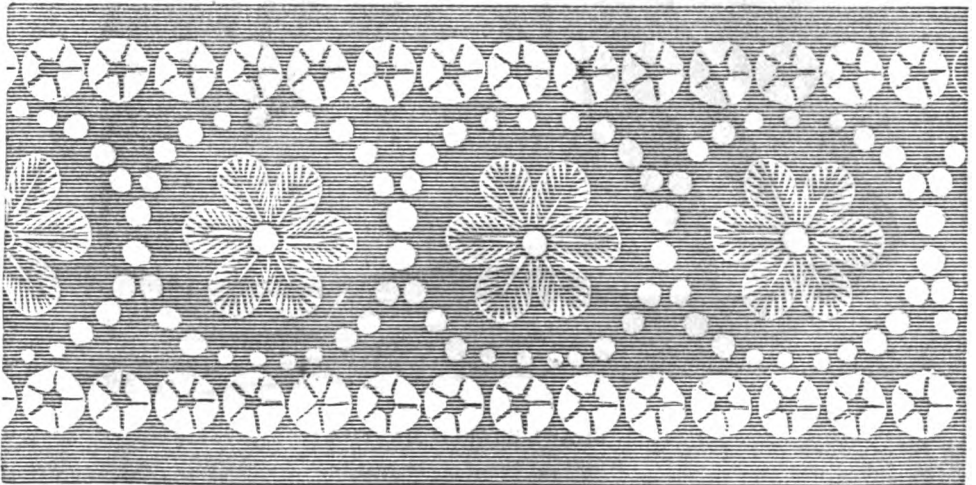
NAMES FOR MARKING.



COTTON WAGON. See page 320.



FLOUNCING.



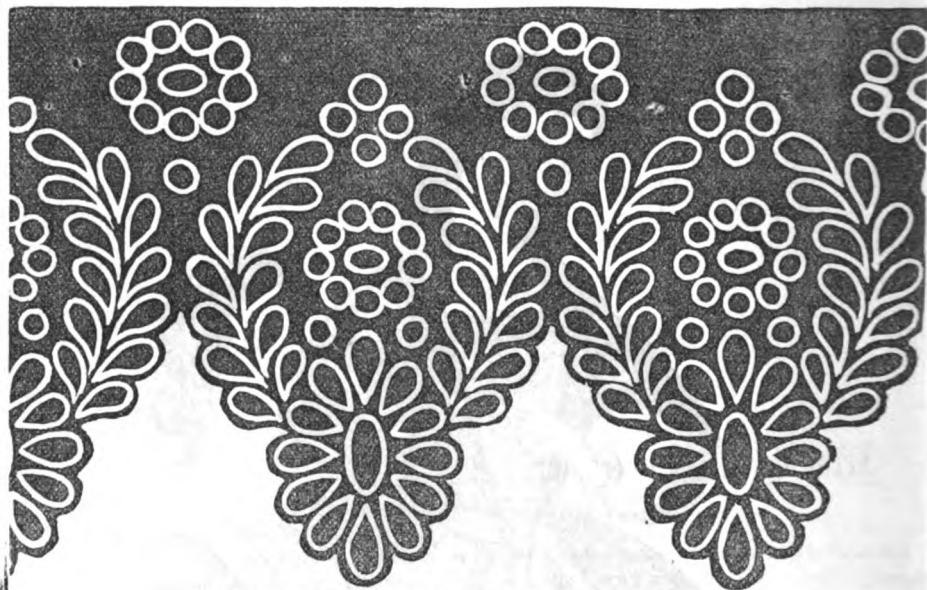
INSERTION.



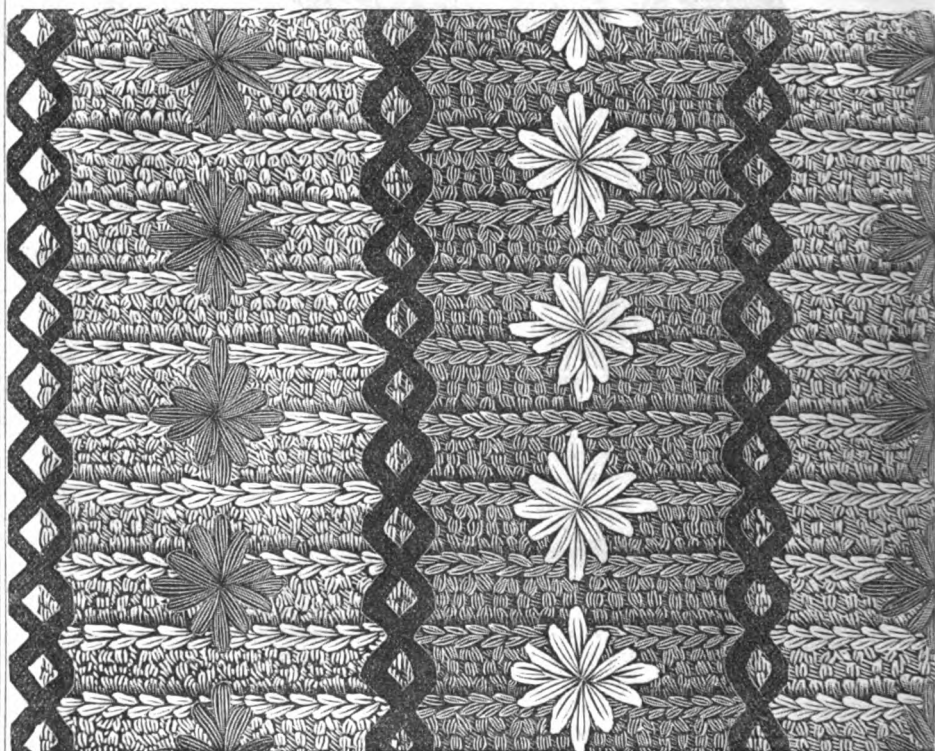
SHAWL-SHAPED MANTILLA.



COSTUME FOR GIRLS.



EMBROIDERY FOR CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



CARRIAGE WRAPPER. See page 320.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1862.

Making an Impression.

BY LAURA J. ARTER.

Clara Carlyle tore open her brother's letter eagerly. Her pretty rosy face grew ludicrously doleful as she read the contents:

"DEAR CLARA—I am coming home to-morrow evening. You do not know how glad it makes me to think in another night, I shall sleep under the dear old mossy roof again. My trip to Saratoga has done me more good than all the medicine in the world, and you'll be astonished to see how well I am looking. I can commence studying again in the fall.

"In my last, you remember I told you of forming the acquaintance of a Mr. Austin Alleyne? Well, he has been so kind and attentive to me, and is such a whole-souled, noble fellow, that I like him even better than I thought I should. I believe he is by far the handsomest man that has visited Saratoga this season, and is so eloquent, graceful and accomplished, that half the young ladies are irretrievably in love with him. Now, I know you'll be half frightened, but he is coming home with me, and aside from my friendship for him, I am not a little pleased to have such a wealthy, fine young fellow, take such a fancy to me. He will probably spend the next month with us, and I am anxious that everything at home should appear to the best advantage. Spruce up things generally—you women folks know how to put a graceful finishing touch to things; and I say sis, just bring out your freshest muslins and look your prettiest, for Austin is one of the most fastidious critics of women's dresses that I ever met in my life.

Bye, bye,

"FRED CARLYLE."

"As if *I* care, what he thinks of me! I don't know how Fred can admire a man whose forte lies in criticising the ladies' dresses."

How the pretty head bridled! Then she stood and meditated a moment:

"Now, Clara Carlyle, he's your brother Fred's friend, and may be as he says, a noble fellow; at any rate, it's your duty to make his visit as pleasant as you can, and no doubt even then, it will be very tedious to him."

With this charitable conclusion, the little maid hurried off to communicate the news to her mother, and to make herself the busiest and most cheerful of girls.

When Fred and Mr. Alleyne arrived the next evening, it would have been hard to find a prettier, cleaner, more home-like cottage in the whole state. Clara wore a simple lawn—a white ground with the tiniest rose in it—and looked so fresh, and sweet, and child-like as she welcomed them, that Fred was quite proud of her. She was a little too shy, Mr. Alleyne thought, and lacked the ease and elegance of a thoroughly refined lady; yet from the first, he felt inclined to patronize her—to make her feel, that fascinating and accomplished as he was, he would condescend to overlook her faults, for the sake of the good qualities she possessed.

And this Austin Alleyne was so much used to homage from the fair sex, that he felt rather annoyed at Clara's want of appreciation of his magnanimity. Clara was a clear-headed, frank, sensible little woman, and had read the gentleman's disposition before the close of the evening. She saw that he had already been petted and flattered by the world, till the natural beauties of his soul were half withered, and it actually grieved her to see his splendid mind going to decay for want of healthful exercise.

Mr. Alleyne did not dream that the quiet

girl who blushed as she gave him her hand to say good-night, pitied more than she feared him. On the contrary, he thought he had succeeded in impressing her with his superiority, and was quite pleased with the prospect of a quiet flirtation in the country.

Two weeks passed away pleasantly to him. The pure fresh air, the sweet flowers, the perfect quiet, and peace, and freedom, were all novelties to him, and he was astonished to find how agreeably the days flew past. He had discovered, with some surprise, that Clara was a fine and thorough scholar, a sweet singer, and a good musician. He was rather pleased with this discovery, as it would make the conquest all the more flattering.

But, somehow, he did not progress as fast as he had hoped for. Since he had become better acquainted with Clara, he had discovered a something that forbade all approach to anything nearer than friendship—a gentle dignity of which he stood half in awe.

She began to be a study for him. She was so unlike the hot-house flowers he had met at the watering places and at home; so original, so truthful, so perfectly free from affectation, so unconscious of her fresh beauty and pretty, girlish ways. He began by studying her, and at the end of the month, found to his mortification and chagrin that he loved her. At least, he loved her in his indolent, selfish way of loving. He liked to watch her expressive face; to follow the graceful poetry of her motions; and it would have pleased him to know that in return for this, he was worshipped by her. But her clear, truthful eyes never fell beneath his gaze, and her face did not flush at the sound of his voice.

They were alone in the parlor one sultry afternoon. Fred had charitably informed them he was going to see "his girl," and had galloped off half an hour before, and Mrs. Carlyle was busy in the sitting-room.

Austin sat down to the piano, and played one of his most beautiful and brilliant pieces, then walked across the room, and lounged idly on the sofa, watching Clara as she sat busy with her sewing.

"Miss Clara, will you sing for me?"

"Certainly, if you wish it, Mr. Alleyne." And putting aside her sewing, she seated herself at the piano.

"Have you any choice, Mr. Alleyne?"

"None whatever. Anything will be sweet to me, coming from your lips, Clara."

He watched her closely, to see what effect his words would have, but she evidently in-

terpreted them only as an idle compliment. He would have given anything to have seen her look less calm and provokingly unconscious and pretty.

She sang a favorite song of his; her clear, sweet voice echoing musically in his heart. It made him more determined than he yet had been to declare his love to her. Yet his intolerable pride and vanity ruled him even in his resolve, and he thought he would try to inveigle her into an avowal of her preference for him, before he fully committed himself. So after she returned to her seat, he commenced speaking in a low, tender voice.

"Clara, if I should tell you that every dream I have is of you; every hope for you; that every fibre of my heart clings lovingly to you; if I should say all this to you, what would your answer be?"

She laid her work in her lap, folded her hands, and looked him steadily in the eyes, while the crimson spot on her cheek spread itself all over her face. He saw that she had discovered the motive that prompted such a question, and he read her contempt in her flushed and indignant face.

"The idea of it being possible for you to love *any one* but *yourself*, is so perfectly absurd, that I know you will excuse me for not replying to your inquiry."

She was more than his equal in a contest of that description; and so he took his stand in a more open field.

"Clara, what do you really think of me?"

She looked inquiringly into his face.

"I am not sure that I understand you, Mr. Alleyne."

"Tell me what kind of a man you think I am."

There was a little vein of self-admiration running through his voice; just enough to show that he did not imagine the answer could be other than flattering.

"Indeed, I had rather not tell you." She blushed a rosy red, to the tips of her delicate ears.

In a moment, his vanity was on the alert. She did love him, then, after all her apparent indifference, and this was why she looked so confused, and hesitated to reply. He smiled encouragingly.

"But I insist on hearing you analyze my character and disposition."

He gave a complacent glance at the mirror opposite, as he spoke. At this moment, Clara's dog, a fine specimen of the Newfoundland, came into the room, and walking up to Clara,

stood so that he obstructed Mr. Alleyne's view.

"Begone, sir, will you!" This was spoken in a sharp, irritable voice, and accompanied by a kick. The dog turned and looked at him, with his earnest, sensible eyes, in a manner that expressed as plainly as words could have done, a volume of reproach and contempt.

Clara's face crimsoned. If there was anything in the world she considered unmanly and wicked, it was to see any kind of an animal badly treated. It gave her courage to answer Austin the question he had asked her.

"I will tell you what I think of you, Austin Alleyne. I think that God made you a gifted, noble man. But the world has spoiled all that was good in you, and made you conceited, selfish and indolent. Your life is an empty dream; a reproach to the natural talent you are endowed with. You have been petted and pampered by your friends, till you think there are few men in the world who are your equals. You have been praised till you think you have attained perfection, and that you have nothing more to do but to consent to being loved and patterned after. It would have been ten thousand times better for you, had you been placed where you would have been compelled to work your own way up in the world. To sing well, to dance well, to dress well, to be lionized, is at present your greatest ambition. Girl as I am, poor as I am, ignorant of the world as I am, I would not exchange places with you for all your wealth, did I have to let heart and soul rust out and wear away as you are doing."

She paused, half scared at her own audacity, and pained that she had been led into speaking so.

He had unconsciously sat up erect and eager, listening at first with surprise and anger, and afterwards with the conviction growing steadily upon him, that she was speaking the truth,

It struck him all at once, how little worthy of her he was—she with her useful, cheerful life, and he with his idle, aimless one. It humiliated him to know how much better, how much nobler she was than him. He was surprised that he did not feel indignant towards her. On the contrary, he loved and respected her more than ever, because she *had* dared to be so frank and truthful with him; just because she had opened his eyes to his own faults.

When she ceased speaking, he looked at her a few minutes in silence. There was an expression in his eyes that puzzled Clara.

"Shall I tell you what I think of you, Clara Carlyle?"

"Yes, do if you like."

"Well, I think you are a pert country girl; that you lack polish, elegance and taste; and that although a good enough sort of person in this dull place, you would be dreadfully out of your element in a fashionable drawing-room."

He wanted to see if she had any of the vanity she accused him of possessing; but she only smiled in his face.

"Thank you! We are even now, and cannot quarrel at each other for want of frankness. And as I never expect to aspire to be a drawing-room belle, or anything else higher than 'a good enough sort of person,' your kind words will not interrupt the peaceful quiet of my life."

He walked over to the window, and stood in silence for a long time, looking at the white creamy clouds hanging, like rich old lace, over the tree tops. Her voice aroused him.

"Mr. Alleyne, if I have offended you, I am sorry. I probably ought not to have spoken so to you awhile ago. I should have remembered the politeness that was due to you as a welcome guest."

He went over and took her hand.

"You *ought* to have spoken just as you did. Some one ought to have told me all this a long time ago. I thank you for being so good and true a friend to me. Do you know what I am going to do? I shall go home to-morrow, and I intend going to work. I want to see if I can not be of some service to the world and to my friends after this. It will be a hard task at first, to give up all my idle habits, but I intend doing it after awhile. You will bid me God speed, will you not, Clara?"

"Indeed I will, and I am sure you will succeed."

His voice softened as he bent down still nearer to her.

"Let me tell you what I really do think of you, Clara. You must have known I could not be unmanly and ungenerous enough to believe what I said to you a moment ago. When I first came here, I thought you a rather pretty, bashful, good-hearted little girl; but now I think you all of that and much more—"

"There! you are trying to flatter me, Mr. Alleyne; and I do not deserve so pretty a compliment, after passing so harsh a criticism on you."

He passed his hand lightly over her head.

"Clara, some day when I am a better man

than I am now, I have something to tell you, a boon to crave."

At this moment Fred rushed into the room, in his usually noisy style, and thus the conversation ended.

The next morning, Mr. Alleyne left. Once in a long while, Clara received letters from him. They were always good ones, and Clara would not acknowledge even to herself, how much she prized them.

A year afterwards, she went with Fred to see an aunt who lived in the same city where Mr. Alleyne resided. Here Clara heard, for the first time, how completely Austin had been performing his duties. Her aunt said there was not a better, more talented, energetic young lawyer in the city, and that he was noted for his strict honesty and generosity.

A few evenings afterwards, Clara attended a very brilliant party with her aunt and Fred. She persisted in refusing the magnificent silk robe her aunt had purchased for her, and wore a soft white crape instead, trimmed with a fall of real lace and a bouquet of tea-roses. Her aunt clasped a slender necklace of pearls around her white throat, and thought with secret satisfaction of the sensation her beautiful niece would create.

As she had supposed, Clara was generally admired for the purity and freshness of her face and manners. Her very simplicity made her attractive, and after the first embarrassment of being in so large a throng had worn off, she became quite pleased and animated. Later in the evening, being importuned to sing, she sat down to the piano, and running her fingers over the keys in a graceful prelude, she sang the beautiful song:

"Rock me to sleep, mother."

Her voice, naturally a sweet one, had never seemed so clear and melodious, and every one listened with the deepest admiration. At the close, her hand was clasped in a warm pressure, and looking up, her eyes met those of Austin Alleyne. He had been a proud and happy listener, and in a few low words told her how glad he was to see her there, and how beautifully and gracefully she adorned the brilliant company.

She looked up into his face, smiling archly.

"You have forgotten Austin, that I lack ease, and taste, and polish, that I am 'a good enough sort of body,' and—"

"Clara you must forgive me, and forget that idle speech. It really pains me to have you recall it. It brings to mind too vividly the worthless fellow I was then. Besides all that,

Clara, vain and conceited as I was, you know that speech was never made in earnest."

So the subject dropped between them, and was not referred to again. Two weeks afterwards, he came into the library where Clara sat reading, and leaning over the back of her chair, looked down into her happy, blushing face.

"Clara, will you tell me to-day, as frankly as you did a year ago, what you think of me?"

"I think you have been true to yourself and to God; that you deserve more praise than I can give you."

Her eyes looked into his with tenderness.

"And I think, dear Clara, just as I did then, that you are the dearest little girl living, and that I only need you to make my life what it should be, Clara; will you give yourself to me?"

Well, of course she said yes, or I should never have written this story, and of course he kissed her, and of course it all ended in a wedding, as such things generally do, and that they are very happy in their own home, I am pretty sure, and so my story closes, and I say adieu.

Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD II.

Edward II. became king of England on the death of his father, which was July 7, 1307: but the coronation did not take place till February 24, 1308, for the reason that he had acted in direct violation of his oath to his father, which was that he would prosecute the war till the Scots were completely subdued, and that he would not recall his favorite Gaveston, whom the king his father had sometime before banished. The oath had been taken as his father requested when he was dying in a tent, that had been hastily put up by the roadside, after his vain pursuit of Robert Bruce and his adherents.

Edward abandoned the invasion of Scotland, and disbanded his army; he recalled Gaveston from banishment, and gave himself up to pleasure and vain amusements, which so highly exasperated the nobles of England that they combined together to prevent his coronation. Edward found himself unable to resist so powerful a confederacy, and promised to grant them all they required; but immediately after he was crowned became more imprudent than he had ever been before, and all his promises were disregarded.

Edward resembled his father in the beauty of his person and in his majestic appearance, but not in the qualities of his mind; he possessed neither courage nor prudence, but was weak, irresolute and passionate; and the people, who had expected a happy and prosperous reign, were quickly disappointed. He was nearly twenty-three years of age when he came to the throne, and was called Edward of Caernarvon.

Edward married Isabella, a daughter of the king of France; she was a cruel and haughty woman, and caused him much unhappiness. He seemed to be unfortunate in all his undertakings, and being weak and indolent was despised by the barons and nobles. He had not dismissed Gaveston, as he had engaged to do before he was crowned, and the favorite treated all the nobility with the utmost contempt, which so incensed the two houses of parliament, that they insisted on his banishment in so positive a manner that the king found it in vain to resist their demand. But Gaveston soon returned more insolent than before, when parliament made regulations not only to govern the kingdom, but also the royal household, and issued a decree for the perpetual banishment of Gaveston. He was soon after recalled by the king, but seized by the barons and put to death.

While England was in confusion from the weakness of the king, Scotland was acquiring new strength under the auspices of Robert Bruce, who was the greatest political and military genius of his age. He united his subjects in the support of the national independence, and not only recovered his territories, but carried his arms into England. He and his brother, Edward Bruce, gained a number of victories over the English, which roused Edward from his inaction, and he raised and led a powerful army into Scotland, but taking no care for provisions was obliged to retire without gaining any advantage. But immediately after he made a grand effort, which decided the contest that had so long continued. With an army of one hundred thousand men Edward entered Scotland, and at Bannockburn met the Scottish monarch with thirty thousand men, who soon threw the English into confusion, and finally gained a complete victory; England had not sustained so terrible a defeat since the Norman conquest; they lost fifty thousand men. Ireland was also conquered by Edward Bruce, who had nearly established an independent throne, when he was killed by the Archbishop of Dublin.

The English were much dispirited and cast

down by these defeats, and lost all their courage, and for a long time no superiority of numbers could induce them to take the field against the Scots. A French writer says, "A little humiliation did them no harm, for the English were so proud and haughty that they could not behave with civility to the people of other nations."

A peace was finally agreed on between the two kingdoms, but Edward was always imprudent and unfortunate in peace and in war; and involved himself in new troubles by attaching himself to a new favorite, whose name was Hugh Spencer. This young man was of a noble English family; his manners were very engaging, and he had some merit. His father, who had the same name, was of an estimable character, was venerable for his years, being almost ninety, and had been respected through life for his wisdom, his valor and his integrity; but his excellent qualities were all vilified as soon as he and his son began to share the king's favor. Young Spencer soon held the same place in Edward's affection that Gaveston had formerly possessed, which caused the envy and hatred of the other barons, who formed a powerful confederacy, which the king being unable to oppose, he referred the matter to the parliament, which sentenced the two Spencers to exile. Edward highly resented this decision and resolved on vengeance; he raised an army and marched suddenly against the confederate lords, and took several of their castles; he then recalled the Spencers from banishment.

The Earl of Lancaster, who was a grandson of Henry the Third, and a cousin of Edward's, was tried by the Spencers and their party and condemned to death, and was executed with thirteen other lords at York and London. Others of the nobility were imprisoned in the Tower, and among them Roger Mortimer, who was twice condemned to death and as often pardoned through the intercession of the Queen. He at last escaped to France, and was soon followed by the Queen. By artifice Isabella obtained possession of her son, Edward, the Prince of Wales, and engaged him in marriage to Philippa, daughter of the Earl of Hainault, from whom she obtained a small fleet and some troops; and, landing in England with Mortimer and the young Prince, was joined by all who opposed the Spencers; they were taken prisoners, and put to death without a trial. The king, abandoned by all, fled into Wales, but was soon taken and confined in Kenilworth Castle. Isabella and Mortimer, having the king in their power, declared him

incapable of governing, and he was formally deposed by the parliament and obliged to resign the great seal. Prince Edward, now fourteen years of age, was of a generous disposition, and refused to accept the crown without the consent of the king, his father. Parliament proposed to the king to make a voluntary resignation of the crown in favor of his son, and the unfortunate monarch was obliged to comply with the request, after having reigned nearly twenty years. His son, Edward, was crowned January 26, 1327, and from that time till he was cruelly murdered by the order of Mortimer, September 21, 1327, he suffered the most inhuman treatment. He was forty-two years old at the time of his death. He left two sons and two daughters. The reign of Edward II. produced no event of national benefit; he was weak rather than wicked, and suffered for the crimes of his ministers rather than his own; his sufferings greatly exceeded his guilt, and he deserved pity.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

Was it Murder, or Suicide?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

"Who is that young lady?"

A slender girl, just above medium height, stood a moment at the parlor door, and then withdrew. Her complexion was fair, but colorless; her eyes so dark, that you were in doubt, on the first glance, whether they were brown or blue. Away from her rather high forehead and temples, the chestnut hair was put far back, giving to her finely cut and regular features a more intellectual cast. Her motions were easy, yet with an air of reserve and dignity.

The question was asked by a visitor who had called a little while before.

"My seamstress," answered Mrs. Wykoff.

"Oh!" The manner of her visitor changed. How the whole character of the woman was expressed in the tone with which she made that simple ejaculation. Only a seamstress! "Oh! I thought it some relative or friend of the family."

"No."

"She is a peculiar looking girl," said Mrs. Lowe, the visitor.

"Do you think so? In what respect?"

"If she were in a different sphere of life, I would say that she had the style of a lady."

"She's a true, good girl," answered Mrs. Wykoff, "and I feel much interested in her. Her father was, at one time, in excellent circumstances."

"Ah!" With a slight manifestation of interest.

"Yes, and she's been very well educated."

"And ridden in her own carriage, no doubt. It's the story of two-thirds of your sewing girls." Mrs. Lowe laughed in an unsympathetic, half contemptuous way.

"I happen to know that it is true in Mary Carson's case," said Mrs. Wykoff.

"Mary Carson. Is that her name?"

"Yes."

"Passing from her antecedents, as the phrase now is, which are neither here nor there," said Mrs. Lowe, with a coldness, almost coarseness of manner, that shocked the higher tone of Mrs. Wykoff's feelings, "What is she as a seamstress? Can she fit children?—little girls like my Angela and Grace?"

"I have never been so well suited in my life," replied Mrs. Wykoff. "Let me show you a delaine for Anna which she finished yesterday."

Mrs. Wykoff left the room, and returned in a few minutes with a child's dress in her hand. The ladies examined the work on this dress with practised eyes, and agreed that it was of unusual excellence.

"And she fits as well as she sews?" said Mrs. Lowe.

"Yes. Nothing could fit more beautifully than the dresses she has made for my children."

"How soon will you be done with her?"

"She will be through with my work in a day or two."

"Is she engaged for any where else?"

"I will ask her, if you desire it."

"Do so, if you please."

"Would you like to see her?"

"It's of no consequence. Say, that I will engage her for a couple of weeks. What are her terms?"

"Seventy-five cents a day."

"So much. I've never paid over sixty-two and-a-half."

"She's worth the difference. I'd rather pay her a dollar a day than give some women I've had, fifty cents. She works faithfully, in all things."

"I'll take your word for that, Mrs. Wykoff. Please ask her if she can come to me next week; and if so, on what day."

Mrs. Wykoff left the room.

"Will Monday suit you?" she asked, on returning.

"Yes; that will do."

"Miss Carson says that she will be at your service on Monday."

"Very well. Tell her to report herself bright and early on that day. I shall be all ready for her."

"Hadn't you better see her, while you are here?" asked Mrs. Wykoff.

"O no. Not at all necessary. It will be time enough on Monday. Your endorsement of her is all-sufficient."

Mrs. Lowe, who had only been making a formal call, now arose, and with a courteous good morning, retired. From the parlor, Mrs. Wykoff returned to the room occupied by Miss Carson.

"You look pale this morning, Mary," said the lady as she came in. "I'm afraid you are not as well as usual."

The seamstress lifted herself in a tired way, and drew in a long breath, at the same time holding one hand tightly against her left side. Her eyes looked very bright as they rested, with a sober expression, on Mrs. Wykoff. But she did not reply.

"Have you severe pain there, Mary?" The voice was very kind; almost motherly.

"Not very severe. But it aches in a dull way."

"Hadn't you better lie down for a little while?"

"O no—thank you, Mrs. Wykoff." And a smile flitted over the girl's sweet, sad face; a smile that was meant to say—"How absurd to think of such a thing!" She was there to work, not to be treated as an invalid, stooping over the garment, she went on with her sewing. Mrs. Wykoff looked at her very earnestly, and saw that her lips were growing colorless; that she moved them in a nervous way, and swallowed every now and then.

"Come, child," she said, in a firm tone, as she took Miss Carson by the arm. "Put aside your work, and lie down on that sofa. You are sick."

She did not resist; but only said—

"Not sick, ma'am—only a little faint."

As her head went heavily down upon the pillow, Mrs. Wykoff saw a sparkle of tears along the line of her closely shut eyelids.

"Now don't stir from there until I come back," said the kind lady, and left the room. In a little while she returned, with a small

waiter in her hand, containing a goblet of wine sangaree and a biscuit.

"Take this, Mary. It will do you good."

The eyes which had not been unclosed since Mrs. Wykoff went out, were all wet as she opened them.

"Oh, you are so kind!" There was gratitude in her voice. Rising up, she took the wine, and drank of it like one athirst. Then taking it from her lips, she sat, as if noting her sensations.

"It seems to put life into me," she said, with a pulse of cheerfulness in her tones.

"Now eat this biscuit," and Mrs. Wykoff held the waiter near.

The wine drank and the biscuit eaten, a complete change in Miss Carson was visible. The whiteness around her mouth gave place to a ruddier tint; her face no longer wore an exhausted air; the glassy lustre of her eyes was gone.

"I feel like myself again," she said, as she left the sofa, and resumed her sewing chair.

"How is your side now?" asked Mrs. Wykoff.

"Easier. I scarcely perceive the pain."

"Hadn't you better lie still awhile longer?"

"No ma'am. I am all right now. A weak spell came over me. I didn't sleep much last night, and that left me exhausted this morning, and without any appetite."

"What kept you awake?"

"This dull pain in my side for a part of the time. Then I coughed a good deal; and then I became wakeful and nervous."

"Does this often occur, Mary?"

"Well—yes, ma'am—pretty often of late."

"How often?"

"Two or three times a week."

"Can you trace it to any cause?"

"Not certainly."

"To cold?"

"No, ma'am."

"Fatigue?"

"More than anything else, I think."

"And you didn't eat any breakfast this morning?"

"I drank a cup of coffee."

"But took no solid food."

"I couldn't have swallowed it, ma'am."

"And it's now twelve o'clock," said Mrs. Wykoff, drawing out her watch. "Mary! Mary! This will not do. I don't wonder you were faint just now."

Miss Carson bent to her work and made no answer. Mrs. Wykoff sat regarding her for

some time with a look of human interest, and then went out.

A little before two o'clock there was a tap at the door, and the waiter came in, bearing a tray. There was a nicely cooked chop, toast, tea, some fruit and a custard.

"Mrs. Wykoff said, when she went out, that dinner would be late to-day, and that you were not well, and musn't be kept waiting," remarked the servant, as he drew a small table towards the centre of the room, and covered it with a white napkin.

He came just in time. The stimulating effect of the wine had subsided, and Miss Carson was beginning to grow faint again, for lack of food.

It was after three o'clock, when Mrs. Wykoff came home, and half past three before the regular dinner for the family was served. She looked in, a moment, upon the seamstress, saying as she did so—

"You've had your dinner, Mary?"

"O yes, ma'am, and I'm much obliged," answered Miss Carson, a bright smile playing over her face. The timely meal had put new life into her.

"I knew you couldn't wait until we were ready," said the kind-hearted, thoughtful woman, "and so told Ellen to cook you a chop, and make you a cup of tea. Did you have enough?"

"O yes, ma'am. More than enough."

"You feel better than you did, this morning?"

"A great deal better. I'm like another person."

"You must never go without food so long again, Mary. It is little better than suicide for one in your state of health."

Mrs. Wykoff retired, and the seamstress went on with her work.

At the usual hour, Mary Carson appeared on the next morning. Living at some distance from Mrs. Wykoff's, she did not come until after breakfast. The excellent lady had thought over the incident of the day before, and was satisfied that, for lack of nutritious food at the right time, Mary's vital forces were steadily wasting, and that she would, in a very little while, destroy herself.

"I will talk with her seriously about this matter," she said. "A word of admonition may save her."

"You look a great deal better this morning," she remarked, as she entered the room where Mary was sewing.

"I haven't felt better for a long time," was the cheerful answer.

"Did you sleep well last night?"

"Very well."

"Any cough?"

"Not of any consequence, ma'am."

"How was the pain in your side?"

"It troubled me a little when I first went to bed, but soon passed off."

"Did you feel the old exhaustion on waking?"

"I always feel weak in the morning; but it was nothing, this morning, to what it has been."

"How was your appetite?"

"Better. I eat an egg and a piece of toast, and they tasted good. Usually, my stomach loathes food in the morning."

"Has this been the case long?"

"For a long time, ma'am."

Mrs. Wykoff mused for a little while, and then asked—

"How do you account for the difference this morning?"

Miss Carson's pale face became slightly flushed, and her eyes fell away from the questioning gaze of Mrs. Wykoff.

"There is a cause for it, and it is of importance that you should know the cause. Has it been suggested to your mind?"

"Yes, ma'am. To me the cause is quite apparent."

They looked at each other for a few moments in silence.

"My interest in you prompts these questions, Mary," said Mrs. Wykoff. "Speak to me freely, if you will, as to a friend. What made the difference?"

"I think the difference is mainly due to your kindness yesterday.—To the glass of wine and biscuit when I was faint, and to the early and good dinner, when exhausted nature was crying for food. I believe, Mrs. Wykoff"—and Mary's eyes glistened—"that if you had not thought of me when you did, I should not be here to day."

"Are you serious, Mary?"

"I am indeed, ma'am. I should have got over my faint spell in the morning, even without the wine and biscuit, and worked on until dinner time; but I wouldn't have been able to eat anything. It 'most always happens, when I go so long without food, that my appetite fails altogether, and by the time night comes, I sink down in an exhausted state, from which nature finds it hard to rally. It has been so a number of times. The week before I came here, I was sewing for a lady, and worked from eight o'clock in the morning until four in

the afternoon, without food passing my lips. As I had been unable to eat anything at breakfast time, I grew very faint, and when called to dinner, was unable to swallow a mouthful. When I got home in the evening I was feverish and exhausted, and coughed nearly all night. It was three or four days before I was well enough to go out again."

"Has this happened, in any instance, while you were sewing for me?" asked Mrs. Wykoff.

Miss Carson dropped her face, and turned it partly aside; her manner was slightly disturbed.

"Don't hesitate about answering my question, Mary. If it has happened, say so. I am not always as thoughtful as I should be."

"It happened once."

"When?"

"Last week."

"Oh! I remember that you were not able to come for two days. Now, tell me, Mary, without reservation, exactly how it was."

"I never blamed you for a moment, Mrs. Wykoff. You didn't think; and I'd rather not say anything about it. If I'd been as well as usual on that day, it wouldn't have happened."

"You'd passed a sleepless night?" said Mrs. Wykoff.

"Yes, ma'am."

"The consequence of fatigue and exhaustion?"

"Perhaps that was the reason."

"And couldn't eat any breakfast?"

"I drank a cup of coffee."

"Very well. After that you came here to work. Now, tell me exactly what occurred, and how you felt all day. Don't keep back anything on account of my feelings. I want the exact truth. It will be of use to me, and to others also, I think."

Thus urged, Miss Carson replied—

"I'll tell you just as it was. I came later than usual. The walk is long, and I felt so weak that I couldn't hurry. I thought you looked a little serious when I came in, and concluded that it was in consequence of my being late. The air and walk gave me an appetite, and if I had taken some food then, it would have done me good. I thought, as I stood at the door, waiting to be let in, that I would ask for a cracker or a piece of bread and butter; but, when I met you, and saw how sober you looked, my heart failed me."

"Why, Mary!" said Mrs. Wykoff. "How wrong it was in you!"

"Maybe it was, ma'am; but I couldn't help it. I'm foolish sometimes; and it's hard for

us to be anything else than what we are, as my Aunt Hannah used to say. Well, I sat down to my work with the dull pain in my side, and the sick feeling that always comes at such times, and worked on hour after hour. You looked in once or twice during the morning to see how I was getting on, and to ask about the trimming for a dress I was making. Then you went out shopping, and did not get home until half past two o'clock. For two hours there had been a gnawing at my stomach, and I was faint for something to eat. Twice I got up to ring the bell, and ask for a lunch; but, I felt backward about taking the liberty. When, at three o'clock, I was called to dinner, no appetite remained. I put food into my mouth, but it had no sweetness, and the little I forced myself to swallow, lay undigested. You were very much occupied, and did not notice me particularly. I dragged, as best I could, through the afternoon, feeling, sometimes, as if I would drop from my chair. You had tea later than usual. It was nearly seven o'clock when I put up my work and went down. You said something in a kind, but absent tone, about my looking pale, and asked if I wouldn't have a second cup of tea. I believe I forced myself to eat a slice of bread half as large as my hand. I thought I should never reach home that night, for the weakness that came upon me. I got to bed as soon as possible, but was too tired to sleep until after twelve o'clock, and a coughing spell seized me, which brought on the pain in my side. It was near daylight when I dropped off; and then I slept so heavily for two hours that I was all wet with perspiration when I awakened. On trying to rise my head swam so that I had to lie down again, and it was late in the day before I could even sit up in bed. Towards evening, I was able to drink a cup of tea and eat a small piece of toast; and then I felt wonderfully better. I slept well that night, and was still better in the morning, but did not think it safe to venture out upon a day's work; so I rested and got all the strength I could. On the third day, I was as well as ever again."

Mrs. Wykoff drew a long sigh as Miss Carson stopped speaking, and bent down over her sewing. For some time, she remained without speaking.

"Life is too precious a thing to be wasted in this way," said the lady, at length, speaking partly to herself, and partly to the seamstress. "We are too thoughtless, I must own; but you are not blameless. It is scarcely possible for us to understand just how the case

stands with one in your position, and duty to yourself demands that you should make it known. There is not one lady in ten, I am sure, who would not be pleased rather than annoyed, to have you do so."

Miss Carson did not answer.

"Do you doubt it?" said Mrs. Wykoff.

"For one of my disposition," was replied, "the life of a seamstress does not take off the keen edge of a natural reserve—or, to speak more correctly—sensitiveness. I dislike to break in upon another's household arrangements, or in any way to obtrude myself. My rule is, to adapt myself, as best I can, to the family order, and so not disturb anything by my presence."

"Even though your life be in jeopardy?" said Mrs. Wykoff.

"Oh! It's not so bad as that."

"But it is, Mary! Let me ask a few more questions. I am growing interested in the subject, as reaching beyond you personally. How many families do you work for?"

After thinking for a little while, and naming quite a number of ladies, she replied—

"Not less than twenty."

"And to many of these, you go for only a day or two at a time?"

"Yes."

"Passing from family to family, and adapting yourself to their various home arrangements?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Getting your dinner at one o'clock to-day, and at three or four to-morrow."

Miss Carson nodded assent.

"Taking it now, warm and well served, with the family, and on the next occasion, cold and tasteless by yourself, after the family has dined."

Another assenting inclination of the head.

"One day set to work in an orderly, well ventilated room, and on the next cooped up with children in a small apartment, the air of which is little less than poison to your weak lungs."

"These differences must always occur, Mrs. Wykoff," replied Miss Carson, in a quiet, uncomplaining voice. "How could it be otherwise? No housekeeper is going to alter her family arrangements for the accommodation of a sewing girl. The seamstress must adapt herself to them, and do it as gracefully as possible."

"Even at the risk of her life?"

"She will find it easier to decline working in families where the order of things bear too

heavily upon her, than to attempt any change. I have been obliged to do this in one or two instances."

"There is something wrong here, Mary," said Mrs. Wykoff, with increasing sobriety of manner. "Something very wrong, and as I look it steadily in the face, I feel both surprise and trouble; for, after what you have just said, I do not see clearly how it is to be remedied. One thing is certain, if you, as a class, accept, without remonstrance, the hurt you suffer, there will be no change. People are indifferent and thoughtless; or worse, too selfish to have any regard for others—especially if they stand, socially, on a plane below them."

"We cannot apply the remedy," answered Miss Carson.

"I am not so sure of that."

"Just look at it for a moment, Mrs. Wykoff. It is admitted, that, for the preservation of health, orderly habits are necessary; and that food should be taken at regular intervals. Suppose that, at home, my habit is to eat breakfast at seven, dinner at one, and supper at six. To-day, such is the order of my meals; but to-morrow, I leave home at half past six, and sit down, on an empty stomach to sew until eight, before I am called to breakfast. After that, I work until two o'clock, when I get dinner; and at seven drink tea. On the day after that, maybe, on my arrival at another house where a day's cutting and fitting is wanted, I find the breakfast awaiting me at seven; this suits very well—but not another mouthful of food passes my lips until after three o'clock, and maybe, then, I have such an inward trembling and exhaustion, that I cannot eat. On the day following, the order is again changed. So it goes on. The difference in food, too, is often as great. At some houses, everything is of good quality, well cooked, and in consequence, of easy digestion; while at others, sour, heavy bread, greasy cooking, and like kitchen abominations, if I must so call them, disorder instead of giving sustenance to a frail body like mine. The seamstress who should attempt a change of these things for her own special benefit, would soon find herself in hot water. Think a moment. Suppose, in going into a family for one or two days, or a week, I should begin by a request to have my meals served at certain hours—seven, one and six, for instance—how would it be received in eight out of ten families?"

"Something would depend," said Mrs. Wykoff, "on the way in which it was done. If

there was a formal stipulation, or a cold demand, I do not think the response would be a favorable one. But, I am satisfied that, in your case, with the signs of poor health on your countenance, the mild request to be considered as far as practicable, would, in almost every instance, receive a kind return."

"Perhaps so. But, it would make trouble—if no where else, with servants, who never like to do anything out of the common order. I have been living around long enough to understand how such things operate; and generally think it wisest to take what comes and make the best of it."

"Say, rather, the worst of it, Mary. To my thinking, you are taking the worst of it."

But, Mrs. Wykoff did not inspire her seamstress with any purpose to act in the line of her suggestions. Her organization was of too sensitive a character to accept the shocks and repulses that she knew would attend, in some quarters, any such intrusion of her individual wants. Even with all the risks upon her, she preferred to suffer whatever might come, rather than ask for consideration. During the two or three days that she remained with Mrs. Wykoff, that excellent lady watched her, and ministered to her actual wants, with all the tender solicitude of a mother; and when she left, tried to impress upon her mind the duty of asking, wherever she might be, for such consideration as her health required.

The Monday morning on which Mary Carson was to appear "bright and early" at the dwelling of Mrs. Lowe, came round, but it was far from being a bright morning. An easterly storm had set in during the night; the rain was falling fast, and the wind driving gustily. A chilliness crept through the frame of Miss Carson as she arose from her bed, soon after the dull light began to creep in drearily through the half closed shutters of her room. The air, even within her chamber, felt cold, damp, and penetrating. From her window a steeple clock was visible. She glanced at the face, and saw that it was nearly seven.

"So late as that!" she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, and commenced dressing herself in a hurried, nervous way. By the time she was ready to leave her room, she was exhausted by her own excited haste.

"Mary," said a kind voice, calling to her as she was moving down stairs, "you are not going out this morning."

"O yes, ma'am," she answered, in a cheerful voice. "I have an engagement for to-day."

"But the storm is too severe. It's raining

and blowing dreadfully. Wait an hour or two, until it holds up a little."

"O dear, no, Mrs. Grant. I can't stop for a trifle of rain."

"It's no trifle of rain this morning, let me tell you, Mary. You'll get drenched to the skin. Now don't go out, child!"

"I must indeed, Mrs. Grant. The lady expects me, and I cannot disappoint her." And Miss Carson kept on down stairs.

"But you are not going without something on your stomach, Mary. Wait just for a few minutes until I can get you a cup of tea. The water is boiling."

Mary did not wait. It was already past the time when she was expected at Mrs. Lowe's; and besides feeling a little uncomfortable on that account, she had a slight sense of nausea, with its attendant aversion to food. So, breaking away from Mrs. Grant's concerned importunities, she went forth into the cold driving storm. It so happened, that she had to go for nearly the entire distance of six or seven blocks, almost in the teeth of the wind, which blew a perfect gale, drenching her clothes in spite of all efforts to protect herself by means of an umbrella. Her feet and ankles were wet by the time she reached Mrs. Lowe's, and the lower parts of her dress and under-clothing saturated to a depth of ten or twelve inches.

"I expected you half an hour ago," said the lady, in a coldly polite way, as Miss Carson entered her presence.

"The morning was dark and I overslept myself," was the only reply.

Mrs. Lowe did not remark upon the condition of Mary's clothing and feet. That was a matter of no concern to her. It was a seamstress, not a human being, that was before her—a machine, not a thing of sensation. So she conducted her to a room in the third story, fronting east, against the cloudy and misty windows of which, the wind and rain was driving. There was a damp, chilly feeling in the air of this room. Mrs. Lowe had a knit shawl drawn around her shoulders; but Mary, after removing her bonnet and cloak, had no external protection for her chest beyond the closely fitting body of her merino dress. Her feet and hands felt very cold, and she had that low shuddering, experienced when one is inwardly chilled.

Mrs. Lowe was ready for her seamstress. There were the materials to make half a dozen dresses for Angela and Grace, and one of the little Misses was called immediately, and the work of selecting and cutting a body pattern

commenced, Mrs. Lowe herself superintending the operation, and embarrassing Mary at the start with her many suggestions. Nearly an hour had been spent in this way, when the breakfast bell rung. It was sometime after eight o'clock. Without saying anything to Mary, Mrs. Lowe, and the child they had been fitting, went down stairs. This hour had been one of nervous excitement to Mary Carson. Her cheeks were hot—burning as if a fire shone upon them—but her cold hands, and wet, colder feet, sent the blood in every returning circle, robbed of warmth to the disturbed heart.

It was past nine o'clock when a servant called Mary to breakfast. As she arose from her chair, she felt a sharp stitch in her left side; so sharp, that she caught her breath in half inspirations, two or three times, before venturing on a full inflation of the lungs. She was, at the same time, conscious of an uncomfortable tightness across the chest. The nausea, and loathing of food, which had given place soon after her arrival at Mrs. Lowe's to a natural craving of the stomach for food, had returned again, and she felt, as she went down stairs, that unless something to tempt the appetite were set before her, she could not take a mouthful. There was nothing to tempt the appetite. The table at which the family had eaten remained just as they had left it—soiled plates and scraps of broken bread and meat; partly emptied cups and saucers; dirty knives and forks, spread about in confusion.—Amid all this, a clean plate had been set for the seamstress; and Mrs. Lowe awaited her, cold and dignified, at the head of the table.

"Coffee or tea, Miss Carson?"

"Coffee."

It was a lukewarm decoction of spent coffee grounds, flavored with tin, and sweetened to nauseousness. Mary took a mouthful and swallowed it—put the cup again to her lips; but they resolutely refused to uncloset and admit another drop. So she set the cup down.

"Help yourself to some of the meat." And Mrs. Lowe pushed the dish, which, nearly three-quarters of an hour before had come upon the table bearing a smoking sirloin, across to the seamstress. Now, lying beside the bone, and cemented to the dish by a stratum of chilled gravy, was the fat, stringy end of the steak. The sight of it was enough for Miss Carson; and she declined the offered delicacy.

"There's bread." She took a slice from a fresh baker's loaf; and spread it with some oily looking butter that remained on one of the

butter plates. It was slightly sour. By forcing herself, she swallowed two or three mouthfuls. But the remonstrating palate would accept no more.

"Isn't the coffee good?" Asked Mrs. Lowe, with a sharp quality in her voice, seeing that Miss Carson did not venture upon a second mouthful.

"I have very little appetite this morning," was answered, with an effort to smile and look cheerful.

"Perhaps you'd rather have tea. Shall I give you a cup?" And Mrs. Lowe laid her hand on the teapot.

"You may, if you please." Mary felt an inward weakness that she knew was occasioned by lack of food, and so accepted the offer of tea, in the hope that it might prove more palatable than the coffee. It had the merit of being hot, and not of decidedly offensive flavor; but it was little more in strength than sweetened water, whitened with milk. She drank off the cup, and then left the table, going, with her still wet feet and skirts, to the sewing-room.

"Rather a dainty young lady," she heard Mrs. Lowe remark to the waiter, as she left the room.

The stitch in Mary's side caught her again, as she went up stairs, and almost took her breath away; and it was some time after she resumed her work, before she could bear her body up straight on the left side.

In her damp feet and skirts, on a chilly and rainy October day, Mary Carson sat working until nearly three o'clock, without rest or refreshment of any kind; and when at last called to dinner, the disordered condition of the table, and the cold, unpalatable food set before her, extinguished, instead of stimulating her sickly appetite. She made a feint of eating, to avoid attracting attention, and then returned to the sewing room, the air of which, as she re-entered, seemed colder than that of the hall and dining-room.

The stitch in her side was not so bad during the afternoon; but the dull pain was heavier, and accompanied by a sickening sensation. Still, she worked on, cutting, fitting and sewing with a patience and industry, that, considering her actual condition, was surprising. Mrs. Lowe was in and out of the room frequently, overlooking the work, and marking its progress. Beyond the producing power of her seamstress, she had no thought as including that individual. It did not come within the range of her questionings whether she

were well or ill—weak or strong—exhausted by prolonged labor, or in the full possession of bodily vigor. To her, she was simply an agent through which a certain service was obtained; and beyond that service, she was nothing. The extent of her consideration was limited by the progressive creation of dresses for her children. As that went on, her thought dwelt with Miss Carson; but penetrated no deeper. She might be human; might have an individual life full of wants, yearnings, and tender sensibilities; might be conscious of bodily or mental suffering—but, if so, it was in a region so remote from that in which Mrs. Lowe dwelt, that no intelligence thereof reached her.

At six o'clock, Mary put up her work, and, taking her bonnet and shawl, went down stairs, intending to return home.

"You're not going?" said Mrs. Lowe, meeting her on the way. She spoke in some surprise.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm not very well, and wish to get home."

"What time is it?" Mrs. Lowe drew out her watch. "Only six o'clock. I think you're going rather early. It was late when you came this morning, you know."

"Excuse me, if you please," said Miss Carson, as she moved on. "I am not very well to-night. To-morrow I will make it up."

Mrs. Lowe muttered something that was not heard by the seamstress, who kept on down stairs, and left the house.

About a Whale.

We take from the second series of Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History," an interesting description of a whale stranded on the English coast during a heavy gale, and afterwards captured:—

In the month of March, 1857, there appeared in the *Times* an advertisement for a vacant bit of ground whereon a whale might be exhibited. I watched anxiously for the result, and with success; for shortly I read another notice, to the effect that the whale had arrived, and was now in the Mile-end Road, Whitechapel, near the King Henry the Eighth public house. That same day found me on the top of a Bow and Stratford omnibus, the conductor promising to set me down "at the whale."

The admission fee of sixpence being paid, I entered a tent, and for the first time in my life

enjoyed a full and uninterrupted view of the monster. I had expected to have seen a skeleton; but instead, the proprietor has preserved, stretched on a frame-work, the skin entire. The head remains attached with the bones, whalebone and all complete; so that it was a stuffed whale I went to see, and not a skeleton—none the less interesting for that. It rarely happens that Londoners have a chance of seeing a specimen of the largest animal in creation. Pictures certainly convey an idea in a whale; but to have a notion of its huge bulk, the thing itself must be seen extended on the ground, examined by the eyes, and felt by the fingers. The specimen was a young female Rorqual, or razor-backed whale, (so called from its having a fin on its back somewhat like a razor.) It was driven on shore at Winterton, eight miles from Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, in a tremendous gale from east-south-east, on the fifth day of January, 1857. Her full length is forty-eight feet; her weight about twenty-five tons. The color of the skin is dark brown on the back, vanishing off towards the body in a bluish-gray. The tail measures, from tip to tip, eleven feet. This is composed of a dense fibrous mass, and feels to the touch like a thick sheet of india-rubber. It is placed at right angles to the body, in the reverse way to that usually seen in the fish. The eye is remarkably small, and the folds of the eye-lids well marked; as it was impossible to preserve the eye in its natural bright state, an artificial glass model had been inserted into the eyelids, the natural colors of the eye having been closely imitated. The liver of this animal completely filled a one-horse cart, and was as much as a horse could draw. The heart about filled a good-sized washing-tub, and a section of the principal artery (the aorta) would about fit round an ordinary sized bucket. The weight of the blubber was not ascertained. It seems extraordinary that the captors were not aware of the value of the oil; for they cut the great masses of the blubber off, and spread it as manure over the fields. The fin which is placed by the side of the animal is remarkable; it contains four fingers, like human fingers; not, however, all separated one from the other, but inclosed in the skin of the fin, which looks like that of an ordinary fish. Imagine a human hand inserted into a hedge-cutter's glove, and wax poured round it, and you have (minus the thumb, of which the whale has no trace) an exact model of the whale's fin.

When the whale found itself on shore, it "roared loudly," as the proprietor described

it. The noise was probably produced by the whale expelling air through his spiracles or blow-holes. A man went out into the water with an anchor, and rope attached, by way of a harpoon; twice, with all his force, did he dig the anchor into the fat blubber of the beast; twice did the beast, by his tremendous struggles, tear the weapon out again; but the third time, the anchor luckily turned, and thus caught about two feet of the skin in one of its flukes, and thus was the whale secured. The three gaping rents in the skin were plainly visible. The operator, however, had a dangerous task; for the whale, in its agonies, struck right and left with its tail, nearly drowning its enemy in the whirlpool caused thereby.

Its gigantic mouth is placed wide open by means of props, and a moderate-sized man can stand upright in it. This mouth was by far the most curious part of the exhibition; for in it can be seen, in their natural position, the plates of whalebone, or baleen, so much used, not only in the arts, but by ladies in almost every portion of their dress. Let the ladies consider how much they are indebted to the poor whale as far as their dress is concerned; for how would they get out without whalebone? A fashion started by them extends its influence to distant regions of which they often have no idea. Before the invention of *crinoline*, the whales far away in the northern waters carried their baleen, or whalebone, in their mouths, and spouted water through it, thereby obtaining their dinners of minute sea animals in comparative peace and quietness. But, fashion invented *crinoline*. Whalebone was required to make it, and the price of whalebone went up from £150 per ton to £620. Beaver hats, and bonnets, and muffs, have gone out of fashion; so the poor beavers have a rest, and are not nearly so much persecuted as they were in former days. It is now the whale's turn, and they are harpooned and otherwise slaughtered in order that their baleen, or whalebone, should be transferred from their mouths into ladies' dresses. No living creatures will be more pleased when the reign of *crinoline* is over than the whales; but many of them must yet fall victims to the fashion which has proved so "killing" to them.

Now, whalebone is by no means true bone. Put a piece of so-called whalebone by the side of the bone of a leg of mutton, and the difference will be perceived. There are three hundred and eighty plates on each side of the mouth; on the right side, the foremost hundred

and twenty are of a beautiful milk-white, the rest being nearly black. This is simply a variety; some whales have been killed entirely white—they answer to the Albinos in the human species. Whalebone is composed of a substance of a horny appearance and consistence; internally, it is of a fibrous texture, resembling hair; and the external surface consists of a smooth enamel, capable of receiving a good polish. It answers the purpose of teeth to the whale, and is placed in the position where teeth are usually found in other animals, in the upper jaw; none whatever are found in the lower jaw, which is covered by a hard, firm gum, as polished and as smooth as a mahogany table. Along each side of the jaw are found plates or layers of this whalebone. These can be counted from the outside, and look like the portions of a Venetian-blind when half-opened; inside they cannot be counted, because they appear to be covered with hair. The hair is in reality nothing more than the actual substance of the baleen, unravelled, as it were, like tow from the end of a rope. If the reader wishes to prove this, let him take a thin bit of whalebone, boil it and soak it well, and then beat it with a wooden mallet. The result will be a bundle of coarse hair like horse-hair. This hair hangs in thick masses inside the beast's mouth; in the specimen I saw, it gave me exactly the idea of the long and beautiful silky white beard of a venerable old man. This is a thing which cannot be seen in any museum, and of which a picture would convey but an erroneous idea.

Upon going to the College of Surgeons, I found but few specimens of the baleen, but those very interesting. The indefatigable John Hunter dissected, among others, a bottle-nosed whale, which was cast ashore from the Thames in 1783. Its skeleton is now suspended from the roof of the new and magnificent room of the museum, and sections of its baleen are preserved in bottles. It appears, from his observations, that the baleen, like the teeth of rodent (or gnawing) animals, is endowed with perpetual growth, and that material is supplied from above as it is worn away from below; moreover it is composed of three parts—the centre portion, being secreted from a soft cone, becomes hair—the external portions become horn, inclosing the hair. These three appear solid; but when the baleen has grown to a certain extent, the two external walls become worn off, and, as a matter of necessity, leave the hair exposed, so that, as said before, the mouth appears to be lined with hair. Aris-

tottle has remarked this fact, for he writes: "The whale has hairs inside his mouth, in the place of teeth, like the bristles of a pig." A superficial observer, looking at our Whitechapel whale, would probably make exactly the same remark. In a picture I have of the Rorqual, there is drawn a tuft of hair projecting from the anterior end of the upper jaw. There is no real tuft there; but, upon examining the specimen, I perceived how the mistake originated. The baleen at this part consists entirely of hair, unconfined at either side by the side portions as above described. When the animal is in the water, this would probably float upward, giving the appearance of a tuft of hair on the tip of the nose.

It was aptly remarked by my lamented father, in one of his Oxford lectures, that the whale, being the largest of warm-blooded animals, and requiring a vast quantity of food to support its huge carcass, would have starved to death, if, like other creatures which have heart and lungs, and not gills like fish, it had been sent to sustain itself on land, either in the form of a carnivorous or graminivorous animal. The Great Creator, in His omniscience, therefore, ordained that this, the largest of His creatures, should have the wide expanse of the ocean for his habitat; there, it would have plenty of room for its roamings, and plenty of food for its support. The whale, therefore, preserving every organ typical of a land animal, and remaining a true mammalian in every sense, associates with fishes, and grazes upon the products of the deep.

The sea, as we well know, swarms with life; but the minute creatures therein exceed by myriads the larger forms. Upon these atoms the whale feeds, and not only feeds, but gets fat, which fat it converts into blubber. Now, for the sake of this blubber, man will brave the perils of the Arctic seas, and bring home with him, in the form of valuable lamp-oil, the substance of acres of minute sea-creatures, which but for this wise economy in the system of creation, would have lived and died neglected and useless. Thus we see, in the works of the benevolent Creator, wheel within wheel—nothing lost, nothing allowed to decay—all working together with an admirable and designed order. The creatures which principally form the food of the whale are a delicate mollusk called the *Clio Borealis*, (of which specimens may be seen in the College of Surgeons.) These creatures live in patches on the surface of the Northern Ocean; and could we look down on those Arctic Seas from a balloon,

we should see greenish and blackish patches here and there; these are formed by colonies of the *Clio Borealis*. A somewhat similar appearance may be observed on stagnant fresh-water ponds, where the water is covered here and there by the larva of gnats and other insects.

Having found out the whereabouts of his food, the whale opens his gigantic mouth, and charges at full speed in among them; and I believe he has the power of actually smelling their whereabouts. Drawn into his mouth by the vast current of water created by the charge, like sticks in a mill-tail, they become engulfed in the natural trawl-net of the sea-giant, who then composedly shuts his mouth, and expels the water through the interstices of the baleen, leaving the *Clios*, and whatever else he is lucky enough to catch, high and dry upon the hairy roof of his mouth. In the specimen under notice I observed that there were several folds of skin, extending from the tip of the lower jaw some distance down the belly; and the man informed me that when the lower jaw was lifted off the ground, the tongue was left on it some three feet below; the folds of the skin at the same time becoming quite smooth. Here, then, we have an explanation of the use of these folds: they form an immense pouch, into which the detained animals drop, being freed from the hair. The bag of a lady's work-table gives a very good idea of the pouch of the whale—the silk portion representing the folds, and the board at the bottom, the tongue.

The reader is not very likely ever to see a whale at feed; he may, however, very likely see a duck feeding in a gutter. Let him observe, and he will see, that (to compare great things with small) the duck goes to work in a very similar manner to the whale. The duck is looking after minute creatures—so is the whale; so he takes a bilful of mud, and squirting out the refuse, he retains what is good to eat. The bird has no baleen, and no pouch; but, nevertheless, he has an equally beautiful apparatus in the conformation of his bill, which answers the same purpose, and at the same time is less cumbersome. From the size of the whale's mouth, one would naturally be led to conclude that the gullet (or œsophagus) is of an enormous size. No such thing—it is exceedingly small. In the whale examined (forty-eight feet long) the entrance to the gullet is hardly large enough to admit a man's hand. Why is this? The Rorqual does not confine himself to the *Clio Borealis*; but he

feeds upon sprats, herrings and little fish. If he had a capacious gullet, the fish having been swallowed might, not liking their new quarters, wish to return again to the sea; had the whale an enormous gape, like the boa-constrictor, they might easily do this, as the stomach is on the same line as the mouth. This is, however, anticipated by the form of the œsophageal pipe. Upon examining a section of it, which is not much larger than the thickness of a good-sized walking-stick, we see it has numerous muscular fibres surrounding it which can close effectually; nay, more, the inner lining is disposed in longitudinal fibres, the size of a little finger, which, meeting together in the centre, effectually render it impervious at the will of the animal.

Wishing to examine more minutely the base of the skull of the Whitechapel specimen, I crawled in through the place where the throat formerly was situated, and obtained an excellent view of the parts not externally visible.

At the College of Surgeons there is an enormous head of a whale, (the bones only, without the baleen.) It would contain three heads of the Whitechapel whale, and an infinity of children. This was the first head ever seen in this country, and has been described and figured by the great Baron Cuvier himself. The form of the bones is that of three bows, two placed on the ground with their concave parts facing each other (the lower jaws), the third being represented by the upper jaw arching over them, its two ends corresponding with the points where the other bows touch one another.

I was exceedingly anxious to obtain the head of the Whitechapel whale, as a companion to the large head above mentioned, particularly as the whalebone or baleen was in good condition. Knowing that the proprietor set great store on his acquisition, I approached the subject carefully, and was not surprised when he asked £125 for his whale. It happened to be very warm weather just then, and when I was inside the whale's mouth I had observed that none of the bones of the head were in any way cleaned, or otherwise preserved, but still remained full of oil, &c., which, as a matter of course, I knew would soon become so offensive through the weather that the proprietor would be only too glad to get rid of it at any price. It was only, therefore, necessary to bide one's time. My conjectures proved correct; in a week or so a letter came to Professor Quekett from the whale proprietor offering to take less money; and as time advanced, and as the

whale became more and more offensive, so did the price of the whale get less and less, the result being, that Professor Quekett, at the College one morning, received the whale's head, packed up in a large box, and sent back a check for £5 only, instead of the £125 originally demanded.

Our Country in Arms.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE BARNES.

"During his troubled slumber, we more than once heard him exclaim—'Our country in arms!'"

A Letter from a Friend.

"Our country in arms!" 'tis a fearful thing!

A mystery past our knowing;

While the war-clouds are gathering their shadows to fling

O'er our hearth-stones at home, as they rapidly wing

Their flight to the land were mystery merges

Itself in the ocean of light, whose surges

Will dash o'er our way, and will scatter their spray.

Its foam o'er our spirits throwing.

"Our country in arms!"—how the trumpet peels

When foes are in battle contending!

When the conquer'd heart on the stained earth kneels,

In prayer to its God, while its life-blood seals

Its passport through death to the far-distant regions—

To eternity's rest, undisturbed by the legions

That here in our land, an armed band

Of foes, with the right contending.

"Our country in arms!" What a mournful tone
Is the spirit with sorrow laden,

When the warrior's plume, and the cypress's gloom

Bend over and speak to the soul that's alone

Of a form that had fled—of a heart forsaken—

Of an eye that will never on earth awaken.

Oh say, has the world, our grief-stricken world,

A sorrow more poignant than this?

"Our country in arms!" 'Tis a woe-swelling strain,

That deep in the soul is vibrating;

Its saddening dirge, and it echoes again,

Wherever a heart can be found that would fain

Mingle with ours in a grief unbroken,

It speaks in those tones that by lips are unspoken,

The language of sorrow, to those only given

When the "war-god performs the translating."

"Our country in arms!" But there's light beyond,

And bright are the hopes that we cherish

When the mystery, conflict and sorrow shall end—

When our glorious land shall in harmony blend.

Hope's rainbow our darkened horizon is lightening;

Our prayers are more fervent, our pathway is

brightening—

Oh, our beautiful Land—its glory will stand,

Its Name or its Fame shall ne'er perish.

The Gimmel Ring.

Thou sent'st to me a true-love knot; but I
Return'd a ring of jimmals, to imply
Thy love had one knot, mine a triple-tye.

HERRICK.

Rings, it is well known, are of great antiquity, and, in the early ages of the world, denoted authority and government, which were communicated symbolically by the delivery of a ring to the person on whom they were meant to be conferred. Thus Pharaoh, when he committed the government of Egypt to Joseph, took the ring from his finger and gave it to Joseph as a token of the authority with which he invested him. So also did Ahasuerus to his favorite Haman, and to Mordecai, who succeeded him in his dignity.

In conformity to this ancient usage, recorded in the Bible, the Christian Church afterwards adopted the ceremony of the ring in marriage, as a symbol of the authority which the husband gave the wife over his household and over the "earthly goods" with which he endowed her.

Rings were sometimes adopted for the investiture of property. In the twelfth century Osbert de Camera, being visited with heavy sickness, granted unto the canons of St. Paul's in pure alms, for the health of his soul, certain lands and houses, giving possession of them with his gold ring, wherein a ruby was set, and appointing that the same gold ring, together with the seal, should forever be fixed to the charter whereby he disposed them. We have abundant proof, too, that from remote ages they were used as charms and talismans. Their potency, Mr. Douce has told us, was directed against fascination of every kind, but more particularly that of the evil eye, against the influence of demons and witches, against the power of flames, against wounds in war, and ailments of every description. It was not, however, simply in the rings themselves that the assumed virtue existed, but in the materials of which they were composed—in some precious stone that was set in them, in some device or inscription, or in some letters engraved upon them.

But our more immediate concern is with the *Gimmel Ring*, which is of comparatively modern origin. It is supposed that we owe the design to the ingenious fancy of our French neighbors, whose skill in diversifying the symbols of the tender passion has continued unrivalled, and in whose language the mottoes employed

on almost all such amorous trifles are still to be found. It must be allowed that the twin or double hoop (whence the name *Gimmel*, from *Gemellus*), each apparently free yet inseparable, both formed for uniting, and complete only in their union, affords a not unapt representation of the married state.

Among the various "love-tokens" which the enamored have presented to their mistresses in all times, the ring bears a conspicuous part; nor is any more likely than the *gimmel* to "steal the impression of a mistress's fantasy," since none so clearly expresses its errand. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" of Shakespeare, when Egeus accuses Lysander of having inveigled his daughter's affections, he exclaims—

Thou hast given her rhymes,
And interchang'd love-tokens with my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits.

From a simple love-token the ring was at length converted into the more serious "sponsalium annulus," or ring of affiance. The lover putting his finger through one of the hoops, and his mistress hers through the other, were thus symbolically yoked together, a yoke which neither could be said wholly to wear, one half being allotted to the other.

The French term for this ring is *foi*, or *alliance*, which latter word, in the "Dictionnaire de Trévoux," is defined, "Bague ou jone que l'accordé donna à son accordée, où il y-a un fil d'or et un fil d'argent." This definition not only shows the occasion of the ring's use, but supposes the two hoops to be composed, one of gold, the other of silver, a distinction evidently intended to characterize the bridegroom and the bride. Thus Columella calls those vines which produce two different sorts of grapes "*Gemel æ vites*."

Our English glossaries afford but scant information on the subject. Minsheu refers the reader from *gimmel* to *gemow*; the former he derives from "gemellus," the latter from the French "jumeau;" and he explains the *gemow* ring to signify "double, or twinnes, because they be rings with two or more links." Skinner and Ainsworth deduce *gimmel* from the same Latin origin, and suppose it to be used only of something consisting of correspondent parts, or double. Dr. Johnson gives it a more extensive signification; he explains *gimmel* to mean "some little quaint devices, or pieces of machinery." The word is not found in Chaucer nor in Spenser; yet both Blount, in his

"Glossography," and Phillips, in his "World of Words," have *geminals*, which they interpret *twins*.

Shakspeare uses the word in two or three places. In "King Henry the Fifth," act iv., sc. 2, when the French nobles are scoffing at the abject condition of the English army, Grandpré says—

The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch staves in their hands: and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hide and hips:
The gum down roping from their pale-dead eyes;
And, in their pale dull mouths, the gimmal-bit
Lies foul with chaw'd grass, still and motionless.

We may understand the *gimnal*-bit, therefore, to mean either a double bit, in the ordinary sense of the word (*duplex*), or, which is more appropriate, a bit composed of links, playing one within another (*gemellus*). In the "First part of King Henry the VI.," after the French had been beaten back with great loss, Charles and his lords are concerting together the further measures to be pursued, when the King says—

Let's leave this town, for they are hairbrain'd slaves,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.

To which Reignier subjoins—

I think, by some old *gimmals* or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on.

Nares instances a stage direction in the old play called "Lingua," where the word occurs:—"Enter Ananestnes (a page to Memory), in a grave sattin sute, purple buskins, &c., a *gimnal* ring with one link hanging." He adds that *gimnal* rings, though originally double, were by a further refinement made triple, or even more complicated, yet the name remained unchanged.

Another illustration of the *gimnal* ring may be gathered from a passage in "Davis's Rites of the Cathedral of Durham" (1672), where it is remarked that "over our lady of Bolton's altar there was a marvellous, lovely, and beautiful image of the picture of our Lady, called the Lady of Bolton, which picture was made to open with *gimmes* (or linked fastenings) from the breast downwards." And, at the present day, the brass rings within which in some old vessels the seaman's compass swings are by the sailors called *gimbals*.

About sixty years ago one of these rings was found at Horselydown, and is still preserved. It is constructed of twin or double hoops, which play within one another like the links of a chain. Each hoop has one side flat, the other convex; each is twisted once round and

each surmounted by a hand issuing from an embossed fancy-work wrist or sleeve—the hand rising somewhat above the circle, and extending in the same direction. The course of the twist in each hoop is made to correspond with that of its counterpart, so that on bringing together the flat surfaces of the hoops the latter immediately unite as one ring. On the lower hand, or that of which the palm is uppermost, is represented a heart, and as the hoops close, the hands slide into contact, forming with their ornamented wrists a head to the whole. The device thus presents a triple emblem of love, fidelity, and union.

Upon the flat side of the hoops are engraven "Usé de Vertu" in Roman capitals, and on the inside of the lower wrist the figures "990," the whole being of the finest gold.

To Celater.

BY MRS. ELIZA H. BARKER.

Purest of visible things, free element

Of stainless water, be thou still my theme,
Nor mead, nor wine, nor the rich juices pent

In pear or apple, nor the fragrant stream
Of snowy milk, so grateful to my taste

As is thy moisture, cool and sweet they flow,
Fresh'ning the weary, and the fevered lip

Laved by thy gentle touch, shall less intensely
glow.

Why will not man the luscious bowl refrain?

Cup of concocted poison, is there in
All its deep draughts but woe, disease, and pain?

The creeping poison that incites to sin?
Maddens the brain, the healthy blood ferments

To fever, and the while excited heart

That beat to bursting, now o'ercharged and spent
Performs its duty badly, or in part—

And all the ills that steal away our breath
Enter the body in this cup of Death.

But thou art health's bright nectar, and a fount
Springs in each hill and valley of our land;

Thou makest the crimson of the blood to mount
To the rich cheek, and o'er the clear eye stand

The arching brow unwrinkled, every grace

Of mind and body mingles in thy flow,

Thou leavest no aching head, no pallid face,

No wives or children curse thee in their woe—

And he who drinks but thy pure cup thro' life
Shall ne'er know scorn, or want, or shame, or strife.

Great source of all things good, to whom we owe

Life and its varied gifts, all o'er the land

Spring up thy founts of water, make us know

How vast this blessing liquid from Thy hand—

And let thy sacrament of water be
Received in every draught with thanks to Thee.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Mother, mother, the rose-bud has budded!"

There was a thrill of joy in the voice which said this just outside of the kitchen window, on the first day of May, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eighty-two. Mrs. Palmer paused a moment, and looked up from the large earthen bowl of milk which she was skilfully relieving of its upper stratum of cream. She saw Grace standing there in her simple morning gown of homespun linen, with a small hammer in one hand and some twine in the other. She looked pretty, even to her mother's unartistic eyes, with the shadows of the tender green leaves thrown on her face; and the smile in her eyes repeated the thrill in her voice.

"I'm glad on't to hear about the buds, but I'm a great deal gladder to see you look so happy over it," was the mother's characteristic rejoinder.

And Grace looked what she felt that morning. The winter was ended. The great white embroideries of snow, which seemed to lie on her soul as they had lain cold and heavy on the earth, were gone at length. There was now no last faint etching of ice by the fences, or on the bleak sides of the hills. The singing of birds filled the air; the fresh, sweet smell of the sprouting grass was finer than the breath of spices, and the soft spring sunshine was a praise and joy in the whole earth.

The winter had brought a bitter disappointment to Grace, for she had confidently expected to see Edward Dudley before its close. It was May now, and he had not come yet.

The commander-in-chief had been extremely wary in granting his officers furloughs during the winter which followed the surrender of Yorktown. He dreaded any weakening of his forces, any confidence based on the late victory, which might lull into false security the hearts of his countrymen. Not until he was absolutely assured that the British Parliament were resolved on a cessation of hostilities, would Washington diminish his army or relax his efforts for another campaign.

So through the long, slow winter, the heart of Grace Palmer had waited and ached, as many another of her countrywomen did through the winter which followed the battle of Yorktown. But a little while before, Colonel Dudley had written:—

"When you hear the first birds of May, look out for my coming, Grace. I cannot tell just when it will be; but you may depend upon me."

And after that, Grace waited for the singing birds, but in her head the song was sweeter than theirs. It overrun her lips that morning, as she fastened the twine, and wound the tender green branches around it in old psalm tunes and hymns of Watts, and wreathed itself in and out of sweet homely old household melodies, and then suddenly fell down into a silence too beloved and holy for song.

And as the girl stood there, with the sunbeams spilling themselves in golden wine on her head, a stranger rode suddenly out of the lane on the right of the house, and drew up his horse in the road. He saw Grace Palmer at her work, with the white handkerchief she had tied around her head fallen down on her neck, dragging a stray lock with it.

One look drank her in—hair, face, figure; and then the stranger put spurs to his horse, and hurried to the front gate.

Grace did not start until she heard the click of the latch; then she turned suddenly towards the front gate. There was the first look of blank surprise, then her heart sprang and carried away all the color from her lips and cheeks. She moved towards the steps, and stopped there with no power to get farther. The man approached her, not rapidly; his left limb was hopelessly crippled, and if he had ever walked that narrow path with the free, strong step of manhood, he would never do it again. His cheeks were browned deep with exposure, and bore the traces of suffering and hardship; but the voice which for six long years she had hungered for, asked, as the man put out his arms—

"Grace, can you tell *who* it is that comes to you thus?"

"Oh, Edward!" They were not loud words, but they were solemn witnesses of all the long anguish that had been—of all the tenderness and joy that were now in the heart of Grace Palmer.

He drew her to him; and Edward Dudley had never shaken in the midst of the hottest battle-field, where the dead were dropping thick about him, as he shook when he laid the light head of Grace Palmer on his breast.

Then they went into the house together. Mrs. Palmer had gone out on some errand a little while before, and it was best that there were none to see them.

Of that day even Grace Palmer did not often

speak in the future years of her life. Its memory was hidden in her heart, a treasure that words could only touch to soil it.

Neither was Mrs. Palmer's welcome or the Deacon's later one, with many words. The former's, as soon as her first surprise and the tearful joy which followed it, was over, took a practical channel, and she bestirred herself about getting a dinner somewhat worthy of her guest; but, this time, without so much as consulting Grace; and the young people passed the morning as they had one seven years before, in the parlor together.

When the Deacon returned home that day, he was partially prepared for the good tidings by finding the table set with the best linen and china; and for the rest, Mrs. Palmer, with no small sacrifice on her part, refrained from disclosing any facts, saying, briefly—

"If you want to find out anything, jest walk into the parlor."

The Deacon followed her advice with a mixture of blank amazement and curiosity on his face, and confronted his daughter; and by her side sat Colonel Dudley!

A quarter of an hour later, the Deacon said, rubbing his hands briskly—

"I forgot to bring mother's message about dinner; I'm afraid it'll get cold, and that's the one thing that'll put her out."

"Dinner time!" echoed Grace. "You don't mean to say it's that, father?"

"What else should bring me home, my daughter?" with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes.

"I thought that it was only ten o'clock," exclaimed the girl.

"I thought so too," laughed the Colonel, looking at his watch. "Grace, will you believe it's past one?"

"Where *has* this morning gone to?"

"Where pleasant time usually goes," laughed her father; and the trio went out to dinner, hiding with light words and familiar jests the thoughts which filled all their hearts. But those grave feelings leaped to the surface with Grace, as her guest handed her to the table.

"Oh, Edward! do you remember that spring, seven years ago, when you sat down here to dinner?"

"Do I? How many a time it has shone down on me, a light along the years, as I have munched my bread and beef in camp. Ah, Grace! there were times when I never expected to eat dinner here again." And a little shadow stole over the young officer's face, as he glanced down on his crippled limb.

She understood him, and slipped her soft

hand in his. There was no time for farther reply then, for the Deacon bent his head to ask a blessing—such a blessing as had never been invoked at that table before.

"Are you *quite* so glad, my darling?" Edward Dudley asked this question during the afternoon, as Grace sat on the low stool at his feet, where she had sat *that* last day, and where Edward Dudley had placed her for the sake of contrasting that hour with this one. She had been looking up in his face while he talked to her, not imagining half that her shy, sweet gaze said.

"So glad for what?" chimed the silvery voice.

"Why, as glad as your eyes say that you are, because you have me back again, bruised and weather-beaten, broken, and maimed for life?"

Spite of himself, his voice betrayed to the girl's fine intuition the one sore place in his heart. The sweet eyes were not shy now.

"Oh, Edward! I am *so* glad to have you back—this day and this hour so satisfies my life, that it seems as though I have not another earthly gift or blessing to ask of God—that if He should send me one, I must only answer—'I have enough, and there is no room to receive it.'"

He bent his head down closer to Grace, and almost whispered—

"Not the blessing of having me come into that door as I went out of it six years ago, Grace?"

She smiled, now—a happy, contented smile, looking up steadily in his eyes.

"I shouldn't care one whit, Edward, for *my* sake."

For a moment, he averted his head. There was evidently something in his face that even *her* tender eyes must not read. When he bent it down again, there was no shadow of pain in it.

"My little girl—my dear little girl!" repeating the words as though they had a pleasant sound to him—"that is *almost* the sweetest thing you ever said to me."

Her quick, startled look, answered him—

"Why, Edward! did you have any fear *there*?"

"Yes, and dread. Don't look pained, my child. It was altogether my fault—my *sin*. I never knew, Grace, that I had taken any pride in my physical strength—in my well-knit muscular frame, until the blow came, and then for awhile I rebelled against it. The thought that I must be a cripple for life, even in the noblest of causes, was very hard, and I could

not brook it, especially when I thought of you. But the false pride which God punished has gone now, and those last words of yours have healed its pain forever."

And after these words there came, as was fitting, a silence.

Grace broke it, looking up with a thought which it did not require any great sagacity to perceive had taken a cross-road from their last topic.

"Eight years are a long time, Edward; they must have made some changes in me."

He stroked the oval cheeks tenderly.

"I don't see them," he said. "Despite all the care, and watching, and anxiety you have endured, these eight years have dealt very kindly with this one dear little face."

It was true. No one looking at the unbent lips—at the fair cheeks, with the faint flush in them—at the brown eyes, with the look of their childhood, would have fancied that the life of Grace Palmer was drawing towards its twenty-eighth birth-day.

That first afternoon slipped away just as the morning had done. There was so much for each to hear and to tell; for manifold had been the perils which Edward Dudley had escaped by land and by sea, on the deadly battle-field, and in lonely midnight marches; and Grace listened and shuddered, and looked at the young officer, hardly believing that he could have been delivered from all these dangers, and be sitting once more at her side. Some cruel memory suddenly drove a white terror over her face.

"What is it, Grace?" asked the young Colonel, taking her hands.

"I was thinking of the time when I read Samuel Ritter's letter. Oh, Edward! you don't know—it went down into the marrow of my life!"

"Dear Grace! I would have done anything to have spared you from that. But, it wasn't true."

"No, thank God! it wasn't true!"

At that moment, Benny put his face into the parlor—a boy's face, round, tanned, with black, roguish eyes.

"Grace!" he cried, "we've got up the flag!"

"That's in consequence of *your* coming, Edward," laughed the girl. "It affords you an occasion for a patriotic speech."

"Thank you, and—the boys. Benny, I'll come out and salute the thirteen stars after awhile."

Benny came up to his sister, his wide eyes

darting curious glances towards her guest. There was a question in his face.

"What is it, Benny?" bending down her head to him.

"I say, Grace, he didn't use to be lame, did he?" The whisper could have been heard to the remotest corner of the room.

"Sh!—sh! Benny."

"Don't be distressed, Grace; I've got over my weakness about *that*. No, Benny, I didn't use to be lame; but I shall be now, as long as I live."

Benny's face showed sympathy through its tan and freckles. After he had left the room, a new thought struck Grace.

"We must go over to Mrs. Trueman's to-night," she said. "Lucy and her mother will want to see you only less than I have."

"Not to-night, Grace. I must have you one day to myself. We'll go to-morrow. How is Nathaniel's mother now?"

"Very much as when I last wrote you. She's tried to bear up under the blow after your uncle's talk with her, and got about the house some; but you'll see at once that her heart's broken."

"Poor Nathaniel!" sighed Edward Dudley, "his death went to my heart as no loss ever did; and yet it was not for him I grieved, but for his mother. For the grief was all hers—the gain was Nathaniel's."

And so they sat and talked, until all the west became alive, and palpitated with the soft maroon colors of sunset; and then Deacon Palmer returned home, bringing with him Parson Willetts, who had been absent all day, and had just learned of the return of his nephew.

It had been settled that Edward and Grace should go over to the tavern next morning; but the grass had slipped off its last pearls of dew before they started, and they had not got far from the gate when a loud voice on their left hailed them suddenly.

"Face about, my friends, and give good-morning to a fellow traveller."

Grace dropped Edward's arm, and turned around sharply. A young man in a soiled, worn Continental uniform, with a knapsack on his shoulder, was approaching them.

"Oh, Edward! it's Robert!" The girl rushed forwards, and met her brother half way.

They all returned to the Deacon's; for of course there was no visiting at the tavern that morning. The young captain had managed the first meeting with his sister by concealing all that he felt on that occasion under light

jest and good-natured bravado; but when he came to his mother, whom he had not met for three years, Robert Palmer quite broke down. The sight of her tears; the mother-cry that broke from her heart as she caught a first glance of him, was more than he could bear.

But after awhile they all grew composed again, and then there followed the old home-talk, therapeutic questions, the pleasant gossip, and the familiar faces and ways, all sweetened by memories of the dangers and sufferings that were gone. Robert affirmed that it had been his intention to steal upon the household by surprise, and that he had been for days indulging his fancies on the scenes that would follow. "But," with a shake of his head, "I exploded the moment I saw Edward and Grace, and it was all up with me then. My shout would come in spite of me."

"I should never have forgiven you if it hadn't," looking at her brother with fond eyes.

He rose up, and stood before Mrs. Palmer and Grace, with his tall lithe, slender figure.

"Well, mother—sis! do I come back from the wars much the worse for all the hard usage I've undergone?"

"Not a bit," with her smile, which had several meanings in it, "only you're several shades darker than when you went away."

"Most likely; going to war don't afford a fellow much chance to attend to his complexion—eh, Dudley?"

"We're all sufferers alike in that misfortune. My face isn't a shade lighter than yours, Robert," laughed the Colonel.

When Grace suggested that Robert should accompany them to the tavern that afternoon, the former answered—

"Let Lucy alone until evening, sis; she won't want to see you before that time."

"What makes you think so?" in much surprise.

"Because a gentleman took the stage with me at New Haven, and his name was John Deming."

"Oh, I am glad, for Lucy's sake! Poor girl! She has had to bear all her sorrows alone."

This was true. John Deming had not been able to visit his betrothed after the death of Nathaniel, for he had been promoted to an office in the commissary department, which, in the time of the Revolution, involved much perplexity and responsibility, and it was more difficult for him to obtain a furlough than for many who were in active service."

In accordance with Robert's suggestion, the

young people started for Mrs. Trueman's after supper. They walked silently, for the head of each was full of thoughts of Nathaniel, and of the poor broken-hearted mother who mourned through the slow days, because she could not go to her boy.

A young moon was above the hills, touching the tops of the trees with faint silver, and the sky was full of the beauty of stars when they reached the tavern.

Lucy came to the door. *This* night she looked as Grace had not seen her since Nathaniel's death—like the old Lucy Trueman. Youth was strong in her, and love was deep; and this sorrow, terrible as it had been, had not ploughed up the roots of her life as it had her mother's. It had made her tender, patient, brave, which grief wisely received always makes one.

But when her eyes fell on the friend who had been her brother's dearest one, her voice fell, as the new roses did in her cheeks, and she opened the sitting-room for her guests, gravely.

Mr. Deming, who was sitting there, came forward with a hearty greeting for his brother officers, and then they turned towards Mrs. Trueman. She sat in an arm-chair by the window; but the brisk, bustling little woman of former days was gone forever. Her knitting lay in her lap, and her face had a slow, listless, heart-broken look, which it hurt Edward Dudley to see more than any passionate grief could have done. He wrung the hand of Nathaniel's mother silently, and sat down without a word.

Then the talk of every one went, by mutual consent, on other topics than of him who seemed as close to each one as though he sat in their midst that night.

It was evident that the sight of the returned soldiers, especially of Colonel Dudley, had shaken Mrs. Trueman out of the usual torpor of her grief. She answered his questions about her health in an absent way, and caught up her knitting, and went to work at it with a kind of nervous impatience. Mr. Deming and Robert were conversing in a low tone about the latter's return; for it seemed this had formed a prominent subject in the morning stage ride, when Mrs. Trueman suddenly spoke, laying down her knitting—

"What did your mother *say* when she saw you, Robert?"

"She didn't *say* much; she was too glad for many words, ma'am."

"And I'm glad, too, for her sake; but oh,

Robert, I haven't any boy to come back to me!"

The three young men felt the mother's grief at that moment as they never had before. The very aching of her heart seemed to surge up into her tones, and fill them with pain that might have melted a stone. No one could speak for awhile. At last, Edward Dudley did.

"Mrs. Trueman," he said, solemnly, "if our dear Nathaniel were to send you a message to-night, desiring you to do anything for his sake and in his name, would you make an effort to do it?"

"Wouldn't I?" cried the mother, her voice breaking out into sudden sobs. "Wouldn't I go the round world over to do whatever my boy asked, if I could only get one word from him?"

It was impossible to hear the mother unmoved; but Edward Dudley controlled himself to say—

"Mrs. Trueman, I bring you that word from Nathaniel!"

And now the mother was not the only one who hushed her sobs, and listened breathless.

"It was in the early part of the war," the young colonel went on to say, "and one night it came Nathaniel's turn to serve on picket guard. It was a raw, blustering night, and I knew it was service he wasn't accustomed to, and thought it might help his half of the night along if I should go out and stay with him."

"Oh Edward, that was good of you," said Mrs. Trueman; it was the first time she had called him this, and she bent forward and took the soldier's hands in hers, and stroked them softly in just the same way as she had stroked Nathaniel's little ones long ago when he lay smiling on her lap. There was something strangely touching in the act.

"Nathaniel loved you!" she said, looking up into the young man's face, with almost the look which had belonged to the dead. "He told me he did, better than anybody in the world, except Lucy and me."

"And as though he were bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, did I love Nathaniel Trueman," answered Edward Dudley.

"That night we fell to talking as was natural about home folks, and Nathaniel said to me, 'I'm never a coward, Captain Dudley, except when I think of my mother. For myself I'm ready to live or to die this night as the Lord sees fit in the service of my country, but when I think of mother, then there's no denying it, I'm afraid.'

"And it's a fear that does you double honor, my young friend! I said. 'I never put it in that light exactly,' answered Nathaniel. 'But you know just how it is. Mother's set her whole heart on me, and loves me better than we ought to love anything in this world, I 'spose; and when I get to thinking if any harm should come to me, how *she* would take it, I can't stand it, Dudley—I can't stand it,' and he wrung my hand hard.

"And I answered him, 'Nathaniel, the Lord who gives you grace to say this night you are ready to do his will, be it for life or death, will give your mother strength to bear whatever grief or loss He appoints her.'

"'But it's just there that my faith fails me. I know how her very life is bound up in mine, and I'm afraid she'd never look up again if she lost me. I can't have any fear for myself, because, sweet as life is, I believe that if its end came suddenly to me I should go to Him whose promises I have trusted, and whose salvation is the Rock of my hope and peace.'"

And here Edward Dudley paused a little, and his hearers knew that just so had Nathaniel paused when he kept watch that wild night on the battle field.

"'But I'm afraid that mother would forget, in her grief, how much better it was with me there than it could ever be with me here; and, Dudley, if it shall so be that I go first, and you ever return and see my mother, will you promise me to take this message to her, be it sooner or later?'"

"And we clasped hands there, and I promised him in a lull of the wind.

"'I want you to solemnly charge her as though I came back from the grave, and spoke to her, not to go sorrowing and broken-hearted through life for me—to think of me gladly, to speak of me cheerfully as of one with whom it is all well, and who has only gone home a little while before her. Tell her to be glad because she had me to give to God—glad because I am happy; and to think and to speak of me not as dead, but as Nathaniel who is in Heaven.'"

Mrs. Trueman leaned forward; the tears fell softly into her lap—

"Edward," she said, "my heart is comforted at last. I will obey Nathaniel's last message. I will not grieve for him as I have done. I will wait patiently until God calls me."

"And whether you or I meet Nathaniel, who is in heaven, first, Mrs. Trueman, he will know that I fulfilled his wish, and that it accom-

plished the work which he desired it should," said the young colonel.

"Oh, I see now I've been in the wrong to grieve so long without any hope," continued Mrs. Trueman, with the tears which had blessedness and healing in them falling softly on the hands clasped in her lap. "Sometimes when your uncle talked to me, Edward, as never man talked before, it would seem to me for a little while, that I *could* almost give him up to God, and then the old longing and hungering for a sight of my boy's dead face would come back to me, and I couldn't put it away; but your mother wont forget your words, Nathaniel—no, she wont forget them."

There came a sob from the corner where Lucy sat, and John Deming went up to the weeping girl, and drew her arm softly in his and led her to her mother.

"Mrs. Trueman," said the officer, "will you take me in Nathaniel's stead for Lucy's sake?"

She looked up then, and smiled on them through her tears, as she had not smiled since Nathaniel's death.

"I will take you in his stead," she answered. "My boy and girl, may the Lord bless you!"

An hour later the three young men and Grace started for home, for the lawyer accompanied his brother officers to the Deacon's. They talked, as was natural, on the prospects of peace, and discussed the state of the army, and the insurrection that was imminent among the soldiery, if Congress did not take some measures to settle the long delayed payments of both officers and men. As they drew near the house they caught sight of the flag waving above Grace's window in the faint moonlight. The sight of it thrilled all their hearts. For that banner they had toiled and suffered, and counted no sacrifice dear. To earn for it a name and a place among the nations had been the one aim and toil of their youth; and now its fair folds floated them the sign and token of their triumph, the new glorious witness in the face of all the old tyrannies and despotisms of the ages, that a new deliverance and liberty had arisen in the earth.

And as such thoughts crowded fast on the souls of the young officers, they took off their hats and swung them in the air, and saluted the flag with three cheers, so loud and long that the echoes on the distant hills woke up and hurled them back like the sound of thunder. In a moment lights appeared at the win-

dows of the distant farm houses, and heads were thrust out here and there.

"We've roused up the good people in the neighborhood by our explosive patriotism," laughed Edward Dudley.

"No matter; it was in such a good cause," with that laugh of hers which was so sweet a thing to hear that one would be sure to listen for it again, and then Robert opened the gate, and the brother and sister went up to the house, while the colonel returned to the parson's, and his friend to the tavern.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Robert," called Grace Palmer from the head of the stairs one morning, "wont you come up here? I want to put your ingenuity to active use this morning."

Robert went up to his sister with a comical lugubriousness.

"Use is a word I never took much delight in, but I'm ready to sacrifice myself for your services this forenoon."

The brother and sister went into the "spare chamber." In one corner stood the high-post mahogany bedstead, with its snowy curtains of white dimity depending from the foot.

"I've been trying to fasten them up for the last hour, but I'm not tall enough, nor strong enough, and I remembered you were both, Robert."

He took up the hammer, whistling a tune, and mounted the chair which Grace had vacated and went diligently to work, while Grace busied herself with the large loops of satin ribbon with which the curtains were caught back to the bedposts.

"There—does that suit you?" asked the young man with a flourish of his hammer, half an hour later.

"Perfectly. You've made a good captain, Robert, but it's manifest enough nature out you out for a carpenter."

"The world will lose the benefit my genius might have conferred upon it then, for I've settled my work in life within the last few days."

Grace's head was lifted in quick surprise.

"What do you mean, Robert?"

"Simply that as soon as General Washington gives the order for our army to disband, I am going to turn my sword into a ploughshare, and after the example of my forefathers settle down a simple patriarch of the soil."

"You look very much like one!" said his sister, setting the words to the tune of her laugh.

"Never mind that, Grace. It takes time to accomplish a transition like the one I've in view. But seriously, I've had several long talks with father of late, and he feels he's growing old, and wants gradually to drop off the mantle of the farm from his shoulders to mine. There's no other in the family to receive it; and though my tastes would have led me to a different sort of life, I couldn't see the old homestead fall into strange hands, so I've consented to father's plan. He's set his heart on it."

"I'm glad of it, Robert, for all our sakes. One of these days, too, I suppose there'll be another Mrs. Palmer, on whose shoulders mother can drop her mantle, too."

"That depends on several things, Gracie. I've got my little watch case yet."

"What an example of fidelity you are, Robert. I suppose the little girl who made that is almost a young lady now?"

"She must be eighteen at least. When the war is over, I intend to go in quest of her. You have kept my secret well, Grace, and you are a woman, too."

"I don't relish that kind of compliment, Robert, but I'll forgive the implied reflection on my sex, and wish you success in your knight errantry."

Robert's thoughts seemed to have gone away from this conversation, with its combination of jest and earnestness, to some other topic. He looked at his sister gravely, and then asked—

"Grace, have you any definite plans about your future—what it will be, and where?"

"No," answered Grace, very gravely now. "Edward and I have never talked it over, and all these long years I have never dared to indulge dreams of the future which only made the present seem more dreadful. But why do you ask, Robert?"

"Because, putting this and that together, with some hints which Edward has dropped, I have a strong notion where his tastes and choice will fall."

"Where?" asked Grace, and the satin ribbon fell from her hands.

Robert shook his head.

"He'll tell his own plans and purposes when he gets ready. I didn't know but he had done this already, and only asked to see if they confirmed my opinions."

And all his sister's questioning could draw nothing further out of Robert. But his remarks afforded her a new topic of wonder and interest.

The furlough of Colonel Dudley and Captain Palmer expired in less than two weeks, and the evening previous to the former's departure he said to Grace—

"Put on your bonnet. We must take our last walk together."

"Oh, don't say that;" her face showed plainer than she fancied how the speech had hurt her.

"Our last before I return to go no more to battle," was the young colonel's re-assuring answer. "I tell you my honest convictions when I say, that I believe Great Britain and America have fought their last battle, and all the tidings which we receive from across the water confirm this opinion. I believe that the English government will soon acknowledge our independence, and withdraw their troops from our shores."

"Oh, blessed day for all who see it!" exclaimed Grace.

"I trust that we shall, and you who have been so brave through all the darkness and peril of the past, will not fail me now that the danger is over."

And he took her straw hat from her hands and tied it carefully, and they went out together.

"I'm afraid," she said, as he gave her his arm at the gate, "that all the heroism has left me, and that I should prove myself only the weakest of cowards if another time of trial should come."

"You'd do nothing of the kind, I am persuaded, Grace, but you've lived heroism enough for one life."

Then they looked on the night and were silent. The moon hung like a great golden lily in the sky, and beneath it the earth lay in a white flowing tunic of light. The spring was early that year, and the sprouting leaves ran in a green flame along the branches, and the land was stirring with the life and joy of May.

The colonel broke the silence which had been audible to both of them.

"Grace," he said, "have you divined with some fine intuition of yours, that my thoughts for the last week have been much with your future and mine?"

"My 'fine intuitions' have all failed me," she said, and the soft flush on her cheeks became wide bloom.

"Well, then, I must tell you with such bungling unsatisfactory words I can find, that I am tired of living away from you and without you, and that when I come back my heart will want

you, and it will not easily be patient and wait."

She did not answer him; on the soft matting of grass, swathed in moonlight, she walked with her fair head drooping by his side.

"Grace," he said, after a little silence, "look up and tell me what profession or work in life you would choose for me."

She looked up now, earnest and frank.

"Just that one which would suit your tastes and character best."

"Well, put it in another way. Of all business and professions which do you consider the best, the noblest in which a man can engage?"

"Any and all are good if a man does his duty in them, but I suppose there is no work so great, so noble, so good as that of a faithful minister of the Gospel."

"I think so. How would you like me to be this?"

Her start of surprise; her amazed, half doubtful look, was something he seemed to enjoy.

"Oh Edward, I never thought of you as *that*."

"I know it, but I have for some years past, and the time has come for me now to decide. It is right that I should tell you that I must make some sacrifices if I enter the profession, for I have very little worldly goods as you know, and I have some friends in high places who will be ready to serve me, and our young country will need just now men of talent and education in this new experiment of a democratic government. There is a probability that a political career, which promises in a few years emolument and position, will open before me if I choose to seek it."

"Yes," she said, looking up at him with fond, proud eyes.

"But there are greater, better things than these, and I can in no way serve God and my generation so well as to be a minister of the Gospel."

"Then be one, Edward," and the soul of Grace Palmer was in her eyes.

"You know, Grace, when you say this that it involves a good deal of sacrifice and responsibility for you."

Her smile was touching in its humility, and yet it was brave and hopeful enough to satisfy any man, just the sort of smile that needed no words to help it.

A little while afterwards Edward Dudley went on to say that he had talked the matter over on all sides with his uncle, and that Parson Willets had entered very warmly into the matter, and was quite determined that as soon

as the war was closed Edward should at once return to the parsonage, and study theology for a couple of years with him.

He was growing infirm, and fancied that Edward, on whom the old man doted as on a son, could be of much service to him in sharing somewhat his parochial work and duties which the clergyman's growing infirmities began to make burdensome.

"And, Grace," continued the young man, "the parsonage needs sadly the kindly influences, the graceful handiwork of a woman all over it. How would you like to go there and live with uncle and me?"

Her face dropped beyond his gaze, but her answer came hurried and frightened—

"Oh Edward, I couldn't go *there* to live!"

He had expected just such a protest.

"What, not with *me*, Grace. I don't like to be put off for another two years, and shall be a great deal happier with you to smile on and encourage my studies every day."

Edward Dudley used a great deal of this style of argument, which he rightly divined would have more weight than any other with Grace, especially when he put the matter in a way which he declared would most promote his own happiness and welfare.

There were numerous objections and protests which he had to meet and overcome, which related principally to her own inexperience for such a position, but the matter ended at last in Grace's soft admission that she could be happy anywhere if she was of any comfort or aid to Edward.

"Then go home and get ready to come with me soon after Great Britain acknowledges the independence of these United States," he said to her, as he opened the garden gate, and she knew what he meant.

Their parting that night was not what the others had been, and remembering this, the twain thanked God in their hearts.

"Gracie," whispered Robert to her the next morning, just as he was about leaving, "do you know what I meant when I spoke about Edward Dudley's future prospects that morning when we put up the curtains in the spare chamber?"

"How should I know, when you wouldn't give me the least light on the matter?" she said, with a little conscious look.

"Well, then, if I must come straight out, how does the idea of being a parson's wife strike you?"

Her laugh and her blush leaped out together.

"Didn't I tell you, you'd know in good time?"

I wasn't going to anticipate Edward's questions," patting her on the cheek. "Here is prosperity to you both with my last kiss," and Robert Palmer went his way.

And so, after long waiting, the time came for Grace to set about preparations for her wedding wardrobe, as happy maidens do, amid sweet visions of the future, of home and love, new pleasant cares and duties; and if memories of the past crept up and sobered somewhat the radiant perspective of Grace Palmer's future, she was not the less but the more blessed for these things.

There were no sewing machines in those days to facilitate matters, and the spinning wheel and the slow toiling needle had to do it all; but there were two pairs of busy and skilful hands for the work, and hosts of willing friends and neighbors to add their tributaries to the general forces of quilting, and cutting, and basting, and stitching.

Great was the consternation of the Deacon's wife when she first learned the future which awaited her daughter, and which in those days was regarded as one of peculiar importance and responsibility; but after pondering the matter in her own mind for a few days, and regarding the girl with a good deal of solicitude, Mrs. Palmer privately informed the Deacon that she'd "rally brought herself to the conclusion that Grace was cut out for a minister's wife."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Little Things.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Little things show what people are—whether selfish or generous, just or unjust; kind and sympathetic, or callous to the sufferings of others.

I saw a little incident to-day that showed out selfishness, a want of a sense of justice in little things, in a very plain light.

Mrs. Riddel takes two magazines—Godey and Harper. Mrs. Riddel is very choicé of her magazines. She thinks things were made to look at, and not to use, and scarcely to look at with the naked eye, or handled without gloves. It is so with her books, her pictures, and everything with which she embellishes her household. They are for the most part reserved for gala days, and the eyes of others. But this is nobody's business, and injures no one. Mrs. Riddel has a right to do as she pleases with her own, and if she belittles her own soul and loses pleasure that might be hers, the loss is her own.

But the fault in Mrs. Riddel's character, and what shows a lack of a proper sense of justice, is, that she is liberal of her neighbors' goods, when she would withhold her own. This is the little incident that shows this defect:—

Mrs. Riddel has two children—a babe of ten months, and a boy of five. Mrs. Riddel borrowed Peterson's Magazine of Miss Stearns, the school teacher, to look at a particular pattern. Miss Stearns, coming in one morning on her way to her school-room, found the baby sitting on the carpet in the sitting-room with her magazine for a plaything. The little boy sat by the child, while its mother had gone into the garden to look after her flowers.

One corner of the magazine was wet and wrinkled, where the babe had had it in its mouth, and the cover was greased by the bread and butter fingers of the boy.

Miss Stearns took the magazine from the child and said to the boy—

"This is my magazine, how came baby with it?"

"Mother gave it to her," quickly responded the boy. "She gave it to her to play with while she went in the garden."

Miss Stearns looked and saw piles of Godey and Harper very nicely arranged upon the table, and she knew the children were never allowed to touch them.

"But she never gives you her magazines to play with," she said to the boy.

"No, she never lets us take hers."

Looking up, there stood Mrs. Riddel in the door. Her face was red as one of her own peonies. She had overheard this query and answer. She apologized in a lame way.

She was in a hurry, she said, and gave the child the magazine from the table, thinking it would not hurt it in the little time she was out.

Miss Stearns did not care so much for the injury to her magazine; but she was nettled at the want of true principle and regard for others' rights the little incident showed.

She said plainly, for she was a plain spoken girl, and loved truth and right—

"Had I been going to take a magazine from a table, where there was one of my own, and one belonging to another, for a child to play with, I should have taken my own."

Mrs. Riddel did not reply. She was, or pretended to be, offended, and Miss Stearns bidding her a good morning, left with her magazine.

Mrs. Riddel did not see that a little act may show as plainly selfishness, and a lack of justice, as a great injury done to another.

The Lady Blanche.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIME.

BY MRS. H. A. HEYDON.

'Twas a brilliant scene, that bridal,
For the bride was very fair,
And the scented orange blossoms
Clustered 'mid her shining hair.
Deep, and calm, and full of beauty,
Was the darkness of her eye,
And as starry as starlight
Of a summer evening sky.

Sweetly faultless were her features,—
Of a princely race they told,
And across her pure white forehead
Lay the waves of dusky gold.
Like a silver mist around her
Fell a veil of shining lace,
Not concealing the exquisite
Contour of her form or face.

And the white-robed young attendants,
Knelt beside the noble pair,
Beautiful—save that the beauty
Of the Lady Blanche was there.
Half a kingdom's wealth of jewels
Caught the morning's crimson light,
Half of England's high-born beauty,
Gathered in that circle bright.

Through the rich-stained Gothic windows
Fell a rosy golden glow,
As if broken rainbows rested
On the bridal throng below.
Proud and happy was the bridegroom,—
All the bridal train was gay,
But in Lady Blanche's bosom
Was a cold, dull agony.

On her small transparent finger
Gleamed the mystic circling gold,
And Sir Hugh did think the little
Hand was very, very cold.
But the calm lip never trembled,
With a single traitor breath,
When the solemn vows were spoken,
Binding on their souls 'till death.

She was quiet—it became her,—
For her queenly head was set
With the regal calm, peculiar,
Of a proud Plantagenet.
Lady Blanche had learned submission,
And she acted well her part;
But the words her white lips uttered,
Made no echo in her heart.

Far away her thoughts were straying
To a noble pilgrim band,
Who from Moslem profanation
Tried to save the Holy Land;

For the sepulchre of Jesus
They had battled well, I ween,
That the hallowed ground be sacred
From the foot of Saracen.

One was there who loved the lady,
For her gentle self alone,
One who hoped, some day the lovely
Lady Blanche would be his own.
Side by side with Cœur de Lion
In the battle he had stood,
With the princely courage worthy
Of his noble Norman blood.

All his courage knew his country,
All his love the lady knew,
And though given to another,
Still her heart to him was true.
She had done her monarch's bidding ;—
She was Hugh de Warrenne's bride ;—
But the love-chain Guy had fastened,
Not one link could they divide.

Then before the lady's vision,
All grew misty, undefined,
Present sorrow blended strangely
With the bright past in her mind.
Guy it seemed, who stood beside her,—
His the arm she leaned upon,—
His dear eyes were looking at her,—
When the Baron's sought her own.

Happy days gone by forever ;
Days when Guy and love were near,—
When her heart was bathed in sunlight,
From his smile, her own De Vere.
As before her windowed fancy,
All the sunny past swept by,
Like a tropic sky at midnight
Grew the darkness of her eye.

When a gush of rich, sweet music,
To the fretted roof rose clear,
Lady Blanche believed she listened
To the tones of Guy de Vere.
Though her starry eyes were dimming,
Slowly fading all the while,—
Yet her faultless lips were parted
In a bright and happy smile.

When from out the shadowed door-way
Did the gentle lady tread,—
On her fell a darker shadow,—
Lower bent her graceful head.
Then the starlight faded wholly—
The transparent lids beneath,
And her white lips faintly whispered,
"Guy de Vere," and "thine in death."

With the still unwithered blossoms
Of the orange round her head,
And her bridal robe upon her,
Blanche, the beautiful, lay dead.

The Little Idiot.

BY ELLEN DERRY.

"Oh, go away! go away! Take your book and put it away out of my sight. You never will learn to read, and what is the use of fussing? There, take your book and run away!"

The speaker had begun in an angry, impatient tone; but the sorrowful look in the delicate little face caused her to soften it considerably at the close; and, as Arrah took the book and ran out of the room, she continued—"She will be glad enough, I fancy, to put the book out of her own sight. I always told poor Bella she had not intellect enough to learn to read; but mothers do hate to believe such things of their children. I had no faith that I should succeed when I began; but Herbert was so anxious to have me try."

"And have you tried all you are going to?"

There was a touch of rebuke in the mild tone of the questioner, and Mrs. Benton hesitated a little, and settled her widow's cap upon her head, as she replied—

"Well, yes; at least at present. The house-keeping is really about as much as I can attend to, and it is as much as one person's time is worth to take care of Arrah's clothes. She is a very careless child."

That evening Mrs. Benton rather abruptly told her brother-in-law that Arrah could not be taught to read.

"It is very evident," said she, "that she has not intellect enough to learn; and, in my opinion, it is just worrying her for nothing. She knew A and O when her mother died, and she knows them now; but as to getting any more of the letters into her head, it is just impossible."

The stern, bustling woman, could not realize how heavily her words fell on the heart of her listener, who quietly replied—

"Well, perhaps you had better let it go."

Aunt Willet, dear old lady, understood better the cause of his sudden loss of appetite, and why he gave such *mal apropos* replies to Mrs. Benton's remarks, as she went on complaining of servants, and discussing various household matters and items of business with at least as much interest at she had shown in speaking of little Arrah. She noticed his taciturnity, and wondered if she had offended him; but she could not realize how much suffering her words caused him.

"The child is such a sickly little thing,"

she often said to herself, "and so stupid, it would be a mercy if she did not live to grow up."

Aunt Willet took occasion, when Mrs. Benton had gone out to attend to some household matter, to suggest to Mr. Herbert that it would do no harm if Arrah did not learn to read right away. Mrs. Benton had not time to attend to her properly, and after two or three years he had better get a governess, who would give up her whole time to her.

"The thought is a very good one," said he, and he resolved to act upon it, in the meantime teaching Arrah a little himself. He soon gave up that attempt, however, for he was awkward at it, and Arrah appeared extremely dull; and quite against his will, he found the agonizing conviction forcing itself upon him, that his only child, the namesake and living copy of a most fair and lovely mother, was indeed an imbecile.

So, like a silent spirit, Arrah, in simple white, and long, gleaming curls, flitted from room to room, playing with her costly toys, and worshipping in a mute way the bright, sweet flowers in the conservatory.

Three years passed, and a person recommended as possessing every desirable qualification was engaged, at a high salary, to take charge of Arrah's education.

"She is nine years old," said Mr. Herbert, "and I think you will be able to teach her to read."

"Oh, certainly, certainly; I am sure she will learn very soon," said Miss Barber; and she proceeded to fit up the school-room with everything she thought necessary, frightening Arrah with a collection of black-boards, maps, globes, &c., and still more by the solemn air with which she laid down a code of laws for her future observance. Naturally enough, Arrah preferred the conservatory to the new school-room, and finding this out, the governess locked the little door through which she was accustomed to go into it from what had been her mother's sitting-room. Poor Arrah grieved about it for three or four weeks, and then the governess informed Mr. Herbert that she was very sorry to say she did not think Miss Arabella could be taught to read. She had done all she could. A and O were all the letters she knew or could learn. So the school-room was locked up and the conservatory door unlocked, and Arrah returned to her old way of life; while her father, hoping against hope, reasoned that if Arrah had remembered those two letters through all those years, she

must be able to learn more. But, before another governess could be procured, poor little Arrah had the measles, and taking cold, was very dangerously ill. She continued so weak after her recovery, that all thoughts of getting a governess for her were abandoned for the time being.

Months passed on, and Mr. Herbert brought a new bride to cheer the home which the death of Arrah's mother had left so desolate. He had hoped that Arrah would be company and consolation for him as she grew older; but he gradually, and almost unconsciously, yielded to the opinion so often expressed by Mrs. Benton, that Arrah never would know much, and so turned to another wife for company."

"Arabella is not very forward," said he, hesitatingly, as he introduced her; and, not long after, Mrs. Herbert learned from Mrs. Benton, that, "Let them say what they pleased, she was nothing more or less than an idiot."

"Poor little thing," thought the kind-hearted step-mother, "I will try and make her as happy as possible."

Arrah soon learned to love the sweet smile and gentle voice of her new friend, and was always happy at her side, although she rarely said anything.

"What is this, I wonder?" said Mrs. Herbert, as she paused in a walk through the conservatory. "It is a very singular-looking plant."

"It is a *Mimulus*," said Arrah. "Dennis says it is sometimes called *Monkey-flower*. Here is a small one of the same kind."

Mrs. Herbert was surprised, as she had never before heard so long a sentence from Arrah's lips. She went on asking questions, and found that Arrah not only knew the names of most of the plants, but could talk quite intelligently about their different habits. Presently she stopped before a large box which had just been placed there. After considering for a moment, she darted out of the open door, and ran down the gravel walk, to where the old Scotch gardener was at work. Seizing one of his big brown hands in both her own, she drew him after her into the greenhouse. He took off his hat when he saw Mrs. Herbert, but Arrah dragged him along to the plant which had excited her curiosity.

"Dennis, tell mamma and Arrah what this is?"

"That is the zebra-plant, miss."

He spoke slowly and distinctly, and made no further remark. Arrah looked attentively at the plant, and repeated the name several times. Finally, she said—

"Zebra isn't a pretty name, Dennis."

He took hold of a spray of the plant, and made Arrah notice the green and white stripes on the leaves. As soon as he was sure that she fully comprehended what he was talking about, he told her that it was called zebra-plant because it was striped like a zebra."

"What is a zebra?"

"A zebra is a little horse with a striped skin."

"What! Tell Arrah again."

"A zebra is a little horse."

"Yes, a zebra is a little horse. What else?"

"With a striped skin."

"Yes; with a striped skin."

She considered for a moment, looking at the plant very attentively, and then she added—

"Little zebra-horse has striped skin. Zebra-plant has striped leaves. I expect little zebra-horse eats zebra-plant. And she patted the plant with an appearance of great satisfaction.

"Ye see, ma'am, she kens," said Dennis, turning in triumph to Mrs. Herbert. "The bonny bairn kens vara weel; and, to my thinkin', them that ca' her fou' are mair like to be fou' their ain sels. She kens as much as any one."

"I see she is quite intelligent about the plants; I suppose because she is interested in them," said Mrs. Herbert, seeing that Arrah was not observing them, being quite taken up with the plants.

"Aye, aye," said Dennis, "that she is; and had her ain mither lived to have taucht her wi' patience, she wud na ha' been ca'd an idiot then, I'm thinkin'; and if any one wad tak' a mither's interest in the puir bairn now, it wad a' be richt wi' her yet. I canna' raise choice plants ma'am, without plenty of *care*, to say naethin' o' air and sunshine."

The broad hint of the shrewd old Scotchman was not lost upon Mrs. Herbert, and she watched prayerfully for opportunities to cultivate the germ of intellect she saw in that clouded mind. When the long-silent piano was tuned, and its rich chords echoed through the lofty rooms, Arrah's delight was unbounded. She danced up and down the parlors, keeping perfect time with the music, laughing and clapping her hands in ecstasy. Mrs. Herbert, fearful of the effect of so much excitement, would have closed the instrument, but Arrah begged to have it left open, and finally tried the keys with her own slender fingers.

Six months later, Mr. Herbert came home one evening with a cloud upon his brow. A

bookseller had pressed upon his notice some delightfully attractive children's books, and his heart ached because he could not buy them, knowing that Arrah could not appreciate them. He sat reading the newspaper, when she came and leaning on his shoulder, looked over with him. Presently she placed her small forefinger on the page, and began to read slowly, hesitatingly, but correctly, a little story for children. He listened in delighted surprise until she had finished, and then exclaimed—

"Why, my daughter, who taught you to read?"

"Mamma did; and I can play the piano, too. I am not an idiot any more."

"My child, who ever told you that you were an idiot?"

"Oh, I have heard Aunt Benton say so a great many times; but I am not, for I can read."

"No, indeed, you are not. There is the tea-bell. Mamma, don't you think it is about time for this great girl to have done eating in the nursery? She is almost eleven years old."

There was an amused smile around Mrs. Herbert's mouth at this evidence of the sudden rise Arrah had made in her father's esteem, as she quietly answered—

"Yes, I have been thinking so for some time."

Accordingly, Arrah was given a seat at the table with her parents, and her father watched her movements with feelings quite akin to those he might be supposed to have if she had been suddenly restored to him, after having been lost for a long time. After she had gone to bed, Mrs. Herbert told her father all about old Dennis's opinion, as expressed in the conservatory, Arrah's delight upon hearing the piano, and her attempts to play herself.

"I soon discovered," said she, "that she had a good ear for music, and I taught her to play several little tunes and sing the words. Presently she became very much interested in the sheet music, and I told her that would do her no good until she could read. She ran away, and soon returned with a little book her own mother had used in teaching her. She laid it on my lap, and pointed out A and O. I thought if she had remembered those two letters so long, she could learn more. I began with the word method, and it took a whole week to teach her the relation between the two words, dog and cat, and the objects which they represent. After that I had comparatively little trouble. She learns slowly, but she never forgets anything, and in time I think she will make a good

scholar. She is beginning to learn to write now."

"Why did you not tell me before?"

"Oh, I thought you would find it out, just as you have. It would have tried your patience somewhat to have watched her progress from the first."

Mrs. Herbert was a handsome as well as an amiable lady, but had she been shrewish as Xantippe, and ugly as "Muckle Mou'd Meg," her husband would have seen nothing but perfection in her after this. His song of thanksgiving took the shape of choice and costly gifts for his wife; any quantity of pretty books for Arrah, and a large new Bible for Dennis, who was as much surprised as pleased at the gift; because, honest old man, he hardly realized himself, much less suspected that his master knew, of his instrumentality in bringing little Arrah's hidden intellect to light. Nevertheless, from that day he took great delight in hearing her read the words of inspiration, when his day's work was done.

Ten more years passed away, and the gem, which it had cost so much time and labor to polish, shone gloriously in a most lovely setting. No daughter ever comprehended better any business perplexity her father might get into, and showed more accurate judgment in helping him straighten his accounts, or wrote better home letters to soothe the anxiety of an absent parent. No elder sister ever gave more patient and tender love, or wiser and more careful instruction, than did Arrah, to the little group around her mother's knee. No drawing-room belle ever entertained her friends with better grace, and more sound sense than she could. Her conversation was always pleasant, and, although she never attempted any brilliant flashes of wit, there was a quiet vein of humor running through her thoughts, which pleased without wounding any one by any undue sharpness. She had a rich and powerful voice, and great musical talent, and her playing and singing would put to the blush many a professional performer, and altogether eclipsed the best in the crowd of amateurs to be found everywhere. Her *piety* was not a conspicuous thing, because it pervaded her whole intellectual and moral being, and was so essentially a part of *herself*, that no one could separate it from anything that she did.

She was as quiet and retiring as was consistent with her father's position and her own prospects as a considerable heiress, but she had her full share of suitors, and the eve of her twenty-first birthday was also that of her

wedding day. George Osborne sat by her side, as the sun was going down, too full of happiness at the thought that the morrow would make her wholly his own, to say much; but he fastened on her fair arm a pearl bracelet, on the clasp of which were engraven the initials of her future name.

"A. O.," said she, as she looked at it. "Is it not a little singular that I learned those two letters when I was only five years old, and I never learned another until I was nearly eleven."

"Is it possible! I always supposed you were one of those little prodigies of whom parents are so proud."

"Not at all. On the contrary, I was so dull that Aunt Benton always said that I was an idiot, and every one seemed to agree with her except old Dennis. He always contended that I would, in time, be as smart as anybody; and when my step-mother came, he expressed his opinion pretty freely to her. She studied the peculiarities of my mind, and I grew, under her care, like a flower in the sunshine."

"Old Dennis deserves a pension."

"So he does, and I shall always associate his kindness with mamma's careful consideration, which saved me from growing up an idiot, and made me fit for you, George."

"You never were an idiot, and you were always designed for me. Your learning A and O so early, proves that."

The sun went down, and rose again in unclouded splendor, to usher in the first day of Arrah's new life; a life in which, as years passed on, Arabella, a most happy wife and mother, showed in her sensitive care for the minds of her children, the only remembrance of Arrah the little idiot.

SUNLIGHT IN HOUSES.—It has been established by careful observation, that where sunlight penetrates all the rooms of a dwelling the inmates are less liable to sickness than where the apartments are deprived of its health-invigorating influences. Basement rooms are the nurseries of indisposition. It is a gross mistake to compel human beings to reside partially under ground. There is a defective condition of the air in such rooms, connected with dampness, besides the decomposing paint on the walls and the escape of noxious gases from pipes and drains. All school-rooms, especially, should be open to the sunlight; yet, as a general thing, they are darkened like a parlor.

Gone.

It is curious, that the saddest and most touching of human thoughts, when we run it up to its simplest form, is of so homely a thing as a material object existing in a certain space, and then removing from that space to another. *That* is the essential idea of *Gone*.

Yet, in the commonest way, there is something touching in that: something touching in the sight of vacant space, once filled by almost anything. You feel a blankness in the landscape, when a tree is gone that you have known all your life. You are conscious of a vague sense of something lacking, when even a post is pulled up that you remember always in the centre of a certain field. You feel this yet more when some familiar piece of furniture is taken away from a room which you know well. Here that clumsy easy-chair used to stand: and it is gone. You feel yourself an interloper, standing in the space where it stood so long. It touches you still more to look at the empty chair which you remember so often filled by one who will never fill it more. You stand in a large railway station: you have come to see a train depart. There is a great bustle on the platform, and there is a great quantity of human life, and of the interests and cares of human life, in those twelve or fourteen carriages, and filling that little space between the rails. You stand by and watch the warm interiors of the carriages, looking so large, and so full, and as if they had so much in them. There are people of every kind of aspect, children and old folk, multitudes of railway rugs, of carpet-bags, of portmanteaus, of parcels, of newspapers, of books, of magazines. At length you hear the last bell: then comes that silent, steady pull, which is always striking, though seen ever so often. The train glides away: it is gone. You stand, and look vacantly at the place where it was. How little the space looks; how blank the air! There are the two rails, just four feet eight and a half inches apart: how close together they look! You can hardly think that there was so much of life, and of the interests of life, in so little room. You feel the power upon the average human being of the simple, commonplace fact, that something has been here, and is gone.

Then I go away in thought, to a certain pier: a pair of wooden piles, running two hundred yards into the sea, at a quiet spot on a lovely coast, where various steam-vessels

call on a summer day. You stand at the seaward end of the pier, where it broadens into a considerable platform: and you look down on the deck of a steamer lying alongside. What a bustle: what a hive of human beings, and their children, and their baggage, their hopes, fears, and schemes, fills that space upon the water of a hundred and fifty feet long and twenty-five wide! And what a deafening noise, too, of escaping steam fills the air! Men with baggage dash up against you; women shrilly vociferate above the roar of the steam; it is a fragment of the vitality and hurry of the great city carried for a little to the quiet country-place. But the last rope is thrown off; the paddles turn; the steamer moves—it is gone. There is the blank water, churned now into foam, but in a few minutes transparent green, showing the wooden piles, encrusted with shells, and with weeds that wave about below the surface. There you stand, and look vaguely, and think vaguely. It is a curious feeling. It is a feeling you do not understand except by experience. And to a thoughtful person a thing does not become commonplace because it is repeated hundreds of thousands of times. There is something strange and something touching about even a steamboat going away from a pier at which a dozen call every day.

But you sit upon the pier, you saunter upon the beach, you read the newspapers; you enjoy the sense of rest. The day wears away, and in the evening the steamboat comes back again. It has travelled scores of miles, and carried many persons through many scenes, while you were resting and idling through these hours; and the feeling you had when it was gone is effaced by its return. The going away is neutralized by the coming back. And to understand the full force of *Gone* in such a case, you must see a ship go, and see its vacant space when it is gone, when it goes away for a long time, and takes some with it who go forever. Perhaps you know by experience what a choking sensation there is in looking at an emigrant vessel clearing out, even though you have no personal interest in any one on board. I have seen such a ship depart on her long voyage. I remember the confusion and hurry that attended her departure: the crowded deck, thronged with old and young; gray-headed men bidding farewell to their native land; and little children who would carry but dim remembrances of Britain to the distant Australian shore. And who that has witnessed such a scene can forget how, when the canvas was spread at length, and the last rope cast

off, the outburst of sobs and weeping arose as the great ship solemnly passed away? You could see that many who parted there, had not understood what parting means till they were in the act of going. You could see that the old parents who were willing, they thought, to part from their boy, because they thought his chances in life were so much better in the new country, had not quite felt what parting from him was, till he was gone.

Have you ever been one of a large gay party who have made an excursion to some beautiful scene, and had a picnic festival? Not that such festivals are much to be approved; at least to spots of very noble scenery. The noble scenery is vulgarized by them. There is an inconsistency in seeking out a spot which ought to awestrike, merely to make it a theatre for eating and drinking, for stupid joking and laughter. No; let small-talk be manufactured somewhere else. And the influence of the lonely place is lost, its spirit is unfelt, unless you go alone, or go with very few, and these not boisterously merry. But let us accept the picnic as a fact. It has been, and the party has been very large and very lively. But go back to the place after the party is gone; go back a minute after for something forgotten; go back a month or a year after. What a little spot it is that you occupied, and how blank it looks! The place remains, but the people are gone; and we so lean to our kind, that the place alone occupies but a very little part in our recollection of any passage in our history in which there were both scenery and human life. Or go back after several years to the house where you and your brothers and sisters were children together, and you will wonder to find how small and how blank it will look. It will touch you, and perhaps deeply; but still you will discern that not places, but persons, are the true objects of human affection; and you will think what a small space of material ground may be the scene of what are to you great human events and interests. It is so with matters on a grander scale. How little a space was ancient Greece—how little a space the Holy Land! Strip these of their history and their associations, and they are insignificant. And history and associations are invisible; and at the first glimpse of the place without them the place looks poor. Let the little child die that was the light and hope of a great dwelling, and you will understand the truth of the poet's reflection on the loss of his: "'Twas strange that such a little thing, Should leave a blank so large!"

There is no place where you have such a feeling of blankness when life is gone from it as in a church. It is less so, if the church be a very grand one, which compels you to attend to itself a good deal, even while the congregation is assembled. But if the church be a simple one, and the congregation a very large one, crowding the simple church, you hardly know it again when the congregation is gone. You could not believe that such a vast number of human beings could have been gathered in it. The place is unchanged, yet it is quite different. It is a curious feeling to look at the empty pulpit where a very great preacher once was accustomed to preach. It is especially so if it be thirty years since he used to preach there; more so, if it be many centuries. I have often looked at the pulpit whence Chalmers preached in the zenith of his fame; you can no more bring up again the excited throng that surrounded it, and the rush of the great orator's eloquence, than when standing under a great oak in December you can call up plainly what it looked in June. And far less, standing under the dome of St. Sophia, could one recall as a present reality, or as anything but a dreamy fancy, the aspect and the eloquence of Chrysostom, ages since gone.

Coming Home.

"Your father is coming home," said Mrs. Dunlap, in a constrained voice, looking up from a letter which she had just taken from an envelope. There was something unnatural in her manner, and an unusual paleness in her face.

Three children started from different parts of the room, and crowding round their mother, answered, in many joyful words, to the unexpected intelligence.

"I'm so glad! I'm so glad!" shouted little Andrew, five years old, dancing and clapping his hands.

"And I'm so glad," said Alice—grave, womanly Alice, who had caught the sunlight of just ten summers in her golden hair. She was standing at her mother's knees and looking into and reading her face.

"To-morrow we shall see him." Mrs. Dunlap tried, but vainly, to look joyful.

"I hope——" Alice faltered in her words. "I hope, mother, that he isn't——" She checked herself, and the hue of her mother's face was reflected in her own—"isn't sick, or—or—or wounded!"

A momentary shiver ran along the nerves of Mrs. Dunlap, rattling the open letter in her hand.

"He's been sick, dear," she replied, partly turning away, so that Alice might not read all that she knew was writing itself in her countenance; and, leaving the children, she went to her own room, and shutting the door, fastened it. Her face was white as she reopened the letter which she had held, crushed, in her hand, and read it for the second time. It was from an officer of the company in which her husband held the rank of first lieutenant, and stated, briefly, that he had been wounded in a recent battle, and was on his way home in a government transport. As to the character of the wound nothing was said.

It was almost a year since Mrs. Dunlap had parted from her husband—parted with him in the flush of health, and in the vigor of manhood—and what a year of trial and fear it had been! He had taken part in many battles, bearing himself bravely always, and had passed from the ranks to a first lieutenantcy; but now, after a year's absence, he was coming home. The long and anxiously looked-for day was at hand. To-morrow she was to see him again. To-morrow! Ah, when the veil of to-morrow was lifted, and she stood face to face with the long absent—what then?

Mrs. Dunlap had borne up all day, as calmly as possible, for the sake of her children; but, as the evening closed down, strength began to fail, and she withdrew to one of the chambers that she might be alone, and let the pent-up anguish of mind that was almost suffocating her, have unrestrained utterance in sobs and weeping. For a little while, body and soul were convulsed. Then the overleaping floods drew back, and she felt calmer and stronger.

"Mother?" It was the voice of Alice. Mrs. Dunlap turned and looked into her child's face, that wore a strange, almost stern expression.

"What is it, dear?" Mrs. Dunlap controlled her voice.

"Father is wounded!"

The mother started and shuddered. Then asked, quickly:

"How do you know? Who told you?"

"No one told me; but I feel it, mother. Didn't the letter say that he was wounded?"

"Mrs. Dunlap was silent. Alice could bear the pressure on her feelings no longer. A strong cry, as of one in sudden pain, broke from her lips, and, throwing herself upon her mother, she wept convulsively.

"Let us hope for the best. To-morrow we shall see him and know all."

Pale and weak from suffering, Mrs. Dunlap on the morrow was sitting with Alice leaning against her, waiting for the return of her husband's brothers, who had gone down to the landing at which the transport bearing sick and wounded soldiers was expected to arrive. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock had come, but they were still waiting in suspense and anguish. For more than half of the morning they had stood at the window, eager to catch the first sight of a messenger, or of him in whom their hearts were bound up. How would he come? What would be his condition? Would he come at all? The wounded die! How fruitless questions and paralyzing fears wrought with them, bringing dismay and terror!

Mrs. Dunlap and Alice, who had seemed to grow to womanhood in a few hours, sat thus alone, waiting, hearkening, suffering. Andrew and May, too young to comprehend the situation, were at play in the next room, that opened into a garden, out of which a gate led to the street. All at once they were still, and then May exclaimed, in a voice of glad surprise:

"Why, papa!" and Andrew echoed the word—"Papa!"

It seemed to Mrs. Dunlap that she was bound to the chair in which she sat. She made an effort to rise, but could not stir. A faintness and blindness came over her. Alice had bounded to her feet, and was already half way to the door, which she gained an instant afterwards. Stooping to Andrew and May, she saw her father. One arm was around both, and he was hugging them to his heart. The other arm was bandaged. He arose, as she came forward. How pale and wasted he was! How bronzed his fine face; how deep in their orbits and changed in expression his beautiful eyes!

"Father! O father!" she cried, giving way wildly to her feelings, and springing towards him. He had lifted himself from his stooping posture at sight of Alice, and advanced to meet her, but in a weak way. She stood still, a pace or two distant, as if some invisible power had arrested her steps; then advanced, and laid her face gently against him, sobbing, "O father! Dear, dear father!"

Mrs. Dunlap heard all this, but still she had no power to stir. She was in a kind of waking nightmare; and not until her husband entered, with the children clinging to him, was the spell, or paralysis, removed.

And so he had come home to her—come home, with a shattered arm, and wasted by hardships and sickness not spoken of in letters; come home a wreck in comparison with what he was, when, at the sound of danger, he sprung to his country's defence. Yet, as Mrs. Dunlap stood up and looked into his changed face, that bore so many lines of suffering and exhaustion, she said, "Thank God, that it is no worse!" And again, as she laid her wet face against his bosom, "Thank God!" And yet again, with her hot kisses on his lips, and cheeks, and forehead, "Thank God! Thank God!"

It might have been worse. Alas! In how many thousands of instances has it not been worse. Ah, these comings home! Once suggestive of joy, now of sorrow. From distant places, after a long sojourn, the beloved turn their faces homeward, and their welcome is in tears instead of smiles. They went forth strong-limbed, and in the full vigor of manhood; they come back sick, or maimed, or dead, bringing shadow instead of sunshine.

It is an evil tree that gives fruit to the people like this, and we shall never dwell in safety while its roots strike into our soil, and its branches stretch over the land. Let it be hewn down and cast into the fire.

New York Ledger.

A Cowed Spirit.

It is a sad thing, says the Country Parson, when any person, old or young, goes through his work in a cowed spirit. I do not mean, goes through his work in a jaded, heartless way merely, but goes through his work in the bare hope of escaping blame. A great part of all that is done in this world is done in this way. Many children, many servants, many clerks, and even several parsons, go through their daily round thus. I need not say how poorly that work will usually be done which the man wishes just to get through without any great reprobation; but think how unhappily it will be done, and what a miserable training of mind and heart it is! It seems to me that few people do their work heartily, and really as well as they can. And people whose desire is merely to get through somehow, seem to stand to their work as at a level below it. The man who honestly does his best, works from above; his task is below him; he is master of it, how-

ever hard it may be. The man who hopes no more than to escape censure, and who accordingly aims at nothing more, seems to work from below; his task is above him; he is cowed by it. Let us resolve that we shall always give praise when we can. You will find many people who are always willing to find fault with their servants, if their servants do anything wrong, but who never say an approving word when their servants do right. You will find many people who do the like as to their children. And only too often that wretched management breaks the spring of the youthful spirit. Yes, many little children are cowed; and the result is either a permanent dull quiescence, never to be got over, or a fierce reaction against the accursed tyranny that embittered early years—a reaction which may sometimes cast off entirely the bonds of natural affection, and even of moral restraint. How it encourages and cheers the cowed little fellow, growing up in the firm belief that he is hopelessly wicked, and never can do anything to please any one, to try reward as a change from constant punishment and bullying! I have seen the good effect upon such a one of the kind, approving word. How much more cheerfully the work will be done; how much better it will be done; and how much happier a man he will be that does it! A poor fellow who never expects that he can please, and who barely hopes that he may pass without censure and abuse, will do his task very heartlessly. Let us praise warmly and heartily wherever praise is deserved. And if we weigh the matter, we shall find that a great deal of hearty praise is deserved in this world on every day that shines upon it.

May I conclude by saying, that many worthy people go through their religious duties in a thoroughly cowed spirit? They want just to escape God's wrath—not to gain His kind favor. The great spring of conduct within them is not love, but abject terror. Truly a mistaken service! You have heard of the devil-worshippers in India; do you know why they worship the devil? Because they think him a very powerful being, who can do them a mischief if they don't. Does not the worship of the Almighty, rendered in that cowed spirit, partake of the essential nature of devil worship? Let us not love and serve our Maker, my reader, because we are in fear that He will torment us if we do not. Let us humbly love and serve Him because He is so good, so kind to you and me; because He loved us first, and because we can see Him and His glory in the

kindest face this world ever saw! I do not think we should have been afraid of Jesus of Nazareth. I do not think we need have gone in a cowed spirit to Him. And in Him we have the only manifestation that is level to our understanding, of the Invisible God. I think we could have gone to Him confidently as a little child to a kind mother. I think we should have feared no repulse, no impatience, as we told to Him the story of all our sins and wants and cares. We can picture to ourselves even yet, the kindly, sorrowful features which little children loved, and which drew those unsophisticated beings together round Him without a fear. Let there be deep humility, but nothing of that unworthy terror. You remember what we know on the best of all authority is the first and great thing we are to do. It is not to cultivate a cowed spirit. It is to LOVE our Maker with heart and soul and mind.

The Sister.

The holiness of the heaven-implemented home affections seems to us to sanctify the world. The more we consider the love, the devotion, the self-sacrifice which faithful hearts offer to each other, the more are we struck with the worth and beauty of those endearing bonds which hold the great human family together. Blessed things are those Divinely-appointed relationships of life which supply strength and comfort to those who, without them, must be weak, helpless, and weary. The well-bound-up bundle of sticks and its single parts supply the best of similes. Relatives united together may cope with most of the difficulties of life; while, standing alone, there is scarcely one of its countless troubles that may not overwhelm them. Were we asked what should be counted the best blessing of our mortal existence, we should answer at once, "The relationships of life." Sorrowful indeed is the lot of those who stand alone in the world. All that is left for them is the drawing closer still to Him who has promised to be "a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow."

Among these dear and priceless relationships, that of the faithful sister stands out conspicuously. We are going to tell a little history that will illustrate our meaning better than any general observations. Once upon a time, as the old fairy tales used to begin, there were two sisters. They had been cradled in opulence; but reverses came. The mother, with her two

daughters, passed from affluence to poverty. This mother—delicate in constitution, and over-sensitive in mind, stung with injuries and overwhelmed with grief, seemed like some frail bird supported only by a straw on the surging surface of the angry ocean.

What afflictions and what privations that mother and her two girls suffered passing through the trials that awaited them! Poverty is hard to bear, even by those who have served to it a life's apprenticeship; but when poverty stalks into dainty chambers, and turns its tenderly-nurtured inmates out of doors, what it takes away is felt as much as what it inflicts. The countless luxuries of affluent position drop off one by one, and destitution sweeps the floor and takes possession. Some of our readers will know from sad experience how quickly and surely ruin works when the resources of life are stopped. There is no cruise of oil or barrel of meal to last while the years of famine lag slowly on. After a while the mother nerved herself to act as one who loved her children, but she struggled with exhausted faculties. The efforts that strengthen and efforts that weaken are each as natural as they are opposite in their effects. The one elevates, the other enervates, until the sufferers are either lifted up in renewed power, or virtually crushed beneath the dust and ashes of their own anxieties and sorrows.

It makes us sorrowful to think upon the sorrows of this mortal life, more sorrowful still to know how are helpless women striving to escape from the iron hand of adversity laid heavily upon the shoulder. That iron hand grasps the poor victim as in a vice. The mother labored with mind and body, without rallying in spirits. That was a hard fight with the world through the years that brought her two children from childhood to girlhood, from girlhood to womanhood. Yet through all she had contrived to give them such education and accomplishments as were consistent with the station of life in which they had been born. The eldest of the two sisters was fair, well-formed, graceful, and delicate; the younger was gifted with remarkable beauty. They had now reached an age when an advantageous settlement in life seems its main question. Girls with good looks and good fortunes are prizes to be sought and sighed for. The love of one or of the other warms many a heart. Singly they attract, unitedly they are irresistible. The beauty of the family had many suitors, her elder sister was less favored; still both were heart-whole. By-and-by there came a sort of Eastern nabob:

he was not a hero of romance, certainly, but he was rich and generous, qualities that cover a multitude of sins. If you, my reader, are rich, you cannot understand the temptations which wealth offers to poverty, especially to the young, who value the beautiful things that it can buy so highly. You may scorn and make a football of a bonnet out of fashion, but think of it as it just comes from Paris, with a handsome face underneath it, and that face your own, and young and blooming with rosy blushes. A ring, a bracelet, a veil, a silk dress—ah! don't despise them as weak instruments in fixing a woman's destiny. And think, too, if you had a home close and stinted, and curtailed of all enjoyment—a home full of sorrowful memories and complainings, with little in it but care! care! care! trouble behind and trouble before, wanting this and wanting that—a home made dull by privations and dark with gloom, uncheered by hope and embittered by mortifications—and in this morose and moody spot somebody came to you with an offer of real gold, that glittered very much—real gold, we say, that could purchase house and grounds, and carriage, and jewels, and dresses—why, would there be any great wonder that these should be accepted at the cost of the two very, very small and simple words, "I will?"

But no hurry. Please not to jump at conclusions. Our younger sister had that refinement of feeling, that innate distaste for sordid and selfish things, that natural leaning to personal liking in accepting a husband, that instinctive preference for the smooth brow and the warm heart of youth in him from whom she was to accept "worship"—is not that strange word included in the marriage-vow?—she had, we say, so much leading of taste one way, and so much repelling back another, that in spite of house, carriage, and servants, jewels, brocades, and lace, the beauty who could scarcely undertake the expenditure of a pair of gloves refused the hand that could have bestowed upon her all the golden prizes of life.

Strange things turn up on the cards of our every-day existence. Who can tell what undeveloped thoughts lie hid at the bottom of that cave of contradictions, the human heart. Perhaps that poor, much-tried elder sister did not even guess how much she writhed under poverty and coveted luxury until she saw the long vista of indulgences opened out to the acceptance of her sister. Then it was that, considering all the privations to which her young life was condemned, she exclaimed in

bitterness of spirit, "Oh! if he had only offered himself to me!"

Sometimes the walls hear and the winds whisper the secret things that were never meant to meet mortal ear. Whether it was human tongue or some little bird of the air that carried the words to the rejected suitor, we can't say, but we can guess; at all events, they were words of destiny which worked their own fulfilment. Drawn on by gratitude and pushed on by pique, he transferred his devotion from the younger to the elder sister, and his hand was accepted as a prize in the great lottery of matrimony.

The *trousseau* was as much as the vainest heart could covet. The young wife received all that she had bargained for, and even more. There was no breach of the terms of the agreement. She had her house, her servants, her jewels, cash, and plate, her dresses and her trinkets. Was she happy? Her photograph, if you could see it, dear reader, would best answer that question. That down look, that compressed lip, that air of bitter dejection—all told of the secret disappointment of the feelings. No doubt there was ever before her the recollection that her husband would have preferred her sister; and that was a thought of gall and wormwood to the young wife. Besides, as we have said, her wealthy husband was far from being a hero of romance. Having nothing to desire, the excitement of bright hope was gone; and feeling how insufficient all these things were to satisfy the heart, she repined even in the midst of her own self-chosen brilliant destiny.

Three darling children were the fruit of this marriage; and then the young mother was taken from the possession of that splendor she had bought so dearly, after having enjoyed the purchase but a few passing years.

She died in time to escape a most unlooked-for change of fortune. Speculations had swallowed up the nabob's wealth like the great quicksands on the seashore, and stricken by the blow, it was not long before he was laid on his last earth-pillow by the side of his young wife.

Who now was left to shelter and protect those helpless children, who but a little time back had been looked upon as born to wealth and honor? In truth, there was no other resource but to take them to the little home which the mother had forsaken with such distaste. Blessed! thrice blessed! as we have said before, and would say a thousand times gain, are the relationships of life.

On the strength of those beneficent instincts of our nature, the three orphan little ones were received into the sheltering bosom of love. The mother of their own mother devotes to them the tender cares of her domestic experience. And the aunt? Ah! the aunt is at this moment practicing one of the highest heroisms of home.

In what way? it will be asked. Why thus: She has undertaken the appointment of daily governess, and with the funds thus obtained she is educating her little nephews. Morning after morning she returns to her duties, and evening after evening takes her way back to the little circle of her home, of which she is the comfort and the solace. Possessed of a person which excites general admiration, she has never been tempted into a mercenary marriage, preferring all the privations and toils of her own lot to the splendors of a position purchased at the price of vows to love which could not be taken without perjury.

Is not this one of the true Heroisms of Home?

THE BOTTOM OF THE OCEAN.—Soundings in the Atlantic have revealed the fact that at least two hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Ireland, the water is still shallow; or, in other words, that there is another Ireland only waiting to be raised—thus reversing the famous panacea for keeping the country quiet. It is just beyond this that the true Atlantic begins, the gulf suddenly sinking to nine thousand feet. Thus Ireland may one day have a coast line as high as the Alps. The whole floor of the Atlantic is paved with a soft, sticky substance, called oazo, nine-tenths consisting of very minute animals, many of them mere lumps of jelly, and thousands of which could float with ease in a drop of water; some resembling toothed-wheels; others bundles of spines or threads shooting from a little globule. Some, however, are endowed with the property of separating flint from the sea water—which is more than every chemist could do; and there are hundreds of square miles covered with the skeletons of those little creatures. Part of this oazo is doubtless from the clouds of rain-dust which rise from the vast steppes of South America, in such masses as to darken the sun, and make the animals fly to shelter, and which, after sweeping like a simoom over the country, lose themselves in the "steep Atlantic." No bones have been found of the larger animals, so that the kraken and sea-serpent might sleep their last sleep, and leave not a bone or a vertebra to tell the tale.

The Eyes of God.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Eli had an only son, upon whom he had placed his hopes, as the joy and support of his old age. But when the boy grew up, he was headstrong, and did not according to the will of his father, and for this reason his father named him Mora, that is, the disobedient. The child's wickedness increased with every year, for he had not the fear of God before his eyes. And he often rose in secret from his bed at night, and committed evil, for he said—"Darkness is all around me, and the Most High does not see my iniquities."

But Eli was bowed down with grief, and he often passed the night in tears, thinking of the sins of his son.

Mozal, the wise teacher, who wandered through the land, preaching the justice of the Lord, once came to Eli, for they had long been friends. When Mozal observed Eli's sadness, he inquired after the cause, and when he had learned it, he bethought him how he might soothe the old man's grief by the conversion of his son.

"Follow me!" he said one evening to Mora; and Mora followed him, and he led him out of the city upon a hill, and bade him sit down and rest. He now began to speak with him of the marvellous structure of the eye, and of its powers, and told him that it was the mirror of the soul. And Mora listened to him with delight, because he spoke kindly to him. Then Mozal bade him look up to the starry heavens, and without farther speech he led him back to Eli's dwelling.

And on the following evening, Mozal led Eli's son upon the hill again, and then spoke of the Maker of the eye, and said to Mora—"He who has formed the eye, shall He not see, and see more than men?" And he bade him look up again to the stars, and without speaking farther, he returned with him to Eli's dwelling. But Mora pondered upon Mozal's words, and he knew not why it was that he had led him by night upon the hill.

On the third evening, when Mozal asked him to go with him upon the hill, Mora said:—"Wherefore dost thou lead me every evening thither?" The wise teacher promised to give him an answer that same night.

And when they had reached the hill, Mozal lifted up his eyes to the stars, and bade Mora do so likewise, and said—"Seest thou that countless host of stars? *They are the eyes of God.* On whatever side thou dost look, the

eyes of God are already there. Whatever thou dost see, that they have seen before thee, and more than thou seest they see. The eyes of God see everything. They look through thine eyes into thy heart, and even shouldst thou close them, they would read thine inmost thoughts. And if, of the countless eyes of God, not one were visible to thine, if the dark clouds veiled them from thy sight, yet thou art not hidden from them with all thy thoughts, all thy actions; for the darkness is not dark to them, and to them the night shineth like the day. The eyes of the Lord are far more piercing than the eyes of men—they see all the work of man's hands, and penetrate into the most secret corners."

At these words, fear and trembling fell upon Mora, and a heavy sigh came from his breast. He remembered the nights in which he had done evil, thinking his wickedness unseen. And Mozal spake farther to him, and said—"Eternal love also, and pardoning grace, are mirrored in the eyes of God."

Then the boy fell upon his neck and cried, "I will strive to merit them!" And he now took heed to his ways, and whatsoever he did, whether by day or by night, he looked up to the eyes of God—and he often rose at night from his bed, not as of old to do evil, but to carry bread to the cottages of the poor, and to make amends in secret for the wickedness which he had done.

And Eli knew not what had happened to the boy, for he was obedient and kind, and needed henceforth not a word of reproof. But he knew not that the boy had been with Mozal upon the hill.

Coming Home.

BY L. H. T.

Open the shutters and brighten the hall,
Twine with fresh cedars the hearth and the wall,
Load the gay board with the festive cheer,
The loved and long parted are gathering here:
Song and thanksgiving and holiday mirth
Welcome them back to the homestead and hearth.
Close up the shutters and darken the hall,
Our dear one has come with the bier and the pall;
The face, ever bright as the sunshine of May,
Is locked in its beautiful stillness to-day:
The form that we loved from our clasping is hid,
Icy and calm 'neath the coffin lid.
Rapture is seen in another band;
Far in the sheen of the sinless land,
With joy has her Father's House been crowned;
Angels have welcomed their sister found,
And bending in love from His shining throne,
Her Elder Brother has claimed His own.

The Tools

GREAT MEN WORK WITH.

It is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat; and a prism, a lens, and sheet of pasteboard, enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color.

An eminent foreign *savant* once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science has been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the Doctor took him into a study, and pointing to an old tea-tray, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said, "There is all the laboratory I have."

Stothard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practiced drawing on the cottage-walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail.

Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies, by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief.

Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice, upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow-handle.

Tearless Eyes.

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." The expression is one of exquisite tenderness and beauty. The poet Burns said that he could never read this without being affected to weeping. Of all the negative descriptions of heaven there is no one, perhaps, that would be better adapted to produce consolation than this. Who is there of the human family that has not shed a tear? Who that has not wept over the grave of a friend, over his own losses and cares, over his disappointments, over his sins, over the follies, vices and woes of his fellow men? And what a change it would make in our world if it could be said that henceforward not another tear would be shed, not a head would ever be bowed again in grief! Yet this is to be the condition of heaven. In that world there is to be no pain, no disappointment, no bereavement. No friend is to lie in dreadful agony on a sick bed; no grave is to be opened to receive a parent, a wife, a child; no gloomy prospect of death is to draw tears of sorrow from the eyes. To that blessed world, when our eyes run down with tears, we are permitted to look forward; and the prospect of such a world should contribute to wipe away our tears here—for all our sorrows will soon be over. Amidst the trials of the present life, when friends leave us, when sickness comes, when our hopes are blasted, when calumnies and reproaches come upon us, when standing upon the verge of the grave, and looking down into the cold tomb, the eyes pour forth floods of tears, it is a blessed privilege to be permitted to look forward to that brighter scene in heaven, where not a pang shall ever be felt, and not a tear shall ever be shed.

HOW TO GET REPOSE IN OLD AGE.—Lord Brougham says: "I strongly recommend you to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are very much relieved and rested, if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavoring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if, instead of level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man walking, and the horse which he rides, a different set of muscles is called into operation. So I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your mind to other objects of whole-some food to yourselves as well as of good to others, this is the true mode of getting repose in old age."

L A Y S E R M O N S .

Giving that doth not Impoverish.

Of all the fallacies accepted by men as truths, there is none more widely prevalent, nor more fatal to happiness, than that which assumes the measure of possession to be the measure of enjoyment. All over the world, the strife for accumulation goes on; every one seeking to increase his flocks and herds—his lands and houses—or his gold and merchandise—and ever in the weary, restless, unsatisfied present, tightening with one hand the grasp on worldly goods, and reaching out for new accessions with the other.

In dispensation, not in possession, lies the secret of enjoyment; a fact which nature illustrates in a thousand ways, and to which every man's experience gives affirmation.

"Very good doctrine for the idle and thriftless," said Mr. Henry Steel, a gentleman of large wealth, in answer to a friend, who had advanced the truth we have expressed above.

"As good doctrine for them as for you," was replied. "Possession must come before dispensation. It is not the receiver but the dispenser who gets the higher blessing."

The rich man shrugged his shoulders, and looked slightly annoyed, as one upon whom a distasteful theme was intruded.

"I hear that kind of talk every Sunday," he said, almost impatiently. "But I know what it is worth. Preaching is as much a business as anything else; and this cant about its being more blessed to give than to receive is a part of the capital in trade of your men of black coats and white neck-ties. I understand it all, Mr. Erwin."

"You talk lighter than is your wont on so grave a theme," answered the friend. "What you speak of as 'cant,' and the preacher's 'capital in trade'—'it is more blessed to give than to receive,' are the recorded words of Him who never spake as man spake. If His words, must they not be true?"

"Perhaps I did speak lightly," was returned. "But indeed, Mr. Erwin, I cannot help feeling that in all these efforts to make rich men believe that their only way to happiness is through a distribution of their estates, a large element of covetousness exists."

"That may be. But to-day you are worth over a quarter of million of dollars. I remember when fifty thousand, all told, limited the extent of your possessions, and I think you were happier than I find you to-day. How was it, my friend?"

"As to that," was unhesitatingly replied, "I had more true enjoyment in life when I was simply a clerk with a salary of four hundred dollars a year, than I have known at any time since."

"A remarkable confession," said the friend.

"Yet true, nevertheless."

"In all these years of strife with fortune—in all these years of unremitted gain—has there been any great and worthy end in your mind? Any purpose beyond the acquirement of wealth?"

Mr. Steel's brows contracted. He looked at his friend for a moment like one half surprised, and then glanced thoughtfully down at the floor.

"Gain, and only gain," said Mr. Erwin. "Not your history alone, nor mine alone. It is the history of millions. Gathering, gathering, but never of free choice, dispensing. Still, under Providence, the dispensation goes on; and what we hoard, in due time, another distributes. Men accumulate gold like water in great reservoirs; accumulate it for themselves, and refuse to lay conduits. Often they pour in their gold until the banks fail under excessive pressure, and the rich treasure escapes to flow back among the people. Often secret conduits are laid, and refreshing and fertilizing currents, unknown to the selfish owner, flow steadily out, while he toils with renewed and anxious labors to keep the repository full. Oftener, the great magazine of accumulated gold and silver, which he never found time to enjoy, is rifled by others at his death. He was the toiler and the accumulator—the slave who only produced. Miners, pearl-divers, gold-washers are we, my friend; but what we gather we fail to possess in that true sense of possession which involves delight and satisfaction. For us the toil, for others the benefit."

"A flattering picture, certainly!" was responded by Mr. Steel, with the manner of one on whose mind an unpleasant conviction was forcing itself.

"Is it not true to the life? Death holds out to us his unwelcome hand, and we must leave all. The key of our treasure-house is given to another."

"Yet, is he not bound by our will?" said Mr. Steel. "As we have ordered, must not he dispense?"

"Why not dispense with our own hands, and with our own eyes see the fruit thereof? Why not, in some small measure, at least prove if it be indeed, more blessed to give than to receive? Let us talk plainly to each other—we are friends. I know that in your will is a bequest of five thousand dollars to a certain charitable institution, that, even in its limited way, is doing much good. I speak now of only this single item. In my will, following your example and suggestion, is a similar bequest of one thousand dollars. You are forty-five and I am forty-seven. How long do we expect to live?"

"Life is uncertain."

"Yet often prolonged to sixty, seventy, or even eighty years. Take sixty-five as the mean. Not

for twenty years, then, will this institution receive the benefit of your good intention. It costs, I think, about fifty dollars a year to support each orphan child. Only a small number can be taken, for want of liberal means. Applicants are refused admission almost every day. Three hundred dollars, the interest on five thousand, at six per cent., would pay for six children. Take five years as the average time each would remain in the institution, and we have thirty poor, neglected little ones, taken from the street, and educated for usefulness. Thirty human souls rescued, it may be, from hell, and saved, finally, in Heaven. And all this good might be accomplished before your eyes. You might, if you chose, see it in progress, and comprehending its great significance, experience a degree of pleasure, such as fills the hearts of angels. I have made up my mind what to do."

"What?"

"Erase the item of one thousand dollars from my will."

"What then?"

"Call it two thousand, and invest it at once for the use of this charity. No twenty years shall stand between my purpose and its execution. I will have the satisfaction of knowing that good is done in my lifetime. In this case, at least, I will be my own dispenser."

Love of money was a strong element in the heart of Mr. Steel. The richer he grew, the more absorbing became his desire for riches. It was comparatively an easy thing to write out charitable bequests in a will—to give money for good uses when no longer able to hold possession thereof; but to lessen his valued treasure by taking anything therefrom for others in the present time, was a thing the very suggestion of which startled into life a host of opposing reasons. He did not respond immediately, although his heart moved him to utterance. The force of his friend's argument was, however, conclusive. He saw the whole subject in new light. After a brief but hard struggle with himself, he answered:

"And I shall follow in your footsteps, my friend. I never thought of the lost time you mention, of the thirty children unblessed by the good act I purposed doing. Can I leave them to vice, to suffering, to crime, and yet be innocent? Will not their souls be required at my hands, now that God shows me their condition? I feel the pressure of a responsibility scarcely thought of an hour ago. You have turned the current of my thoughts in a new direction."

"And what is better still," answered Mr. Erwin, "your purposes also."

"My purposes also," was the reply.

A week afterwards the friends met again.

"Ah," said Mr. Erwin, as he took the hand of Mr. Steel, "I see a new light in your face. Something has taken off from your heart that dead, dull weight of which you complained when I was last

here. I don't know when I have seen so cheerful an expression on your countenance."

"Perhaps your eyes were dull before." Mr. Steel's smile was so all-pervading that it lit up every old wrinkle and care-line in his face.

"I was at the school yesterday," said Mr. Erwin, in a meaning way.

"Were you?" The light lay stronger on the speaker's countenance.

"Yes. A little while after you were there."

Mr. Steel took a deep breath, as if his heart had commenced beating more rapidly.

"I have not seen a happier man than the superintendent for a score of weeks. If you had invested the ten thousand dollars for his individual benefit, he could not have been half so well pleased."

"He seems like an excellent man, and one whose heart is in his work," said Mr. Steel.

"He had, already, taken in ten poor little boys and girls on the strength of your liberal donation. Ten children lifted out of want and suffering, and placed under Christian guardianship! Just think of it. My heart gave a leap for joy when he told me. It was well done, my friend—well done!"

"And what of your good purpose, Mr. Erwin?" asked the other.

"Two little girls—babes almost," replied Mr. Erwin, in a lower voice, that almost trembled with feeling, "were brought to me. As I looked at them, the superintendent said: 'I heard of them two days ago. Their wretched mother had just died, and, in dying, had given them to a vicious companion. Hunger, cold, debasement, suffering, crime, were in the way before them; and but for your timely aid, I should have had no power to intervene. But, you gave the means of rescue, and here they are, innocent as yet, and out of danger from the wolf.' In all my life, my friend, there has not been given a moment of sincerer pleasure."

For some time Mr. Steel sat musing.

"This is a new experience," he said, at length. "Something outside of the common order of things. I have made hundreds of investments in my time, but none that paid me down so large an interest. A poor speculation it seemed. You almost dragged me into it; but, I see that it will yield unfailing dividends of pleasure."

"We have turned a leaf in the book of life," his friend made answer, "and on the new page which now lies before us, we find it written, that in wise dispensation, not in mere getting and hoarding, lies the secret of happiness. The lake must have an outlet, and give forth its crystal waters in full measure, if it would keep them pure and wholesome, or, as the Dead Sea, it will be full of bitterness, and hold no life in its bosom." T. S. A.

HUMILITY.—The casting down of our spirits in true humility is like throwing a ball on the ground, which makes it rebound the higher to heaven.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Sickness in the Nursery.

BY M. D. R. B.

Preëminently above all the cares and anxieties belonging to maternity are the duties that devolve upon the mother, when disease visits her little flock, and shadows, perhaps for the first time in her experience, begin to gather around her sunny household. It opens up a new phase in nursery life, and one compared with which all its other trials and burdens seem few and endurable. So long as her babe was healthy and vigorous, so long as its bright eyes sparkled, its dimpled hands quivered with delight to meet her, so long has it been "a well-spring of pleasure" to her, and she can scarcely realize that a creature so fair and beautiful, may be at once stricken from her fond embrace, and numbered with the many victims of the Great Destroyer.

It may be that she has been called to sympathize with other mothers, who have been bereft of lovely infants; she is aware that the bills of mortality in our great cities are frightfully swollen with a list of diseases of which children are most easily susceptible; and she knows that in the crowded "cities of the dead" their little grassy beds are by far the most numerous. Tenderly too has she read there those touching inscriptions: "Our Ellie"—"Wee Charlie"—"Our little darling"—and tearfully gazed on the broken flowers that are sculptured as emblems of their mortality. But somehow it has seemed to her as if her children must be exempt from all this. She cannot bring herself for a moment to contemplate them as the subjects of disease and death; and should they become suddenly ill, she is alarmed and nervous, and thoroughly incapacitated from fulfilling one of the tenderest offices of a mother. Some will even use this plea of intense affection as a reason for yielding up their maternal right to minister to their sick children. "They cannot bear to see them suffer; they feel so much for them, that their very anxiety will be likely to do them a mischief."

On the other hand, many mothers are constantly on the lookout for signs of sickness, and patronize the various preventives for disease, until the nursery assumes the aspect of a sick room, and is stocked with as many pill-boxes and vials of medicine as would furnish an apothecary's shop. Such are anticipating trouble. Their dread of those common "ills of humanity to which all flesh is heir," makes them morbidly anxious, and their very overweening care to ward off disease often produces the opposite result. It becomes a fixed habit with them to dose at certain times, and thus instead of allowing nature to work her own cures in her own way, they violate her laws, and reap the fruit of their mismanagement in the possession of pale, puny children, at all times

liable to be the first attacked when epidemics visit the neighborhood. Who are more susceptible to all the various forms of *scarlatina*, or its monster sister *diphtheria*, than these house plants, whom the pure airs of heaven have seldom been allowed to visit, and whose frail systems, destitute of natural vim and energy to resist disease, at once succumb to its encroachments, without power to recuperate? This delicacy of constitution I am aware is often inherited, but in many cases it may be traced back to such operations on the part of the parent, and so but strengthens the position assumed, that much depends upon the mother in securing this great blessing of health to her offspring.

And here I would not be misunderstood as asserting, that the gift of a healthy, vigorous organization is in the power of any mortal to bestow. From various causes some are what is called "naturally delicate;" that is, they appear to be from their very birth frail and sickly. Our climate is said to be one cause of this lack of physical strength; its changes are too sudden, its heat too enervating. Our habits of in-door occupation, often of indolence—our listless modes of taking exercise—our fashionable life—our indulgence in luxuries that were unknown to our fathers, may be the fosterers of these germs of disease. And remember, that as the sins of the parents affix a guilty stigma on their descendants, even to the third and fourth generation, so may their bodily and mental infirmities be transmitted and become hereditary, as consumption and insanity most undoubtedly are.

But in whatever way originated, we come back to the fact that sickness has invaded the nursery. How shall I proceed? says the young and inexperienced mother. Perhaps it is a first and only child who is stricken down; there has been no precedent to judge by; it is entirely a new and bitter lesson for you to learn. You may be also far away from friends and kindred, beginning a new home for yourself among strangers. If so, I trust you are not of a nervous, excitable temperament, and easily alarmed. Should this be the case, your evident want of confidence, your lack of self-government, will communicate itself to your little patient, and unfit you to become its nurse. I once knew a youthful mother, whose infant was slightly unwell, torment herself so much with the fear that it was about to die, that she could only clasp it in her arms and weep passionately, without being able to do anything to relieve it; and happening to be alone for the whole day, the consequences were that both mother and child were fretted into a fever, which threatened to prove fatal.

First then, be calm and composed. Examine carefully into the causes of derangement. It may be that the disease is but temporary, and will yield

to change of diet and rest. Do not be uneasy if your little sick one sleep much, especially if it be refreshing sleep, and not feverish and restless. An ordinarily healthy child will often sleep itself well, and this is one of nature's cures. But if simple remedies all fail, delay no longer to send for a physician. In cases where you can ascertain that the throat is at all affected, lose not a moment in procuring medical advice. The failure to do this has often proved a serious matter.

When once the fact is established that you have a sick child to take care of, let a cool, pleasant, easily ventilated apartment be prepared for its reception. However much you may like to hold it in your arms, it is preferable that it be laid in its crib, except when the bed clothing requires changing, which should be frequently done, or its restlessness demands soothing by being carried about the room. Even then it should be laid on a pillow, as, if long ill, the flesh becomes extremely sensitive to the touch, and this process is besides less wearisome to the nurse.

Need it be said—keep the body of your little patient perfectly clean. Gentle bathing with the hand, or a soft cloth dipped in tepid water, will be found very grateful, as the pores of the skin become clogged, and require help to perform their office. In particular, often cool the fevered mouth and parched lips with a draught of fresh, pure water. Many parents, when nursing sick children, are as fearful of fresh air and water as if they were formidable enemies, instead of being the two great restoratives of nature's laboratory.

And lastly let me say, because your child is a sick child, suffer it not to be exacting and fretful. Pity for the poor, frail little one, especially when it is a convalescent, often leads mothers to over-indulgence. Every whim must be gratified—every demand, however unreasonable, complied with, until the youthful invalid begins to see that it can have anything it chooses by asking for it, because crying might make it ill again, and you dread that above all things. How many there are, in whom the life-long miseries of ill temper and a selfish disposition are to be traced to these seasons of ill health, when the mother has not had sufficient strength and firmness to resist the all-dominating will of the child! If your darling should even be destined to be always sickly or a cripple, teach him to be patient, cheerful, thoughtful of the feelings of others, and instead of being a burden, he will be a blessing to society.

Times of sickness are times of discipline. We never know our own powers until we have proved them, and "if thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small." God has given great endurance to a mother. So also must she be submissive under His afflicting rod; for it may be that her beloved little one is to be taken from her yearning bosom into that of the Great Shepherd. But there it will be safe—safe from the troubles, the temptations, the anxieties of earth. Yet a few years, and

she will devoutly thank God for this deliverance from the evils to come.

"Thou'lt say, 'My first-born blessing!

It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go,
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb untask'd, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

"I look around, and see
The evil ways of men;
And oh! beloved child!
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,
The innocent lips that prest—
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lull'd thee on my breast.

"Now (like a dewdrop shrined
Within a crystal stone)
Thou'rt safe in Heaven, my dove!
Safe with the source of Love,
The Everlasting One."

PARKESBURG, CHESTER CO., PA.

Wrongs of Childhood.

You will not unfrequently find parents, says the Country Parson in one of his admirable essays, who, if they cannot keep back their children from some little treat, will try to infuse a sting into it, so as to prevent the children from enjoying it. They will impress on their children that they must be very wicked to care so much about going out to some children's party; or they will insist that their children should return home at some preposterously early hour, so as to lose the best part of the fun, and so as to appear ridiculous in the eyes of their young companions. You will find this amiable tendency in people intrusted with the care of older children. I have heard of a man whose nephew lived with him, and lived a very cheerless life. When the season came round at which the lad hoped to be allowed to go and visit his parents, he ventured, after much hesitation, to hint this to his uncle. Of course the uncle felt that it was quite right the lad should go, but he grudged him the chance of the little enjoyment, and the happy thought struck him that he might let the lad go, and at the same time make the poor fellow uncomfortable in going. Accordingly he conveyed his permission to the lad to go by roaring out in a savage manner, "*Be gone!*" This made the poor lad feel as if it were his duty to stay, and as if it were very wicked in him to wish to go; and though he ultimately went, he enjoyed his visit with only half a heart. There are parents and guardians

he take great pains to make their children think themselves very bad,—to make the little things grow up in the endurance of the pangs of a bad conscience. For conscience, in children, is a quite artificial thing: you may dictate to it what it is to say. And parents, often injudicious, sometimes malignant, not seldom apply hard names to their children, which sink down into the little heart and memory far more deeply than they think. If a child cannot eat fat, you may instil into him that it is because he is so wicked; and he will believe you for a while. A favorite weapon in the hands of some parents, who have devoted themselves diligently to making their children miserable, is to frequently predict to the children the remorse which they (the children) will feel after they (the parents) are dead. In such cases, it would be difficult to specify the precise things which the children are to feel remorseful about. It must be, generally, because they were so wicked, and because they did not sufficiently believe the infallibility and impeccability of their ancestors. I am reminded of the woman mentioned by Sam Weller, whose husband disappeared. The woman had been a fearful termagant; the husband, a very in-offensive man. After his disappearance, the woman issued an advertisement, assuring him, that, if he returned, he would be fully forgiven; which, as Mr. Weller justly remarked, was very generous, seeing he had never done anything at all.

Yes, the conscience of children is an artificial and a sensitive thing. The other day, a friend of mine, who is one of the kindest of parents and the most amiable of men, told me what happened in his house on a certain *Fast-day*. A Scotch *Fast-day*, you may remember, is the institution which so completely puzzled Mr. Buckle. That historian fancied that to *fast* means in Scotland to abstain from food. Had Mr. Buckle known anything whatever about Scotland, he would have known that a Scotch *Fast-day* means a week-day on which people go to church, but on which (especially in the dwellings of the clergy) there is a better dinner than usual. I never knew a man or woman in all my life who on a *Fast-day* refrained from eating. And quite right, too. The growth of common sense has gradually abolished literal fasting. In a warm Oriental climate, abstinence from food may give the mind the preëminence over the body, and so leave the mind better fitted for religious duties. In our country, literal fasting would have just the contrary effect: it would give the body the mastery over the soul; it would make a man so physically uncomfortable that he could not attend with profit to his religious duties at all. I am aware, Anglican reader, of the defects of my countrymen; but commend me to the average Scotchman for sound practical sense. But to return. These *Fast-days* are by many people observed as rigorously as the Scotch Sunday. On the forenoon of such a day, my friend's little child, three years old, came to

him in much distress. She said, as one who had a fearful sin to confess, "I have been playing with my toys this morning;" and then began to cry as if her little heart would break. I know some stupid parents who would have strongly encouraged this needless sensitiveness; and who would thus have made their child unhappy at the time, and prepared the way for an indignant bursting of these artificial trammels when the child had grown up to maturity. But my friend was not of that stamp. He comforted the little thing, and told her, that, though it might be as well not to play with her toys on a *Fast-day*, what she had done was nothing to cry about. I think, my reader, that, even if you were a Scotch minister, you would appear with considerable confidence before your Judge, if you had never done worse than failed to observe a Scotch *Fast-day* with the Covenanting austerity.

But when one looks back and looks round and tries to reckon up the sorrows of childhood arising from parental folly, one feels that the task is endless. There are parents who will not suffer their children to go to the little feasts which children occasionally have, either on that wicked principle that all enjoyment is sinful, or because the children have recently committed some small offence, which is to be thus punished. There are parents who take pleasure in informing strangers, in their children's presence, about their children's faults, to the extreme bitterness of the children's hearts. There are parents who will not allow their children to be taught dancing, regarding dancing as sinful. The result is, that the children are awkward and unlike other children; and when they are suffered to spend an evening among a number of companions who have all learned dancing, they suffer a keen mortification, which older people ought to be able to understand. Then you will find parents, possessing ample means, who will not dress their child on like others, but send them out in very shabby garments. Few things cause a more painful sense of humiliation to a child. It is a sad sight to see a little fellow hiding round the corner when some one passes who is likely to recognize him, afraid to go through the decent streets, and creeping out of sight by back-ways. We have all seen *that*. We have all sympathized heartily with the reduced widow who has it not in her power to dress her boy better; and we have all felt lively indignation at the parents who had the power to attire their children becomingly, but whose heartless parsimony made the little things go about under a constant sense of painful degradation.

An extremely wicked way of punishing children is by shutting them up in a dark place. Darkness is naturally fearful to human beings, and the stupid ghost-stories of many nurses make it especially fearful to a child. It is a stupid and wicked thing to send a child on an errand in a dark night. I do not remember passing through a greater trial in

my youth than once walking three miles alone (it was not going on an errand) in the dark, along a road thickly shaded with trees. I was a little fellow; but I got over the distance in half an hour. Part of the way was along the wall of a church-yard, one of those ghastly, weedy, neglected, accursed-looking spots, where stupidity has done what it can to add circumstances of disgust and horror to the Christian's long sleep. Nobody ever supposed that this walk was a trial to a boy of twelve years old: so little are the thoughts of children understood. And children are reticent: I am telling now about that dismal walk for the very first time. And in the illnesses of childhood, children sometimes get very close and real views of death. I remember, when I was nine years old, how every evening, when I lay down to sleep, I used for about a year to picture myself lying dead, till I felt as though the coffin were closing round me. I used to read at that period, with a curious feeling of fascination, Blair's poem, "The Grave." But I never dreamed of telling anybody about these thoughts. I believe that thoughtful children keep most of their thoughts to themselves, and in respect of the things of which they think most are as profoundly alone as the Ancient Mariner in the Pacific. I have heard of a parent, an important member of a very strait sect of the Pharisees, whose child, when dying, begged to be buried not in a certain foul old hideous church-yard, but in a certain cheerful cemetery. This request the poor

little creature made with all the energy of terror and despair. But the strait Pharisee refused the dying request, and pointed out, with polemical bitterness, to the child, that he must be very wicked indeed to care at such a time where he was to be buried, or what might be done with his body after death. How I should enjoy the spectacle of that unnatural, heartless, stupid wretch tarred and feathered! The dying child was caring for a thing about which Shakespeare cared; and it was not in mere human weakness, but "by faith," that "Joseph, when he was a-dying, gave commandment concerning his bones."

I believe that real depression of spirits, usually the sad heritage of after years, is often felt in very early youth. It sometimes comes of the child's belief that he must be very bad, because he is so frequently told that he is so. It sometimes comes of the child's fears, early felt, as to what is to become of him. His parents, possibly, with the good sense and kind feeling which distinguish various parents, have taken pains to drive it into the child, that, if his father should die, he will certainly starve, and may very probably have to become a wandering beggar. And these sayings have sunk deep into the little heart. I remember how a friend told me that his constant wonder, when he was twelve or thirteen years old, was *this*: If life was such a burden already, and so miserable to look back upon, how could he ever bear it when he had grown older?

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

My Ride to the Sea Shore.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

The long summer days came and went through their paths of sunshine that stretched from morning until night; the birds sang their songs of rejoicing in the innumerable company of trees; the blackberries ripened on a thousand hills; the peaches glowed in the orchards, like sea shells that sleep on the golden sands of Indian seas; and at last those who loved me best on earth looked in my face, and said: "Thank God, the child will get well!"

I, Christine Abbott, had been, as grandma said, halting between life and death for many a week. In the late spring I had fallen sick suddenly with the scarlet fever; and after this there is a period of which I can remember nothing, saving that I have a vague impression or fierce pains that beat through and through my head; of some terrible heat that seemed to scorch my blood like slow fires; and of

sharp, racking pain that went up and down my limbs, as I tossed them about for rest and found none.

At last the heat and the pain were all gone, and I lay so weak and weary on my little bed, that it was an effort to open my eyes and look from one side of the room to the other, and I could not have turned my head on my pillow to save my life; and I could only whisper a few slow words when papa and mamma bent their pitying faces over me, and asked, "How is my little sick girl to-day?"

At last they held long, grave consultations by my bedside, and it ended in their bringing me to the old farm-house at Malden. And for a long, long while I lay in one of the darkened front chambers of the dear old house in Malden; and at last, and very slowly, new life and strength came back to me. I could sit under the portico and watch the winds shake softly the tresses of the columbines, which hugged the great pillars, when the breeze from the sea came up in the late after-

noon, to sprinkle with cool fresh winds the hot day; papa would take me out to ride in the easy old chaise, and in one of these rides, the scene transpired that I am about to relate. We had gone over to the beach to see the tide come in. It was a grand sight in that summer afternoon to watch the waves as they rode in, stately as an army with banners, and trod with their white, swift feet the yellow sands. Far off the ships looked like great ocean lilies asleep on the blue waters, as the pond lilies sleep in the small streams under the shadows of the mountains.

The deep, deep blue was stained by no film of cloud, and while papa and I were drinking in with glad eyes the beauty about us, a little boy in a very old brown coat and ragged straw hat came running breathlessly towards us from a bank a little distance off.

"Well, my boy, what is it you'll have?" asked papa, as he panted up to the carriage wheels.

"I've got some real nice fresh crabs over there," pointing to the bank.

Here I put in—

"Oh papa, do get some. They'll taste better than anything in the world."

Papa smiled.

"My little girl's found an alarming appetite since she began to get strong;" and then he turned to the boy, and told him he'd like a peck of the crabs.

His small sunburnt face brightened all over.

"And how much must I give you?" asked papa.

"I don't know, sir. I'd rather you'd set the price," said the small boy.

Papa took a half dollar from his pocket, and asked—

"Will that satisfy you?"

It was a pleasure to see the wonder in the boy's bright black eyes.

"Do you mean all of that, sir?"

"I mean all of it."

"Oh, Mary can have her new dress now!"

I think that these words came right out of the boy's heart, and that they were spoken to himself rather than to us.

"Who is Mary?" I asked.

"She's my little sister—*littler* than you."

"Where does she live?"

"In the little house on the other side of the bank."

"Can't we go over and see?" I whispered to father.

"Yes, we'll drive round. Are your crabs there, my boy?"

"No, sir. I got them this morning, and hauled the boat ashore. It's only a few rods from our dwelling. I'll show you the way."

"I like that boy's face," I said, as he scampered off.

"So do I," answered papa. "Poor fellow, he looks as though he had a hard time of it."

When we first came in sight of the house, it looked like a little brown tent pitched on the sands. We found it a little, very old story and a half affair, with a low railing, and two lonely dwarfed poplar trees growing in front of it. The boy hurried into the house, and we heard him call "Mary! Mary!"

In a moment she put her small, wondering face out of the door. It was very thin and pale, with ripples of golden hair, and eyes the color of that summer sky, but the roses were as faint in her cheeks as they were in mine.

"Come here and tell me your name, my child," said papa, softly.

And she came, shy and wondering.

"My name is Mary Mead," she lisped.

"And do your father and mother live here?"

"No; only grandma and Tommy. Grandma is gone to pick berries on the hill this afternoon."

"Well, Mary, would you like a new dress?"

The bright wonder filled her eyes as it had her brother's, when papa offered him the half dollar.

"Yes," she said. "Tommy has promised me one, but it costs a dollar, and it takes a good while to earn so much money. He's got half of it, though."

Papa slipped his hand in his pocket, and I knew very well what he was intending to do.

"There, my child, is a dollar. Get you a new dress right off."

If you had seen that child's face leap into light and amazement!

"Oh," she said, "I can go to church with Tom every Sunday now! Thank you, sir."

At that moment the boy presented himself with his peck of fine large crabs.

"You must let me have the basket until tomorrow," said papa. "Then I'll ride around here, and return it."

"Tommy, see here," and Mary leaned over and opened her small brown hand, and showed him the dollar. "The gentleman gave it to me."

There were tears in the bright brown eyes, as Thomas Mead took off his hat, and said—

"Oh, sir, I thank you!"

"I shall go to meetin' with you next Sunday, Tommy, in a new pink lawn," lisped the little girl.

"Mary's been sick a good while, sir," said Thomas, "and I promised her when she was getting well that I'd try to get her a new dress, so we could go to church together, for grandma could only afford to buy the bonnet. You see we are poor folks, sir."

"There's no disgrace in that, my boy," answered papa.

"I'm not ashamed of it, so long as we're honest ones, sir."

And when papa would have slipped the half dollar into the boy's hand, he drew back, saying that he had been paid twice already.

"No, that was a present to my little friend, here."

And then I kissed little Mary Mead, and then we drove away, knowing that we left two very happy hearts behind us, and our hearts were glad because of it.

"What makes my little girl look so grave?" asked papa, bending down and looking in my face, and then it suddenly struck me that we had been riding a long while in silence which neither had broken.

"Because I'm puzzled, papa."

"About what, Christine?"

"Why, I've been thinking how different I am from that boy and girl we've just left. Here I've got you, and dear mamma, and grandma, to love me and care for me. I have everything that I want, a beautiful house to live in, plenty of handsome dresses to wear, a horse and carriage to ride, and as much money as I want; and that little boy and girl, who are just as good as I, have to live in that little lonely old house on the sea shore. They haven't any of the pleasures nor any of the friends that I have; they have to work hard, and live as you know it would kill me to live, papa; they haven't any good dresses to wear nor anything to make them happy. I can't understand these things, papa."

And papa was silent a little while, and then he took my hand in his very gravely, and said—

"My daughter, you have just asked me a question which has puzzled the wisest philosophers and the best and noblest of Christian men through all the ages of time—a question which has tried the faith of the truest hearts and the greatest of philanthropists which have ever blessed the world with the lives they have dedicated to the service of suffering humanity.

"And this great question, which good men have dwelt on and wondered over until sometimes it has driven them to agony and madness, because God's allotments to men. His providences on the earth are so dark and varied, is one that faith in Him alone can answer.

"We cannot understand why one should be so happy and blessed in all outward circumstances, and another so poor and unfortunate. But we know that our Father in Heaven is a God of love, and that in His own good time the mystery shall all be made clear; and because that it is the cherished desire of His great and mighty heart that His children should be happy, they shall be so forever."

"Oh, papa, I like to hear you talk like *that*," I said.

"And, my daughter, we who are blessed above others, can take God's gifts with the reverent and grateful hearts which He loves."

"Oh, papa, I will remember *that*."

"And remember too, my daughter, that alike with rich and poor it shall be well with those who

love God—well with them. He has told us so."

At that moment the carriage drew up to the front gate. Mamma came out on the porch, and stood there smiling to welcome us home.

I have laid it up in my thoughts, and I shall carry it like a precious treasure through life—the memory of my ride to the sea shore.

The First Push.

BY J. E. M'C.

There is no disease more contagious than ill-temper, and scarcely anything can cause more discomfort. Let even a child come into the breakfast-room with a frown on her face, and an unlovely pout on her lips, and the other children will be quite sure to reflect it very soon. Presently one will complain that Belle has taken her rocking-chair; another will catch a book from little Ned, who was making himself very happy over the bright pictures. The cradle is roughly jarred in the confusion, and the poor little baby's music is added to the chorus. Poor mother takes up the pet, feeling sadly worried herself, and wondering what evil spirit has entered her flock. Such a scene always reminds me of an illustration I saw in my childhood. The cattle were all gathered together in the small farm-yard one frosty morning, waiting for man John to give them the accustomed "fodder." One restless little black heifer had her temper a little touched by the sharp air, and as she thought, no doubt, her neighbor occupied a little too much room, she gave her a push. The dignified old cow returned it directly, and that led to a mutual quarrel. Of course, such a procedure encroached considerably on the standing room of others, who, with such an example before them, were ready to take affront easily, and in five minutes' time the engagement became general. Such a plunging and tearing of the ground, and clicking of horns, I dare say you never saw, and all sprung from that first unlucky push.

Be careful about that "first push" boys and girls, if you are not prepared to see the sad results that will follow. Oh, how every one loves a sunny-faced and sunny-tempered little child. Such a spirit can make the plainest face beautiful to every one who sees it, and it adds a charm to beauty which nothing else can give. Do not be ready to see an offence in every trifle, but good-naturedly pass over the annoyance. If the old cow had not pushed back, no doubt there would have been no quarrel. We must learn to "bear and forbear" a great deal in this world if we would pass on pleasantly ourselves and make others happy.

No one was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management of good manners, and scolds again.

Parlor Amusements.

THE GAME OF TWENTY-ONE QUESTIONS.

The origin of the "Game of Twenty-one Questions" may be said to be lost in the mists of antiquity. It is congenious with the art of cross-examination—it is identical with the art of reasoning by induction.

An American statesman, in his account of a visit to England some years ago, relates how he once saw this game played by the late Mr. Canning, and from that account it is sometimes called "Canning's Game." The game was played something after this fashion:—One of the company selected an object which Mr. Canning was to find out after twenty-one questions. The great statesman seems to have been very nearly puzzled; but after exhausting all his questions, and to quote the words of the narrator, "rolling his rich eye," he exclaimed—"I think it must be the Lord High Steward's wand." And that simple white emblem of office, which is borne before the sovereign upon state occasions, it proved to be.

"Canning's Game," however, differs from the legitimate game of Twenty-one Questions, in that it admits of complex questions, which are, in fact, several questions rolled into one. In the strict game, no question is fair that may not be answered by plain "Yes" or "No." Now "Canning's Game" admits of such questions as these: "Does the article you have selected belong to the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom?" And if it be a pair of bellows, the answer will have to be—"It is divided among all three;" for there are the wooden handles and flats, the iron nozzle and the leather sides. This renders "Canning's Game" really very easy, although at first it appears very difficult. Here is an example of it as we have heard it played:—

1. Does the article belong to the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom?—*To the mineral.*

2. Is it metallic?—*It is.*

3. Is it manufactured?—*Yes.*

4. Is it singular and special, or are there many?—*It is singular and special.*

5. Is it in England?—*Yes.*

6. Is it in the metropolis?—*Yes.*

Suspicion would here arise that it was one of the crown jewels—possibly the crown itself. The questioner (having this in view) reminded the answerer that he had stated that the object was entirely metallic. The answerer adhered to that statement. This put the crown out of court, having regard to the silk velvet and miniver fur of the cap and its lining.

7. Is its place in the open air?—*Yes.*

8. Is it of one piece or many?—

Some hesitation here took place, and the question was withdrawn.

8. Is it attached to anything else?—*Yes.*

9. Is it elevated on high?—*It is.*

10. Is it hollow?—*Yes.*

11. Is it part of a consecrated edifice?—*Yes.*

12. Is it gilded?—*Yes.*

13. Is it spherical?—*Yes.*

14. Is it the ball of St. Paul's?—*Yes.*

A better way of playing the game, and really a more difficult one, is to confine the selection to the proper names of persons of celebrity. The range of choice is very great, and the practice of the game becomes a most valuable exercise of historical or contemporary knowledge, both for the questioner and the answerer; for the latter must take care not to select the name of a person with whose history and circumstances he is not perfectly well acquainted.

The "Game of Twenty-one Questions" may be played by any number of persons; that is to say, any number of persons may participate in it. But as there is to be only one questioner, there had better be only one answerer, who should be appointed by the rest of the company to answer for them. The advantage of this is evident; for, in order that the game may be a fair test of the questioner's knowledge and skill in the art of putting questions, it is desirable that he should be answered by some one who is equally skilful with himself, and who is sufficiently well acquainted with the facts to deliver his answer without hesitation. An acute questioner will get a great deal more from a little hesitation, as we have often seen exemplified. Upon one occasion the questioner had elicited that the person to be discovered was a Greek, who had lived before the Christian era, and had been celebrated for his intellectual gifts. He then asked if he had been known as a soldier, and received at once an answer in the negative. Directly afterwards the answerer hesitated, and recalled his answer—"Yes," he slowly admitted, "he *was* known as a soldier."

The hesitation was a revelation, and then came the question, like a flash of lightning, "Was he accused of having disgraced himself as a soldier?" "He was," replied the surprised answerer. "Then it was DEMOSTHENES;"—and the great Athenian orator, who ran away from the battle of Chæroneia, it was.

To give some idea of the manner in which names can be elicited by questions answerable by "Yes" or "No," we give an example:—

1. Is it the name of a man?—*Yes.*

2. Is he now alive?—*No.*

3. Was he a native of these islands?—*Yes.*

4. Did he live in the present century?—*No.*

5. Did he live in the eighteenth century?—*No.*

6. Did he live in the seventeenth century?—*Yes.*

In fixing the time, if the period is carried back beyond the seventeenth century, it is generally desirable to take a good leap back, and ask if it was before the Conquest. The number of names popularly known as belonging to the periods between

the Conquest and the end of the sixteenth century is comparatively small. Here, however, we have hunted the name into the seventeenth century. Our next question relates to the most important event of that century:—

7. Did he take any part in the Commonwealth, or in the troubles leading thereto?—*Yes.*

8. Had he any title beyond that of plain Mr.?—*Yes.*

9. Was he a soldier?—*Yes.*

10. Was he a member of the House of Lords?—*Yes.*

We now begin to see land; and the next fact to be determined is the initial of his name.

11. Is the initial of his name in the first half of the alphabet?—*Yes.*

12. Is it the first six letters?—*Yes.*

13. Is it the letter F?—*Yes.*

14. Then it is Lord Falkland?—*Yes.*

Take another (played some little time ago), which will illustrate some of the difficulties with which the questioner may have to contend in dealing with an answer where information is defective:—

1. Is it the name of a man?—*Yes.*

2. Is he alive?—*Yes.*

3. Is he a native of these islands?—*No.*

4. Is he a European?—*No-o-o.*

The hesitation which accompanied this answer saved many questions, and eventually enabled the questioner to get at the name.

5. Is he an Asiatic?—*Yes.*

6. Does he hold royal rank?—*No-o-o.*

7. Is he a warrior?—*Yes.*

8. Is his country independent?—*No.*

9. Is it part of Russia in Asia?—*Yes.*

10. Is the initial of his name in the first half of the alphabet?—*No.*

11. Is it after R?—*Yes.*

12. Is it S?—*Yes.*

"Just now you told me that his country is not independent, and that it is part of Russia in Asia: it is not a question in the game; but I will ask you if you adhere to these replies?" The answerer (after some hesitation) replied, *I do.*

13. "My impression is so strong that you are wrong in this, that I shall answer, after that assumption, that the name is SCHAMYL."—*It is.* Whereupon the questioner explained, that as the Circassians were as yet a perfectly independent people, and had protected their independence hitherto successfully against the Russian arms, it was not correct to describe them as subjugated, or their country as any part of Russia in Asia.

The following is an example of the game where the name selected was somewhat out of the ordinary track. It was specially selected in the expectation of puzzling the writer:—

1. A male?—*Yes.*

2. Alive?—*No.*

3. A native of these realms?—*No.*

4. Of Europe?—*Yes.*

5. Has he lived in this country?—*No.*

6. Did he live before the Reformation?—*Yes.*

7. Before the Norman Conquest?—*No.*

8. Was he a warrior?—*Yes.*

9. Did he hold royal rank?—

This question caused considerable hesitation; eventually came a slow and reluctant "*Yes.*" It was evident that there was some peculiarity about this fact.

10. Was he a native of a country east of Rome?—*Yes.*

11. Did he take any part, on either side, in any of the Crusades?—*No.*

12. Did he live in the 14th century?—*No.*

13. In the 15th?—*Yes.*

14. Is the initial of his name in the first half of the alphabet?

Here, more hesitation and consultation among the proposers of the name; eventually an intimation that the question could not be satisfactorily answered in that form. The question was accordingly amended into—

15. Does the initial of the name whereby he is generally known in history belong to the first half of the alphabet?—*No.*

16. Is it before R?—*No.*

17. Where the wars in which he was concerned subversive of any existing form of government?—*Yes.*

18. Where questions of religion mixed up with them?—*Yes.*

19. Was the Turkish Empire in any manner involved in them?—*Yes.*

20. Is the name which he is generally known by composed of two words?—*Yes.*

21. Then it is SCANDER BEG.

And it was George Castrioti, the Albanian chieftain, who, in the 15th century, rose against the Moslem power, excited a religious fanaticism, and assumed royal rank under the title of Scander Beg.

BIRDS FLY.

A very simple game, in which all the players place a finger on the table, or on the knees of the conductor of the game, to be raised in the air when the conductor says—"Birds fly," "Pigeons (or any winged object in natural history) fly."

If he names a non-winged animal, and any player raises his hand in distraction, the latter pays a forfeit—the same in case of his neglecting to raise it at the name of a bird or winged insect.

CONCENTRATE YOUR POWERS.—The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something; the strongest, by dispersing his over many, may not accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock; the haasty torrent rushes over it with bideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

"Lay by in Store."

BY J. E. M'C.

Some one has said, that "when a journeyman succeeds in laying up his first five shillings, his fortune is made." The habit of economizing is not so difficult to form as many imagine, and it is certainly of enough value to be worth quite an effort. Almost every housekeeper in moderate circumstances has it in her power to "lay aside something for a rainy day," and there seems of late to be a great amount of rainy weather all over our land. Begin by setting before you some definite sum you will endeavor to set aside, say five dollars or ten, according to your circumstances. Do not despise even single pennies, that will help you make out the amount. You will be surprised to see how easily it is accumulated, and yet your family has not been deprived of a single comfort, and you have not felt the want of a single accustomed luxury. There are many little savings we can make which we never feel after they are once done. A few shillings less for a dress trimming than we intended, a bonnet a half a dollar cheaper than usual, a bright new cashmere instead of the winter silk we had decided to get; all these are little matters in themselves, but the sum of such savings is quite an amount. The main point is to make a beginning, and to have the savings box become an "institution" in your house. We seldom see a family who have been in the habit of judiciously saving, ever reduced to extreme poverty. There is a kind of saving "which tendeth to poverty," as surely as the course of the riotous waster. He that shuts up his purse from calls of beneficence will very likely die a poor man, with regard to worldly estate; and most surely in that other world, where riches are not weighed by silver and gold, he will be found poor indeed. Baxter, who was noted for his charities, has left this record: "The little money I have by me, was saved, I hardly know how, or when, at the time when I gave away most." Frugality, beneficence and prosperity go hand in hand. And the stores of head and heart riches you will lay up in the practice of thoughtful economy and generous charity, are worth more than all the silver and gold on the globe.

BAKED EGG PLANT.—The following receipts, says a correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph, have been used in our family for a number of years, and we consider them the most palatable method of preparing Egg Plant and Okra for the table. One of our most favorite vegetables is the egg plant, and our manner of preparing it is certainly an improvement over the ordinary way of cooking this most wholesome esculent.

Divide a large egg plant into two portions, and remove the pulp from the shell. Boil the pulp until soft, and when well drained mash it; add crumbled bread, grated onion, sweet marjoram, pepper, salt, and two ounces of butter. When well mixed, fill the shells, and bake them for an hour in a moderately hot oven. The egg plant must be highly seasoned, otherwise it will not be so palatable.

BOILED OKRA.—This vegetable, which is also a great favorite with us, we prepare in the following manner:

In removing the okra from the stalk, it should not be cut too closely to the plant, as the juice will escape, and destroy the muculent quality of the plant. After throwing the okra into boiling water, add salt, and a very little saleratus. Boil rapidly for fifteen to twenty minutes, according to the age of the vegetable, and when cooked it should be immediately removed from the water. It should be cooked in an earthen vessel or one lined with china, as tin will discolor it. Season as desired.

CARE OF BLACKING BRUSHES, AND HOW TO CLEAN SHOES.—Never suffer your shoe brushes to be used for any other purpose than that of cleaning shoes; and do not exchange them for one another. Keep your polishing brush for polishing, your blacking brush for laying on the blacking, and your hard brush for removing the mud and dirt. Let your boots or shoes be thoroughly dry before you clean them. Always remove the strings from them before the brush is applied; for, if the blacking once touches the strings, they will never look well afterwards, and they soil the fingers in tying. Blacking which dries too quickly, and leaves a whitish coating upon the leather, is bad; it has too much vitriol in it, and will soon crack the leather.

ORANGE MARMALADE.—Procure Seville oranges, stew them so tender that you can pierce them with a straw, changing the water two or three times. Drain them, take off the rind, weigh the pulps, previously taking out the pip; and supposing the quantity to be six pounds, add seven of sugar; boil it slowly till the syrup be clear, then add the peel, having cut it into strips. Boil it up again, and it is finished. This is a new method; has been tried, and found to be excellent as well as economical.

TO SALT BUTTER.—Butter must be salted as fresh as possible, any delay being injurious. Having dried the salt in an oven, and pounded it fine, wash the butter in several waters till it no longer imparts a milky appearance to the water. Spread it out, and sprinkle over it the pounded salt, one ounce to every pound of butter; knead them well together, till the butter and salt are thoroughly

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incorporated. Press the butter into stone jars, perfectly sweet and dry, and let it stand seven or eight days, when it will be found to have separated from the sides of the pot. As this space admits the air, the butter would soon spoil if left in that state, and must therefore be further pressed till perfectly compact.

PUDDING UNIQUE.—A quarter-pound of raw potatoes scraped, a quarter-pound of raw carrots scraped, a quarter-pound of currants, and the same quantity each of suet, chopped fine, and flour; a little salt and allspice. Mix all these well together, and make it the consistence of a pudding for boiling, by stirring in treacle; about two table-spoonfuls will be enough, or it may require rather more. This should be put into a greased pudding-mould, and boiled two hours. It may be served up either with or without sweet sauce.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—One quart of cold water; six table-spoonfuls of tapioca; set on the fire and stir till it boils; then add one ounce and a half of white sugar in powder. Again set it on the fire for a quarter of an hour, stirring it occasionally; take it off, pour it into a basin, and stir in immediately one ounce of fresh butter and three eggs well beaten first; pour it into a buttered fire-dish, and bake gently one hour; or it may be boiled one hour and a half in a mould, adding two

more eggs. In either case, let the tapioca be prepared early. To be cold before it is baked or boiled, it must stand a quarter of an hour before you turn it out.

LEMON CORDIAL.—Take eight fine lemons, pare off the rind very thin, and cut it into small shreds, which put into a bottle; add a pint of spirits of wine or brandy, or whisky not smoked, a dozen bitter almonds bruised and blanched; put all into a bottle for six days. Make a syrup of a pound of fine lump sugar; let it boil, and then cool; pour it into the bottle, and let it stand six days longer; filter it through blotting paper, and bottle for use. It will be ready in a few weeks, but is better for keeping.

FOR COLD IN THE HEAD.—Just now, when rain and sunshine, warm weather and frost, succeed each other so rapidly, any addition to the stock of household knowledge on the subject of curing a cold in the head cannot but be acceptable. A Belgian physician, M. Fan, tells us that this troublesome affection may be frequently arrested by a brisk friction of the *back* of the head with some stimulant lotion, as lavender water, sal volatile, &c.; and moreover that a similar rubbing practised two or three times a week, will prevent the "catching" of a cold by those who are liable to do so from slight causes.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Health of Soldiers.

Doctor Hall, publisher of the Journal of Health New York city, has issued an abridged edition of his "SOLDIER-HEALTH," which sells for five cents—or, at forty cents per dozen. Condensed into a brief space, this little pamphlet contains a large number of useful hints to soldiers—especially regarding their health. As many copies as possible should be distributed in our armies. We make a few extracts to show how practical and useful it would prove, if widely circulated:—

On a march, from April to November, the entire clothing should be a colored flannel shirt, with a loosely-buttoned collar, cotton drawers, woollen pantaloons, shoes and stockings, and a light-colored felt hat, with a broad brim to protect the neck, eyes and face, from the glare of the sun and from the rain, and a substantial but not heavy coat when off duty.

Never lie or sit down on the grass or bare earth for a moment; rather use your hat—a handkerchief even, is a great protection. The warmer you are, the greater need for this precaution, as a damp

vapor is immediately generated, to be absorbed by the clothing, and to cool you off too rapidly.

Abundant sleep is essential to bodily efficiency, and to that alertness of mind which is all-important in an engagement; and few things more certainly and more effectually prevent sound sleep than eating heartily after sundown, especially after a heavy march or desperate battle.

Nothing is more certain to secure endurance and capability of long-continued effort, than the avoidance of everything as a drink except cold water, nor excluding coffee at breakfast. Drink even cold water very slowly, and as little as possible, until the afternoon; a fruit-stone or pebble held around in the mouth, moderates thirst.

After any sort of exhausting effort, a cup of coffee, hot or cold, is an admirable sustainer of the strength until nature begins to recover itself.

Unless after a long abstinence or great fatigue, do not eat very heartily just before a great undertaking, because the nervous power is irresistibly drawn to the stomach to manage the food eaten, thus drawing off that supply which the brain and muscles so much need.

Never go to sleep, especially after a great effort,

even in hot weather, without some covering over you.

Under all circumstances, rather than lie down on the bare ground, lie in the hollow of two logs placed together, or across several smaller pieces of wood, laid side by side; or, sit on your hat, leaning against a tree. A nap of ten or fifteen minutes in that position will refresh you more than an hour on the bare earth, with the additional advantage of perfect safety.

If from any wound the blood spurts out in jets, instead of a steady stream, you will die in a few minutes unless it is remedied; because an artery has been divided, and that takes the blood direct from the fountain of life. To stop this instantly, tie a handkerchief or other cloth very loosely BETWEEN!! the wound and the heart: put a stick, bayonet or ramrod *between* the skin and the handkerchief, and twist it around until the bleeding ceases, and keep it thus until the surgeon arrives.

If the blood flows in a slow, regular stream, a vein has been pierced, and the handkerchief must be on the other side of the wound from the heart; that is, *below* the wound.

Whenever possible, take a plunge into any lake or running stream every morning, as soon as you get up; if none at hand, endeavor to wash the body all over as soon as you leave your bed, for personal cleanliness acts like a charm against all diseases, always either warding them off altogether, or greatly mitigating their severity and shortening their duration. Let every sort of bath be completed within five minutes.

Keep the hair of the head closely cut, say within an inch and a half of the scalp in every part, repeated on the first of each month, and wash the whole scalp plentifully in cold water every morning.

Wear woollen stockings and easy-fitting, thick-soled shoes, keeping the toe and finger nails always cut moderately close.

It is more important to wash the feet well every night, than to wash the face and hands of mornings; because it aids to keep the skin and nails soft, and to prevent chafings, blisters, and corns, all of which greatly interfere with a soldier's duty.

The most universally safe position, after all stunnings, hurts, and wounds, is that of being placed on the back, the head being elevated three or four inches only; aiding more than any one thing else can do, to equalize and restore the proper circulation of the blood.

The more weary you are after a march or other work, the more easily will you take cold, if you remain still after it is over, unless, the moment you cease motion, you throw a coat or blanket over your shoulders. This precaution should be taken in the warmest weather, especially if there is even a slight air stirring.

If wet to the skin by rain or by swimming rivers, keep in motion until the clothes are dried, and no harm will result.

While on a march, lie down the moment you halt for a rest; every minute spent in that position refreshes more than five minutes standing or loitering about.

Whenever it is practicable, sleep with your feet to the camp-fire.

THIRST.—While on a march, courageously resist thirst, especially in the early part of the day, for the more you drink, the weaker will you become.

ARDENT SPIRITS.—It is beyond dispute, that always and everywhere those who drink most of liquors in any shape, beer, brandy, whisky, or rum, soonest give out, soonest get sick, and are the slowest to recover. A very eminent English physician has lately communicated the fact, that out of one thousand members of the "Sick Clubs of Preston," who merely used but did not abuse spirituous liquors, twenty-three were laid aside by sickness every year for an average time of fifty-three days, while of an equal number who never touched liquor there were only thirteen sick, averaging but twenty-three days; the number sick, the rapidity of recovery, the time lost, and the expense, all being more than one-half, and fifty per cent. in favor of those who never used ardent spirits. Water quenches thirst better if not very cold, especially if but a few swallows are taken at one time. Tea and coffee are better at meals for the soldier than water; but they should not be drank between meals; only in sips on a march, or under great exertions. The safest beverage in hot weather is molasses and water.

FLANNEL.—Wear it all over in all weathers, except to use cotton drawers during the summer months if you have them. Wash your flannels once a week if possible. When not, hang them up, also all your clothing, in the mid-day sun, whenever there is a chance to do so. Dry clothing is a great preservative of health. A single damp garment has sent many a person to the grave in a few days, and made others invalids for a lifetime.

Sleep as often and as much as you can; it is a great invigorator. Five minutes' sleep will refresh, invigorate, and strengthen more than any glass of liquor. It is better far to sleep too warm than even a little too cool.

FEET.—Thick-soled shoes, moderately loose, are best on a march, and it would be a great protection to the feet against chafings, etc., to rub a few drops of any kind of mild oil into the skin of the soles before a march.

EXERCISE.—By slow degrees the infant should be accustomed to exercise, both within doors and in the open air; but he should never be moved about after sucking or feeding; it will be apt to sicken him. Exercise should be given by carrying him about and gently dandling him in his mother's or nurse's arms; but dancing him up and down on the knee is very fatiguing for a young child.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

CARRIAGE WRAPPER.

In this changeable climate it is necessary to be provided for all weathers, sunshine, showers, and cold winds alternating each other. For the open carriage an ornamental wrapper is an elegance as well as a convenience. These should be light, and yet warm, and in a material that cannot be injured by crumpling; they should also be in a variety of well-contrasted colors, this adding very much to the advantageous effect of dress and style. The one we are now giving forms a very agreeable occupation while in progress, and a very handsome and useful article when completed. It is worked in single crochet, in different colored stripes, in Berlin wool. When each stripe is sufficiently long, the stars are worked in with a wool needle, each of the four leaves requiring three stitches to form it. This part of the work is very slight, but it adds much to the appearance of the work. All the stitches of each star meet in the centre, but the middle stitch in each leaf is longer at the top. When the stripes are completed they are joined together by a double row of sewing, the stitches being taken all one way, and the contrary way returning, so that they cross each other; for this purpose black wool must be used. The arrangement of the colors are in some measure fixed by the laws of contrast; maize-color, violet, green, gray, and Magenta, join well together, without being too violent in effect. The stars should be in alternate rows of black and white. A fringe, composed of the different colors, with black interspersed, completes this wrapper.

CIRCULAR SOFA CUSHION.

Every lady taking an interest in the various sorts of fancy work which call into exercise the truly feminine qualities of taste and industry will, no doubt, possess amongst her Work Table stores many small cuttings of different colored silks, too trifling to allow of many applications, and yet too good in material and too pretty in color to be thrown away. A French cushion, made up in the simplest manner possible, offers a use for these fragments which we think may be followed to advantage. Cut an oval shape in card-board, of which the length may be an inch and a-half, according to

choice, or according to the size of the pieces of silk to be brought into use. From this shape cut a great many pieces of silk, fold them longways down the middle, gather them round the edge, draw up the thread to three-quarters of an inch, if the oval be of the inch and a-half size, or to an inch if of the two-inch size. Cut a round of calico, or any other suitable material, the size of the cushion to be made, and commence stitching on these little silk scallops in regular rows all round, beginning at the outer edge, row succeeding row, until the whole space is covered with them, ending at the centre and finishing with a small rosette of ribbon of about half-an-inch wide. The arrangement of the colors must depend on the taste of the worker; but two or three alternate rows of black and a single color round the edge, as a sort of simple border, improves the effect. A round, well-raised sofa cushion has a very pretty appearance made in this way, and toilette table mats are equally suitable.

COTTON WAGON.

This useful little article for the work table, capable of holding five different sized reels of cotton, is made of card-board, bound with narrow satin ribbon, and sewn together in the form shown in our illustration. A small piece of card-board, three yards of ribbon, and five reels of cotton, will be required to make it. Cut out of card-board five pieces the exact size of the diagrams, one piece for the bottom, one each for the two ends, and two scalloped pieces for the sides. Bind these pieces all round with narrow satin ribbon of any bright color, as mauve, scarlet, pink, or blue; then sew them together on the outside to the proper shape. Previously to putting the wagon together, the two scalloped pieces must have five holes pierced with a stiletto, for the ribbon to pass through to tie in the reels; these holes should be slightly overcast with silk, to keep them from breaking out. Place the cotton in the wagon, the coarsest at the top, and tie it in by drawing the ribbon through the first reel and back again through the second, and tie it in a bow; then pass it through the second reel and back again through the third, and tie another bow; proceed in this manner until all the reels are tied in.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"AFTER THE BATTLE."

It was over at last. The sun which had walked slow and calm through the long hours of that terrible day, had gone down in a column of fire beyond the western hills, and now the stars were coming out swiftly, like golden petals scattered all over an azure soil.

And the stars looked down on the battle field, as they had come out and looked down for scores of years on the fair young land which had arisen in her strength and beauty, until amid all the nations there was none to compare with her—on the great cities that were hung like jewels on her green bosom—on the broad harvest fields that waved

their tresses for joy through her golden summers—on the houses where the dwellers thereof sat peaceful and happy under their own vine and fig tree—on all this had the stars which came up night by night to the watch-towers of the sky looked, until at last there came a change; and now where the harvests had waved their locks in the summer winds, was that most terrible sight which the sun and the stars ever beheld—the sight of a battle field. The conflict had waged hot and terrible that day.

The hearts of the distant mountains had shuddered with the thunder of cannon, and the earth had drunk in blood, as in autumn she drinks in the equinoctial gales; but at last the day's awful work was done, and the night winds lifted the gray banners of smoke from the battle field.

The air was full of the heat and smell of powder; the dead lay thick together with stark, ghastly faces on the trampled grass; the wounded lay thicker, filling the air with moans—riderless horses rushed terrified over the field; and the dying daylight and the solemn stars watched over all. A little way from the battle field ran a small stream, making a blue fold in the dark grass, and two wounded men had crawled to its banks to slake their thirst.

And when the two men crawling along the banks looked up and met each other's faces, they knew they were enemies, and they knew, too, that a few hours ago each had aimed his rifle at the other, and that aim had made the ghastly wound a little way from the heart, which had drunk the life blood of each, and each had glared desperately on the other a moment before he fell.

But there was no fierceness in the eyes of those men now, as they sat face to face on the bank of the stream; the strife and the anger had all gone now, and they sat still, dying men, who a few hours before had been deadly foes—sat still and looked at each other. At last one of them spoke:

"We haven't either a chance to hold out much longer, I judge."

"No," said the other, with a little mixture of sadness and recklessness. "You did that last job of yours well, as *that* bears witness," and he pointed to a wound a little above his heart, from which the life blood was slowly oozing.

"Not better than you did yours," answered the other, with a grim smile, and he pointed to a wound a little higher up, larger and more ragged—a deadly one.

And then the two men gazed on each other again in the dim light, for the moon had come over the hills now, and stood among her stars like a pearl of great price. And as they looked a softer feeling stole over the heart of each towards his fallen foe; a feeling of pity for the strong, manly life laid low, a feeling of regret for that inexorable necessity of war which made each man the slayer of the other; and at last one spoke—

"There's some folks in the world that'll feel worse, I 'spose, because you've gone out of it?"

A spasm of pain was on the bronzed, ghastly features.

"Yes," said the man, in thick tones, "there's one woman with a little boy and girl, away up among the New Hampshire mountains, that it'll well nigh kill to hear of this," and then the man groaned out in bitter anguish. "Oh God, have pity upon my wife and children!"

And the other drew closer to him.

"And away down among the cotton fields of Georgia, there's a woman and a little boy whose hearts will break when they hear what this day has done,"—and then the cry wrung itself sharply out of his heart, "Oh God, have pity upon them!"

And from that moment the northerner and the southerner ceased to be foes. The thought of those distant homes on whom the anguish was so soon to fall, drew them close together in that last hour, and the two men wept like little children. And at last the northerner spoke, talking more to himself than anything else, and he did not know that the other was listening greedily to every word:

"She used to come—my little girl—bless her heart! every night to meet me when I came home from the fields; and she would stand under the great plum tree, that's just beyond the back door at home, with the sunlight making a yellow crown in her golden curls, and the laugh dancing in her eyes, when she heard the click of the gate. I see her there now, and I'd take her in my arms, and she'd put up her little red lips for a kiss; but my little girl will never watch under the old plum tree by the well for her father again. I shall never hear her cry of joy as she catches a glimpse of me at the gate—I shall never see her little feet running over the grass to spring into my arms, again!"

"And," said the southerner, "there's a little brown-eyed, brown-haired girl, that used to watch in the cool afternoons for her father when he rode in from his visit to the plantations—I can see her sweet little face shining out now from the roses that covered the pillars, and her shout of joy as I bounded from my horse and chased the little flying feet and the loud laugh up and down the veranda. But, my darling, your bright little face will grow pale with watching among the roses for your father, and you and he will never go laughing and romping up and down the old veranda again!"

And the northerner drew near to the southerner, and the hot tears stood on his cold cheeks, as he said—

"Friend, may God have pity on our fatherless children!"

"Amen!" said the southerner, fervently.

And the northerner spoke now, in a husky whisper, for the eyes of the dying men were glassing fast.

"We have fought like brave men together. We

are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

The southerner now tried to speak, but the sound died away in a gurgle from his white lips; but he took the hand of his fallen foe, and his stiffening fingers closed tight over it, and his last look was a smile of forgiveness and peace. And when the next morning's sun walked up the gray stairs of the dawn, touched with pink, it looked down and saw the two foes lying dead with their hands clasped in each other, by the stream which ran close to the battle field.

And the little girl with golden hair that watched under the plum tree among the hills of New Hampshire, and the little girl with bright brown hair that waited by the roses among the green plains of Georgia, were fatherless.

V. F. T.

DOCTOR LEWIS'S GYMNASTICS.

We are told that our forefathers were a hardy race, and certainly the men and women who weathered those first terrible winters in Massachusetts without furnaces or even tolerable fire-places, who breasted with their strong hearts and iron nerves all the rigors of that new fierce climate, must have been of very different material from their descendants.

The ill health of the present generation of American men and women has become a subject of universal remark and lament. Neuralgia, dyspepsia, lack of nervous stamina, and all the morbid excitability and suffering which are its inevitable results, swell frightfully the list of invalids.

How few really strong, sound young American women there are—how few who could do the work and endure the toil of their grandmothers! We have grown in many respects. Sewing machines are a great improvement on spinning wheels, and in the development and cultivation of our æsthetic faculties—in all those accomplishments which give to life the sweet enchantments of grace and beauty, we have made wonderful progress; but in that full, sound, buoyant health which makes existence a joy and a blessing, how very far are we fallen behind our grandmothers!

Dear reader, who has not been looking on all sides for the Apostle of our deliverance from this physical bondage to pain and weariness and nervousness, which slowly saps the very springs of all joy and happiness in living, for what does ill health make of life but a burden of weakness and endurance and suffering.

And we believe that Dr. Dio Lewis, with his new system of physical training, his practice of light, flexible gymnastics, is doing for his day and generation a great work. If you know nothing of all this, oh reader, get his book and read it, or, if you can, go to his gymnasium and try it for yourself.

We remember, as one does the great eras in life, that dismal March afternoon when we first entered

the rooms on Essex street; and how we gazed with wonder and shrinking on the array of complicated machinery, which reminded us of nothing in the world so much as some old inquisition of the dark ages, with its implements of torture!

But how innocent all that array of ropes, and frames, and strange looking couches proved themselves in a little while—how we learned to love the sight of the rooms on Essex street; and how we have gone away wondering at the new life and vigor that seemed leaping in every pulse—at the new strength, and glow, and exhilaration we feel in living, and wondering at the magical system which had effected all this change.

Dear reader, because it is so terrible a thing for one's youth to lie always under this shadow of ill health, because it so limits one's usefulness and blights all real enjoyment, will not you who are suffering under this fearful curse of prostrated nerves and broken health, get Dr. Lewis's book, and if you do no more, read for yourself—it may make you act!

He can tell you what to do, and how to do it; and in his system of flexible gymnastics you may find the health which pills and powders and all manner of compounds and drugs have failed to bestow.

V. F. T.

There is a whole sermon in this brief poem, which we find in the *New Jerusalem Messenger*.

'TIS EASY TO WRITE.

To write is easy. But to live—to live
This higher, purer life, is harder far
Than in the closet, with the pen, to war
Against surrounding ill. Harder, to strive
Against one hasty word, one selfish mood,
And gentle still to be, and kind, and good,
In the world's rugged warfare; in the jar
Of ill according spirits; in the mass
Of beings, where our daily duties are.
There if we act the Christian, meekly pass,
Not proudly, 'mid our fellows—walk below
As still this earth above, yet mildly bending
To its just claims our care—then are we tending
Indeed to Heaven—with faith that "passeth show."

WHERE WE STAND.

One year ago, in defining the position of the Home Magazine, we wrote:—

As a simple work of literature, in a special field, the themes included in our range of articles have been moral rather than civil; yet, in a great crisis like the present, it is due to the right that we indicate, in words not to be misunderstood, where the Home Magazine stands. It stands on the side of the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws at all costs. It regards this government as the best the world has seen, and the rebellion instituted for its destruction as originating in the wicked ambition of a few men, who, by a gigantic system of fraud and falsehood, have overridden or deceived the masses. It is opposed to all compromise with treason, and in favor of no peace that is not based on an unconditional obedience to the supreme law of the land. Anything less than this, will be delusive, and leave

the nation exposed to new and more deadly assaults. A separation of these states would be the beginning of calamities beyond measure more direful and permanent than any we are encountering. Of the two elements now in antagonism, one or the other must be destroyed. It is the old struggle between freedom and despotism—between the right of self-government as residing in the people themselves, and the strong assertion of aristocratic and monarchical rule. There is for us, therefore, but one way of safety; and along this way the nation must go, sternly and uncompromisingly, to the end.

The questions involved are neither sectional nor political. They touch our very existence. Millions of parricidal hands are striking at the nation's heart, and we must paralyze them, or we are lost. Dissolve this Union, and of all people, we shall be most miserable. There will remain for us generations of bloody war. We will by that act place weapons in the hands of freedom's enemies, and give over this, which has been the peacefullest of all lands, to long years of deadly strife, ruin and desolation. Such being the great issue, it is the duty of all who love their country, to declare allegiance, and, no matter how feeble or uninfluential, to stand up in defence of her honor and safety.

Thus the position of the Magazine was defined. It stood up from the beginning for an uncompromising war upon treason; for the destruction of evil, as the only hope of good. And it has never receded a step from this ground.

There have been many dark and discouraging days since; but we have never doubted, never despaired of the result. A hundred times, when the gloom was thickest, have we said with the poet:

"God's ways seem dark, but soon or late
They touch the shining 'hills of day,'
The evil cannot brook delay,
The good can well afford to wait.
Give ermined knaves their hour of crime;
Ye have the future grand and great,
The safe appeal of Truth to Time."

We had faith in the right—in liberty, justice, truth, humanity, and human progress, and never faltered in our trust. After a year of war, with all its accumulated evils, the nation is stronger and more resolute to-day than at the commencement. It has been toying with its enemy. It has divided its strength between war and the arts of peace. With one hand only has it been seeking to strangle the serpent whose fang was in its flesh. It half despised its enemy, and felt contempt for its weakness. But that enemy, growing bolder and stronger, has advanced its deadly front in order to strike at the nation's heart. Now the giant is aroused! The toying is over. The whole power of the nation is being put forth, and the work it has to do will assuredly be done; and when it is done, that deadly evil which inspired rebellion—which could not dwell at peace with the declared principle on which our government was founded, viz: That all men were born equal, and entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—will be powerless, or wholly exterminated. The death knell of slavery in these United States has been

sounded; and the people have said "Amen!" We have passed the dark, humiliating period of our history, and are entering upon a new and glorious epoch. God's ways, that seemed in the eyes of all good men so dark, have, at last, touched "the shining hills of day."

We take pleasure in giving the following beautiful poem to our readers, although it has for us an especial charm. We remember those wide, warm homestead windows away up among the solemn New Hampshire mountains, where we sat and watched the mist roll its mighty columns through the hills, or the sunshine overflow the great hills with the amber wire of autumn.

V. F. T.

COMMUNING WITH ONE'S SELF.

Fancy and Fact.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

Draw the shutters o'er the windows looking towards
the distant sea—
Looking eastward where the loved ones sit and talk,
to-day, of me.

Drop the curtains lest, far wandering, some faint
breath an entrance gain
Fraught with warmth and cheer, to waken all my
slumbering thoughts of pain.

Shut the door and drown the voices rising from the
halls below—

Christmas voices, loud and cheerful, speaking just the
words, I know,

They, the loved ones, say, this morning, wishing I
were there to hear:

No, no, do not lift the curtain, lest the vision come
too near.

Broad, bright valley, sloping southward, girt with
green pines reaching high,
And above, benignant mountains resting calm against
the sky.

From their ever-brooding shadows, sheltering shad-
dows, still and dun,

Look the wide, warm homestead windows full upon
the noonday sun.

Ah, yes, open quick the shutters—push the curtain
folds aside:

But, alas! no stately mountains, no home windows
warm and wide;

But a sandy stretch of prairie, breathless, pallid,
patched with snow,

And a distant dreary woodland, 'gainst the horizon
lying low.

And the bleak sky, wild and windy, lowers upon the
moping plain.

Where a sullen mist is hanging, slowly gathering into
rain.

Were there ever any roses throbbing on the summer
air?

Are there sweeping heights of azure, life and freedom
anywhere?

"Here's the Post." I start and wonder how I dared
to brood so long

O'er a petty selfish sorrow, while the land is rife with
wrong;

While I read, half down the column, with its bloody
record filled,

"Brilliant victory in Kentucky! Only fifty Federals
killed!"

Quick is all my childish grieving lost in an intenser pain;

While I listen to the dripping of the drear December rain:

Listen, thinking of the paling of the household fires afar;

Writhing hearts that fate has conquered, clutching madly at despair.

Think of all the weary ages since Christ came proclaiming peace:

Ask, will never come a respite? will the groanings never cease?

Web of gold can any fingers from these tangled threads prepare?

Shall we never, in our climbing, reach the realms of freer air?

While my soul cries out in anguish, "is there, then, no Leader, Lord?"

Like an echo from the ages, fall the words of sweet accord.

"Fear not: He who led your fathers through the desert and the tide,

Leader is and Lord forever; there is still no God beside."

Sometime, somewhere dawns the morning. Hope and Faith shall never fail,

While the words, for ever blessed, wander down through war and wail,

"Peace: let not your hearts be troubled; light shall out of darkness spring;

Weeping for a night endureth; joy the coming morn shall bring."

He, without whom not a sparrow cleaves the wandering waves of air,

Hears alike a nation's pleading and an infant's whispered prayer:

Safe in His unfailing guidance each wide world, each striving soul:

Tender He in blasting tempest, mindful when strong billows roll.

Through all storm and strife and darkness runs God's wise, unerring plan.

What is strength of proud oppressor, what is any bar or ban

In the grand march of His purpose, molding sin and hate and wrong

To the building of Christ's kingdom, beautiful, eternal, strong?

So my soul the meaning gathers of my lowly little life—

Of my meagre mite of labor in the great world's maddening strife,

And I take again my burden, heeding not the dripping rain,

Strong to bear the dreary mocking of the ever pallid plain.

Fade away the royal mountains, where the well-beloved, I know,

Reach to take me, while I answer, tearless, "It is better so."

Better but to do this little, hearing in my soul the cheer

Of a calm voice, "Lo, God's kingdom is within you—seek it here."

MAKE THEM HAPPY.—A pastor in Connecticut, in a recent sermon, gave this as an all-important element in good government and training. He says:

"The great art in child-culture is to keep the little ones happy, having all things as pleasant and bright about them as possible. Children will have trials enough in spite of you. God will try them. And you yourself will be compelled to try them now and then. It cannot be helped. That is life. But the less the better. The worst men began early, and had tumults and angers and abuses when they were little, and ought to have been just laughing the days away. Homes of discontent, sour homes, cloudy homes, irritable, jawing, undivine homes, make rebellious, and restless, and unsuccessful lives.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1863.

Our Prospectus for volumes XXI. and XXII. will be found on the cover. As heretofore, the *Home Magazine* will be conducted in the interests of morality and religion, those solid bases on which alone prosperity and happiness are built. It will, as heretofore, embrace all the varied themes of human interest, discussing them in essay, rhyme, or story; unfolding the true, and exposing the evil, that the beauty of the one and the deformity of the other, may be seen as in noonday light.

In the character, scope, and plan of the *Home Magazine*, no change will be made; but we shall labor for increased interest, usefulness and value in all its departments. The true worth of any periodical lies in the quality of its reading matter—not in its pictures and fashions, which are chiefly for the eye and taste, and have only a transient value—and herein we have ever striven for, and claim a solid merit. A volume of the *Home Magazine*, bound, and placed in the family library, will give an amount and variety of useful and entertaining reading for the home circle, scarcely to be found anywhere within a similar compass.

PREMIUMS FOR 1863.

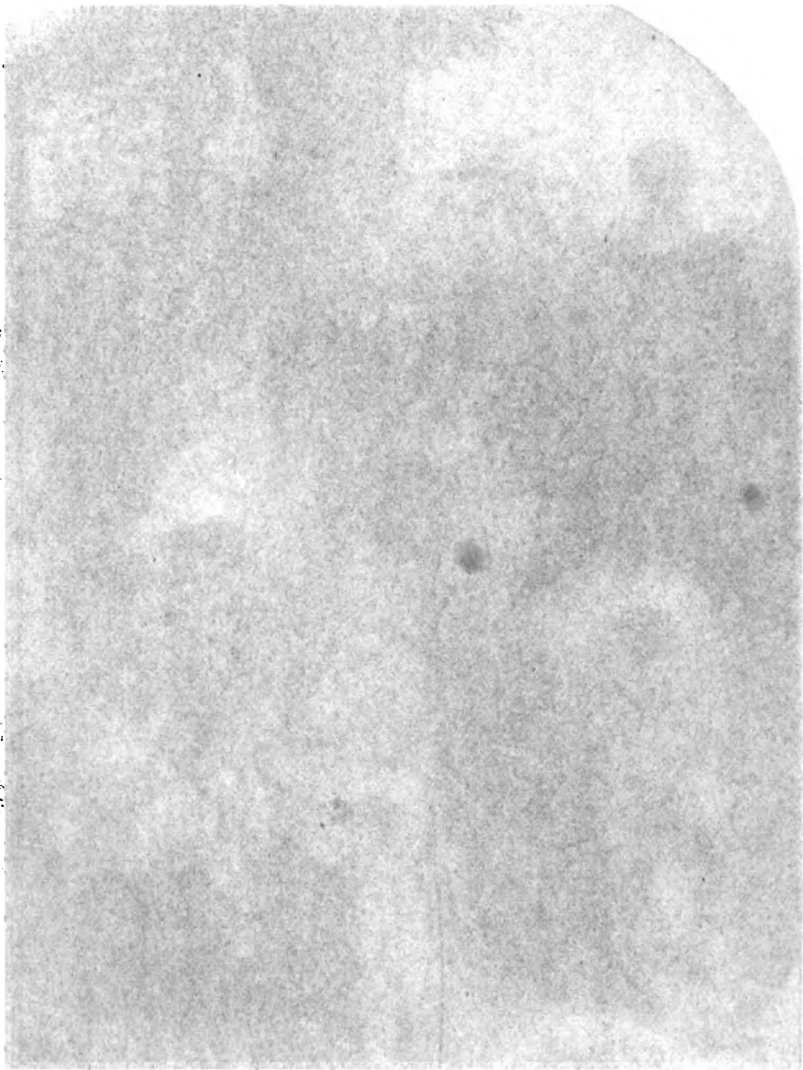
All who make up clubs for 1863 will receive, in return for their efforts, exquisite photograph copies of choice engravings, in style similar to those furnished in 1862. They are now in preparation, and the subjects will be announced in the December number of the *Home Magazine*. The premiums of this year can also be supplied to any who may prefer them.

CLUBS FOR 1863.

We would suggest to those who design making up clubs for next year, to move early in the matter, and secure their lists of names. The earlier it is done, the easier the work will, in most cases, be found. If you delay, the answer to your application will, in too many cases be,—“I'm sorry! I meant to take 'Arthur's' next year; but I've just gone into a club for ———'s Magazine. I wish you'd come earlier.” Move early then, so that your good intentions fail not. Let us have at least the old number in every club. If you can increase it, so much the better.



THE END OF WAR.





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THE SHOWER.



INITIAL.



INSERTION.



APRON of Moire Antique, trimmed with Black Velvet.



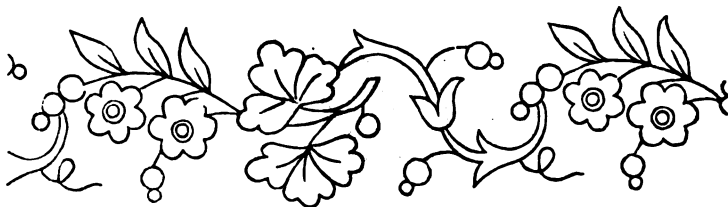
FALL AND WINTER FASHION.

The Cloak is of light or heavy cloth, richly embroidered in black braid.



HOME COSTUME.

Poplin, or Merino, trimmed with flutings of silk and velvet ribbon.



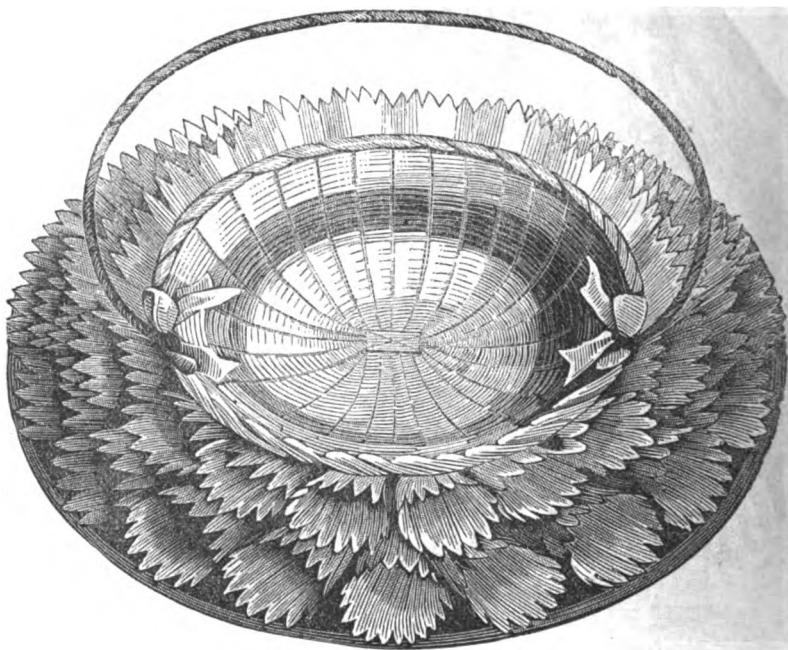
EMBROIDERY FOR CHILD'S SKIRT.



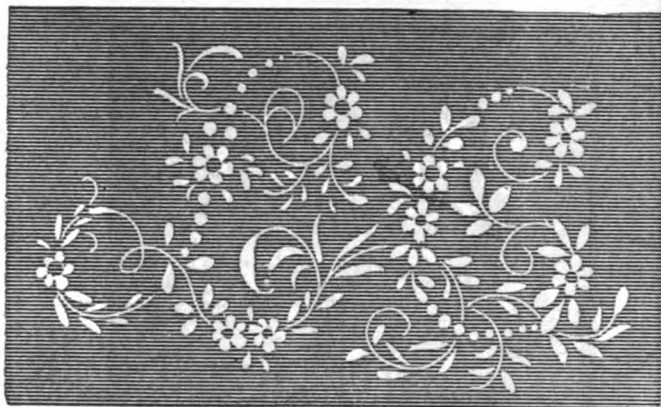
CHEMISE BAND.



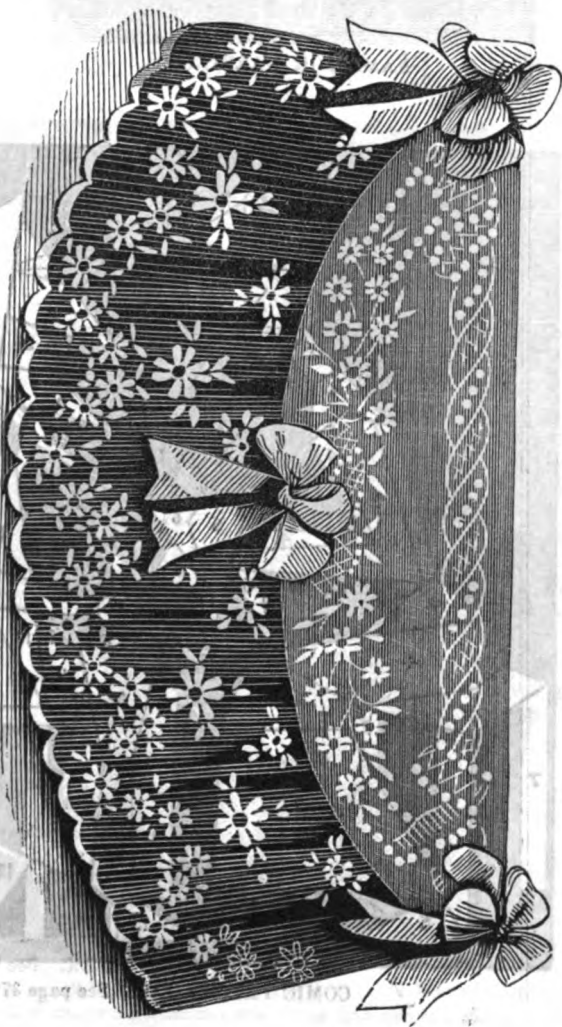
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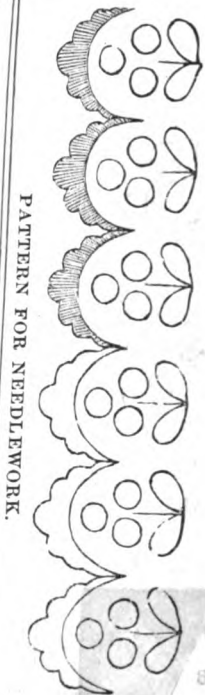
BASKET PENWIPER. See page 878.



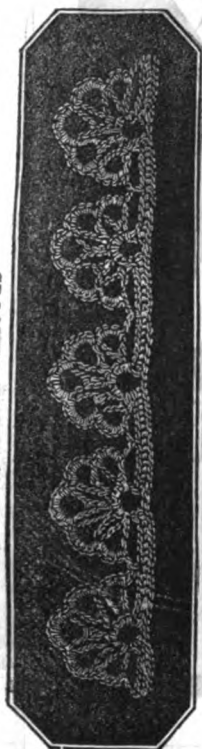
INITIALS.



TOILET PINCUSHION. See page 379.



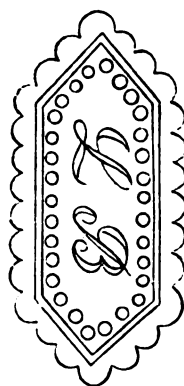
PATTERN FOR NEEDLEWORK.



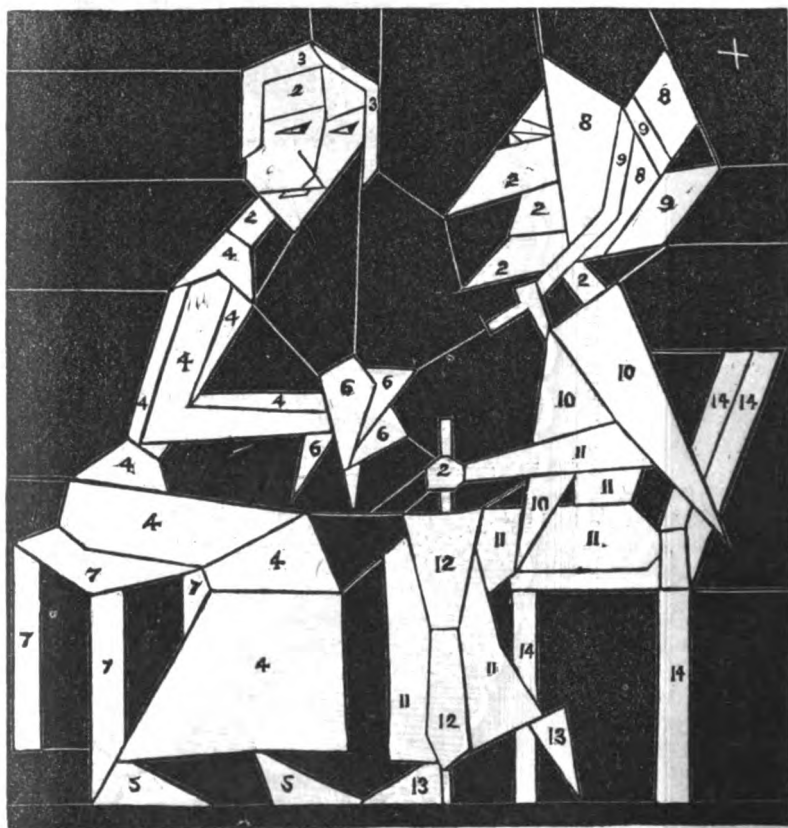
CROCHET EDGING.



NAME FOR MARKING.



INITIALS.



COMIC PATCHWORK. See page 379.

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1862.

Light.

BY IRENE IRIS.

"Marie!"

The name floated sweetly up through the wide staircase and hall of our old-fashioned Greenwood Parsonage. It was my mother's voice, but from sudden perverseness, I made no reply.

"Marie!"

Again my name sounded, clear and distinct as a bird's note of welcome; and, knowing that it would not do longer to remain silent, I stepped to the stairs' head, and answered.

"Will you be down soon, daughter? Your father desires you to be presented to our guests before tea."

"Yes, mamma, I will come."

So saying, I turned back to my room with a feeling of irritability and dejection in my heart, which, looking back over the hilly slopes of more than a-half score of years, I still remember with a shade of mortification and regret.

Glancing at the mirror, and observing that my hair needed no re-adjusting, I passed on to my low ottoman by the window, inwardly measuring the moments I might permit to elapse before going below.

Half unconsciously, I leaned forth and plucked from the blossoming bough of the fragrant locust which shaded my little room, a sweet coronal of flowers. I had often done this before, but never so absently; for I loved the flowers, but these more than all. The tree was of my own setting, when merely a child, and each fair floweret, as it gladdened me with its perfumed breath, seemed an old-time friend, a kindred spirit—not *human*, it is true, but then so full of life and beauty as, in my thought, at least, to be imperishable.

And so, in my quiet fancies, I never dreamed of the flowers *dying*; their *outer* beauty might fade, but who should tell me that the unseen life, floating out upon the sweet summer zephyrs, should not float on and on forever, ever living, a part of the vast Eternal.

Those were my girlhood's fancies; I was but fifteen then, and I used sometimes to smile at their weird shapes, and rejoice that the court in which they floated airily, was sacred and secure from others' gaze.

Now I lean upon a glorious structure of Truth, and emblazoned on its front appear the words, "Nothing truly beautiful shall ever die."

Yet was it not of flowers I would speak, but of the events which brought my father's old friends, Arthur Haywood, and his son Ernest, away from the great city to our quiet country parsonage, and why it was that I had for them no thought or word of welcome.

Judge Haywood and my father had ever been tried and intimate friends. Several circumstances had conduced to render them such from the period of the arrival of the elder Haywood, in company with Charles Larne, my father's ancestor, from the sunny South-land, across the broad Atlantic.

There were novel incidents connected with the young gentleman's departure from the ancestral home, and rumors were current of a disinherittance, because the son would allow his affections to centre upon a young and lovely woman, whose only wealth consisted of a pure heart and intelligent mind.

Certain it is that, upon a return to his native land some years later, Arthur Haywood wedded her whom long years before he had won, and brought her to the land of his adoption, installing her the gentle, dark-eyed priestess of the home-altar he had erected alone, unaided by the paltry gold of his father.

One year only did their united lives flow smoothly on, and then did the devoted wife pass gently away, like the lily's breath, from the home she had consecrated by her tender and pure affections, leaving an infant son as her only legacy to the distracted and broken-hearted father. This beauteous flower, of southern birth, had faded from his northern home, but in Arthur Haywood's soul she still lived imperishably.

Wealth and position were his in after days as a reward of his cheerless toil. His rooms were large and richly furnished, as became the man. The son grew up a child of rare promise, while every feature revealed the exquisite loveliness of her, who still dwelt the idol of the father's heart. There were the same dark intelligent eyes, the same glossy locks of wavy hair, and the same broad high brow, with its tint of brown.

A precious gift was the son to the father; but ever in their cheerless home, by the once desolated hearth-stone, a shadow flitted—a shadow of the joys that "might have been."

I had often heard my father speak of Ernest Haywood, of his eager thirst for knowledge, of his rare appreciation of all things bright and beautiful in nature or in art, and of his early promotion from academical to college halls. Yet had I scarcely noticed all this, till a few months previous to the time of which I write, the sad intelligence was received that the promising young student was prostrated with illness that almost conquered hope.

His eager, intemperate thirst for knowledge, unrestrained, was now doing its work upon the frail casket, in which was enshrined the immortal part. The shattered nerves recoiled, and the light which had lured the aspiring intellect on, had lured but to destroy.

There were long, long weeks of forgetfulness, in which hope died of weary waiting. Yet once again did the lamp of life renew its brightness. Slowly but surely new strength returned to the weary, suffering body, and the eyes, so long closed to the light of reason, opened to a consciousness of life; but, looking out upon the bright and beautiful world, found only darkness.

Closed were the avenues through which Ernest Haywood's exultant soul had looked out upon the beauteous creation, revelling in pure admiration of that Creative Power which could so sweetly blend in one "harmonious whole" earth and sky, clouds and sunshine, flowers and dew, beauty and immortality. Between himself and all without a veil seemed

hung; and like a weird phantom, dwelling statue-like in the innermost sanctuary of his being, was the ever-present consciousness, "I'm blind—I'm blind!"

Then again came the reaction of an agonising despair upon the still weakened frame, and though more slowly, yet quite as surely seemed the young invalid's steps tending graveyards. To him *this* was no trial. *To live, and thus, was* what crushed him with its weight of gloom and dread.

But the hapless father still clung to the life dearer than his own, and, with the intuitive eye of Faith and Hope, could yet see the future of his son, though changed, still bright and glorious.

"A change of scene," had the physicians said, "and the fresh, pure air of the country, are absolutely essential now."

"But this is not all, or the most important influence," wrote the still hopeful parent, in the letter which announced their desire to seclude themselves for awhile, among the green hills and vales of our lakelet home.

"Looking back over the past of my *own* life, when sometimes it has seemed that the bitter waves of tribulation and sorrow would cover me in one desolating sweep; when I have stood trembling and faint in the dreary darkness of the spirit's night, it has never been from the grim, lifeless skeleton of *human* wisdom, or from the fleeting and evanescent beauty of the outer world, however eagerly I may have drunk from its brimming chalice, that the lamp of hope has been rekindled, or the pure consolations of peace and joy restored to the bowed and weary heart.

"O, there is a light ineffable in its brightness, emanating from a sun which knows in setting, an eternal day to each of us, if the spirit's vision be but unsealed to partake of its glory. Words of promise dropped from your lips, my friend, in that hour of darkness which you cannot yet have forgotten, have been like 'apples of gold' in the silver setting of my life, growing brighter and brighter each passing day, under the radiant sun of eternal truth.

"Because of these pure and holy memories, I come to you hopefully, trusting the silent influences of those truths you love so well to proclaim, and of the exalted faith which has revealed itself in your life, may serve to enlighten the gloom of despair, and to bring new strength to the afflicted spirit of my son. To Ernest, all of the future seems one dark night of gloom. The beautiful world shut forever

from his gaze! But darker still the necessity which compels him to relinquish all plans for the future, to forego the delights which science and art had spread before his entranced vision, and which he had been so eager to grasp.

"Ah, me! how eagerly we quaff of the small streams of knowledge which have forced themselves slowly and with pain through the long, dull ages of antiquity; and, if the hand of Providence but seals them up, we mourn and languish and rebel, when He is but leading us up through the blind paths and tangled glades of the hillside to the fountain's head, whose source is *immortality*."

My father was glad and hopeful when this letter came—I wondered how he *could* be so. It seemed to me like spreading a pall over the cheerful quiet of our woodland home. It is fearful even to *write* such selfish thoughts as were *mine*. Had Ernest Haywood been what he was one year before, I should have hailed his coming as a promise of new variety to the social enjoyment of our household. I should have relished his companionship in my walks and rides, his aid at the oars of my little boat, and his reading to me while I sewed, or arranged fresh bouquets in the shady arbor of our garden walks. "But to bring the gloom and despondency of his *present* existence into our home, promises little enjoyment," I selfishly pined.

And, when my father expressed a wish that I should do all in my power to render his young friend's stay with us pleasant and profitable, striving even to win him into a forgetfulness of his fearful blindness, I had replied with ill-concealed vexation,

"It is certainly not much that I can do, to relieve the dull monotony of such a life as Mr. Haywood's must now be."

"Not so, Marie!" my father replied. "It is rather from your companionship, your music, your books, your voice, that I most expect an antidote to the dreary melancholy in which my friend is plunged."

But I rose hastily and left the room; and a tinge of shame glows upon my features now as I recall that moment's thought, "Would that some event might prevent his coming." Yet now the expected guests had arrived. My mother had called and I must obey her summons. Rising from the low seat by my open window, through which the laughing, nodding locust was yielding its perfumed breath, for once unheeded, I descended to the parlor.

My father mentioned my name to Judge Haywood, who "remembered to have seen me

twice before, on occasional visits to Greenwood Parsonage, but should not have recognized the little girl of former years, in the plump, rosy-cheeked maiden who stood before him. I was much altered," he said; and then I was introduced to the young gentleman, who, in a low, gentle voice, repeated my name, at the same time gracefully rising and extending his hand, which I took, passing on to a seat near my father.

This first meeting I had expected would be attended with an awkward embarrassment; but from the moment my eye rested upon the youth, who sat at the end of the sofa, resting his forehead upon his open palm, all anxiety had vanished. I felt the warm glow upon my cheeks, it is true, and saw a slight tint, as of a half clouded sunset, rise slowly over the pale features of the blind boy, till it nestled lovingly among the glossy curls that hung carelessly around the ample brow.

Eighteen years! It could not be that all these had passed over young Ernest's life. How slight and boyish his frame! And yet there was an earnest, thoughtful expression upon his noble brow, still radiant with the glowing light of genius.

My entering the room did not seem to have disturbed the current of social intercourse, which was gliding cheerily on between the reunited friends. Soon the tea-bell rang, and rising, my father passed Ernest's arm within his own, and, talking cheerfully all the time, led the way to the dining-hall.

Our evening meal was soon over; and though my mother had herself prepared some delicacies, with which she had thought to tempt the appetites of our guests, one at least, refused them all. From his slight repast Mr. Haywood arose, with the flush of anxiety and fatigue deep set upon his cheeks; and very soon after he retired to his own room.

Weeks passed away, with their burden of care and of sorrow. Judge Haywood had returned to the city, leaving his son well content to remain with us; and, as my father had urged him to make our rural parsonage his home, so long as his health seemed improving from contact with our free life and pure mountain air, it was probable that he would remain much longer than was at first proposed.

We need not weary you with recounting all the events of the glad summer months that passed away. How I learned that Ernest Haywood's voice was deep and clear and full of melody: how he loved to stand by my side and sing while I played, though not half as

well as he could have done: how the garden walks and silver lakelets shone, each hill and dell and tree, became familiar as the furniture of his own room: how I had even taught him to manage the oars of my little skiff, that danced so lightly over the waves. And, as we gayly floated on, how often we poised our oars that I might describe some jagged point of rock, some curve or angle in the shadowy outlines. How we rowed close by the beach, where here a willow, there an elm, dipped their long slender branches in the clear water, while the birds overhead swung gayly to the anthem they were chanting with the waves.

There were green mounds and hills, low dells and rocky coves: there were long swells of meadow land, then a curve or a sharp angle or a projecting point, fringed with lofty oaks and maples, or the low, gnarled shrubbery, whispering ever among its green leaves of berries and nuts in the autumn-time.

Then how often, after Ernest had learned that all avenues of joy and gladness were not closed to him because of that fearful blindness, when strength and health came back to the wasted frame, and his form grew round and manly, and full of nerve and life, how often did we row up the current to the great rock, standing sentinel at the head of the lake, just for the pleasure of floating down with the tide, to the music of our voices or Ernest's low guitar.

And do you think that all this beauty was shut out from the soul of the blind boy, who wandered amid its rapturous scenes? Let the words which escaped his impassioned lips, after one of my vain efforts to describe some scene of rare beauty and loveliness, be the response—

"Ah, Marie!" said he—"I see it *all*, now; so that, were my eyes suddenly to be opened upon these fair retreats, I could name them all, even as you have named them over to me so often."

We sat one evening, side by side, on a latticed porch. I had been reading to Ernest some sad and touching tale, which kept my feelings subdued and my voice low; and he had been talking whenever he liked, always stopping me at some glowing description of suffering or of deep emotion, to add a life-tint to the picture of a soul akin to his own. His lip would tremble slightly, and a pale rose-tint rise slowly to the glossy curls that drooped in mingled beauty and grace over the pale intellectual brow.

At length I closed the book, for the glowing

Indian Summer sun had thrown back the golden portals of his inner court, and was laying his farewell offering upon the altar he had that day consecrated with his rarest, loveliest gifts.

Vainly did I attempt to describe the beauty of the rapturous scene. Words failed me, and Ernest, catching the inspiration of the hour, exclaimed—

"Marie, do you know I felt that some demonstration of God's power and love was being displayed around us? Sometimes it seems to me that our mental and spiritual states are strangely affected by these various natural manifestations of sublimity and grandeur.

"But this beauty, at which you gaze, is fleeting and evanescent, for a cloud is even now sealing up the radiant portals through which the sun has passed to the unseen glory beyond. But the impression of its parting smile, transcribed upon my soul is immortal—unchanging."

These eager, imaginative words, sounded strange from one whose life I had thought so fraught with bitterness—so dark—so very dark. And listening, I made no reply.

Then suddenly, as if from strange impulse, my companion extended his hand, and plucked from the slender vine that had climbed the lattice a bunch of delicate flowers.

"These are blue," he said. And I assented.

"Like your eyes, Marie; only your eyes are the darkest."

I laughed gayly, and replied that my eyes were not like the flowers, but like the smooth brown nuts that grew on the gnarled bushes in the cove of the southern beach."

Ernest smiled sadly, and reaching forth his hand, placed it gently upon my head, saying—

"Then, if your eyes are 'nut brown,' as you say, must the bands of your hair be not black and glossy, like the raven's wing, but dark, very dark. Eh, Marie?—this is so, is it not?"

"Yes, Ernest," I replied, quietly, for I could not smile *now*, so plainly was the struggle of a sensitive spirit visible upon the quivering lip and flushed features of my companion.

I think my heart had never gone forth so much in sympathy with the afflicted one as now; and when, after a few moments' silence, he asked in tones low and tender from subdued emotion—

"Have I ever told you, Marie, how all my life I have yearned for the love of a mother or sister?—and that in your companion-

ship I seem almost to realize my beautiful ideal of a sister's pure, disinterested sympathy and affection?"

I replied, impulsively—

"You had not told me, Ernest; but I will be your sister if you choose."

"Thank you, Marie!" were his eager words. "Thus will I regard you then, and forever bless the moment which has endowed my life with so rich a treasure."

Never once in all those long summer months had I acknowledged to myself that my intimate association with Ernest Haywood was for any other object than the happiness it might afford to him. I remembered the feeling which possessed me when his coming to Greenwood Parsonage was first announced, and commended myself much for the efforts I had made to render his stay with us pleasant and profitable, as my father had desired.

Ah, how often is it when we are best satisfied with ourselves, some test of character will unbidden come, as a temptation or trial, and discover to us depths to the heart which deceives, whose motives we can never fully fathom.

So one quiet Sabbath evening, just as the bell from the little brown church was sending its welcoming peals among hills, and dells, and groves, to the heart of each devout worshipper at its altar, Ernest Haywood had asked me to guide his steps thitherward. Pride awoke and whispered within my spirit—"You would not like to walk down the long aisle leaning upon the arm, guiding the faltering steps of the blind."

So I hesitated, and suggested that my "father might not yet have gone," though I knew that, as was his custom, he had left the Parsonage to spend an hour in quiet meditation in his Sabbath sanctuary.

Ernest sat down by my side, and for some moments spoke not a word. At length, he said—

"I am anxious to go to-night, Marie. The words which fell from your father's lips this morning were like gentle dews upon the thirsty earth to my suffering spirit. I did not know that so much of truth could be evolved from one single promise of that Holy Word—'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.' How sweetly falls the consciousness of the All-Father's protecting providences over even the least of his creatures, upon the hitherto dark future of my life. And to-night do I long to grasp the pure

gems that shall be revealed from the inmost of that prophetic promise to such as I. 'There shall be no night there.' And shall we not walk together, Marie?"

Perverted pride, rising in all its hideous deformity, could not crush that strongest of all other emotions from my heart—love for my father; and under the impulse thoughts of him had given, I answered—

"I will go with you, Ernest."

So we walked together down the smoothly gravelled walk leading to the little brown church under the spreading maple boughs, which cast fitful shadows all about us. And that night Ernest Haywood drank deep draughts of Celestial Truth, which left an impress of inspiring thought and holy calm upon his beautiful features.

At nine o'clock we parted in the hall of the parsonage, my companion going directly to his own room, but calmly uttering, ere he went—

"If, when we both awaken in that bright Morning Land, I should be in possession of more light than *you*, my sister, I will remember and gratefully guide you, even as you have guided my steps to-night. Good-night!" And with these words, Ernest Haywood passed out of my sight, but not out of my thought.

I was stunned, mortified at the revelation of *myself*, as I listened to the words which, with the slightly subdued and agitated manner, told me that the sensitive nature and keen perceptions of my companion had read the inmost of my motives and thoughts that night, and that I had added another sorrow to the heart already suffering and oppressed.

Passing to my own room, I closed the door quickly and silently behind me, and then throwing myself upon a couch, covered my face with my hands, and wept.

What a recompense were those words of kindness to me! And for what? A craven selfishness, which had caused me to falter at the first call upon me to sacrifice aught for the good of another, and that other the one to whose earnest, pleading loneliness I had responded with the promise of a sister's sympathy and affection. Then for the first time did I seem to recognize our true and mutual relations to each other. While my mental and moral nature had been exalted by intimate communications with Mr. Haywood's lofty intellect, his pure and unaffected morality, his inspiring love of all beauty, and sublime faith in the immortal part, I had indeed been blind, and weak, and deceived.

Far away into the night did I sit by my low

window in solitary communings with my own thoughts, and weep, and pray that I might become a fitter companion for the pure and good—that my eyes might be opened to revel in *that* brightness which so sweetly illumined the pathway of Ernest Haywood.

Not many months after this, our guest of the long bright summer months left us to return to the great city. My father accompanied him thither, and after a brief visit returned, bringing the intelligence that, as he had long desired, Mr. Haywood had entered a retreat for those now united to himself through a mutual misfortune. This he had done more for the purpose of becoming familiar with the lives, hopes and destinies of this unfortunate class, than for any purposes of self-culture.

Thus one year glided away, in which I learned in my lonely rambles at my solitary and unaided tasks how beautiful had been my companionship with one so winning, so gifted, so pure.

At length there came to Judge Haywood and his son the enjoyment of a long-since projected tour upon the Continent, amid the sunny smiles of their ancestral home, and as a parting gift to Greenwood Parsonage, a passing visit to its quiet surroundings.

Then I think it was that Ernest Haywood and I first became conscious of that true union and sympathy of soul which had ever made our lives, when in companionship, glide sweetly on, like the low, smooth tones of a musical chime.

And as we talked sitting in a fragrant arbor, or by the murmuring beach, of the beautiful past and the silent future, now looming up with its years of absence, our spirits clasped hands in the *mutual* consciousness of a blessed unity of heart and holy aspiration.

Joyous is the memory of that moment, when a recognition of our spirit union made us *one*, for time and for eternity. But Ernest said from the highest, noblest, purest impulses of his being—

"You are so young yet, Marie, I would bind you with no *sacred vow* to him, whose life is fearfully fraught with so desolating a blight. In the years that I am gone you will learn more of your own being, and in the more perfect development of your woman's nature, you will understand better the woman's *heart*, and its mysterious requirements. And if there comes aught between us, in these years of separation, to cloud the bright star of love which has just dawned upon us; or if another and brighter should rise over your young and

guileless life, thankfully receive it, and learn to forget the blind boy, who, to-day, has learned that he worships your image in his soul."

Then, not passionately, but with the tender, disinterested love which only the pure and good can feel, he who had awoken the melody of love in my heart, pressed his lips upon my cool brow, and was gone from my sight.

The months glided away; and letters often came, in which Ernest wrote calmly of all that would most interest me in his new and exciting life; but, true to his noble purpose, never alluded to our once uttered love. No words came back that should reveal to me any pure and holy memories, responsive to those which dwelt within my breast. Occasionally a new song or poem, thrown out to the eager world, seemed an earnest of golden promises to those who had known the heart from which they sprung.

And I toiled on at my once weary tasks, now grown interesting and beautiful from a new impulse given to my life. The recollection of *another's* admiration of all high mental and moral gifts, stimulated me to renewed exertion. I read more extensively—a greater variety of literature—not forgetting *his* favorite authors, that when I should again read them at Ernest's side, it might be with a more sympathetic appreciation of their character and merits. Especially did I devote myself more zealously to the acquirement of that beautiful art, in the practice of which our souls ever seemed to blend—the sweet "spirit of song."

And then there came the novelties of travel, with their strange and exciting influences upon my young imagination. In the variety of new scenes and peoples and climes, my mind and heart seemed to expand and grow strong and vigorous and healthy.

From their wild wanderings the inmates of Greenwood Parsonage returned to their woodland home to welcome back the friend of other days. Once more Ernest Haywood was by my side, telling me how deeper and stronger had grown his love for me in all those weary days of absence. Three years before it was that he had said, "*if we mistake not*, our souls are already *one*."

And now low and deep were his words, as he continued—

"Yet still, be true to yourself, Marie! Is there one misgiving thought or impulse in your heart, as you think of sharing the dark and weary life of the *blind*?"

Was it Murder, or Suicide?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

"Not dark!" I exclaimed, "but rather illumined by *that* Light which scatters peace and joy wherever its rays are shed. My heart has been true, and each throb answers back to your own, my Ernest; I love you still."

Low, trembling words fell from Ernest's lips, as he drew me closer to himself, and pillowed my head upon his broad, manly breast. Then with a wild exultant thrill of gladness did I receive the seal of our trusting love, the pledge of our betrothal. Sweetly the stars smiled down a blessing, and low murmurings from the pebbly beach made melody with the music of our hearts.

Long we sat under the bending elm, in the moonlit cove, feeling how blessed and beautiful were our lives; and, as we parted from the trysting place of our newly pledged love, Ernest murmured in accents of subdued feeling—

"As rests the wing-weary dove in the loved home nest, or the storm-tossed mariner in the secure retreat of his native shore, so rests my spirit, weary of its wandering, suffering, purposeless life, in the secure haven of your love, my Marie! my Angel! my Life!"

It was at the altar of the little brown church that we knelt to solemnize our sacred marriage vows. Since that bright autumn morning, time has rolled many a ceaseless round of sunshine and shadow, but it has brought no dearth of love to our home. The tide of the busy world flows ceaselessly on, but troubles us not. Friends we have *enough*, who come and lay their rich gifts of intellect and heart upon our home altar; and our lives are made beautiful by the few social endearments which give a mellow rose-tint to all the swiftly gliding years.

But as I write a voice is calling, "Come to me, Marie! And with your pen catch the glowing beauty which inspires my thought this hour."

But one moment ere we part, kind reader! My husband stands, as in . days that have passed, with his hand resting in blessing on my head; repeating in my listening ear, "Thou lamp of my feet, and light of my heart!" And the fond echoes come pealing back from my own breast as I look up at the manly brow, all radiant with the pure glow of the "bright morning land" in which we dwell. "Thou beauteous guiding star! who art leading me faithfully and gently upwards to the unseen brightness of the *Perfect Day*."

The rain was still falling and the wind blowing. Mary's feet were quite wet again by the time she reached home.

"How are you, child?" asked Mrs. Grant, in kind concern, as Mary came in.

"Not very well," was answered.

"Oh! I'm sorry! Have you taken cold?"

"I'm afraid so."

"I said it was wrong in you to go out this morning. Did you get very wet?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Grant looked down at Mary's feet. "Are they damp?"

"A little."

"Come right into the sitting-room. I've had a fire made up on purpose for you." And the considerate Mrs. Grant hurried Mary into the sitting-room, and taking off her cloak and bonnet, placed her in a chair before the fire. Then, as she drew off one of her shoes, and clasped the foot in her hand, she exclaimed—

"Soaking wet, as I live!" Then added, after removing, with kind officiousness, the other shoe—"Hold both feet to the fire, while I run up and get you a pair of dry stockings. Don't take off the wet ones until I come back."

In a few minutes Mrs. Grant returned with the dry stockings and a towel. She then bared one of the damp feet, and dried and heated it thoroughly—warmed one of the stockings and drew it on.

"It feels so good," said Mary, faintly, yet with a tone of satisfaction.

Then the other foot was dried, warmed, and covered. On completing this welcome service, Mrs. Grant looked more steadily into Mary's face, and saw that her cheeks were flushed unnaturally, and that her eyes shone with an unusual lustre. She also noticed, that in breathing there was an effort.

"You got very wet this morning," said Mrs. Grant.

"Yes. The wind blew right in my face all the way. An umbrella was hardly of any use."

"You dried yourself on getting to Mrs. Lowe's?"

Mary shook her head.

"What?"

"There was no fire in the room."

"Why, Mary!"

"I had no change of clothing, and there was no fire in the room. What could I do?"

"You could have gone down into the kitchen, if no where else, and dried your feet."

"It would have been better if I had done so; but you know how hard it is for me to intrude myself or give trouble."

"Give trouble! How strangely you do act, sometimes! Isn't life worth a little trouble to save? Mrs. Lowe should have seen to this. Didn't she notice your condition?"

"I think not."

"Well, it's hard to say who deserves most censure, you or she. Such trifling with health and life is a crime. What's the matter?" She observed Mary start as if from sudden pain.

"I have suffered all day, with an occasional sharp stitch in my side—it caught me just then."

Mrs. Grant observed her more closely; while doing so, Mary coughed two or three times. The cough was tight and with a wheezing sound.

"Have you coughed much?" she asked.

"Not a great deal. But I'm very tight here," laying her hand over her breast. "I think," she added, a few moments afterwards, "that I'll go up to my room and get to bed. I feel tired and sick."

"Wait until I can get you some tea," replied Mrs. Grant. "I'll bring down a pillow, and you can lie here on the sofa."

"Thank you, Mrs. Grant. You are so kind and thoughtful." Miss Carson's voice shook a little. The contrast between the day's selfish indifference of Mrs. Lowe, and the evening's motherly consideration of Mrs. Grant, touched her. "I will lie down here for a short time. Perhaps I shall feel better after getting some warm tea. I've been chilly all day."

The pillow and a shawl were brought, and Mrs. Grant covered Mary as she lay upon the sofa; then she went to the kitchen to hurry up tea.

"Come, dear," she said, half an hour afterwards, laying her hand upon the now sleeping girl. A drowsy feeling had come over Mary, and she had fallen into a heavy slumber soon after lying down. The easy touch of Mrs. Grant did not awaken her. So she called louder, and shook the sleeper more vigorously. At this, Mary started up, and looked around in a half conscious, bewildered manner. Her cheeks were like scarlet.

"Come, dear—tea is ready," said Mrs. Grant.

"Oh? Yes." And Mary, not yet clearly

awake, started to leave the room instead of approaching the table.

"Where are you going, child?" Mrs. Grant caught her by the arm.

Mary stood still, looking at Mrs. Grant, in a confused way.

"Tea is ready." Mrs. Grant spoke slowly and with emphasis.

"Oh! Ah! Yes. I was asleep." Mary drew her hand across her eyes two or three times, and then suffered Mrs. Grant to lead her to the table, where she sat down, leaning forward heavily upon one arm.

"Take some of the toast," said Mrs. Grant, after pouring a cup of tea. Mary helped herself, in a dull way, to a slice of toast, but did not attempt to eat. Mrs. Grant looked at her narrowly from across the table, and noticed that her eyes, which had appeared large and glittering when she came home, were now lustreless, with the lids drooping heavily.

"Can't you eat anything?" said Mrs. Grant, in a voice that expressed concern.

Mary pushed her cup and plate away, and leaning back, wearily in her chair, answered—

"Not just now. I'm completely worn out, and feel hot and oppressed."

Mrs. Grant got up and came around to where Miss Carson was sitting. As she laid her hand upon her forehead, she said, a little anxiously,

"You have considerable fever, Mary."

"I shouldn't wonder." And a sudden cough seized her as she spoke. She cried out as the rapid concussions jarred her, and pressed one hand against her side.

"Oh dear! It seemed as if a knife were cutting through me," she said, as the paroxysm subsided, and she leaned her head against Mrs. Grant.

"Come, child," and the kind woman drew upon one of her arms. "In bed is the place for you now."

They went up stairs, and Mary was soon undressed and in bed. As she touched the cool sheets, she shivered for a moment, and then shrunk down under the clothes, shutting her eyes, and lying very still.

"How do you feel now?" asked Mrs. Grant, who stood bending over her.

Mary did not reply.

"Does the pain in your side continue?"

"Yes, ma'am." Her voice was dull.

"And the tightness over your breast?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. I want rest and sleep."

Mrs. Grant stood for some time looking

down upon her red cheeks; red in clearly defined spots, that made the pale forehead whiter by the contrast.

"Something more than sleep is wanted, I fear," she said to herself, as she passed from the chamber and went down stairs. In less than half an hour she returned. A moan reached her ears as she approached the room where the sick girl lay. On entering, she found her sitting high up in bed; or, rather, reclining against the pillows, which she had adjusted against the head-board. Her face had lost much of its redness, was pinched and had a distressed look. Her eyes turned anxiously to the face of Mrs. Grant.

"How are you now, Mary?"

"Oh, I'm sick! Very sick, Mrs. Grant."

"Where? How, Mary?"

"O dear! I'm so distressed here!" laying her hand on her breast. "And every time I draw a breath, such a sharp pain runs through my side into my shoulder. O dear! I feel very sick, Mrs. Grant."

"Shall I send for a doctor?"

"I don't know, ma'am." And Miss Carson threw her head from side to side, uneasily—almost impatiently; then cried out with pain, as she took a deeper inspiration than usual.

Mrs. Grant left the room, and going down stairs, despatched her single domestic for a physician, who lived not far distant.

"It is pleurisy," said the doctor, on examining the case.—"And a very severe attack," he added, aside, to Mrs. Grant.

Of the particulars of his treatment, we will not speak. He was of the exhaustive school, and took blood freely; striking at the inflammation through a reduction of the vital system. When he left his patient that night, she was free from pain, breathing feebly, and without constriction of the chest. In the morning, he found her with considerable fever, and suffering from a return of the pleuritic pain. Her pulse was low, quick, and with a wiry thrill under the fingers. The doctor had taken blood very freely on the night before, and hesitated a little on the question of opening another vein, or having recourse to cups. As the lancet was at hand, and most easy of use, the vein was opened, and permitted to flow until there was a marked reduction of pain. After this, an anodyne diaphoretic was prescribed, and the doctor retired from the chamber with Mrs. Grant. He was much more particular, now, in his inquiries about his patient and the immediate cause of her illness. On learning that she had been

permitted to remain all day in a cold room, with wet feet and damp clothing, he shook his head soberly, and remarked, partly speaking to himself, that doctors were not of much use in suicide or murder cases. Then he asked, abruptly, and with considerable excitement of manner—

"In heaven's name, who permitted this thing to be done? In what family did it occur?"

"The lady for whom she worked yesterday is named Mrs. Lowe."

"Mrs. Lowe!"

"Yes, sir."

"And she permitted that delicate girl to sit in wet clothing, in a room without fire, on a day like yesterday?"

"It is so, Doctor."

"Then I call Mrs. Lowe a murderer!" The doctor spoke with excess of feeling.

"Do you think Mary so very ill doctor?" asked Mrs. Grant.

"I do, ma'am."

"She is free from pain now."

"So she was when I left her last night; and I expected to find her showing marked improvement this morning. But, to my concern, I found her really worse instead of better."

"Worse, doctor? Not worse!"

"I say worse to you, Mrs. Grant, in order that you may know how much depends on your careful attendance. Send for the medicine I have prescribed at once, and give it immediately. It will quiet her system and produce sleep. If perspiration follows, we shall be on the right side. I will call in again through the day. If the pain in her side returns, send for me."

The pain did return, and the doctor was summoned. He feared to strike his lancet again; but cupped freely over the right side, thus gaining for the suffering girl a measure of relief. She lay, after this, in a kind of stupor for some hours. On coming out of this, she no longer had the lancinating pain in her side with every expansion of the lungs; but, instead, a dull pain, attended by a cough and tightness of the chest. The cough was, at first, dry, unsatisfactory, and attended with anxiety. Then came a tough mucus, a little streaked with blood. The expectoration soon became freer, and assumed a brownish hue. A low fever accompanied these bad symptoms.

The case had become complicated with pneumonia, and assumed a most dangerous type. On the third day a consulting physician was called in. He noted all the symptoms carefully, and with a seriousness of manner

that did not escape the watchful eyes of Mrs. Grant. He passed but few words with the attendant physician, and their exact meaning was veiled by medical terms; but Mrs. Grant understood enough to satisfy her that little hope of a favorable issue was entertained.

About the time this consultation over the case of Mary Carson was in progress, it happened that Mrs. Wykoff received another visit from Mrs. Lowe.

"I've called," said the latter, speaking in the tone of one who felt annoyed, "to ask where that sewing girl you recommended to me lives?"

"Miss Carson."

"Yes, I believe that is her name."

"Didn't she come on Monday, according to appointment?"

"O yes, she came. But I've seen nothing of her since."

"Ah! Is that so? She may be sick." The voice of Mrs. Wykoff dropped to a shade of seriousness. "Let me see—Monday—didn't it rain?—Yes, now I remember; it was a dreadful day. Perhaps she took cold. She's very delicate. Did she get wet in coming to your house?"

"I'm sure I don't know." There was a slight indication of annoyance on the part of Mrs. Lowe.

"It was impossible, raining and blowing as it did, to escape wet feet, if not drenched clothing. Was there fire in the room where she worked?"

"Fire! No. We don't have grates or stoves in any of our rooms."

"Oh; then there was a fire in the heater?"

"We never make fire in the heater before November," answered Mrs. Lowe, with the manner of one who felt annoyed.

Mrs. Wykoff mused for some moments.

"Excuse me," she said, "for asking such minute questions; but I know Miss Carson's extreme delicacy, and I am fearful that she is sick, as the result of a cold. Did you notice her when she came in on Monday morning?"

"Yes. I was standing in the hall when the servant admitted her. She came rather late."

"Did she go immediately to the room where she was to work?"

"Yes."

"You are sure she didn't go into the kitchen to dry her feet?"

"She went up stairs as soon as she came in."

"Did you go up with her?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Lowe," said Mrs. Wykoff, who saw that these questions were chafing her visitor, "for pressing my inquiries so closely. I am much concerned at the fact of her absence from your house since Monday. Did she change any of her clothing? Take off her stockings, for instance, and put on dry ones?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"But sat in her wet shoes and stockings all day!"

"I don't know that they were wet, Mrs. Wykoff," said the lady, with contracting brows.

"Could you have walked six or seven squares in the face of Monday's driving storm, Mrs. Lowe, and escaped wet feet? Of course not. Your stockings would have been wet half way to the knees, and your skirts as well."

There was a growing excitement about Mrs. Wykoff, united with an air of so much seriousness that Mrs. Lowe began to feel a pressure of alarm. Selfish, cold-hearted and indifferent to all in a social grade beneath her, this lady was not quite ready to stand up in the world's face as one without common humanity. The way in which Mrs. Wykoff was presenting the case of Miss Carson on that stormy morning, did not reflect very creditably upon her; and the thought—"How would this sound, if told of me?" did not leave her in the most comfortable frame of mind.

"I hope she's not sick. I'm sure the thought of her being wet never crossed my mind. Why didn't she speak of it herself? She knew her own condition, and that there was fire in the kitchen. I declare! some people act in a manner perfectly incomprehensible." Mrs. Lowe spoke now in a disturbed manner.

"Miss Carson should have looked to this herself, and she was wrong in not doing so—very wrong," said Mrs. Wykoff. "But she is shrinking and sensitive to a fault—afraid of giving trouble or intruding herself. It is our place, I think, when strangers come into our houses, no matter under what circumstances, to assume that they have a natural delicacy about asking for needed consideration, and to see that all things due to them are tendered. I cannot see that any exceptions to this rule are admissible. To my thinking, it applies to a servant, a seamstress, or a guest, each in a just degree, with equal force. Not that I am blameless in this thing. Far from it. But I acknowledge my fault whenever it is seen, and repenting, resolve to act more humanely in the future."

"Where does Miss Carson live?" asked Mrs. Lowe. "I came to make the inquiry."

"As I feel rather troubled about her," answered Mrs. Wykoff, "I will go to see her this afternoon."

"I wish you would. What you have said makes me feel a little uncomfortable. I hope there is nothing wrong; or, at least, that she is only slightly indisposed. It was thoughtless in me. But I was so much interested in the work she was doing that I never once thought of her personally."

"Did she come before breakfast?"

"Oh, yes."

"Excuse me; but what time did she get her breakfast?"

There was just a little shrinking in the manner of Mrs. Wykoff, as she answered—

"Towards nine o'clock."

"Did she eat anything?"

"Well, no, not much in particular. I thought her a little dainty. She took coffee; but it didn't just appear to suit her appetite. Then I offered her tea, and she drank a cup."

"But didn't take any solid food?"

"Very little. She struck me as a dainty Miss."

"She's weak and delicate, Mrs. Lowe, as any one who looks into her face may see. Did you give her a lunch towards noon?"

"A lunch! Why no!" Mrs. Lowe elevated her brows.

"How late was it when she took dinner?"

"Three o'clock."

"Did she eat heartily then?"

"I didn't notice her particularly. She was at the table for only a few minutes."

"I fear for the worst," said Mrs. Wykoff. "If Mary Carson sat all day on Monday, in damp clothes, wet feet, and without taking a sufficient quantity of nourishing food, I wouldn't give much for her life."

Mrs. Lowe gathered her shawl around her, and arose to depart. There was a cloud on her face.

"You will see Miss Carson to-day?" she said.

"Oh, yes."

"At what time do you think of going?"

"I shall not be able to leave home before late in the afternoon."

"Say four o'clock"

"Not earlier than half past four."

Mrs. Lowe stood for some moments with the air of one who hesitated about doing something.

"Will you call for me?" Her voice was slightly depressed.

"Certainly."

"What you have said troubles me. I'm sure I didn't mean to be unkind. It was thoughtlessness altogether. I hope she's not ill."

"I'll leave home at half past four," said Mrs. Wykoff. "It isn't over ten minutes walk to your house."

"You'll find me all ready. Oh, dear!" and Mrs. Lowe drew a long, sighing breath. "I hope she didn't take cold at my house. I hope nothing serious will grow out of it. I wouldn't have anything of this kind happen for the world. People are so uncharitable. If it should get out, I would be talked about dreadfully; and I'm sure the girl is a great deal more to blame than I am. Why didn't she see to it that her feet and clothes were dried before she sat down to her work?"

Mrs. Wykoff did not reply. Mrs. Lowe stood for a few moments, waiting for some exculpatory suggestion; but Mrs. Wykoff had none to offer.

"Good morning. You'll find me all ready when you call."

"Good morning."

And the ladies parted.

"Ah, Mrs. Lowe! How are you this morning?"

A street meeting, ten minutes later.

"Right well. How are you?"

"Well as usual. I just called at your house."

"Ah, indeed! Come, go back again."

"No, thank you; I've several calls to make this morning. But, d' you know there's a strange story afloat about a certain lady of your acquaintance?"

"Of my acquaintance?"

"Yes; a lady with whom you are very, very intimate."

"What is it?" There was a little anxiety mixed with the curious air of Mrs. Lowe.

"Something about murdering a sewing-girl."

"What?" Mrs. Lowe started as if she had received a blow; a frightened look came into her face.

"But there isn't anything in it, of course," said the friend, in considerable astonishment at the effect produced on Mrs. Lowe.

"Tell me just what you have heard," said the latter. "You mean me by the lady of your intimate acquaintance."

"Yes; the talk is about you. It came from Doctor somebody; I don't know whom. He's attending the girl."

"What is said? I wish to know. Don't

keep back anything on account of my feelings. I shall know as to its truth or falsehood; and, true or false, it is better that I should stand fully advised. A seamstress came to work for me on Monday—it was a stormy day, you know—took cold from wet feet, and is now very ill. That much I know. It might have happened at your house, or your neighbor's, without legitimate blame lying against either of you. Now, out of this simple fact, what a dreadful report is circulated to my injury? As I have just said, don't keep anything back."

"The story is," replied the friend, "that she walked for half a mile before breakfast, in the face of that terrible north-east storm, and came to you with feet soaking and skirts wet to the knees, and that you put her to work, in this condition, in a cold room, and suffered her to sit in her wet garments all day. That, in consequence, she went home sick, was attacked with pleurisy in the evening, which soon ran into acute pneumonia, and that she is now dying. The doctor, who told my friend, called it murder, and said, without hesitation, that you were a murderer."

"Dying! Did he say that she was dying?"

"Yes, ma'am. The doctor said that you might as well have put a pistol ball through her head."

"Me!"

"Yes, you. Those were his words, as repeated by my friend."

"Who is the friend to whom you refer?"

"Mrs. T——."

"And, without a word of inquiry as to the degree of blame referable to me, she repeats this wholesale charge, to my injury. Verily! that is Christian charity!"

"I suggested caution on her part, and started to see you at once. Then she did sit in her wet clothing all day at your house?"

"I don't know whether she did or not," replied Mrs. Lowe, fretfully. "She was of woman's age, and competent to take care of herself. If she came in wet, she knew it; and there was fire in the house, at which she could have dried herself. Even a half-witted person, starting from home on a morning like that, and expecting to be absent all day, would have provided herself with dry stockings and slippers for a change. If the girl dies from cold taken on that occasion, it must be set down to suicide, not murder. I may have been thoughtless, but I am not responsible. I'm sorry for her; but I cannot take blame to myself. The same thing might have happened in your house."

"It might have happened in other houses than yours, Mrs. Lowe, I will admit," was replied. "But I do not think it would have happened in mine. I was once a seamstress myself, and for nearly two years, went out to work in families. What I experienced during those two years, has made me considerate towards all who come into my house in that capacity. Many who are compelled to earn a living with the needle, were once in better condition, and the change touches some of them rather sharply. In some families they are treated with a thoughtful kindness, in strong contrast with what they receive in other families. If sensitive and retiring, they learn to be very chary about asking for anything beyond what is conceded, and bear rather than suggest or complain."

"I've no patience with that kind of sensitiveness," replied Mrs. Lowe—"It's simply ridiculous; and not only ridiculous, but wrong. Is every sewing girl who comes into your house to be treated like an honored guest?"

"We are in no danger of erring, Mrs. Lowe," was answered, "on the side of considerate kindness, even to sewing women. They are human, and have wants, weaknesses, and bodily conditions, that as imperatively demand a timely and just regard, as those of the most honored guest who may sojourn with us. And what is more, as I hold, we cannot omit our duty either to the one or to the other, and be blameless. But I must hurry on. Good morning, Mrs. Lowe."

"Good morning," was coldly responded. And the two ladies parted.

We advance the time a few hours. It is nearly sundown, and the slant beams are coming in through the partly raised blinds, and falling on the bed, where white and panting for the short-coming breath, lies Mary Carson, a little raised by pillows, against which her head rests motionless. Her eyes are shut, the brown lashes lying in two deep fringes on her cheeks. Away from her temples and forehead the hair has been smoothly brushed by loving hands, and there is a spiritual beauty in her face that is suggestive of Heaven. Mrs. Grant is on one side of the bed, and the physician on the other. Both are gazing intently on the sick girl's face. The door opens, and two ladies come in, noiselessly—Mrs. Lowe and Mrs. Wykoff. They are strangers there to all but Mary Carson, and she has passed too far on the journey homeward for mortal recognitions. Mrs. Grant moves a little back from the bed, and the two

ladies stand in her place, leaning forwards, with half-suspended breathing. The almost artistic beauty of Miss Carson's face, the exquisite cutting of every feature, the purity of its tone, are all at once so apparent to Mrs. Lowe that she gazes down, wonder and admiration mingling with awe and self-accusations.

There is a slight convulsive cough, with a fleeting spasm. The white lips are stained. Mrs. Lowe shudders. The stain is wiped off, and all is still as before. Now the slanting sunrays touch the pillows, close beside the white face, lighting it with a glory that seems not of earth. They fade, and life fades with them, going out as they recede. With the last pencil of sunbeams passes the soul of Mary Carson.

"It is over!" The physician breathes deeply, and moves backwards from the bed.

"Over with her," he adds, like one impelled by crowding thoughts to untimely utterance. "The bills of mortality will say pneumonia—it were better written murder."

Call it murder, or suicide, as you will; only, fair reader, see to it that responsibility in such a case lies never at your door.

Duty.

BY MRS. A. C. S. ALLARD.

He came to me one morn in May,
And took my passive hand, to say—
"To-morrow, Kate, we go away."

I did not look into his eyes;
For if I should, the tears would rise;
I smothered down the starting sighs.

"To-morrow, Henry?"—this was all
That from my rigid lips did fall;
Of the *heart-struggle*, he knew all.

Two dozen months since we were wed—
Months that had passed with fairy tread,
Each wreathing blessings round my head.

And linking closer to my heart
The life now of my own a part,
By all of Love's mysterious art.

I was so happy; life to me
Was like a deep, calm, waveless sea;
Existence was a luxury.

Perhaps "Our Father" saw it best
To give the dove on earth no nest—
No worldly prop on which to rest.

That to the Ark it might return,
And from its very weakness, learn
A solitary truth, though stern.

It was a struggle, felt alone
By those who take down from its throne
Their idol, with a bitter groan.

When, in a tone husky and low,
Made hollow by the flames of woe,
I bade my worshipped husband—"Go!"

And help defend the cause of right
With freedom's hosts, who in their might
Were bravely going forth to fight.

The only words my lips could form
From out emotion's raging storm,
While waiting for the cars that morn—

"God help us both!" and turned away,
And sought my home; I could not stay,
And see my idol borne away.

God gave me strength to give him up;
My lips could not have pressed the cup
Had He not held my weak hands up.

* * * * *

The earth is but a grave to me;
Beneath the soil of Tennessee,
One of the price of victory,

He sleeps; and to my God alone,
The anguish of my soul is known;
Love, hope, the last of earth is gone.

Yet, looking upward, through my tears,
Duty's approving form appears;
She whispers, in a few more years,

Thy God will give thee back thy loan,
In that bright land where ne'er is known
The clash of arms, the trumpet's tone.

For he whom Duty writes "well done"
On life's stern battle-field, hath won
A joy more lasting than the sun.

McCONNELSVILLE, O.

WHAT IS A DARLING?—It is the dear little beaming girl, who meets one on the doorstep; who flings her fair arms around one's neck, and kisses one with her whole soul of love; who seizes one's hat; who relieves one of one's coat, and hands the tea and toast so prettily; who places her elfish form at the piano, and warbles forth unsolicited such delicious songs; who casts herself at one's footstool, and clasps one's hand, and asks eager, unheard-of questions, with such bright eyes and flushing face; and on whose light, flossy curls one places one's hand and breathes "God bless her," as the fairy form departs.

The Trial of Faith.

BY L. AUGUSTA BEALE.

"Oh! Aunt Sarah, I cannot bear it now! I am so wretched!"

Annie Parker turned away from the mild voice of Aunt Sarah and buried her white face in the sofa cushions. Her slender figure unconsciously relapsed into an attitude of utter despair, and she lay there in all the agony of a first grief.

She had been tenderly nurtured, and this was the first time she had felt the cold surges of life's ocean beating pitilessly about her fragile form. She had never before known a sorrow that parental love could not soothe or avert. The time had now come when she must go out in her own little boat upon the boundless sea, and wrestle with the waves and the tempest—alone. No human power can aid her, no human arm can shelter her now.

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever," said the serene voice of Aunt Sarah.

"Bye and bye," she replied, in a hollow voice, "perhaps I can be submissive, but this is dreadful!"

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Aunt Sarah Lester was one of those precious souls that have been tried in the fiery furnace of affliction, and come forth purified from all the dross of selfishness and earthly vanity.

In early life she had married a handsome, brilliant young man, who had been won by her stately beauty. It proved but the old story of "marry in haste and repent at leisure." He was gay and reckless, and only admired her beauty, while he scoffed at her religion. All her faithful efforts to lead him into the way of truth were utterly futile, and he quickly sank from dissipation into debauchery and crime, and died a victim to the intoxicating cup. Two feeble children were the fruit of this sad union, and the Christian mother bravely struggled on in those rugged up-hill paths, that society has opened for toiling woman, into which every one throws a rock, or plants a thorn, to make her cross heavier and her crown brighter. But death, stern and inexorable, took the mother's solace and care, and two little graves held her earthly treasure; yet she had priceless wealth laid up in heaven. Mrs. Parker was her younger sister, and had at last persuaded her to spend

her days with them, where her life was still a "shining light" in her kind ministrations to the poor and distressed.

But now, even her firm heart bled at the sight of this fragile young pilgrim, beaten down by the merciless blast. Words seemed a bitter mockery to her utter desolation.

From her early childhood Annie Parker had known and loved Norman Fisher. He had been her playmate and classmate at school, and was beloved and admired by all who knew him; and now, when he was studying law at Cambridge, and she was shyly looking into life with the new, thrilling sentiments of early womanhood, is it strange that her heart beat with tumultuous gladness, when he earnestly entreated her to walk the path of life with him? Is it strange, at the age of eighteen, that she thought nothing this side of heaven could be half so sweet as to lean on his strong arm and trust to his guidance even down into the vale of shadows?

So they were betrothed, in all the innocence and bliss of early love, and he made frequent flying visits, and wrote long, sweet letters, while she went about the house with a song in her heart and a beautiful womanly smile upon her lips. All the day she thought only of him, and in all her little domestic duties the thought that she was learning housewifery for his sake gave a zest to the meanest toil.

She was constantly striving to become what a true wife should be. Nothing had ever occurred to obscure the clear sunshine of their way, until now, Norman Fisher had come up from Cambridge to make a hasty call before commencement. He had come in to see his betrothed early upon Sunday morning, and after the first sweet greetings, she left him to prepare for church. The hour bells were ringing as she glided in, dressed in a soft blue barage, with the daintiest bit of an embroidered collar about her fair neck, and her heavy, wavy hair brushed into a plain knot and fastened with a silver comb.

"I am so glad you are here to go to church with me to-day, Norman," she murmured, yielding him the little hand he mutely asked for.

"How long it seems since we went to the old church together?"

"O, Annie, you can't be so cruel as to insist upon my going to church, when I have come all this long way to see you!" he lightly responded. "Stay at home with me to-day, I want to have a good long chat with you."

She smiled, but shook her head.

"There will be plenty of time after meeting for all that, Norman. Don't be so wicked and indolent."

"But, Annie, what real good shall we derive from hearing one of Doctor Carleton's sermons? I know it will do me more good to sit here and talk with you. I think you are worth a thousand dry, musty sermons."

A pang went through the loving heart of Annie Parker, and her tender eyes grew sad as she responded—

"Don't you believe in keeping the Sabbath holy, and going to the House of God to worship Him?"

"There! there! Annie, don't look so dismal, and I will do anything. Of course such things are right for those who think so. None can think alike—and aren't you the dearest sermon in the world yourself, and the sweetest little preacher? If I should go to church it would only be to worship you. I cannot help that, Annie."

This was said in that low, caressing tone, so sweet to all women; but Annie's eyes filled with tears as she replied, sadly—

"I never heard you talk so before. I thought you loved and respected the church, Norman."

"The bells are ringing: are you ready, children?" said the cheery voice of Mrs. Parker, her silken robes rustling in the hall.

"We are not going this morning, mamma, if you please," said Annie.

"You are very kind to gratify me in this, Annie; I know how to appreciate your little sacrifices," said her lover, drawing her fondly towards him. Her head drooped very wearily on his shoulder. There was a little cloud in the horizon, scarcely as large as a man's hand, yet fraught with tempest.

"I want you to tell me all about your religious views, dear Norman. Don't you believe in religion and church organizations? Don't you believe in a change of heart?"

"Annie, my love," he responded, very tenderly, "you are a sweet little Christian, and I love you all the better for it. You believe what your parents have taught you—women always do—and if I should tell you my views, they are so different from yours, that you would only be grieved without comprehending them; so let us understand each other and agree to disagree, on the ground that no two persons can by any possibility think alike, any more than they can look alike. Variety is the great first rule of the Omnipotent Artist."

"But you do not mean, Norman—you cannot mean that there is never to be any confidence between us on this subject? It has been so sweet for me to think that there is a time coming when I shall know all the secret thoughts of your soul. O, Norman, if I am wrong and ignorant, teach me; but do not kill me by withholding your confidence from me."

"Why, Annie! don't let this little affair grieve you. I would not have you think as I do. I want my wife to be a faithful, praying Christian. It is natural for women to have an unquestioning faith; but men are naturally logical. They require a reason for their belief. There is no need of your being vexed with knotty questions, because I am. Masculine minds were made to wrestle with complexities, and you must not feel bad because I cannot share your childlike faith; I would not, for the world, say anything to shake that faith."

"You cannot, Norman. But tell me all. Don't you believe in God and the Bible?"

"I believe in God, the Creator, the great cause of all things; but the Bible was written by men."

"The New Testament—our Saviour—the precious Gospel, Norman?"

"Believe in it, dearest; there is much that is beyond my comprehension—much that seems absurd. The star in the east; the miracle at Cana; the transfiguration and the resurrection."

"Perhaps you would feel differently if you prayed daily to God to instruct you aright."

"But I cannot feel that the great Creator of the universe stoops to listen to the idle importunities of such insignificant creatures as we are. He has made us just what we are, and we cannot change our natures. If you think one thing and I another, it is because He has made us differ. Men think and reason, women trust and believe. For instance, I have a logical reason for loving you. I love you because you are pretty, and truthful, and tidy, and innocent, and because you are a Christian; but you love me without a reason, because I love you, perhaps. Men require a good reason for all their actions, women are credulous and confiding, but never logical."

"But yet, Norman, with all your great intellect and profound wisdom, *you can never comprehend the infinite understanding of God!*"

Sweet Annie Parker. Little did she think that her astute lover, with all his vast research and complex philosophy, could not find an argument more purely logical than this.

"You have a great mind, Norman," she

continued, her eyes fixed on his, "I always knew that; yet the mightiest intellect that He ever made, can never understand His motives and His thoughts. God knows all things, and if you think His ways unreasonable, it is because you cannot comprehend the Infinite. You may think He will not hear my prayers, because He is so great; yet He cares for the little birds and the flowers of the field, and I know He cares for me. O Norman! Norman! I can bear anything but this!"

The tempest had burst upon her fair young head, and no earthly arm could shelter her. Norman, shocked at this sudden grief and passion, strove in vain to soothe her. She was learning the bitter lesson of discipleship, that all his children must bear the cross and wear the crown of thorns. She was learning that inspired precept, "put not your trust in princes."

It has always been thus. Woman, with her vine-like nature, puts all her trust in some human arm, twining closer and closer when it falters, and when the earthly prop fails, her day is forever darkened, except the Sun of Righteousness arise. Yet it is ever a better waking from that early dream of perfect love and confidence,

"To make idols and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—"

No wonder that our little sensitive plant felt that this was more than she could bear.

"Come, Annie," said Norman, soothingly, "let us walk down the garden, you are ill and nervous to-day. It was wrong for you to urge me to talk about such things. Cheer up, and I will go to meeting with you this afternoon and to prayer meeting this evening, if you will only smile again. I really wish I could think as you do, but we cannot help our thoughts. I suppose we are just as God made us, and if He gave me a mind that thinks very strangely, I am not responsible for my thoughts. I can only make the best of it."

"Christ says, 'believe on me, and he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not—' O Norman! Norman! you must believe whether you will or not! There is no alternative."

Norman Fisher respected the "blind credulity" of pious women, and thought they found a great deal of comfort in believing; but men were far too wise to be satisfied with such childish things.

In the pride and consciousness of a glorious intellect men sometimes forget another greater gift of the beneficent Father, capable of higher

attainments and greater bliss. Norman Fisher had neglected his *soul*. He had forgotten that only faith invigorates the soul. He had forgotten that faith does not come of philosophy. He was unwilling to admit that God's ways are inscrutable. He had forgotten that there is one tree whose fruit is denied us—that God has placed a bound to man's knowledge, and though He has given him an insatiable thirst for searching out mysteries and diving into the profound, still He has "secret places" which human research is forbidden to penetrate—He has volumes of philosophy which human eyes can never scan. He shows man the wonderful works of His hands, He unfolds to his gaze the volume of Nature, far too profound for the mightiest mind to comprehend, and then He opens that other Book, more intricate and wonderful still, full of subtle mysteries, and simply says, "have faith in God." He never appeals to the feeble understanding. Christ never recognized the power of human intellect, but only said, "Believe on me." God has made faith and not reason the provision of salvation; yet man in all the pomp and pride of his littleness stands up before Him and says, "I do not perceive the reason of all this, therefore I will not believe." So he builds up a fabric to suit himself, some airy chimera which half deludes him till death comes and tears the veil away. Thus it has ever been, from the earliest ages. Man disdains the hand of God because it is unseen. Hence the Tower of Babel, and the Golden Calf, down to that transcendental, intellectual calf, Philosophy, with its attendant devotees of deists, materialists, fatalists and the like, down to that splendid modern Tower of Babel, eclectic Spiritualism. Man has ever sought to climb into heaven by some other way than the ladder of faith, while God continually says there is no other way; and we have yet to learn of the first man who has hewn out a new road to the Celestial City, or flown thither on wings of his own construction.

Woman, with her pure instincts, often through prayer, perceives and embraces the truth, while man strives in vain to work it out in the laboratory of human reason. Thus sweet Annie Parker clung fondly to the truth of the Gospel, which shed such warm light over her soul, while Norman Fisher steadfastly refused the light and warmth, because he could not fully comprehend the philosophy of that radiance; forgetful that he could no more understand the philosophy of the light and heat that emanate from the great physical sun.

He accompanied her to church in the afternoon, but a new, strange shadow of suffering lay on her brow, which went sadly to his heart, for he saw how powerless he was to heal the grief that he had made. So they parted in tender sorrow, each mutely conscious of the gathering storm, and wondering how it would end.

Then Annie poured this tale of anguish into Aunt Sarah's ear, who, with all the wisdom of a dear-bought experience, had gently warned her, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers." She shuddered and shrank from this chalice of woe, yet how could she trust her life's happiness in the hands of an infidel. It was this dreadful thought that had wrung from her broken heart the cry, "I cannot bear it now! I am so wretched!"

It was then that Aunt Sarah came like a ministering angel to breathe words of comfort, and to lead the stricken lamb to her Saviour's bosom. She taught her how all earthly hopes are mist. She told her that sad lesson which falls so heavily down on warm young hearts, chilling all the throbbing veins of hope and happiness; how God sends us sorrows and trials to turn our hearts to Him,—to make earth seem so bleak and dreary that we shall long for Heaven,—to make earthly love so frail and bitter that we will gladly rest upon the divine.

The sweet girl meekly treasured up these lessons, but O, how cold they seemed beside that human trust and joy that had gone out of her heart forever. Oh! the icy desolation! Oh! the fainting loneliness! Yet she prayed for submission to his will, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and a gentle peace came over her soul, like the breath of springs to the desert pilgrim. Yet how much more she prayed for the dear erring one, that he might be saved from the fearful gulf on whose crumbling brink he so fearlessly trod. Like "Agnes of Sorrento," like all true, loving women in all ages, she would gladly die to save him; still that stern injunction rang in her ears and knocked at the door of her conscience, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

Many days she prayed and many nights she wept, then bowed meekly to the chastening rod, and wrote to Norman Fisher tenderly but firmly—

"None but He who searcheth all hearts can ever know the anguish of this hour, dear Norman; but I cannot wed an unbeliever. I know now that my affection for you has been a sinful idolatry, and I see the hand of God in this to

draw me from my sins and lead me nearer to Him. I shall never cease to pray for you, and if there is efficacy in prayer, which I have never doubted, you will yet believe in Him. Through all my grief at this separation, I know He will sustain me. My soul is at peace, for I feel that I have done His will."

The reply was characteristic.

"Annie, you have made my life a chaos of fearful anticipations and agonies. While I see in your strange ideas of Christian duty only a wild fanaticism, I respect your firm, pious principles. I see that you are sustained—you cannot suffer as I do. You have driven me to despair. Your love was my anchor, and solace, and hope—now my life is a hopeless wreck. Annie, it cannot be right. A good God would not send this unhappiness upon us for a slight difference of religious opinion.

"I need your gentle, patient care to keep me from going astray, and I shudder to think what I shall become without your love. I should never oppose your sweet faith, darling; you need not be less a Christian with me; but what shall I be without you.

"I cannot realize that it is all over, my beloved—all our happy days and hopes of happiness. I will not believe it! I must hope on, and pray, if I can, that you may be led out of this blind infatuation into my cherishing love again. Whenever you think of me, think that I am loving you ever the same, and waiting for you to come back to me. Till then, if it must be, adieu."

God's grace is strong, but the gentle heart that has known the sweetness of a sheltering human love, shrinks back from the desolation of a life without it.

The roses faded from the cheeks of Annie Parker; but the saintly light of Christian faith grew brighter in her eyes. Her step was slow and feeble, but her trust in God was strong. Her parents were alarmed; but they had always taught her to look within for the promptings of duty, and they felt that she would do right; while Aunt Sarah, judging from her own vigor and endurance through her early days of trial, thought that Annie, with God's grace, could well bear this lesser affliction. But when a year had passed, the smile never came back to her lips, nor the faint bloom to her spiritual countenance. During this time she had seen Norman but twice, and they met as passing acquaintances might do. He had grown older, and wore a stern and careworn look; but then he had gone into business. The world said he was scarcely industrious

and ambitious enough for a talented young lawyer. At last Annie received a little note from him—a faint scrawl, that said—

"Annie, I am sick—dying. Will you not come to me now?"
NORMAN.

The cars quickly bore her to the city, and the physician met her at the depot, but there was no hope in his countenance.

"Be calm, Miss Parker," he said, "our patient is much reduced by some severe mental conflict, and excitement might prove fatal. Be calm."

The injunction was not needed, for the marble statue of Patience could not be calmer. She was brave, but O, how despairing! Her prayer of anguish was, "Let me die for him, my Father!" When she entered his room with her noiseless step, the fever was raging and he was delirious. She could only bathe his burning brow and pray. All night he was continually calling for her.

"Annie, do not be so cruel! Come to me now, Annie. It has been so long and dreary! I told you I could not live without you."

Then he would start up and ask her to bring him pen and paper, that he might write to her instantly, for she would feel very badly if he should not live to see her again. In vain she told him that she was his own Annie, and would not leave him. At last he slept, a troubled, dreamy sleep—but he slept; and when he woke again, he looked up and feebly murmured—

"This is very kind, Annie."

"I am very glad you sent for me, Norman. Keep very quiet—don't try to talk."

She glided about the room, shutting out the morning sunlight, smoothing the drapery of the bed, and making the room cheerful; then she sat down by his side and fanned him to sleep again. This time he slept calmly as an infant on its mother's breast. The physician came in and felt his pulse and nodded approvingly to Annie, and hope sprung up in her heart. When he woke he was very feeble and pale, and called Annie to his side.

"Annie, I must leave you, but it is very sweet to have you with me in such an hour. You are not afraid?"

"No; no, Norman! You are better, only look to Jesus, dear Norman. I cannot let you go until you believe in Him. God will answer my prayers, I feel that he will."

"He has answered them, Annie. I have no hope save in Christ and Him crucified. At last I can see the majesty of Faith and feel the

peace of believing. I would like to stay with you, dearest; but God's will be done."

He sunk back on the pillow, and Annie buried her face in her hands, till a gentle touch roused her,

"Come away, my dear girl," said the old doctor, "you must get some sleep. We shall need you, I see."

She raised her white face and eagerly whispered,

"Does he live?"

"Sleeping sweetly. This is the first favorable symptom. Come and get some rest,—you will find him better when you return, and peevish enough I'll warrant; but you will be patient with him."

Annie wept herself to sleep in thankful prayer. During the long days of convalescence, she read to Norman many sweet and comforting chapters from the Gospels, and the words of the Psalmist made music in his soul. He felt that the consolations of Gospel faith were rich and majestic enough even for masculine souls. One day, after he had listened to her low voice through the fourteenth chapter of John, that rich mine of Gospel wealth to all believers, he told her all his long struggle against the breathings of the Holy Spirit.

"Long ago, Annie, when I was in college, I felt the still small voice calling me to go forth and preach the Gospel."

Annie looked up, wonderingly, into his eyes, and laid her hand sympathizingly in his.

"I turned resolutely away and listened to that subtle philosophy so prevalent among law students, the creed of Voltaire. I thought that human reason was infinite, and Faith but a name for credulity. But like Saul, I found it hard to kick against the pricks. Your bright, unwavering fidelity—my own unmanly fears of death, shook my profound philosophy, and at last I yielded, and this illness was the result. Now Annie, I go forth from this bed of sickness to work in His vineyard."

"O Norman! It seems so like a dream. To think that all my prayers are answered so sweetly. I can hardly realize it!"

There was a long silence, and the setting sun threw a flood of golden radiance over them, shining warmly in the flowing locks of the maiden, lying glorious on the marble brow of the invalid. Perhaps the same delicious thoughts were stirring the depths of both hearts, for when he turned towards the fair girl by his side with a look of unutterable tenderness and love, there was a glimmering smile of holy contentment on her lips, and as her eyes met

his, a faint flush of maidenly modesty came up to her pale cheeks and she looked down, but he took her small hand and said quite solemnly,

"Annie, there is one very sweet command that I wish to impress very forcibly upon you, as a portion of your Christian duty. Perhaps you have forgotten it. Once you asked me to teach you, Annie."

"O do, Norman. I need so much instruction, and I know that I can trust you now. What is it that I have forgotten that I ought to remember?"

"Paul's injunction, dearest. 'Beloved, let us love one another.'"

Her eyes drooped again, and tears were on the long lashes; but the warm smile on her lips told of peace and rest and unfathomable bliss. And when Norman Fisher folded his arms around her and besought her to answer him, her words though faintly whispered threw a halo of bliss over his heart, for they were such words as only woman's dear, self-sacrificing love could ever prompt:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

PORTLAND, ME., August, 1862.

Champagne and Real Pain.

BY O. P. Q.

This half-punning collocation of words is very significative and very suggestive. I remember one champagne party, and expect to remember it as long as I live. There came more *real* pain as a consequence than was bargained for. It was just before I left college. There were three dashing young girls in the house where some of the students boarded, each of whom had been made love to at least half a dozen times by over-susceptible young men; but they still remained heart-free. And at the time of which I write, one of them was a special favorite in the eyes of two of the students, who hailed from the states of Mississippi and Tennessee. The young lady was coquettish, but really indifferent. Vanity made her enjoy her conquest, and trifle a little with her brace of lovers.

One splendid October day, we made up a riding-party. Stopping at a tavern some ten miles from town, we ordered wine and refreshments. I would have demurred, could I have done so and not been misunderstood. As this was out of the question, I joined with apparent hearty good-will in the gay scene of festivity that followed. Toasts were drank, songs sung,

and stories told, the young girls taking their part with a gay abandon that removed instead of imposing restraint.

All at once there occurred a boding stillness. We were yet at the table. I did not observe the cause, for my attention had been diverted by one of the young ladies with whom I was talking. But, I was soon aware that something had been said by the student from Mississippi which had given deep offence to the one from Tennessee. I afterwards learned that the unfortunate words, uttered under the excitement of wine, had been intended to disparage the Tennessean in the eyes of the young girl into whose good graces each was trying to win a place.

The countenance of my young friend from Tennessee, whom I had known always as a mild, even-tempered young man, was almost livid with rage. He had a bottle in his hand, and was raising it as I looked up. Before there was time for interference, he hurled the dangerous missile at the other, and striking him on one of his temples, dashed him insensible to the floor. The bottle crushed as it struck, and left a deep wound.

We were a sadder party when we returned than we were in the morning's joyous going forth. A carriage conveyed the young man, who remained insensible, back to town. An immediate examination of the wound was made by a surgeon, who detected a slight fracture and a slight depression of the bone. But his skill was not equal to the need. He was unable to restore the bone to its right position, and to the grief and dismay of all parties, the young man remained insensible. Days, weeks passed; but life continued, hiding itself in the vital organs, and all attempts to force or win it to the ultimates of the body, failed.

The painful duty of writing to the young man's friends devolved on me. They came in all haste, and removed the student to New York, where the most skilful surgeons tried in vain the work of restoration. Two years the young man lingered in hopeless paralysis, and then died.

Alas! But the evil did not stop here. Another life had to be sacrificed. An older brother of the Mississippian, under a false notion of honor, demanded a meeting with the almost heart-broken Tennessean, who went with him to the field of mortal combat, and received a ball into his heart, without even pulling the trigger of the pistol which had been placed in his hand.

It was my last champagne party.

Country Living

AND COUNTRY THINKING.*

Reader, if you are one of those who have enjoyed the "Country Parson," we advertise you of another pleasure in store. From the "University Press," bearing the imprint of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, comes a volume, entitled as above, full of thoughts for the thoughtful. It seems to be a woman's book, but the pen-name, Gail Hamilton, does not decide this matter. As to the author's personality, he or she warns the public to make no inquiry (of course sharpening curiosity) on pain of being considered impertinent. "If you commit this sin against me, I will never forgive you! Or, since that may be unscriptural, I will forgive you just enough to save my own soul, but not enough to be of any use to you." That was a woman, sure! But we stand admonished, and will make no guess as to her real name. The contents of the book, made up of several papers,—*"Moving," "My Garden," "Men and Women," "Brown-Bread and Cakes," "Dog-Days," "A Complaint of Friends," "Winter,"* etc., etc., are delightful, so fresh, so genial, and so meditative. We offer our readers a treat in this selection:—

WINTER.

Some people have a way, you probably, my dear friend, among the rest, of going into the country. When the sun beats down hot and hard, when the earth gets parched and arid, when the fields have gone gray for lack of rain, and all the little leaves have curled themselves to dry death, and the heavens are dull, shimmering brass, and the roads are ankle-deep in fine, powdery dust, and the thirsty oxen stand panting in muddy bogs that were once pools of water, and the grasshopper has become a burden, and your desire for everything but ice-water has failed,—then you wrap the chairs in brown holland, turn the pictures to the wall, carry the silver down to the bank, pack a dry-goods store into your trunk, leave your cool, blinded, shaded city house with its large rooms, its ample baths, and its attentive well-trained servants, join a great dusty caravan, in a little dusty, cindery, clamorous railroad-car, whirl off to a great hotel, pitch about among hackmen and porters till you have enconced yourself somewhere in a seven by nine room, with the clatter of a legion of feet con-

tinually above, around, beneath, and the prolonged torture of a gong forever summoning you to the two-hundredth part of a table, when you unpack your dry goods, and put on your flounces and laces and diamonds, and sit up straight, graceful, and lady-like, and dine off the same meats, and hop with the same hoppers, and talk with the same talkers, and see the same faces, and do the same things you did yesterday at home; and this you call "going into the country."

Or, being a notch lower in the social scale, and not able to contribute your part to the splendors of a great establishment, you go to a little village, eight miles away, and engage a southwest chamber in a house set on a hill, without blinds, with a tank of rain-water directly under the window, a feather bed, wooden chairs, and red-flowered carpet, where you slumber out your mornings, simmer out your middays, and fight out your nights with mosquitos,—to all of which I have not the slightest objection—if you like it. It is change, and that, after all, is what you need; and even if you have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, it will serve to make the frying-pan more tolerable when you go back to it. But if, having done this, you consider that you have been in the country, that you have exhausted nature, and that there is nothing new under the sun for you to see, why, I must take the liberty of respectfully informing you that you don't know what you are talking about.

Nature is very exacting. You may make her a flying visit in August, and she will indeed unfold to you the beauties of dew-drop, and thunder-shower, and evening sky; but to know her in her wholeness, to drink in full measure the "life that hides in marsh and wold," to conceive all her magnificent possibilities, you must woo her from New Year to New Year, and every New Year shall bring you a fairer picture, a richer blessing, than the last.

You shall look out upon a gray, frozen earth, and a gray, chilling sky. The trees stretch forth naked branches imploringly. The air pinches and pierces you, a homesick desolation clasps around your shivering, shrinking heart, and then God works a miracle. The windows of heaven are opened, and there comes forth a blessing, the gray sky unlocks her treasures, and softness and whiteness and warmth and beauty float gently down upon the evil and the good. Through all the long night, while you sleep, the work goes noiselessly on. Earth

*Country Living and Country Thinking. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

puts off her earthliness, and when the morning comes she stands before you in the white robes of a saint. The sun hallows her with baptismal touch, and she is glorified. There is no longer on her pure brow anything common or unclean. The Lord God hath wrapped her about with light as with a garment. His Divine charity hath covered the multitude of her sins, and there is no scar or stain, no "mark of her shame," no "seal of her sorrow." The far-off hills swell their white purity against the pure blue of the heaven. The sheeted splendor of the fields sparkles back a thousand suns for one. The trees lose their nakedness and misery and desolation, and every slenderest twig is clothed upon with glory. All the roofs are blanketed with snow; all the fences are bordered. Every gate-post is statuesque; every wood-pile is a marble quarry. Harsh outlines are softened. Instead of angles, and ruggedness, and squalor, there are billowy, fleecy undulations. Nothing so rough, so common, so ugly, but it has been transfigured into newness of life. Everywhere the earth has received beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. Without sound of hammer or axe, without the grating of saw or the click of chisel, prose has been sculptured into poetry. The actual has put on the silver veil of the ideal.

Will you look more closely? A part is, if possible, more beautiful than the whole. On the Brobdignagian texture of your coat-sleeve, one wandering snow-flake has alighted. Gaze at it or ever it vanishes from your sight. What a world of symmetry it discloses to you! What an airy, fairy, crystalline splendor! What delicate spires of feathery light shoot out from the centre with tiny fringes, and rosy, radiating bars. In all your life you have never seen anything more beautiful, more perfect, and you may stand "breast-high" in just such marvellous radiance. Talk of robbers' caves and magic lamps! No Eastern imagination, rioting in "barbaric pearl and gold," can eclipse the magnificence in which you live and move and have your being.

And there is a deeper beauty than this. It is not only that the snow makes fair what was good before, but it is a messenger of love from heaven, bearing glad tidings of great joy. Hope for the future comes down to the earth in every tiny snow-flake. Under the purity that spans the hill-side, and lies lightly piled in the valleys, the earth-spirits and fairies are ceaselessly working out their multifold plans. The

grasses hold high carnival safe under their crystal roof. The roses and lilies keep holiday. The snow-drops and hyacinths, and the pink-lipped Mayflower, wait as they that watch for the morning. The life that stirs beneath thrills to the life that stirs above. The spring sun will mount higher and higher in the heavens; the sweet snow will sink down into the arms of the violets, and, at the word of the Lord, the earth shall come up once more as a bride adorned for her husband.

And "as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Native land! Fatherland! Is not the word spoken to you?

O beautiful, sorrowful country! for whom the watch-fires of freedom have been lighted on the hills, for whom the flames of sin lurk ghastly and baleful in the valleys; baptized in the blood of heroes; consecrated with the prayers of saints; precious for your priceless past, unspeakably precious for the hope of your golden future; for all your faults never more dear than now; rocked with the throes of a mortal agony; shuddering through all your frame in the slimy coil of a monster; your young strength once prostrated, but now alive, your young life poisoned, but renewed again;—shall not "Nature bring you solace?" Already the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Shall we not therein read a sweet prophecy? The winter of your discontent shall be made glorious summer. You too shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

There is nothing like winter in the country to develop one's resources and mature one's graces. Blocked up by the snow, driven in by the cold, forced to subside on yourself, it stands you in hand to be agreeable and inventive. If your chimney smokes, if your door-knobs loosen and come off, if the rain soaks

through the walls, if the roof is leaky, if holes yawn in your shoes, if your skate-straps are too short, or your sled-runner is broken, or your note paper gives out, you cannot jump upon the train and go to the next market-town to be set up again. You must either wait for the spring or a January thaw, or you must contrive some remedy yourself.

If your Decembers have been genially warmed into Junes without any intervention of your own, and you find yourself suddenly in a remote village, under the necessity of attending to your fire or going without it, you will often be in that state of mind which will demand for solace a constant repetition of the old saw, "It takes a fool to make a fire." If, worse than this, you suffer yourself to be lured by siren songs of warmth, convenience, and economy from the good old groves of hickory and oak and maple, to try, like the old man in the spelling-book, what virtue there is in stones, you will have an admirable opportunity to cultivate the virtue of patience; and patience is a divine virtue. When we look at God, holy, just, and kind, and at his creatures, rebelling against him, cruel to each other, polluting themselves with sin, and violating his wise laws,—and yet see how he ever makes his sun to rise upon evil and good, and sends his rain upon just and unjust, continuing to all alike the blessings of seed-time and harvest,—we are ready to say, that patience is of all virtues the most divine.

But it is not only divine, it is pre-eminently a human virtue. It works into daily life a sweetness, a balm, a peacemaker, a consoler. It makes home happy. It shames vice. It disarms ill temper. It goes far to make society tolerable. So important is this virtue esteemed in the Divine economy, that a large part of our experience is framed so as to strengthen and improve it. We deviate into no path in which we cannot find some circumstance fitted to exercise and perfect it. It is, however, a solemn thought, that opportunities wasted are burdens upon our shoulders. If we grow wicked by a means which was intended and adapted to make us grow good, we grow a great deal more wicked than we should if such means had never been tried. A blessing turned into a curse is doubly accursed. Sorrows that do not soften, harden. Life is full of little occasions which may help us to grow in grace, and may show us whether we have already done so; but neglected or perverted, they deteriorate us.

But these reflections will not occur to you in

the early stages of your experience with coal fires. On the contrary, you will begin your work full of hope. Careful to follow to the letter every direction, you are confident of success. With half contemptuous commiseration, you think of some cousin, or aunt, or friend, who has been appalled by the lions in the way, and turned back. You consider it a weakness of character, rather to be pitied than severely censured. You are charitable to all the world as you lay in your kindlings with mathematical regularity,—paper, shavings, splinters, sticks. You apply the match. A furious roar springs up. You start back, half delighted, half scared. What if the chimney should catch fire. You hustle on the coal to smother the exceeding fierceness. The roar crackles, sputters, stifles, and dies the death. There is a pause. You open the door, and peep in furtively. A faint suggestion of flame and half a dozen sparks. A second peep;—the flames have disappeared, the sparks are diminished. A third peep,—black as Acheron. The kindlings burned charmingly, but they mistook means and ends, and kindled nothing. You put in your hand and pry under the surface to see if anything is happening. Whew! Who could imagine that anything so cold-looking could be so hot, or anything so hard-looking could be so smutty. But your black fingers will be atoned for to-morrow by three little white blisters at this moment developing under the blackness. Then you turn a crank and let the coal down, that you may take it out and try again. Down it comes crashing into the drawer. You proceed to pull it out. Something sticks. You wriggle and twist, and jerk it in vain. You are forced to thrust your arm into the stove, and take the coal out by handfuls. Then you begin anew, and after consuming wood enough to heat your room all day, and time enough for as much more wood to grow, you succeed in getting a fire. But you do not mind the time spent, for you say to yourself, "It is once for all." You flatter yourself that, once kindled, it will stay kindled. You are doomed to disappointment. You open the stove door in the morning, and it is "upper, nether, and surrounding darkness," abysmal and dismal. You have to go through the whole process again, with the added misery of ashes, which come, puff! into your face, a suffocating cloud, on the slightest provocation. You plod on for a few days. Every separate member of your family has a separate opinion, and proffers different advice,—all entirely conjectural and

at random. You have recourse to the experienced. One advises you to shake down the old coal before you put on new, which you do vigorously, and shake all the life out of it. Then you are told that you must keep it quiet, and you tread gingerly, laying in the fresh coal carefully with your own shuddering fingers,—as if you were planning a surprise, and designed to get it on fire before it should know what was going on; but the enemy is on the alert, and baffles you with a “masterly inactivity.” Meanwhile there comes a cold snap, and the thermometer plumps down to zero. Everything about the house freezes solid, and breaks. Friends who call are pressed to have a shawl, and stop to dinner. Bores are blandly invited, in rural formula, to “take off their coats and make themselves at home.” Then somebody tells you that the grate must be poked to keep it clear. Submissive, you procure a sharp stick in lieu of a poker, which, if it exists at all, is not visible to the naked eye, and, like any Parsee, prone on the floor you fall before your swart divinity, and ram the stick up under the grate. Down come the ashes in a gray shower over your sleeve and hand, covering every thread of the one, and filling every pore of the other; but desperately you poke on, till light shines through. Sometimes your exertions will be rewarded by success, and sometimes not; and this is your great perplexity. Everything is inconsequent. Similar causes produce dissimilar effects. You do, with slavish imitation, everything you are told to do, till it is shown to be useless, when you give rein to genius and branch off on your own account, in brilliant and startling combinations. You shake down, and refrain from shaking. You poke, and you cease poking. You set the wood on fire before you put the coal on, and you put the coal on before you set the wood on fire. You open everything openable, and shut everything shuttable, and you never have any inkling of what will happen next. There is no satisfaction when the fire does burn, for it does not burn logically. It is an isolated fact. It does not establish anything, nor indicate anything. No palpable reason exists why it should burn this time, that did not apply with equal force to the four previous occasions when it declined burning. It ought to have gone out last night as well as the night before. It is like the proverbial woman,—

“If she will, she will, you may depend on’t,
If she wont, she wont, and there’s an end on’t.”

It is like an over-sensitive man;—one of

those disagreeable unfortunates who are known as “touchy.” If you don’t treat it “just so,” it is all over with you. Its dignity is as ticklish as that of our self-made aristocrats. You can scarcely look askance at it without disturbing its equilibrium. You begin to believe that some “imp of the perverse” has taken up his abode there,—that some unhoused gnome is wreaking vengeance on you for his violated home,—and you fall gradually into a pugnacious mood. You get a way of looking at the coal as a malicious and skilful foe, and it is a drawn battle between you. You grow, as the country-people say, “short-waisted.” The harder it is for the coal to kindle, the easier it becomes for you. Your conversation turns growly and snappish. You wax dangerous. Every inquiry as to your progress, you get to look on as an insult. You suffer under a sense of injury. You feel as if the world and the elements were in league against you. You are sensitive of the slightest allusion to fire. You have a kind of pyrophobia.

No, my dear friend, this will never do. This is all wrong. This is the abuse, not the use, of coal. You are wasting anthracitic opportunities for the development of the noble virtue of patience. Be not deceived. Martyrdom comes to but few. Few are called to resist unto blood, striving against sin, but many are called to resist unto inconvenience, restraint, and self-denial; and an incessant pin-pricking is perhaps harder to bear than the swift-descending axe, or the crunch of a lion’s jaws: and if you come off conqueror from the one, you shall in no wise lose your reward, any more than he who calmly faced the horrors of the other. If the trials to which you are subjected seem all the more severe from being so petty, remember that Rome was not built in a day, and it is the constant, hourly chipping at the quarried marble that is to rear in the end—the temple of God. Remember, too, that however out of joint the matter may be, fretting will never mend it. It is bad to feel your hands growing rough, but it is worse to let your temper keep them company. It ruffles you to hear of stoves that run like a clock from November to May, but it wont smooth you to go into a rage about it. It is aggravating to have the fire burn up and warm the room delightfully, just as the stove-man, for whom you have sent to see what the trouble is, arrives, and then to have it go out as soon as he does; but what are you going to do about it? If you are wise, you will remember that you are only sharing the common lot. You will think of the

great multitudes who have passed through the same tribulations, and the summer atmosphere of a thousand happy homes will beckon you on to victory. You will think, with admiring gratitude, of the man who first discovered the combustibility and practicability of coal. You will see the fatherliness of your Creator in making this wonderful provision for you,—how the giant trees leaped heavenward at his bidding, and at his bidding died, to become in death your ministers. What wisdom and benevolence wrought this marvellous work in the great laboratories of the earth,—scooped out those vast basins, piled therein these inexhaustible treasures, more precious than gold, and so took care for your comfort ages and ages before you were born! And will you be petulant because you carry your end of the pole a little awkwardly at first? Shall your orisons and vespers be the prayer of the daughters of the horse-leech? Will you not be content that the Lord has given you the coal, but will you require him to work a miracle to kindle it? For you fail only because you are fighting against the nature of things, and here is another lesson which you may learn,—the inexorableness of law. Not a spark of fire, not the smallest black coal-speck on your finger, but follows the law of its being, fixed, relentless. Your intentions are good. You mean to do right. But you are transgressing some chemical or mechanical law, and the dumb coal, which has never deviated from rectitude, is a swift witness against you. With nature, ignorance is no excuse for transgression. The penalty follows surely on the heels of sin. Is the law of matter more fixed than the law of mind? If you cannot sin against lifeless stones with impunity, can you sin against a living soul, and go scot free? If a right purpose will not kindle a fire without wise means, will it fashion a son's mind? Do you not see how the blind may mislead the blind, with utmost tenderness, to destruction.

Above all things, do not "give up." Rise to the height of the emergency. Be master of yourself. Get the victory over impatience; so from the stubborn coal shall you express the oil of joy, and find beauty for ashes. Every lambent tongue of flame shall be to you a messenger from heaven, and every day a penitencast. With a heart open to all pure influences, you shall feel the full force of those sweet words, "Lo! I am with you always," and with eyes which the Lord hath opened, you shall see "sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The Child and the Evergreen.

BY HARRIET M. BEAN.

I had wandered in the summer,
Listening to each insect hummer,
All unmindful of the cold
Coming when the year was old;
All unmindful of the snow
And the wild winds that must blow;
All forgetful that the flowers
Faded with the summer hours.

Childhood's heart beat high and warm,
Why then should I think of storm?
But, alas! the days grew chill,
And the song upon the hill,
Of the red-breast robin-rover
Seemed forever to be over—
To my childish heart how weary
Passed those long hours cold and dreary.

Climbed I then my mother's knee,
Wondering why such things must be;
"Mother, now the flowers are fled,
All are withered—all are dead;
Mother, no green leaves remain—
Oh, how white the window pane!
I am sorrowing much to-day
For the bright things passed away!"

"Oh, my child, you've not yet seen
Winter's glorious Evergreen;
Tho' the snow enrobes the hill,
That is fresh and lovely still;
Tho' the rude storms madly play,
Still it meekly winds its way,
Emblematic of a heart
Whence no freshness doth depart.

"Listen, child, thou hast a flower;
Watch it—guard it hour by hour;
Keep thy heart, child, pure and warm,
And thy soul shall know no storm;
Then through all thy care and pain
Every loss shall prove a gain;
Then shall Hope and Memory be,
Each an Evergreen to thee!"

"THE BEST THING ABOUT A GIRL."—The best thing about a girl is cheerfulness. We don't care how ruddy her cheek may be, or how velvety her lips—if she wears a scowl, even her friends will consider her ill-looking; while the young lady who illuminates her countenance with smiles, will be regarded as handsome, though her complexion be coarse enough to grind nutmegs on. As perfume is to the rose, so is good-nature to the lovely.

Battle Fields of Our Fathers.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Another year had passed. This one had gone swiftly—so swiftly, that when it laid its harvest of days gathered out of the golden spring and glowing summer, and the red heart of the autumn in the great white storehouse of winter, Grace asked, with a wide wonder in her brown eyes—

"Where has the year gone?" And it was the first time for eight years that she had asked this question.

It was the last day of May. The brier roses were in a red heat of bloom by the window; the lilacs were in a purple flame; the apple-trees, in the full tide of blossoming, stood up that year like a vast white rose, flushed with pink.

On this last day of May, Mrs. Palmer and Grace stood together in the spare chamber, where the open windows let in a vein of sunlight and all kinds of sprouting fragrances. Both mother and daughter were intent on securing in the frames a piece of elaborate patchwork, in the shape of a flaming sunflower, made of diminutive triangles of bright-colored satin on a gray white ground of the same material, while four stars of smaller size and similar pattern occupied the corners of the immense square.

"Well, Grace," said Mrs. Palmer, as she adjusted one of the chairs on which the long frames rested for the twentieth time, and surveyed the flaming billows of patchwork with admiration, "we must chalk the first row round this afternoon, for I shall have enough to keep me spry to-morrow mornin' gettin' ready for the quiltin' party by two o'clock. Have you made up your mind yet what pattern you'll have?"

"No; I'll let you decide, mother," running a cord through a small groove in a ball of chalk.

Mrs. Palmer looked anxious and undecided.

"There's scroll, and double shell, and oak leaf, and herrin' bone, and di'mond, that al'ays look well; I can't tell for the life on me which would suit this best."

"Shell, then, mother; suppose we decide on the double shells?" answered Grace, not suspecting that the name had quite as much to do with her choice as the inherent merit of the pattern.

"Double shells never was beat in my eye," answered her mother, glad to reach a decision on so important a matter.

Then followed a brief discussion respecting the position of the first row of shells; and after this, Mrs. Palmer continued—

"There's no use, Grace, in askin' any more than can get round the quilt, but I expect there'll be a good many hard feelin's in consequence; everybody'll want a hand in it."

"Well, we can obviate all trouble in that quarter by giving out invitations for two afternoons; we never could get through with it in one, mother."

"That's a real bright idee, Grace; and it wont be much more trouble to bake up for two suppers than for one."

At this moment, Deacon Palmer came into the chamber. They manifested no surprise at seeing him, for the old man of late was in the habit of passing any little interludes in his farm-work with his family. His glance fell on the quilt a moment, and then went up to his daughter's face, with some new tenderness struggling under the heavy eyebrows. He laid his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"It don't seem as though I was going to lose my little girl so soon," he said, softly.

Grace could now bear any allusions to her future with tolerable composure, and the flush that was like the tint of sea-shells in her cheek scarcely deepened itself as she looked up with a smile that was worth going far to see.

"I wont be much of a loss, father, dear; I shall be so near home, you know."

"I know it; I'm not certain I ever could be brought to givin' you up, if Edward was a goin' to carry you away off from us."

And Grace wondered, as she bent over the quilt, whether, even for Edward's sake, she could make up her mind to go very far from her father, as old age was beginning to close round him, and she was the very apple of his eye. Perhaps her parents divined her thought, for there was a little silence, which Mrs. Palmer broke.

"Father, did you ever set your eyes on a greater beauty than that?" nodding towards the quilt.

The Deacon inspected it with that look of profound mystery and helpless incapacity which his sex are apt to bestow on all such triumphs of feminine genius.

"It looks fine as a peacock," was his not very appreciative rejoinder; but, mother, aren't you taking rather too much on your hands jest now? You've been all your life about this 'ere kind of work, and you must have bedquilted enough by this time to outlast half a dozen generations."

"Father," exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, stopping short in her work, and confronting her husband with a solemn impressiveness of tone and manner, "would you have a daughter of yours get married without a quiltin' aforehand?"

Thus appealed to, the Deacon looked undecided and reflective.

"I don't know as I can see any objection to it. I s'pose folks have done it afore, and got through life jest as comfortable."

"Decent folks never have!" with a very fervid emphasis on the adjective; for Mrs. Palmer was a strong conservator of all old customs and ceremonies. "For my part, I could never be brought to consentin' to a weddin's comin' off under my roof without a quiltin' aforehand."

Mrs. Palmer being summoned down stairs at this juncture, her further remarks were cut short.

"What day does Edward say we may look for him now, Grace?" asked her father.

"The first of week after next. He writes that he has a furlough for an indefinite period from General Washington. He thinks that the army will be disbanded soon; and there is no probability of his returning to it. And, father—"

She caught her breath here, and small soft flames in her cheek went and came, and widened.

"Go on, my child."

"He writes that he hasn't any time to spare now; and he's anxious to get to work; and, and—a good many other things. In short, he wants matters to come off a day or two after his return."

"Whew!" said the Deacon—"so soon as that? The fellow's in a great hurry, seems to me."

"He's had to wait eight years, you know, father," with a very beguiling little plea in her tones.

"Well, I suppose I may as well make up my mind to it one time as another, bein' it's got to come; so, take your own time, Grace."

"Dear father!" The tears that stood bright in her eyes, said the rest.

Then the Deacon drew a long narrow package, with some foreign marks on it, from his deep coat pocket.

"It seems that I'm jest in time," he said, handing it to Grace. "The barge got in to-day, and Captain Ash is an old friend of mine, and give me a fust chance at his cargo, and that was among 'em."

The girl's eager fingers tore away the wrappings, and a magnificent brocade disclosed

itself. Its lavender-colored ground drifted all over with lilies of the valley, whose flakes and festoons of shining silver looked at a little distance like a white cloud of surf, dazzled with sunshine.

"Oh, father!" Grace drew a long breath, and clasped her hands, in a most expressive pantomime of admiration.

"You wont think your father's without some taste now?" enjoying to the full her mute surprise and delight.

"I never saw anything half so beautiful in my life! Why, father, I shall never dare to wear it. It's good enough for a queen!"

"And isn't my daughter good enough for a queen?"

At this moment Mrs. Palmer returned, and her eyes were dazzled with the silver cloud which Grace held up before her.

The usual feminine range of adjectives at Mrs. Palmer's command failed her at this time. After inspecting the fabric at different points, she said, making a tactile examination of its quality—

"It's thick as any board, and will stand alone any day. I declare, Grace!" And she shook her head.

Mrs. Palmer would have found it difficult to embody in words the various feelings which expressed themselves in that pantomime. The Deacon only recognized a small part of these, when he said—

"I know it looks rather showy for plain folks like us; but, mother, we've only one daughter, and she wont get married but once in her life, so we can afford to make something of a time over it."

All the mother was in the pride and tenderness of the glance which Mrs. Palmer lifted to her daughter's face.

"I s'pose we can't do too much for her, father, seein', as you say, she's all we've got. I'm goin' to do somethin' for my part, too; and that's to give you, Grace, your grandma's silver set. Likely you'll want to use 'em sometimes, though I never had 'em out except to rub 'em up once a year. It's been in the family over a hundred years. There isn't many a girl will have the settin' out you will, Grace."

"There isn't many'll deserve it," thought her father, although from conscientious motives, he refrained from expressing his opinion.

At last, when he turned to go down stairs, Mrs. Palmer followed him, asking in a slightly wheedling tone—

"Now, father, do tell me what you give for that weddin' dress?"

"That's the captain's secret and mine," answered the Deacon. And Mrs. Palmer knew that they both could keep it.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The two weeks which intervened were very rapid and busy ones under the Deacon's roof. Mrs. Palmer found, as the time for the wedding drew near, that the demands of the occasion transcended her powers and Grace's; so she beguiled into her service "Aunt Chloe," an old colored woman, who had presided over Parson Willetts's domestic affairs since the death of his wife.

Aunt Chloe was a small, thin, withered little woman, with a flaming red and yellow turban, beetling majestically over her sable complexion and general abruptness of feature. But the thick, mellow laugh, always shaking the little withered body to and fro, was absolute testimony to her good-nature, and she possessed all that natural shrewdness of observation, that quick wit and imitation, which are among the characteristics of the race which somebody says "belongs to the carboniferous strata of the human ages."

Moreover, Aunt Chloe was possessed of remarkable gastronomic genius, and she was always in her element in the midst of preparations for a wedding, and in the concoctions of various kinds of wedding-cake she held herself absolutely without a rival; and Mrs. Palmer had accordingly resigned this department into her hands.

The morning of the day previous to that on which the ceremony was to transpire, Mrs. Palmer came into the kitchen in a fever of heat and exertion.

"Oh, dear, Aunt Chloe, it's a comfort to think folks don't have to get married but once in their lives."

Aunt Chloe's chuckling, oleaginous laugh, rolled in her throat.

"Lor'sakes, *Miss Palmer*," she said, "there's plenty o' folks would get married three or four times, ef they only had the chance."

"Well," continued Mrs. Palmer, with a sigh of resignation, "they must like gettin' ready for it better'n I do."

"I think it's fust rate to be gettin' ready for it," interposed Benny, with such oracular gravity, at this moment, that it started off Aunt Chloe's laugh again, and she was obliged to sit down and hold her hands on her knees.

"Nobody'll ever cotch you asleep in the mornin', Benny," was her compliment, between little whiffs of laughter. "I declare!

you're a smart 'un. What do you know about gettin' ready for a weddin'?"

"I know there's plenty of weddin' cake on hand," said the boy, with his round eyes dancing like coals betwixt his curls; "and that's all the good there is in gettin' married, any way. Aunt Chloe, when you make *my* wedding-cake, you must make one big loaf, that'll last a great many days, all for myself, and nobody else is to touch it."

This time, Aunt Chloe was utterly convulsed, and had to hold her hands on both sides; and Mrs. Palmer could not refrain from joining in the laugh.

When the black woman had at last recovered herself, she remarked to Mrs. Palmer, in a solemn way, that she might depend on't that child was born to light a candle somewhere that would outshine others in the world, a remark which did in no wise diminish Mrs. Palmer's faith in Aunt Chloe's natural acuteness and prophetic insight.

"How is that cake comin' on?" she inquired, after a glance round the domain she had temporarily resigned; for Mrs. Palmer had been occupied with Grace the whole morning in setting the chambers in order for guests who were expected from a distance on this occasion.

"Jest come and see for yourself, *Miss Palmer*," and Aunt Chloe led the way with an air of proud satisfaction, into the cool milk room, where the cake was spread out on two tables, pervading the whole air with its spicy, saccharine aroma.

The bride's cake stood in the centre, towering loftily over all the others, the sides and top glistening in icing. Around it stood smaller mounds of snow and smooth plains of a maroon tint, thickly freckled with citron and plums, altogether a wonderful triumph of Aunt Chloe's genius.

"There, *Miss Palmer*," said the little black woman, waving her hand majestically towards the tables—"did you ever see anything to beat *that*?"

"Never in all my born days," fervently ejaculated the Deacon's wife. "You have the luck, Aunt Chloe."

Here Benny's face was thrust inside.

"Mother, *he's* come; the stage has got in!" was his laconic communication of the future bridegroom's advent.

Gratification and anxiety at this announcement struggled for mastery in Mrs. Palmer's face. She only expressed the latter to Aunt Chloe.

"Dear me, now! there wont be such a thing

as gettin' hold of Grace ag'in to-day, now Edward's come. They haven't seen each other for a year, and he wont have her out of his sight now."

"Laud, *Miss Palmer*, you can't expect anything short o' young folks. Let 'em have their time; they wont be young al'ays," answered Aunt Chloe, who had a secret sympathy with her future mistress. Then she beckoned to Benjamin, who stood in wide-eyed admiration before the tables, and turning to one of the shelves, took from it a cake baked in the shape of a large coffee-cup, and slipped the miniature loaf into his hand, saying, with a mysterious look, "Don't say nothin' about it. I kept a corner of my eye open for you."

"And mind, Benny, you keep clear of the parlor this mornin'," added Mrs. Palmer, as the boy started for the door.

Colonel Dudley's arrival took no one by surprise this time, and Grace was in some sort of readiness to receive him; but Mrs. Palmer's prophecy that the young officer would absolutely appropriate the society of his bride elect, proved itself by the events of that morning. It was in vain that Grace occasionally ventured a faint suggestion of especial duties demanding her supervision for this crisis. She was met with the invariable argument—

"I haven't had a sight of you for a year, Grace—what a long one it has seemed—and you mustn't take your face away from me this morning."

"You'll have a chance to see it, Edward, every day of your life, in a little while, and grow tired of it too, perhaps, sometime."

The smile half contradicted and apologized for the words; and yet there was a little faint doubt or fear in the tones.

"No danger of *that*, Grace," answered Edward Dudley, solemnly—"I shall carry through my life too keen a memory of those long years when my eyes hungered for a sight of this dear face to have it ever become 'common' to me."

"I understand you, Edward. I have often thought that our lines together would be different, because of the great shadow that fell upon our youth—that some new element of earnestness and happiness would enter into them, because of all we have passed through."

"No doubt of it; such a long, fiery trial and discipline *ought* to make us better man and woman for the years that remain."

Then they both sat thinking, silently.

"What is it, Grace?" For a new wish had struggled up through the gravity of her face.

"It came across me then, suddenly, that I wanted Robert to be here to-morrow night. It will not seem quite complete without him."

The Colonel smiled.

"I have a feeling—a presentiment, as your sex say, that he'll be here before the ceremony transpires."

"Why, Edward!" with the startled pleasure in her brown eyes that he loved to see—"what has put that idea into your head?"

"I saw Robert a few weeks since, just after he had obtained his furlough, and he then told me he anticipated being here as soon as I was; but it seems I have preceded him."

"There is something beyond your words, Edward."

"If there is, I am not at liberty to disclose it. Wait and see whether you find me a false prophet."

A suspicion suddenly crossed Grace's mind, which she was about to utter, but a second thought held the words back. Robert had a fashion of doing things in his own way. She resolved to ask no questions, and changed the subject by saying—

This last year has improved you wonderfully, Edward. You don't look like the same sun-browned, weather-beaten man, who came up that walk a year ago."

It was true, the year in camp which the officers of the American army had enjoyed after their long and terrible labors, had effected visible improvement in the health and appearance of many, among whom was Edward Dudley.

"I was haggard, weather-beaten, worn out, when I came to you a year ago. I've had some time for recuperation since; and it's well, too, considering what is to transpire to-morrow night. I'm not vain; but I shouldn't like to have the contrast greater than it is."

Grace had no tact in answering pretty compliments with others, as most of her sex have; she was too natural and simple for any arts, and Edward Dudley was not much in the habit of bestowing compliments, nor would he have liked a woman who desired them. At this time, Grace arose suddenly, saying—

"I've had a present, Edward, that I want you to see." And she went to the cupboard in one corner of the room, and opened it.

He followed her, and was greeted by a display of china a little more exquisite than anything he ever remembered seeing in his life; and this, in Colonel Dudley's case, was saying a good deal. Every piece in the set had some new landscape finely traced in the

shining transparent ware, so that the whole embraced a variety of beautiful and varied pictures.

"I shall not tell you where I got them until you have passed your judgment on each," said Grace. And the next half hour slipped by examining and admiring each separate article.

"It's a rare gift and a costly one, Grace," said the Colonel, looking up from the last teacup. "What friend have you with tastes so fine and heart so generous?"

"They are the gift of the dead rather than of the living," she answered, with a shadow which was something better than grief coming into her face—"Mrs. Trueman sent these to me, Edward, as Nathaniel's gift to us both. He brought this set home to his mother when he went on that sea voyage with his uncle, when he was about fourteen years old; and Mrs. Trueman wanted us to have something that we could call Nathaniel's gift."

And now Colonel Dudley's eyes sought the beautiful porcelain with something besides admiration.

"But the real meaning of the gift," continued Grace, "is to be found in that last message which Nathaniel left you for his mother. Lucy says that Mrs. Trueman has been a different woman from the night that she heard it—not, of course, the bright, active, bustling little woman we all remember before Nathaniel's death; but she has never grieved for him since, refusing to be comforted; and her interest in life and in old things has grown steadily since that time, and she's evinced it in nothing quite so much as in our affairs just now. Indeed, Lucy told me that she'd finally obtained her mother's promise to be present to-morrow evening."

"I rejoice to hear it, and it will be doubly gratifying to Lucy and all of us, as she is to be your bridesmaid."

"Yes; that was arranged long ago. Do you think Mr. Deming can manage to get here?"

"He will, as he promised me, if human power can effect it; but his duties are of such a nature that it's well nigh impossible for him to leave his post for a single day. Still, I have strong hopes of seeing him."

"I long to have them realized, especially for Lucy's sake."

A little pause, and Grace resumed—

"I haven't exhausted my gifts yet. I've something else to show you;" and she took down from a higher shelf a waiter containing

a silver tea-set of an ancient fashion, with quaint embossing and devices. "It was my great-grandmother's," she said; "it is mine, now."

The young Colonel had an artist's eye for these things, and perhaps he knew their æsthetic worth a little better than Grace. She was half surprised to find that he touched the ancient plate almost reverently, for to him they were histories and biographies of the past.

"Sometime," he said, "I hope to sit at my own table, in our own little parsonage, and see her fair young face shining out sweet and strange from behind this ancient silver."

Grace's laugh and blush came together, as she told him she had some conscientious scruples about the propriety of parsons' wives sitting at their own table, behind ancient silver. It might not be setting a good example to the congregation.

CHAPTER XXX.

The evening of the next day was as fair a one as ever breathed itself out of the heart of June. The young moon bloomed amid her stars like a solitary flower amid a world of golden buds. The winds loitered up from the shore, and lost themselves amid the pines which stood half way betwixt the shore and the land that led past Deacon Palmer's.

The old homestead had never witnessed so fair a scene as that which was to transpire under its roof to-night. It was brilliantly lighted from garret to cellar, and overflowing with friends and neighbors from far and near; for this night was to witness the nuptials of the only daughter of the house with the nephew of their old minister; and this fact, with all the long trials and uncertainties which had accompanied their betrothal, made the event one of no common interest and significance. The parlor was hung with evergreens and roses, the tasteful work of Lucy Trueman that afternoon, assisted by Grace. It was not far from eight o'clock when the guests crowded into the parlor, and a hush stole over the laughing voices and happy faces, and all eyes were fastened on the door, where a moment later appeared the stately white head of Parson Willets, followed by the Deacon and his young son, with Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Trueman; and beyond these came the bridal party.

How they all held their breaths to see her, the fair young bride, in her silver foam of brocade, and the spray of white orange blossoms, like stars in the bright darkness of her hair. How sweet and bright, in picturesque

contrast with the bride, shone Lucy Trueman's face to-night, in the gray satin flushed with pink, which had been her mother's wedding-dress. And by Lucy's side stood John Deming, who had arrived at the very last moment, with barely time to exchange his dusty travelling suit for one suited to the occasion.

And then the solemn voice of Parson Willetts broke the silence—the brief marriage ceremony was performed, the touching prayer was offered, which reached far back into the past to that fearful cloud of darkness and anguish under which they had all walked; and then the prayer broke out in a joyful thanksgiving for the morning of peace and liberty that had at last arisen upon the nation—thanksgiving, too, for the young pair, who, after counting no sacrifice dear for their country's sake, had at last, in the presence of many witnesses, united their lives—the lives that the old parson besought God fervently, might dwell in peace and happiness under their own vine and fig-tree, until they should go to that home where it was never said—"till death do you part."

Then the blessing was pronounced, and Edward Dudley had taken to wife, Grace, the daughter of Deacon Palmer.

Dear reader, it was a hearty, old-fashioned wedding, with a great deal of warm feeling, and comparatively little ceremony about it. Aunt Chloe was in her element, and her yellow turban shone like a tropical sun, as she bustled round with trays heaped with cake; while Benny, who always shone conspicuous on such occasions, followed next, with the wine. Of course, there was no dancing; but the younger part of the guests indulged in various old-fashioned plays and games. But the bridal party did not join in any of this general hilarity. A solemn joy, which flowed in deeper and less demonstrative channels, filled their souls; and amid all the greetings and congratulations of the evening, there were no words which Edward Dudley remembered so long as he did those of Mrs. Trueman, when he found himself standing at her side, and she looked up in his face with a smile that touched him.

"I have been thinking, Edward," she said, "how Nathaniel would have enjoyed being here to-night."

"So have I, dear Mrs. Trueman; and then I remembered that if it was in his power to be even here he would not, because he is so much happier where he is now."

"I know it," said Nathaniel's mother, looking up with a smile that had something of solemn triumph in its sweetness. "I am con-

tent now that it is just as it is. It is enough for me to know that Nathaniel is happy, and I am going to him."

Nobody else caught Mrs. Trueman's words. And at that moment Mr. Deming, who was standing near, remarked to Parson Willetts:

"I hope, sir, that you'll have an opportunity to do for me, before long, precisely the favor which you've done this evening for your nephew here."

"I shall be very happy to, sir," answered the stately old parson; "but it will take somebody beside you and I to make that bargain;" and he smiled benignantly down on Lucy, who stood by the clergyman's side.

And Lucy Trueman's cheeks were crimson, and she looked for once as though she had nothing to say.

It was growing late, and the guests were beginning to think about leaving, when all on a sudden there was a stir and confusion about the door, and in a moment Robert Palmer entered the room, and on his arm hung a small, slender girl—woman, her large blue eyes full of shyness and bewilderment, and her sweet, child-like face in a glow of confusion.

Robert moved right up to the place where his family, stricken dumb with amazement, was gathered.

"Father, mother, Grace," said the young man, "haven't you a welcome for me to-night, and for this woman, *my wife, Mrs. Robert Palmer?*"

Exclamations, welcomes, tears, congratulations, followed in confusion. The deacon made the first coherent speech, after kissing his new daughter.

"Certainly. I'll welcome your wife, Robert; but where in the world did you get her?"

"In the very house where, six years ago, she found me, and saved my life. If it had not been for her I should not be standing among you to-night."

Then the pretty young wife looked up through her blushes, and said in her sweet, clear voice—

"My father, and mother, and grandmother are dead, and I felt almost alone in the world when he came to me and told me he had carried the memory of the little girl who saved his life through all these years, and so I promised to come with him to be his wife, and a daughter and a sister to those he loves."

And from that hour the family of Robert Palmer took his young wife to their hearts, and never had reason to regret it.

The young husband waited only until he had

resigned his wife to her mother, and seen her travelling bonnet removed from her golden hair, before he turned to his sister, and asked eagerly—

“Am I too late, Grace?”

“Just two hours and a half,” interposed the Colonel; “for at that time Grace Palmer merged herself in Mrs. Edward Dudley.”

Robert took the disappointment with his usual good-natured philosophy.

“There’s no use in mourning over it now. I should have been on hand in time if the stage hadn’t broken down. Grace, receive the congratulations and the blessings of your brother.”

“And take those of your sister, Robert, in good measure, flowing over.”

And they kissed each other.

“My little Bessie,” said the young husband, as he looked fondly at her, standing by his mother’s side in her wedding-dress of white satin, “does she look anything as you fancied?”

“Not much. She is prettier than you painted her, Robert.”

The surprise and confusion consequent on Robert’s sudden advent with his new wife, kept the guests together an hour or two longer. But at last they began to disperse, and a little after midnight the time came, as had been previously arranged, for Edward to take Grace to the parsonage.

The minister’s old chaise was at the door for that purpose; and at the last Grace turned to her father and mother and said:

“It seemed very fitting that this night, which has taken from you one daughter, should bring you another.”

Then she turned, took the arm of her husband, and went out from the old homestead.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is a day in a June, six years later, a day which is twin sister, in its skies above and earth beneath, to that one which witnessed the marriage of Edward and Grace Dudley. The windows of the wide old sitting-room of the parsonage are open this afternoon, and the roses burn, like red coals, among the dark leaves, and the lady who sits there pauses often in the little crimson sacque she is hemming, and looks out on the dark sea of meadow-grass, and off to the distant hills, and her sweet brown eyes are full of quiet recognition and enjoyment of the beauty.

These years have dealt very tenderly with Mrs. Dudley. As she sits there, in her simple white dress, and the bands of bright brown

hair parted over her low, open forehead, she looks the same girlish Grace Palmer of six years ago.

But suddenly the lady starts, for a little hand—you know it is that by the sound—is fumbling at the door latch, and, before the lady can rise, a little head, with a bright mesh of golden curls, and a pair of eyes which his mother gave him, rushes into the room.

“What—is your nap over so quick, little Nathaniel?” asks the mother, and the caress in her heart slips out in her tones.

“Yes; I’ve had a great big sleep,” answers the small lisping voice, and the boy’s face is full of brightness and wakefulness. “Where’s papa?” and he starts for the study door with the air of one who has absolute freedom of entrance there.

“Come back, my child,” calls the soft voice of the mother; “papa isn’t there, he’s gone over the hills to visit some sick people this afternoon, and he won’t be home until night.”

The bright face is a little overshadowed as it comes back to the mother. She knew that he missed the frolic and race with his father, which always came with the end of his afternoon nap.

“Now what will you have instead of papa?” she asks, slipping her needle in the hem of her work.

The boy looks perplexed and irresolute, and sticks his thumb between his lips like ripe berries.

“Something,” he says.

“Perhaps mamma can help you think. Will you play with the pretty box of pictures Uncle Robert brought you last week, or will you have a nice story?”

The boy reflects a moment, and his mother tries to conceal her smile as she watches him standing with his thumb in his small mouth in an attitude of profound meditation. In a moment his face clears up—

“I’ll have the story first;” and he bounds towards his mother.

She lifts him on her lap, and smooths the bright mesh of golden curls, and commences:

“There was once a little boy just the size and about the age of Nathaniel——”

The low running voice is broken up here with a little start, and in a surprised tone the lady asks—

“Why, Edward, what has brought you back so soon?”

The young clergyman came towards his wife and child quick as his lame leg would permit.

"Some good news that I wanted to share with you, Grace."

Here the boy interposed, bounding from his mother's lap, and rushing toward his father with a crow of triumph.

"Papa's little man!" and he was lifted up quickly, but did not receive his usual amount of attention just now.

"I've had a call, Grace," seating himself before his wife, and watching the effect of his communication.

"You *have*—where?" her face full of interest.

"At the old church." She looked touched, and very glad withal; yet she said quietly, "It is no more than I expected, now that poor dear uncle has gone from the congregation here, to the one above. You will accept it, Edward?"

"Shall I? I could get a larger salary, and what the world would call a better offer, perhaps, by waiting."

"You don't really *mean* that, while you ask it, Edward?"

"Not wholly. I know of no place where I can have, on the whole, a deeper influence or do more good."

"Then you will accept it, and I shall not have to leave father and mother in their old age, and break their hearts almost, and my own too; for my life has taken deep roots in my old home."

"So has mine among this people. We will, please God, my little wife, live, work, and die here."

Mrs. Dudley smiled on him, the sweet, brave, steadfast smile of Grace Palmer. Her husband leaned over and kissed her, and then he smiled on her archly with some new thought.

"What is it, Edward?"

"I was thinking, dear, of that first time I kissed you under the old apple tree, in the moonlight, and how indignant you were."

"When was *that*, papa?" interposed a little voice, whose owner began to feel itself a good deal neglected by this time.

"Don't be inquisitive, my son," laughed the father, lifting the child above his head.

"Edward, what can have put such a thought into your mind?" said Mrs. Dudley, with a very slight flush amid her laughter, as the memory of her feelings on the occasion alluded to came vividly back. "You were a most presumptuous, audacious young man, and deserved something very different from what you received."

"I don't dispute it, as I seldom do any of

your opinions, Mrs. Dudley. As for the thought, I presume it was suggested by a conversation I have just had with your father."

"What sort of a conversation, pray?"

"One that took a leap back into the past, and out into the future, and which had for its starting point, the call that he delivered to me from the church."

"Father was a happy man when he gave it to you, I know," said Mrs. Dudley, with a little touched smile.

"Happy! You ought to have seen him at that moment, my dear; and in order that I should bring you the news at once, he offered to relieve me of my visit over the hills this afternoon. By the by, he and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Benny are all coming over to tea, and to congratulate you on your new elevation."

"I must try to assume a little extra dignity for the occasion, I suppose."

"Not a particle, oh model of a minister's wife."

And here Mrs. Dudley laughed the laugh which had been Grace Palmer's, and remarked, putting up her work, that she must go out and inform Aunt Chloe of the anticipated advent of guests.

"Add four more to those I've mentioned," continued her husband.

"Why, Edward, Aunt Chloe will look serious!"

"No, she wont, for Mr. and Mrs. Deming, with the baby, and Mrs. Trueman, are the guests. I met John coming up, and invited him over, and told him wherefore!"

"Oh, Edward, the Lord has been very good to us!" her face going from its brightness into sudden gravity.

"Good, my dear wife! Our lives should be a perpetual psalm of thanksgiving for His tender mercies and loving-kindness to us; and speaking of this reminds me that another of your wishes and mine has been granted."

"What one, Edward?"

"Benjamin is going to Yale this fall. His father and he have just made up their minds to it."

"I'm afraid, Edward," and this time the gravity was deepened into tears, as she looked up, "I'm afraid that this continued shower of blessing, this great prosperity, will be too much for me; that in receiving and enjoying all the gifts, I shall not in my heart and life give sufficient glory to the Giver."

"Grace," answered her husband, solemnly, "God who gave us strength in the day of our

adversity will strengthen our hearts to take His prosperity humbly, gratefully."

"Papa! papa!" a little chubby, white hand ran into the clergyman's thick locks of hair, and a little dimpled face was lifted up with a silent plea in it.

"I understand what that means, child with your mother's eyes, and your father's face," said the minister, pinching the cheek which was like a peach that held the summer's ripeness in it. "Come, while mamma goes off to take culinary counsel with Aunt Chloe, we'll have a frolic together," and he carried the crowing child into the library.

The sunlight of that June day looked also into the small window panes of the old tavern, and fell in a golden spray on the pleasant-faced old lady, who sat by the cradle, stirring it softly with her foot, and humming a low tune. And among the pile of soft pillows lay sleeping a year old infant.

Wonderful for beauty was the face of this child, with the dark rings of hair clustering about it—with lips just parted, and like the heart of crimson roses, while the small hands were clasped together like a pair of slow blossoming lilies.

Just then, a pair of soft, swift feet entered the room, and Mrs. Lucy Deming came up to her window, and her face, a bright, young face, although a shade more matronly than it was six years ago, held some sudden surprise and joy in it.

"Mother," she said, in an undertone, with a glance at the cradle, "I've got some news for you. John stopped to tell me before he went to put up his horse. Can you guess it?"

"No. I never was much of a hand a guessin', Lucy; but I know it's good news, from the looks of your face."

"My face tells the truth then. Edward has just had a call from our church, and of course he'll accept it, and stay amongst us. I'm so glad for Grace's sake, for all their sakes, and ours!"

"So am I; there's nobody in this world I'd go so far to hear preach," said Mrs. Trueman, fervently.

"And we are all to go over there to tea, to congratulate them. John has just seen Edward."

At that moment, the child stirred softly in his sleep. The young mother bent down to the cradle and looked on the sleeper; when she raised her face it was radiant with tenderness.

"Oh, mother, isn't he beautiful!" she said.

At that moment, the child opened his eyes, and catching sight of his grandmother, he stretched out his arms to her, and crowed and laughed. Mrs. Trueman gazed on the boy a moment with a look like that with which, years ago, she had bent over another cradle. Then she lifted her eyes and spoke,

"Lucy, he has the face—he has the face of Nathaniel who is in Heaven!"

And so, dear reader, we leave them all, living their pleasant lives, doing their work for God and their generation in the fair, free land for which they suffered so long, and which they bought with such a price. And while I have been writing of their deeds of heroism and sacrifices, all over this land the old heroisms and the old sacrifices have been made real again, and the children have stood up to dare and to suffer in the places of the fathers and the mothers!

And as for them the morning rose after the long night, so God grant it may arise on us, and that we keep unbroken, and undivided the inheritance they left us, an inheritance for which is now being poured out on many a fearful battle ground, blood as free and life as precious as those which have rendered sacred the "BATTLE FIELDS OF OUR FATHERS."

THE END.

This is not Our Rest.

BY FANNY FALES.

O, not by Elim's palms our feet may linger,
Or in green vales, by the flower-angel prest,
The birds rejoicing each God's music-bringer,
For this is not our rest.

Nor by the hearth where love is sweetest duty,
And bird-like tones of childhood glad the nest,
A glimpse of heaven seeming in its beauty,
For this is not our rest.

Of pleasure's bubbles weary, disenchanted,
The cup of Fame, e'en, lost its sparkle, zest,
For something still we pant, as erst we panted,
For this is not our rest.

No rest! no rest! on flood of sorrows riding,
Winged hopes we send forth the rough wind to
breathe,

For the lost ark we ask a place abiding,
An Ararat, a rest.

Oh where, oh where, the spirit cries imploring,
Shall it be found? not here, but with the blest—
God's people through the pearly gates adoring,
Shall enter into rest.

The Fall of the Rossberg.

Amidst all the magnificence of Switzerland, there is nothing to surpass the grandeur of the scenery which encircles the summit of the *Rigi*, called the *Rigi Culm*. This mountain, situated near the lake of Lucerne, is not, however, so remarkable for its elevation, as for the singularity and advantage of its position. You might imagine that the Creator of all things had thrown up a standing place for the intelligent admirers of his works, in the centre of a vast amphitheatre, which is a kind of world in miniature, where beauty and sublimity occur in endless diversities, in continued alternations, and in eternal rivalry. From this point the spectator contemplates, on the one side, beneath his feet, the lakes and less mountainous regions of Switzerland, stretching like a map to the far distant horizon; and, on the other, a semicircle of the Alps, with their mighty breadth and snow-covered peaks. The day which we devoted to the ascent of the *Rigi*, was one of perfect serenity and clearness. Over all the azure skies not a cloud was to be seen; not a sound was to be heard; all nature seemed to repose in sunshine and stillness: so that fancy might have deemed it a scene for angels to light upon; a resting-place between heaven and earth!

A little below the Alpine ridges, was to be seen a streak of brilliant clouds, which lifted them to an apparent height far superior to their real elevation, bewildering the imagination with an indistinct impression of scenery, that partook of a kind of celestial character. What superadded to the effect was the circumstance of a small white cloud, occasionally detached from the fleecy girdle, and wafted by some gentle breeze along the pure and peaceful atmosphere.

There was, however, one spot which partook of a very different character from the rest. No mind endowed even with the common sensibilities of our nature, could survey it without emotions of melancholy interest, for it was the grave of multitudes who were suddenly precipitated into eternity, by the fall of the mountain of *Rossberg*; an event distinctly traceable in the long strip of dusty brown, which bespoke ruin and desolation; and exhibited, as seen from the *Rigi*, a striking contrast with the surrounding verdure and fertility. In travelling towards the town of *Art*, we had previously stopped to examine the effects of the catastrophe, and to indulge in those reflec-

tions upon the uncertainty of life which are always calculated to benefit the mind, and which such a melancholy prospect was calculated to inspire.

The valley, once rich and fertile, but now partly filled up with huge and scattered fragments of earth, stretched along from the southern extremity of the lake of *Zug*, to that of the lake of *Lowertz*, a distance of five or six miles. On one side, and in immediate proximity, the *Rigi* ascends to the height of about four thousand three hundred and fifty-six feet above the level of the lake of *Lucerne*; on the other, the *Ruffberg*, or *Rossberg* (more familiarly called the *Rouffi*), rises to about three thousand five hundred and sixteen. Both these masses belong to a chain of mountains, which, geologically considered, seem to have been formed of the fragments or debris, and rolled flints of the primitive mountains, which, being mingled with sand, or gravel and calcareous sediment, have formed those conglomerations which are technically denominated *Puddingstone*. In the neighborhood they are commonly called *Nagelstue*, because they assume the appearance of a cement stuck all over with the heads of nails. It is obvious that from the nature of their formation, these masses can acquire no great solidity, and must be easily operated upon by the external elements, or by internal forces.

Little, if any doubt, can be entertained, that the *Rigi* and the *Rossberg* were originally one mass, which was torn asunder by some convulsion of nature, accompanied probably by an irruption of waters from the south. Convincing proofs of this pristine union were visible before the last catastrophe, both in the color and the direction of the rocky masses; and it should seem that even the whole valley of *Art*, now covered with verdure, woods, and orchards, formerly constituted a part of the lake of *Zug*.

The distance from *Art* to the village of *Goldal*, reckoning in the continental way, is about half an hour; whence was a distinct view of the lake of *Lowertz*, with its two beautiful islands. The valley then enlarges, and by travelling southward, you reach *Busingen*: thence coming round to *Lowertz*, the road is frequently shaded by noble trees, the cottages decorated with vines, and the whole of this *Arcadia* with pastoral simplicity. Ruin, however, has continually been at work in this favored region. An old manuscript mentions the village of *Röthen*, which was built on that part of the *Rossberg* from which the portion of the mountain was separated in the last catas-

trophe, and which was destroyed by similar means.

Near the summit of the Rossberg, was a solitary thatched cottage (*chaumière*), the inhabitant of which was alarmed by an unusual noise in the mountain, about two o'clock in the afternoon of September 2d, 1806. Superstitiously attributing it to some malignant demon, he immediately ran to Art for a clergyman to appease the evil spirit. During his absence the moment of the explosion rapidly approached. His wife in the mean time happily escaped with her infant child in her arms, terrified by the repeated crushing sounds she heard, which were followed by the falling of stones and fragments of rock. In a moment, the cottage was swept away. Travellers who were proceeding from Ober-Art to Goldau, observed the top of the Rossberg in a state of agitation, while its trees and orchards appeared as if shook by some giant hand. The whole forest of Goldau was speedily overthrown with a tremendous crash. It was now five o'clock. The rapidity and force with which large masses of stone were driven to great distances can scarcely be imagined; we calculated that stones of no inconsiderable magnitude, were propelled at least an English mile, or perhaps half a league. Entire hills were thrown down, and others substituted in their stead, by the falling and rolling fragments. The lake of Lowertz was suddenly raised above its banks, by the displacing of a considerable portion of its waters; while houses and villages, with their peaceful inhabitants, woods, meadows, pasturages, all disappeared at once! The consternation which seized upon the whole country, and the immediate and agitated search of surviving friends after parents, children, brothers, sisters, and neighbors, can neither be described nor forgotten. The laughing valley became at once, and forever, a gloomy sepulchre!

It has been supposed, and with great probability, that the immediate cause of this calamity was long in preparation, by the gradual accumulation of water and rubbish in the interior of the mountain. This at length burst forth in a torrent of mingled mud and stone, which overwhelmed everything in its course, and rushed into the lake of Lowertz; while the woods and pastures on the surface suddenly sunk into the unoccupied chasm. This opinion derives support from the statement of some shepherds, published at Schwytz, in which they speak of having discovered a cavern, at a considerable height up the moun-

tain, the small opening of which was suddenly enlarged into the form of a prodigious arch. They add, that a collection of water was found within it, the extent of which they could neither explore nor fathom. At a greater elevation were several holes, into which, if a stone were thrown, there was found no reverberation; plainly indicating that the mountain was perforated in this manner to an unascertainable depth.

The extent of the mischief cannot, perhaps, be fully determined. The villages of Goldau and Busingen, with the hamlet of Hueloch, were covered with ruin: the same may be reported of the greater part of the village of Lowertz; while the loosened fragments rolled upon Unter and Ober-Röthen, and swept away a multitude of isolated habitations and buildings in the plain. The waters of the lake of Lowertz, being forced in the opposite direction to the descending mass, endangered the village of Seven, on the other side of the lake, and even destroyed a few houses. On the little islet was found a vast accumulation of wrecks; and in the village of Steinen a quantity of fish had been driven with the waves, and floated about the streets.

It has been calculated that nearly one thousand persons suffered by this convulsion of nature, which was rendered more melancholy by the sudden and surprising manner of its occurrence. Several gentlemen and ladies of distinction, who were at the instant crossing the bridge of Goldau, perished; while some of their companions, who had preceded them only a short distance, were saved. One or two remarkable escapes have been narrated, which there is reason to believe are authentic.

A servant at the village of Busingen fled into a barn; but the place of refuge soon afterwards became a perfect wreck. Providentially a beam was impeded by a fragment of rock, and thrown over his head in a slanting direction, so as to afford him an effectual protection from even the slightest injury. An infant at the breast was caught and borne along the surface of the agitated lake, till it was safely deposited in the neighboring meadow. Some persons went from Lowertz to extricate, if possible, a servant girl from a most perilous situation, in consequence of the house in which she dwelt being overwhelmed with the torrent of mingled mud and stone. She had separated and returned from the fugitive family, with whom she was attempting to effect her escape, to search for one of the children that was missing. At the moment of entering the house,

it seemed to be swept along with great rapidity; and scarcely had she reached the apartment where she hoped to find the object of her pursuit, ere she found herself in darkness, and, to her own apprehension, sinking into a deep chasm. The voice of the child was distinctly heard, but she was incapable of stirring from the place to afford assistance. Concluding that all was lost, she told the child it was the end of the world, that all aid was impossible, and nothing remained but patiently and submissively to wait for death. During this conversation they heard, indistinctly, the sound of the evening bell at the village of Steinen, which in some degree inspired the hope of deliverance. Throughout the whole night, however, they numbered every hour, which successively was deemed their last, till, at the break of day, her master, who had come to search for his wife, but only to find her a stiffened corpse buried in the mud, was enabled to extricate both servant and child from their imminent danger.

Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD III.

Edward III. was crowned at Westminster January 26, 1327. He was fourteen years old. The parliament established a regency, but Queen Isabella and her favorite, Mortimer, governed the kingdom with an absolute sway. She would never permit the young king to visit his father, who was confined in Kenilworth castle, without either amusements or comforts, and was even treated with the most cruel severity. He wrote to the queen earnestly entreating her to visit him, and to let him see his son, but he could never obtain an interview with them.

The rigorous treatment of this unfortunate king began to excite the compassion of the people, and the irregular conduct of the queen, with the power and arrogance of Mortimer, increased the general dissatisfaction. The queen and Mortimer began to fear some project was forming for the deliverance and restoration of the deposed king, and they resolved to commit him to the custody of Sir John Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gurney, whose views they could trust, and who soon after received orders to put him to death with the utmost secrecy, which they did in a most cruel manner, but so as to leave no marks of violence. It soon became known that the king had been

murdered, as his cries were heard. The regicides escaped from the kingdom, and spent the remainder of their lives in exile. Everything relating to this cruel tragedy was carefully concealed from the young king, who was made to believe that the death of his father was natural.

When Edward the third came to the throne, England was at peace with all her neighbors; but the Scottish monarch, Robert Bruce, though far advanced in years and of feeble health, soon sent an army to ravage the English borders. Edward met him with an army twice as large, when Bruce retired without a battle. A treaty of peace was concluded, by which Edward resigned all his pretensions to Scotland; and to insure good feelings between the two nations, David, a son of Robert Bruce, then only seven years old, and Joanna, a sister of Edward, who was about the same age, were married, with great rejoicings.

About two years after Edward was crowned, in pursuance of the contract made by his mother, he married Philippa, daughter of the Earl of Hainault, at York; and the new queen was crowned with the usual ceremonies. She was a queen of the highest and most irreproachable character; she was beloved for her benevolence, gentleness, and goodness, and distinguished for her sense and intrepidity. Their son Edward, the third Prince of Wales, was born at Woodstock, June 15, 1330. He was afterwards known as the famous Black Prince; he was so named from the color of his armor. The king's sister, Eleanor, married Reginald, Count of Gueldres, and his brother John was Earl of Cornwall; none of whom approved of their mother's conduct.

Mortimer, who had been made Earl of March, usurped the sovereign power, and his wickedness and rapacity rendered him odious to all. He took great care to conceal from Edward the true state of things, but he was too sagacious a king to be deceived; and when he was eighteen he resolved to throw off the yoke of this insolent favorite of his mother. He engaged the assistance of many of the nobles, and seized the queen and Mortimer, who resided at Nottingham castle, which was kept closely guarded, the gates of which were locked every evening, and the keys delivered to the queen; but Edward and his friends entered through a subterranean passage; and though his mother entreated him to spare "the gentle Mortimer," the minister was conducted to the Tower of London, and soon after put to death. The queen was confined to her castle at Rising the

rest of her life, which was twenty-eight years, with a pension of three hundred pounds a year.

Edward possessed all the military skill of the age, and in courage and valor was equal to the greatest heroes: he was the most powerful prince and the greatest general at that time in Europe. In person he was very tall and well made; his appearance was noble and commanded respect. His disposition was kind and magnanimous; he was generous to all, and particularly the friend of the poor. His judgment was good, and he conferred honors and rewards on those who merited them. His conversation was easy and agreeable; he was not elated by prosperity nor dejected by adversity; and though his splendid victories were admired by all Europe, it never inspired him with pride; he assumed no honor to himself, but ascribed all his success to the protection of heaven. His judicious policy gave him great power over his subjects.

During the long reign of Edward many years were spent in war with France, in which his son Edward, the Prince of Wales, always distinguished himself for his courage, judgment, and success. At the battle of Cressy, when he was fourteen years old, he led one division of the grand army of England, and performed astonishing acts of valor, which led to the total overthrow of the French army, which at that time numbered one hundred and twenty thousand men, while that of the English was but thirty thousand. In this battle John, king of Bohemia, was killed; and his standard, on which were embroidered in gold three ostrich feathers, and the words "Ich Dien," which means, I serve, was brought to the Prince of Wales, who, in memory of that victory, adopted the device and motto, and it has been borne, ever since, by the Princes of Wales.

At this time, Philip, the French king, induced David, king of Scotland, to invade England, which much alarmed the English, as their king and the Black Prince were in France; but Queen Philippa put herself at the head of an army, and with Lionel, her second son, met and defeated the Scots, and took King David a prisoner to London.

Soon after this, Edward, who had been blockading Calais for eleven months, received a large reinforcement, brought by Philippa from England, and took the place, and demanded that six of their principal citizens should be put to death, but the queen obtained their pardon.

After the death of Philip, his son John continued the war with England; but the Black

Prince conquered many provinces, and took John and his son prisoners. On their arrival in London every honor was paid to the captive monarch. Edward received and treated him more like a royal visitor than a prisoner. Prince Edward was almost idolized by the people for his brilliant victories, and was everywhere received with excessive demonstrations of joy. The king ordered thanks to be returned to God for eight successive days in all the churches of the kingdom for his son's protection and success.

England had never before attained to such a pitch of greatness and glory. The prudence, valor, and good fortune of the king, gave splendor to his crown; and the brilliant qualities of the heir apparent afforded the most promising hopes of its continuance. Edward now entertained two captive kings, David Bruce his brother in law and John his cousin. David was a captive for eleven years, and John three years. They were restored to liberty, having been sumptuously lodged and generously treated.

At this time ambassadors arrived from Germany, with an offer of the imperial crown; but Edward was sensible of the expenses and embarrassments in which it would involve him, and declined the honor intended him by the princes of Germany.

The Black Prince governed the conquered provinces in France. He married an English lady called the "Fair Maid of Kent," and established their court at Bordeaux, where for many years he displayed the magnificence of a monarch, and enjoyed a quiet life.

It was in this reign that a destructive pestilence, called the Black Death, raged in Europe for six years. At the battle of Cressy, in 1346, gunpowder and cannon were first used. In 1349 King Edward instituted the Order of the Garter; it was limited to twenty-five, of whom the Prince of Wales was the next after the king; the others were nobles of the highest rank and greatest distinction. They were called Knights of the Garter, or Knights of St. George. Their motto is, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," which means, "Evil to him who evil thinks." In 1358, a tournament was held at Windsor to solemnize the feast of St. George, the patron of this Order of Knighthood, which was the most sumptuous and magnificent that had ever been seen in England. One of these knights founded a monastery called the Charterhouse, which afterwards became the Charter House School, which still exists.

The French language, from the time of the

Conquest, had been in common use with the king and nobility, until it was abolished by Edward, who ordered that none but the English should be used in the courts of law, and in the public deeds.

On attaining the fiftieth year of his reign, Edward caused it to be celebrated as a jubilee, and published a general pardon for all offences. This season of joy was followed by one of universal sorrow, occasioned by the death of Edward, Prince of Wales. He died June 8, 1376, aged 46 years. He was eminent for every virtue, and had long been the pride and glory of the English nation, who sincerely lamented his loss. He was interred at Canterbury, as he had requested. His father was for some time inconsolable, and he survived his renowned son but one year. He died June 21, 1377. He was sixty-four years old, and had reigned fifty years.

DELAFIELD, WIS.

The World of Mind.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

A voice floats through the stillness, and breaks upon the calm;

"Little lower than the angels has God made thee, fallen man."

And I sit absorbed in wonder, and ask, whence comes it then

That groveling tastes and trifling toys so chain the hearts of men.

And I think me of that inner life, those joys the most refined,

Which gem the paths of progress in the glorious world of mind.

"Up, reapers! to the harvest," that voice speaks unto you,

Broad fields are lying wasting, there is work for us to do.

Unfold thy wings, my spirit, soar upward, and be free!

There are lofty heights and hidden thoughts, which may be known by thee.

Let thy voice ring out in gladness, let holy psalms arise

Till they pierce the highest cloudlets, and enter through the skies.

Oh the glory and the beauty which dwelleth undefined,

Where the spirit keeps its watching place, in the glorious world of mind.

Thou land of starry brightness, green bowers, and moonlit streams;

Of poets' wayward fancies, and artists' richest dreams—

Where the muses touch their harp strings, and train the mortal hand

To write those notes of music, so all may understand—

Where a Milton sat enchanted, and a Newton his sublime

And ever reaching earnest thoughts wrote on the wings of time—

Where a Franklin chained the lightning, and the gentle music-spell

Of a Hemans, and an Osgood, upon the zephyrs fell.

Yes, the breeze has caught their carols, for the nation's heart they've stirred,

And their echoing spirit-voices have become as household words.

Oh! this glorious world of beauty, where a Guido loved to rest,—

A Rubens, and a Raphael, with angels for their guests.

Where they painted grand old pictures, which hang upon the walls,

In the land of bright creations, far-famed Italia's halls.

How many shades come rushing, to meet us, as we climb

The steep, yet flowery pathway, up through the world of mind.

Oh, mortal, sit not idle down, with useless folded hands,

There is work for thee, yes, earnest work, while travelling through this land.

There are barriers to thy progress, and they must be overthrown—

There are bitter weeds to be pulled up, and seed that must be sown—

There are flowers of fadeless beauty to be nourished else they die—

There are thoughts akin to angels, and aspirations high—

Which lie 'neath piles of rubbish, whence glimpses now and then

Are given to this outer life, soon to be lost again.

Oh proudest workmanship of God! while travelling to and fro,

While tasting life's unnumbered joys, and bitterest cups of woe—

Forget thou not to cultivate those higher, holier aims, Which reach into eternal life beyond all earthly chains.

All of the great and good of earth point forward to the goal,

The angels who have gone before breathe hope into our souls,

They fan us with their cooling wings, unseen they fly through space,

Bearing the aureolas bright, on victor's brow to place.

Let us press on! the way is steep, but God is just and kind,

And He will guide our faltering feet safe through the world of mind.

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

LAY SERMONS.

Angels in the Heart.

The heart is full of guest-chambers that are never empty; and as the heart is the seat of life, these guests are continually acting upon the life, either for good or evil, according to their quality. As the guests are, so are our states of life—tranquil and happy, if good; disturbed and miserable, if evil.

We may choose our own guests, if we are wise. None can open the door and come in, unless we give consent; always provided that we keep watch and ward. If we leave wide open the doors of our houses, or neglect to fasten them in the night season, thieves and robbers will enter and despoil us at will. So if we leave the heart unguarded, enemies will come in. But if we open the door only to good affections—which are guests—then we shall dwell in peace and safety. Alas! who is in peace and safety. We have all opened the door for enemies, or let them enter through unguarded portals. They are in all the heart's guest-chambers. They possess the very citadel of life; and the measure of their possession is the measure of our unhappiness.

Markland was an unhappy man; and yet of this world's goods, after which he had striven, he had an abundance. Wealth, honor among men, luxury; these were presented to his mind as things most to be desired, and he reached after them with an ardor that broke down all impediments. Success answered to effort, with almost unerring certainty. So he was full of wealth and honors. But, for all this, Markland was unhappy. There were enemies in the house of his life; troublesome guests in the guest-chambers of his heart, who were forever disturbing, if not wounding him, with their strifes and discords. Some of these he had admitted, himself holding open the door; others had come in by stealth while the entrance was all unguarded.

Envy was one of these guests, and she gave him no peace. He could not bear that another should stand above him in anything. A certain pew in the church he attended was regarded as most desirable. He must have that pew at any cost. So when the annual choice of pews was sold at auction, he overbid all contestants, and secured its occupancy. For all the preceding year, he had failed to enjoy the Sabbath services, because another family had a pew regarded as better situated than his; and now he enjoyed these services as little, through annoyance at having given so large a price for the right of choice, that people smiled when they heard the sum named. He had paid

too dear for the privilege, and this fact took away enjoyment.

Envy tormented him in a hundred different ways. He could not enjoy his friend's exquisite statuary, or paintings, because of a secret intimation in his heart that his friend was honored above him in their possession. Twice he had sold almost palatial residences, because their architectural attractions were thrown into the shade by dwellings of later construction. Thousands of dollars each year this troublesome guest cost him; and yet she would never let him be at ease. At every feast of life she dashed his cup with bitterness, and robbed the choicest viands of their zest. He did not enjoy the fame of an author, an orator, an artist, a man of science, a general, or of any who held the world's admiring gaze—for while they stood in the sunlight, he felt cast in the shade. So the guest Envy, warmed and nourished in his heart, proved a tormentor. She gave him neither rest nor peace.

Detraction, twin-sister of Envy, was all the while pointing out defects in friends and neighbors. He saw their faults and hard peculiarities; but rarely their good qualities. Then doubt and distrust crept in through the unguarded door, and soon after their entrance Markland began to think uneasily of the future; to fear lest the foundations of worldly prosperity were not sure. These troublesome guests were busiest in the night season, haunting his mind with strange pictures of disasters, and with suggestions touching the arbitrary power of God, whom he feared, when the thought of Him was present, but did not love. "Whom He will He setteth up, and whom He will He casteth down." Doubt and distrust revived this warning in his memory, and seeing that it gave his heart a throb of pain, they set it close to his eyes, so that, for a time, he could see nothing else. Thus, night after night, these guests troubled his peace, driving often slumber from his eyelids until the late morning watches. If there had been in his heart that true faith in God which believes in Him as doing all things well, doubt and distrust might never have gained an entrance. But he had trusted in himself; had believed himself equal to the task of creating his own prosperity—had been, in common phrase, the architect of his own fortunes. And now just as he was pluming himself on success, in crept doubt and distrust with their alarming suggestions, and he was unable to cast them out.

Affections, whether evil or good, are social in their character, and obey social laws. They do not like to dwell alone, and therefore seek congenial friendships. They draw to themselves companions of like quality, and are not satisfied

until they rule a man as to all the powers of his mind.

In the case of Markland, Envy made room for her twin-sister, Detraction; ill-will, jealousy, unkindness, and a teeming brood of malevolent kindred crowded into his heart, possessing its chambers, ere a warning reached him of their approach. Is there rest or peace for a man with such guests in his bosom?

Doubt and distrust only heralded the coming of fear, anxiety, solicitude, suspicion, despondency, foreboding. Markland had only to open his eyes and look around him, to see, on every hand, the unsightly wrecks of palaces once as fair to the eye as that which he had raised with such labor and forethought, and as he contemplated these, doubt, distrust, and their companions, filled his mind with alarming thoughts, and so oppressed him with a sense of insecurity that, at times, he saw the advancing shadows of misfortune on his path.

Thus it was with Markland at fifty. He had all good as to the externals of life, yet was he a miserable man, and, worse than all, he felt himself growing more and more unhappy as the years increased. Was there no remedy for this? None, while his heart was so filled with evil affections, which are always tormentors. He did not see this. Though his guests disturbed and afflicted him, he called them friends, and gave them entertainments of the best his house afforded.

Sometimes pity came to the door of his heart and asked for admission, but he sent unkindness to double bar it against her. Generosity knocked, but avarice stood sentinel. Envy was forever refusing to let good-will, appreciation, approval, delight, come in. Detraction would give no countenance to virtue and excellence. Doubt made deadly assault upon faith, and trust, and hope, whenever they drew near, while ill-will stood ever on the alert to drive off charity, loving-kindness, and neighborly regard. Unhappy man! Fiends possessed him, and he knew it not.

It so happened, on a time, that Markland, while standing in one of his well-filled warehouses, saw a child enter and come towards him in a timid, hesitating manner.

"A beggar! Drive her away," said unkindness and suspicion, both arousing themselves.

Markland was already lifting his hand to wave her back, when compassion, who had just then found an old way into his heart, hidden for a long time by rank weeds and bramble, said, in soft and pitying tones:

"She is such a little child!"

"A thieving beggar!" cried unkindness and suspicion, angrily.

"A weak little child," pleaded compassion. "Don't be hard with her. Speak kindly."

Compassion prevailed. Her voice had awakened into life some old and long sleeping memories. Markland was himself, for the moment, a child,

full of pity, tenderness, and loving-kindness. Compassion had already uncovered the far away past, and the sweetness of its young blossoms was reviving old delights.

"Well, little one, what is wanted?"

Markland hardly knew his own voice, it was so gentle and inviting.

How the pale, pure face of the child warmed and brightened! Gratefully, with trust and hope in her eyes, she looked up to the merchant. There was no answer on her lips, for this unexpected kindness had choked the coming utterance. Rebuff, threat, anger, had met her so often, that soft words almost surprised her into tears.

"Well, what can I do for you?"

Compassion held open the door through which she gained an entrance, and already good-will, kindness and satisfaction had come in.

"Mother is sick," said the child.

"A lying vagrant!" exclaimed suspicion, jarring the merchant's inward ear.

"There is truth in her face," said compassion, pleadingly, and, at the same time, she unveiled an image, sharply cut in the past of Markland's life—an image of his own beloved, but long sainted mother, pale and wasted, on her dying bed.

"Give this to your mother," he said, hastily, taking a coin from his pocket. There was more of human kindness in his voice than it had expressed for many years.

"God bless you, sir," the child dropped her grateful eyes from his face, as she took the coin, bending with an involuntary reverent motion. Then, as she slowly passed to the warehouse door, she turned, two or three times, to look on the man who, alone, of the many to whom she had made solicitation that day, had answered her in kindness.

"So much for the encouragement of vagrancy," said suspicion.

"Played on by the art of a cunning child," said pride.

Markland began to feel ashamed of his momentary weakness. But, he was not now, wholly, at the mercy of the guests who had so long tormented him. Compassion, good-will, and kindness were now his guests also; and they had other and pleasanter suggestions for his mind. The child's "God bless you, sir," they repeated over and over again, softening the young voice, and giving it increasing power to awaken tender and loving states which had formed themselves in earlier and purer years. Tranquillity, so long absent from his soul, came in, now, through the entrance made by compassion.

Markland went back into his counting-room, almost wondering at the peace he felt. Taking up a newspaper, he read of a rare specimen of statuary just received from Italy, the property of a well-known merchant. Envy did not move quickly enough. The old love of beauty and nature, which envy, detraction, greed of gain, and their blar-

eyed companions, had kept in thrall, was already in a freer state; and found in good-will, kindness, and tranquillity, congenial friends. So, love of art and beauty ruled his mind in spite of envy, and Markland found real pleasure in the ideal given him by the description he read. It was, almost, a new sensation.

A friend came in, and spoke in praise of one who had performed a generous deed. There was an instant motion among the guests in Markland's heart, the evil inciting to envy and detraction, the good to approval and emulation. Tranquillity moved to the door through which she had come in, as if to depart; but good-will, kindness, and approbation, drew her back, and held, with her, possession of the mind they sought to rule. Envy and detraction were shorn, for the time, of their power.

Wondering, as he lay on his bed that night, over the strange peace that pervaded his mind—a peace such as he had not known for many years—Markland fell asleep; and in his sleep, there came to

him a dream of the human heart and its guest-chamber; and what we have faintly suggested, was made visible to him in living personation. He saw how evil affections, when permitted to dwell therein, became its enemies and tormentors; and how, just in the degree that kind and good affections gained entrance, there was peace, tranquillity, and satisfaction.

"I have looked into my own heart," he said, on awaking.

The incident of the child, and the dream that followed, were, in Providence, sent for Markland's instruction. And they were not sent in vain. Ever after he set watch and ward at the doors of his heart. Evil guests, already in possession, were difficult to cast out; but, he invited the good to come in, opening the way by kind and noble acts, done in the face of opposing selfishness. Thus he went on, peopling the guest-chamber with sweet beatitudes, until angels instead of demons filled his house of life.—*N. Y. Ledger.* T. S. A.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

"Train up a Child

IN THE WAY HE SHOULD GO."

BY J. E. M'C.

How often is the heart of the Christian mother burdened with the thought of her children's future; not so much lest their lot in life should be full of trials, but for fear they will meet those trials unworthily, and fail at last of the inheritance above. It is a common thing to point out children of pious parents, who have been very carefully nurtured, and yet, when paternal restraint was thrown off, have taken to wild courses, have forgotten the God of their fathers, and died worldlings. And such instances often depress the heart of a thoughtful mother, who feels the spiritual interests of her children nearer her heart than any earthly consideration.

Mother, striving faithfully to discharge your duty towards the little flock around you, take home to your soul this promise as firm as the granite mountains: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." We can better suspect the piety and faithfulness of professing Christians than the truth of the Almighty. "Yea, let God be true and every man a liar." "Have I promised and shall I not perform?" "Train up your child first to habits of uniform obedience to yourself, and you have paved the way for an early obedience to God's will."

Train up your child to love the Word of God. Tell over and over its sweet stories. Children never

tire of them, if they are told with a loving voice. Make Sunday the happy day of all the week. Take your little ones early to the house of God, and form the habit of church-going. It is one of the best safeguards your boy can have when he goes out from your roof to meet the world's temptations.

Train up your children to self-denial where it will do a kindness to another, and you have laid the foundation of a wide benevolence in future years. In short, study the Bible carefully and *daily* yourself, that you may have a sure directory by which to guide the young minds intrusted to you. Pray for them and with them every day, and then let your faith rest peacefully on His gracious promise that have turned their tender footsteps into the right way, that "when they are old they will not depart from it."

The Power of Words.

There is a passage in the Bible, says Timothy Titcomb, which teaches that what comes out of the mouth is a great deal more important than what goes in; we are told in the same book, that it is better to live upon very plain food with those that love us, than to feed upon luxuries which are given with unkind words. Now, I believe that almost all brothers and sisters, almost all parents and children, love one another. But in some families they think it is very silly to say anything about it, and you might pass a week with them and never hear

a single affectionate word. They never say to each other: "I love you," or "That is right, dear," or "You are a good boy." They do not like to say: "Thank you," if they can help it; and if you were to ask them why they act thus, they would say: "What is the use of always saying soft things? My friends know that I love them; when things are all right, I have nothing to say; when they are wrong, it will be soon enough to speak." Now, you, children, do not believe this. You are very fond of kind words. You like to be reminded of all the pleasant things. If you have beautiful eyes and a homely nose, you will like much better to hear your mother say, "There comes my bright-eyed little girl," than to hear her always greeting you with "Good morning, Miss Snub-nose." Both expressions have truth in them, but one is a pleasant truth and the other is not.

Now, in order to make each other happy, we must keep the pleasant truths always in sight. If we feel kindly towards any one, we should show it by our conduct, so that there can be no mistake about it. There are some parents that work very hard for their children, and buy them many things when they have not money enough to be comfortable themselves, and yet would almost choke if they tried to say the words, "Thank you, my son; you are a great comfort to me." And there are some children who cannot remember that they ever received a kiss or a word of endearment from either of their parents. Children never like this neglect, and yet they often behave in just the same way themselves. Some children are always teasing their brothers and sisters, and saying provoking things that will be sure to vex them. They only mean to make them a little uncomfortable—not much, only a little. Some children never thank their parents for any kindness; they never say, "Mother, does your head ache?" They never ask if there is any little favor that they can do. They have the habit of never saying any kind words, and they would feel ashamed to begin. They ought to be ashamed to have waited so long.

The world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying among rocks and on the tops of hills, where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood, in plain sight of all these fallen trees, if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire with it. Just so in a family, love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters, happy; but if they take care never to say a word about it—if they keep it a profound secret, as if it were a crime—they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cold even in summer, and, if you live there, you will envy the dog when any one calls him "poor fellow."

Infant Treatment.

INFANT NURSING.—A child, when it comes into the world, should be laid for the first month upon a thin mattress, rather longer than itself, which the nurse may sometimes keep upon her lap, that the child may always lie straight, and only sit up as the nurse slants the mattress. To set a child quite upright before the end of the first month, is hurtful. Afterwards the nurse may begin to set it up and dance it by degrees, and it must be kept as dry as possible.

FRICTION.—The clothing should be very light, and not much longer than the child, that the legs may be got at with ease, in order to have them often rubbed in the day with a warm band or flannel, and in particular the inside of them. Rubbing a child all over takes off scurf, and makes the blood circulate. Rubbing the ankle-bones and inside of the knees will strengthen those parts, and make the child stretch its knees, and keep them flat.

SLEEP.—In laying a child to sleep he should be laid upon the right side oftener than on the left; but twice in the twenty-four hours, at least, he should be changed to the left side. Laying him on his back when he is awake is enough of that posture, in which alone he can move his legs and arms with freedom. Place the cradle so that the light may come equally on both eyes, which will save him from a custom of squinting. Infants cannot sleep too long; and it is a favorable symptom when they enjoy a calm and long-continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted to them by nature. A child lives comparatively much faster than an adult; its blood flows more rapidly; and every stimulus operates more powerfully. Sleep promotes a more calm and uniform circulation of the blood, and it facilitates assimilation of the nutriment received. The horizontal posture, likewise, is the most favorable to the growth and bodily development of the infant.

Duration of, and time for Sleep.—Sleep ought to be in proportion to the age of the infant, and this salutary refreshment should continue to fill up the greater part of a child's existence. A continued watchfulness of twenty-four hours would prove destructive. After the age of six months the periods of sleep, as well as all other animal functions, may in some degree be regulated; yet even then a child should be suffered to sleep the whole night, and several hours both in the morning and afternoon. Mothers and nurses should endeavor to accustom infants, from the time of their birth, to sleep in the night, preferably to the day, and for this purpose they ought to remove all external impressions which may disturb their rest, such as noise, light, &c.; but especially not to obey every call for taking them

up, and giving food at improper times. After the second year of their age they will not instinctively require to sleep in the forenoon, though after dinner it may be continued till the third and fourth year of life, if the child shows a particular inclination to repose, because, till that age, the full half of its time may safely be allotted to sleep. From that period, however, it ought to be shortened for the space of one hour with every succeeding year, so that a child of seven years old may sleep about eight, and not exceeding nine hours: this proportion may be continued to the age of adolescence, and even manhood.

Restlessness at Night.—Infants are sometimes very restless at night; and it is generally owing either to cramming them with a heavy supper, tight night clothes, or being overheated by too many blankets. It may also proceed from putting him to sleep too early. He should be kept awake till the family are going to rest, and the house free from

noise. Undressing and bathing will weary and dispose him for sleep, and the universal stillness will promote it. This habit and all others depend on attention at first. Accustom him to regular hours, and if he has a good sleep in the forenoon and afternoon, it will be easy to keep him brisk all the evening. It is right to offer him drink when a young infant, and more solid, though simple food, when he is going to bed, after he is two or three months old, but do not force him to receive it; and never let anything but the prescription of a physician, in sickness, tempt the nurses to give him wine, spirits, or any drug to make him sleep. Milk and water, whey, or thin gruel, is the only fit liquor for little ones, even when they can run about. The more simple and light their diet and drink, the more they will thrive. Such food will keep the body regular, and they cannot be long well if that essential point is neglected.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

My Ride over the Mountain.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Come," said Alexander, my brother.

I drew up my feet on the corner of the lounge, where I had established myself, and looked off with a little shiver to the window.

There was no excuse for chills outside that morning. The rain of yesterday was over and gone, and the sun came into the room with its brave, triumphant smile, and dashed on the floor and walls its streams of gold.

"Alick," I said, not beguiled by the sunshine, because of the low brooding clouds on the sky of my soul, "I don't think I can go over to the Neck this morning."

"Why not?" brief and abrupt, after the fashion of a boy, or as Alick is ambitious, and might resent this term, of a youth of sixteen.

"Because I don't feel like it. I'm not in the mood for it."

"A most wise and excellent reason, truly, Helen," answered Alexander, in a half bantering, half arguing tone. "Nothing in the world ails you but a little touch of the blues, and they'll vanish just as soon as you get out into the sunshine, and shake them off with a smart ride, and a hearty laugh. Come now, *don't* stay here and fill your brain with cobwebs. All you want is a good shaking up, such as Pompey'll give you this morning. I shall be lonely with a ten miles drive over the mountain. Let me have the charm of your society."

The eager voice, the pleading tones, especially the last part of his entreaty, did have some effect on me, and, for a moment, I felt half inclined to yield to his persuasions. But the next moment my feelings surged back into the despondency and selfish indulgence out of which my brother's words had half allured me. The truth is, that I was in an unhappy mood that morning. Nothing seemed pleasant to me, nothing looked gracious or lovely to my eyes. I felt generally despondent, irritable, unhappy; and I could at that moment have assigned no reason for my frame of mind. I wanted to be alone, and to brood in silence over vague, imaginary evils, and all mirth, and life, and joy, was discordant to me.

Now I do not mean to affirm that I was entirely and absolutely responsible for my state of feeling on this occasion. Some physical or mental cause may have afforded a partial excuse for it. I was always, unfortunately, sensitive to outward impressions and circumstances; and from childhood have been the victim of rapid transitions of feelings and spirits, for which I could assign no reason. But the fault for which I make no apology was, that I yielded to this morbid state of feeling, that for conscience's sake I made no brave struggle to overcome and vanquish it. My brother was right. It was selfishness and sin, for which God would hold me accountable, to indulge gloom and despondency, which could only result in making myself and others unhappy.

"Alick, you don't know," was my not very coherent answer to my brother's animated tones. "It

wont do me a particle of good to go out this morning. I shouldn't enjoy it; and all I ask of anybody is to be let quite alone until I feel better. Don't urge me farther. It will be of no use."

There crept up a shadow to the bright black eyes of Alexander Stanton, which told me the disappointment was a keen one, but his nature was warm and loving, and I was his only sister, and our father and our mother were in heaven.

"Kiss me good bye, sis," he said, putting his head down to mine, until the short, black curls brushed my cheeks. "I hope you'll get out of the dumps before I return."

It was a small, poor, half-starved kiss that grazed Alick's cheek in return, and then he went out into the sunshine alone.

I crouched closer down on that dark, cold corner of the sofa, and buried my face in my hands; and as I sat there, the look of regret in my brother's eyes came back to haunt me with a silent reproach. I felt it through the hardness and coldness and gloom which had settled down over me, and it was quite in vain for me to search for excuses in my own thoughts which justified, even to myself, my harsh refusal of that morning.

I followed him in his lonely drive over the mountain, with a keen pang of self-reproach, and at last—I cannot remember just how it happened—but I seemed to be wandering through some strange path, with a thick curtain of gray fog gathered all about me, amid which I was utterly lost, while I searched and called in vain for my brother, "Alick! Alick!" At last, from afar off, his voice came to me, full of pleading and anguish—

"Oh, Helen, come and help me—come and help me!"

I strained my eyes vainly in the direction of his voice. I struck blindly through the thick fog, whose gray folds hung damp and chill about me; but I could get no nearer to the voice of my brother, and I cried out in my pitiful helplessness and anguish:

"Oh, Alick, dear Alick, where are you?"

And then my brother's voice came to me, faint, through the fog and the distance—

"I fell asleep, this morning," it said, "for the ride was long and lonely, and the horse took the wrong road, and brought me to the brow of the precipice, and the carriage overturned me here, and I woke up, and caught hold of the branch of a small tree, to which I am hanging now, and the river runs deep, a great many feet below, and the bough cracks and bends, and my strength is failing, and I cannot hold out much longer. Oh, Helen, come and help me!"

And I shrieked out in my anguish and terror:

"The fog is thick, and I cannot see the way to you, Alick."

And fainter than before, his voice came to me, with a sad, despairing reproach:

"Oh, Helen," it said, "if you had come with me

this morning as I entreated you, I should not have fallen asleep—I should not be here now!"

And it seemed as though every word was like the thrust of a sharp knife into my soul, and I lifted up my hands and sprang forward through the fog once more, and I opened my eyes, the sunshine was in a broad stream on the walls, and I had alighted on the floor—and lo! it was a dream!

But its awful terror clung to me, and I could not get rid of the impression that some terrible evil had befallen Alick, from which my presence might have saved him; and I then remembered the look of reproach and disappointment in his eyes before he left me, and it was more than I could bear. I resolved to go after him.

My grandfather and grandmother, who had adopted Alick and me on the first day of our orphanage, and who had loved us as well, and indulged us more, than our own parents, would probably have thought wise or judicious, happened to be absent that day on a visit to their son's, our Uncle Robert's family. I went out to the gardener.

"Peter," I said, "I'm going to take a ride. Get the horse saddled at once."

Peter surveyed me in surprise and doubt.

"I'm afraid, Miss Helen, your grandfather would not approve of your startin' off all alone."

"I'll be quite responsible for *that*, Peter. Don't you fear, only do as I say. Get the horse ready, for I must go at once."

My earnestness and imperiousness overcame Peter's scruples. He started for the barn, and in a few moments brought out Valiant, the horse I was accustomed to ride with my brother, although none of the family regarded it as quite safe for me to go off unattended.

Valiant was a gentle but spirited animal—a little fond of frolics and of his own way, unless a master hand controlled him.

Peter looked anxious as I mounted the animal.

"He'll go off on his own account if you don't hold him strong, Miss Helen!" he said.

"Don't be troubled, Peter, I'll manage him," and, taking the reins, I rode out of the gate in a way which gave Peter a new impression of my equestrian skill. But once beyond the curve of the road, which hid me from Peter's sight, I gave the reins to Valiant. He was in fine spirits that autumn day, with its beautiful sunshine and cool, exhilarating winds, and he rushed over the road with hoofs that seemed to spurn the ground.

How we rode! The people stared at us as we passed the farm-houses, scattered sparsely along our track. I remember that the forest trees stood in the distance like great heaps of yellow mists or roofs of flame, for the frosts had been thick amidst them. I remember how the barberries burned, and the golden rod bowed its bright plumes by the stone fences.

But all these things I saw as in a vision. One dread and one terror drove all else from my heart

and thoughts, and it seemed to me that we only crept along the road over which Valiant went that morning catching the spirit of my eagerness, with the speed of a deer. The road was mostly an "up hill" one. The mountain over which our path lay began to ascend gradually a mile from our home. Alexander had three hours the start of me, and I remember the shuddering terror which occasionally went over me as my eyes grazed the road, the precipice, the river, with a fear of encountering that well-known form lying limp and lifeless on the banks, or under the rocks. At last we reached the "Neck," called so because its broad, rich pastures, owned by my grandfather, reached down towards the Sound, and a family resided here who had charge of the farm, and to whom my brother had been charged with some messages that morning. The old red farm-house, with its steep roof and small windows, at last was in sight. Valiant tore up to the front door. I sprang off and dashed into the house.

"Sakes alive! what has happened!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, as she met me in the front door, panting with haste, pale with dread.

"Where is my brother, Alick, Mrs. Hunt?" I gasped.

"He's gone out into the orchard with John, I reckon."

Something of the cold anguish which had clutched at my heart left it at that moment, but the sight of Alick could alone dissipate my fears. I hurried away, not waiting to answer one of the good woman's inquiries. The orchard was not far off, neither were my rapid feet long in reaching it.

There was Alick with Mrs. Hunt's son, under the plum tree, the branches freighted thick with the purple fruit, while a bushel basket stood between them. I heard Alick say, "Now, John, shall you or I go up the tree?"

Before John had time to answer, I burst in between them. I put my arms about Alick's neck. I never realized until then how I had loved him; great shuddering sobs went over me.

"What does it mean—what has brought you here, Helen?" trying to calm me, and yet full of consternation as he looked on my white face.

It was a long time before I could tell him. At last, betwixt my sobs, I gasped out the story of my dream, and how it had brought me to him all alone in that hot haste and awful dread, and how I had repented and reproached myself for refusing to accompany him.

And he answered me—dear Alick—with soothing words and kisses. I am sure he never before had loved me just as he did that autumn morning, although we were all the world to each other. In the afternoon we rode home together. What a different ride it was!

Dear young reader, the memory of that dream has been a solemn landmark and lesson of my life. Many a time, when I have been tempted to weak yielding to my own wayward moods and self-indulgence, has the thought of it stirred me up to sacrifice and brave action for the sake of others! And may you, too, breathe some sweetness out of MY RIDE OVER THE MOUNTAIN!

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

POTATO CHEESECAKES.—Boil six ounces of potatoes, and four of lemon peel; beat the latter in a mortar with four ounces of lump sugar, then add the potatoes well beaten, and four ounces of butter melted in a little cream. When well mixed let it stand to grow cool, put crust into patty pans, and rather more than half fill.

AN EXCELLENT LEMON PUDDING.—Beat the yolks of four eggs, add four ounces of white sugar, the rind of a grated lemon, and the juice; mix all together with four ounces of warmed butter; put a crust into a shallow dish, then pour in the mixture; bake in a quick oven. When served, put the pudding out of the dish.

RICE CAKE.—Half-a-pound of rice, half-a-pound of best flour, half-a-pound of pounded sugar, seven eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, the rind of a lemon grated, and quarter-of-a-pound of butter; beat all well together for three-quarters of an hour; bake in a moderate oven.

DOMESTIC COMFORT.—Want of energy is a great and common cause of the want of domestic comfort. As the best laid fire can give no heat and cook no food unless it is lighted, so the clearest ideas and purest intentions will produce no corresponding actions without that energy which gives power to all that is of value, which is never more necessary or available than in the mistress and mother of a family. Those who have it not—and many are constitutionally destitute of it—would do well to inquire of their experience and their conscience, what compensating virtues they can bring into the marriage state to justify them in entering on its duties without that which is so essential to their performance. They should consider that the pretty faces and graceful languor, which as it is especially attractive to the most impetuous of the other sex, gained them ardent lovers, will not enable them to satisfy the innumerable requisitions and secure the social happiness of the fidgety and exacting husbands, into which character ardent and impetuous lovers are often transformed.

QUEEN'S CAKE.—Take twelve ounces of flour, one pound of white sugar in powder, and twelve eggs—beating the whites and yolks separately to a froth, one or two teaspoonfuls of coriander; mix well all together, till it comes to a running paste. Some add yeast to make it rise higher, bake in a slow oven.

HOW TO MAKE MAGIC LANTERN SLIDES BY THE PROCESS OF DIAPHANIE.—The colors used in painting magic lantern slides are those which are transparent, such as the lakes, sap-green, Prussian blue, distilled verdigris, gamboge, &c., ground in oil, and tempered with mastic varnish. Copal varnish may be used in the dark shades. Draw on paper the subject you intend to paint, and fix it at each end to the glass; trace the outlines of the design with a fine hair pencil in strong tints in their proper colors, and, when these are dry, fill up in their proper tints, shade with black, bistre and Vandyke brown, as you find convenient.

TO KEEP SILK.—Silk articles should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will probably impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish, smooth Indian paper is best of all. Silk intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut; satin and velvet being soft are not easily cut; but dresses of velvet should not be laid up with any weight above them. If the nap of thin velvet is laid down, it is not possible to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it never can be rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs or handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some weak glue, and then pin the silk with toilet pins around the selvages on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry the wrinkles have disappeared. The reason of this is obvious to every

person. It is a nice job to dress light colored silk, and few should try it. Some silk articles may be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out on the wrong side by a hot flat-iron.

A GOOD PUDDING.—One quart sweet milk; one pint bread crumbs; one cup of sugar; a piece of butter size of an egg; the yolks of four eggs; rind of one lemon, grated. Bake half an hour. Take the whites of the eggs, one cup of sugar and the juice of the lemon; beat the whites stiff, add the sugar and lemon, and pour over pudding when done. Set in the oven and slightly brown.

FRUIT RICE PUDDING.—Swell the rice with milk, over the fire; then mix fruit of any kind with it—cherries, currants, gooseberries, quartered apples, or anything you like; put in one egg to bind the rice; boil it well, and serve with butter and sugar, beaten together, with nutmeg or mace.

ZINC WASH FOR ROOMS.—Mix oxide of zinc with common size and apply it with a brush, like lime whitewash, to the ceiling of a room. After this apply a wash, in the same manner, of the chloride of zinc, which will combine with the oxide and form a smooth cement with a shining surface.

WHITENESS THAT WILL NOT RUB OFF.—Mix up half a pailful of lime and water ready for whitewashing; take a half-pint of flour, and make a starch of it, and pour it into the whitewash while hot; stir it well, and it is ready for use. This will not rub off.

TO REMOVE RUST FROM KNIVES.—Cover the knives with sweet oil, and rub it on well; after two days take a lump of fresh or quick lime, and rub until all the rust disappears. The oil and lime forms a sort of soap, which carries off all the rust.

If new steel articles are rubbed well with oil, and not polished off until twenty-four hours after, they do not rust nearly so soon.

TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

THE BASKET PENWIPER.

These pretty penwipers are very easily made, and are quite an ornament upon a lady's writing-table. They are also very useful, and well calculated for acceptable Christmas presents. The materials are, in the first place, a few pieces of colored cloth, which look all the better for being bright

and forming a good contrast. Of these, two rounds are to be cut the size of that which appears in our illustration, both of which are to be bound with narrow ribbon. We have given a diagram of the bell-shaped forms, which are next to be cut in two different cloths, and after having been pinked at their outer edge, are to be tacked up with a needle

and silk of their own color, and then stitched down with as much regularity as possible on one of the rounds of cloth already prepared for that purpose. About half a dozen thicknesses of black book-muslin are then to be cut round, slightly smaller than the two in cloth, and being placed between them, are to be fastened together by a few firm stitches in the centre. The basket rising out of the midst of the two tiers of the bells, is simply one of those pretty, delicate wicker-work baskets which may be purchased at most of the London bazaars and toy-shops, at an almost nominal price. It is fastened down with a stitch in narrow ribbon through the centre of the penwiper, and tied underneath. This little receptacle is intended to hold the sealing-wax, seal, &c., &c.; in fact, any such very small articles as may be useful at the writing-table. In the country, where these pretty little baskets may not be so easily procured as in London, one of the same size made in perforated cardboard can be substituted. The parts being cut to a similar shape, must be bound with a very narrow ribbon, and sewn together. If more ornament is desired, they can be enriched with a little bead-work.

TOILET PINCUSHION.

This little article for the toilet-table is recommended not only by its novelty of shape, but for its being so well adapted to take its place in the front of a looking-glass, when the space is too limited to allow one of the entire circle. A small box of the form which will be seen in our engraving, can be easily purchased, having the cushion on the top of its lid, and being covered and lined with either a pink calico, or a silk of the same or some other bright tint. Immediately below the rim of the opening of this box is a frill of the same material as the covering, just the same depth as the box.

COMIC PATCHWORK.

Comic patchwork is a series of irregular geometrical figures, so combined as to form a representation of the human figure in various attitudes.

From the necessity of using angles more or less acute, in this kind of work, the figures have always a grotesque appearance. The design now described is one which, although presenting apparent difficulty in the execution, will be found perfectly practicable, if the directions given are carefully attended to.

The quantity of silk required to cover each piece is so small, that those who keep up a silk rag-bag will have but little trouble in assorting the necessary number of colors. But those who wish to execute this piece of work, and have no such resource at hand, are recommended to go to any respectable shop where they are in the habit of dealing, and to select one-eighth of a yard of each suitable ribbon, carefully saving the overplus for the next piece of work.

This design may be, when finished, stretched on

a frame to form a hand-screen, in which case a pretty lining for the back, and a quilting of ribbon or deep fringes to finish the edge handsomely, will be necessary.

This comic design is also well adapted for a carriage-bag, in which case it would require a neat border round it, also of patchwork, but of sufficiently subdued colors not to interfere with the brilliancy of the central figures.

The ground color is of considerable importance in this kind of work, as, should too bright a tint be employed, the effect of the figures is quite spoiled. Black silk is not objectionable, but by far the best material that can be employed is gray glacé silk—that kind which is made of black and white woven together, but not a dyed gray.

The pattern should be carefully drawn or traced on a sheet of paper. And the worker is recommended to number the pieces, as in the copy, as a guide to the coloring.

Should further aid be necessary, it will be found useful to tint the pattern slightly with water-color, and then to proceed as follows:—

The piece in the corner marked with a cross X should be cut out first, and covered carefully with the gray silk; a second piece should then be cut out, covered, and sewed to the first, before another is cut off. Proceed in this way until all the pieces are covered and sewn together. Observe that only one piece is to be cut from the pattern at a time, otherwise confusion would ensue, and the work be spoiled.

An experienced needlewoman will find no difficulty in executing this pattern, but those who attempt silk patchwork for the first time must be careful, when covering the pieces, to fold the silk exactly over the edge, neither leaving any extra space, or turning down any portion of the paper.

The following selection of colors is recommended; the numbers in the list refer to the proper places in the illustrated pattern:—

1. Background..... Gray glacé silk.
2. Faces, necks, hands Pink silk.
3. Young woman's hair Brown do.
4. Do. do. dress Purple do.
5. Do. do. feet Black do.
6. Do. do. hand-kerchief..... White do.
7. Do. do. stool Yellow do.
8. Old woman's bonnet Straw color.
9. Ribbon, curtain, do. Green do.
10. Old woman's shawl Plaid ribbon.
11. Do. do. gown Pale small-patterned silk.
12. Do. do. umbrella Dark blue silk.
13. Do. do. feet Black.
14. Do. do. chair Orange.

It will be evident that the sewing must be of the neatest description and done at the back. Should difficulty be found in procuring the requisite fineness of sewing silk, fine sewing cotton, Nos. 50 or 60 (not glacé), will answer very well.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LES MISERABLES. By Victor Hugo. N. York: *Carleton*.

"*Jean Valjean*," the fifth and concluding book of a remarkable series of novels; or, more properly speaking, the closing volume of a novel under the general title of *Les Misérables*, has appeared. This novel is of the painfully intense school, and takes hold of certain crimes and social evils appertaining to French society, and drags them into the light of day. We are not sure that it will do good on this side of the Atlantic; but, in France, we can believe that just such a book was needed.

The character of Jean Valjean, the leading personage, is an impossible one, under any circumstances; and yet, there are so many things about him made true to nature—he is so self-denying, self-sacrificing, heroic—so wonderful to do and dare and suffer; that your sympathies go steadily with the man, even while you note the qualities and conditions of mind and culture, out of all keeping with probabilities.

Victor Hugo is a philosophic novelist, and every now and then he gives you a thought that sets you to pondering. You may read him to profit if you will. His dramatic skill is wonderful. Some of the scenes presented strike you with a vividness and power that almost bewilder. When he rises to the full inspiration of a grand theme, you hang upon his words with an almost breathless pause.

Les Misérables is written in the interest of humanity and virtue; may it not fail in the good designed.

COUNTRY LIVING AND COUNTRY THINKING. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Elsewhere in the present number of our Magazine have we referred to this volume, and given a taste of its quality. Don't fail to read "*WINTER*."

LIKE AND UNLIKE. By A. S. Roe, author of a "*Long Look Ahead*," "*True to the Last*," &c. New York: *Carleton*.

The author of this story writes to make men and women wiser and better. He deals with the facts of every day life as they are, and develops his stories with skill and feeling. His characters are never impossibilities, nor human monstrosities. As he sees nature, so he portrays it. Such books are healthy reading. We cannot have too many of them.

THE SLAVE POWER: ITS CHARACTER, CAREER, AND PROBABLE DESIGNS: being an Attempt to Explain the Real Issues involved in the American Contest. By J. E. Cairnes, M.A., London. New York: *Carleton*.

The publication of a book like this in England, from the pen of one who so clearly understands the true relation of slavery and the slave interest to our government, is one of considerable importance, as so much thrown into the scale against intervention. The republication in our country is timely.

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Let it be widely circulated. Another speaking of the book, says:—

"As the crisis of the contest which has torn the Union draws near; as the opposing armies pause face to face; as the political elements are assuming more definite shape, dwarfing all minor interests, and the two main principles of the contest stand out in increasing defiance of each other, the present seems a fit opportunity for a calm survey of the social and economic features of the struggle. That survey will be found in the present volume, which has been lately issued in England. It is not pretended that it contains any new arguments; it is put forth as an admirable summary of what has been urged in isolated articles from every northern press, with all the warmth and energy of combatants in the field. The dust and smoke generated in the conflict have not obscured the writer's view, and the facts and reasoning stand forth here clear, calm, and convincing as the columns of the multiplication table. The tone and spirit of the book are alike to be commended, partizanship and prejudice are nowhere traceable; and the morals and principals of the historic drama now enacting, are delineated with the pen of a philosophic observer. All classes, all parties, will profit by a perusal of its pages."

THE PATIENCE OF HOPE. By the author of "*A Present Heaven*." With an introduction by John G. Whittier. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

The author of this book is one of those with whom thought is ever turning itself inward, in self-explorations. She dwells with her own religious states and experiences, and works in the mine of her own soul; apparently trying by intitions to reach the goal of spiritual perfection. She seems to strive after nearness to God in something of an anchoritish spirit—out of the world of action. Only the few can read and sympathize with her; those of cultured minds, who have accustomed themselves to think closely on religious themes.

The introduction by Whittier is a choice bit of writing. In it, he gives some specimens of the author's poetry, which show her to be rarely gifted in that direction.

FIRST BOOK IN CHEMISTRY. For the use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College, author of "*Child's Book of Nature*," &c., &c. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

As a first book in Chemistry, especially for use at home, we have seen nothing equal to this. It is written in familiar language, so plain that almost any child may take it up and clearly understand the facts of the science it is meant to teach. The illustrations are numerous, and so given as to show how a great many interesting experiments may be made at home with very simple apparatus. Persons wholly unacquainted with the science of Chemistry, will find in this little book a large amount of information communicated in a lucid manner—so plainly expressed that he who runs may read.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

"NOT MUCH."

My friend, are you one of the discouraged, disheartened kind of folk? Do you stand sometimes on the mountain peak of the present, and look over the billowy years of your life as they roll away off towards the east and the dawn; and do you say within yourself in bitterness and despondency of spirit, "What have they all been worth? What gain have they brought to me, or what good to others? What am I living for, and what are the thousands of others all about me living for? I'm as good as the mass of mankind. I hope I'm a little better than the most, but the world isn't much better off because I've lived in it, as I can see, and my part in it has been mostly aspiration, aim, and wretched defeat. What a miserable humbug this life is, any how."

Now, who hasn't, at some periods of their lives, had just such thoughts as these, and the finer the quality of your spirit, the deeper your insight into the purposes and responsibilities of life, and the purer your aspirations, the loftier your aims, the more probable it is that you have had these seasons of discomfort and despair.

For the soul which grubs away down in the earthly part of his nature, whose life consists in what he eats and drinks, and especially in what he can get, is not very likely to be much disturbed by any reflections of this kind,—he never suspects that he owes the world anything, but because he does condescend to live in it (though very probably it would be better off if he were out of it,) the world owes him a living, and he means to have it. On those two points you shall find such an one settled.

But to the man or woman who has eyes for seeing, and a heart and soul for feeling and understanding, these hours, which are the *damp days* of the soul, will sometimes gather over it, as the mists gather their gray raiment over the land, until all the beauty and comeliness thereof are vanished.

And who can look upon his life with its temptations from which he has not been kept,—with its evil from which he has not been delivered; who can behold the mischiefs, the mistakes, the weakness and the failures, and then contrast the life that now is, with the life that might have been, and not feel all, and a great deal more than lip or pen can utter!

For you know, or God help you if you don't, reader, that this living is *hard work*! We go on struggling, falling, baffled; the little daily cares eat, and harrow, and vex the best of us; the great griefs sail down like mighty icebergs from the night and cold of the North, and crush and overwhelm us for a season, and worried and wearied out, we look down the road of the years we have travelled, and say, "What has it been worth?"

And, perhaps, if out of the silence the answer could be read, as it one day will be, from the Eternal Ledger, we should start up with amazement, and joy, and gratitude. Ah, my friend, we none

of us know what good we may have done—what seed we may have sown—what hearts we have reached—what souls the words we have uttered, the deeds we have done, may have touched and helped in just the right time.

"It wasn't much of a sermon," said a friend, the other day, "so far as I could see, and I always thought the clergyman who preached it a man of hardly ordinary talent.

"But that very sermon was the means of reaching one young man whose life was changed from that hour, and the small seed sown by that sermon bore a great harvest, for after a time the young man sickened, and died in the faith and the peace of the Christian, and that sermon, under God, saved him."

Ah, reader, we don't know what these lives of ours which seem "not much" worth, these hard, discouraging, slow toiling lives, may be doing in our day and generation. It is not best to be discouraged because we cannot see the harvest gathered into the garner; we can none of us tell as we go through this befogged, beclouded, defiled atmosphere of time, jostling and being jostled against, what helping hands we reach which keep others from falling over fearful precipices, what stumblers we save, what blessed sparks our words are, kindling fires at which, bye and bye there be many chilled, shivering, half frozen souls that shall come and get warm and take heart again.

So, let none of us go grumbling, disheartened, despairing through life. If we have the spirit to do good, let none of us doubt that the chance will come! Mistakes of head and faults of heart—wasted time and opportunities, we have all of us enough to mourn; but let these make us wiser and better for the future.

The loving heart and the tender hand—oh, my friend, if these are your witnesses here, be assured that hereafter there shall be written over the chapter of your life some fairer, nobler title than "Nor Much."

V. F. T.

"IN CAMP."

Some time ago we visited a camp where a regiment was located, and on our way we met frequent companies of soldiers, men to whose brave hearts, and strong arms our country is now looking in her hour of need and peril.

Of course we caught snatches of these men's conversations, and, reader, it is with sorrow and shame that we confess the conversation of many of these volunteers was interlarded with *terrible oaths*.

They evidently thought that it gave power and piquancy to their discourse to defile that NAME at which every knee shall bow, and so they intermixed it with coarse jokes and asseverations and loud laughter, that reminded one of the crackling of thorns under a pot. It was terrible to hear, terrible to think of, as that sacred Word which is the one unspeakable legacy to all humanity was

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bandied about on those impure lips. Men going forth to deadly battle—many of them never to return—sickness and death staring at them—clutching after them everywhere—in weary marches among the damp miasmas where they drop down to rest, and on the awful field, and reckless and defiant amid all these things, breaking with rude jest and buffoonery that solemn commandment which should be graven on every heart as it was graven on the tablets of stone, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!*"

Oh, youth, when with heart burning with lofty love for your country and her cause, you enter that great army gathered for her deliverance, make a solemn covenant with yourself that no example and no temptation shall entice you into this evil—that the name of God your Father and Christ your Saviour shall never be taken upon your lips except with the reverence due to it. Carry into those distant camps—carry on those awful battle fields the blessed teachings of the homes you have gone to fight—it may be, to die for!

But never by taunt, or jeer, or base example, be brought so low as to think that your talk is only spiey and good natured—that you mean no harm, and that it is only squeamishness to make such a fuss over an oath or two. Let it be to you something which shall never blister your lips, nor soil your soul, and whatever may be the fate which awaits you in battle you shall have gained *one* victory.

V. F. T.

CARTES DE VISITE.

These charming souvenirs, so popular with men and women of taste, are now sent to all parts of the country by mail at low prices. They are offered by an advertiser in this number of the magazine, at fifteen cents each, or eight for one dollar. *See his advertisement.* No finer photographs than he offers are made. If you wish to stock your Albums with portraits of celebrities, and copies of fine works of art, or to make tasteful gifts to your friends, here is an opportunity for doing so, at a moderate cost. Who may not now have miniature art gems in liberal abundance?

WORDS OF PRAISE.

The Lady's Book for November bears this flattering testimony to the character of our Home Magazine.

"ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.—We particularly call attention to the announcement of 'Arthur's Home Magazine for 1863,' to be found in this number. As we have often before said, it is, without controversy, the best two dollar magazine published in the country; and this is the strongly outspoken testimony everywhere given by the press. We know of no periodical that so well deserves the praise bestowed. The editors never tire in their efforts to give, each month, a rich and varied literary repast to their readers. Their work is kept fully up to the standard of their promise, is never dull, yet always full of instruction. We have often said, and repeat it again, that it should make a part of

the reading of every household. We know of no better educator of the people, young and old. Of the editors we need not speak; their names are household words all over the country. In their hands no periodical can fail to reach the highest point of excellence.

"OUT IN THE WORLD."

A new serial story, BY T. S. ARTHUR, with this title, will be commenced in the January number of the *Home Magazine*.

LLOYD'S MAPS.

Every one is asking at this time, for good maps of our country. J. T. Lloyd, 164 Broadway, New York, is furnishing them at cheap rates and in finished style. See his advertisement in this number. They can be sent by mail. So accurate is his great map of the Mississippi River (from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico) considered, that the government has ordered a supply for the use of officers. All these maps are on steel, and beautifully colored.

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1863.

Our Prospectus for volumes XXI. and XXII. will be found on the cover. As heretofore, the *Home Magazine* will be conducted in the interests of morality and religion, those solid bases on which alone prosperity and happiness are built. It will, as heretofore, embrace all the varied themes of human interest, discussing them in essay, rhyme, or story; unfolding the true, and exposing the evil, that the beauty of the one and the deformity of the other, may be seen as in noonday light.

In the character, scope, and plan of the *Home Magazine*, no change will be made; but we shall labor for increased interest, usefulness and value in all its departments. The true worth of any periodical lies in the quality of its reading matter—not in its pictures and fashions, which are chiefly for the eye and taste, and have only a transient value—and herein we have ever striven for, and claim a solid merit. A volume of the *Home Magazine*, bound, and placed in the family library, will give an amount and variety of useful and entertaining reading for the home circle, scarcely to be found anywhere within a similar compass.

CLUBS FOR 1863.

We would suggest to those who design making up clubs for next year, to move early in the matter, and secure their lists of names. The earlier it is done, the easier the work will, in most cases, be found. If you delay, the answer to your application will, in too many cases be,—"*I'm sorry!*" I meant to take 'Arthur's' next year; but I've just gone into a club for —'s Magazine. I wish you'd come earlier." Move early then, so that your good intentions fail not. Let us have at least the old number in every club. If you can increase it, so much the better.

For \$3.50 we send one copy of *Home Magazine*, and one copy of either *Lady's Book* or *Harper's Magazine*.

For \$3 we send one copy of *Home Magazine*, and one copy of *Saturday Evening Post*.

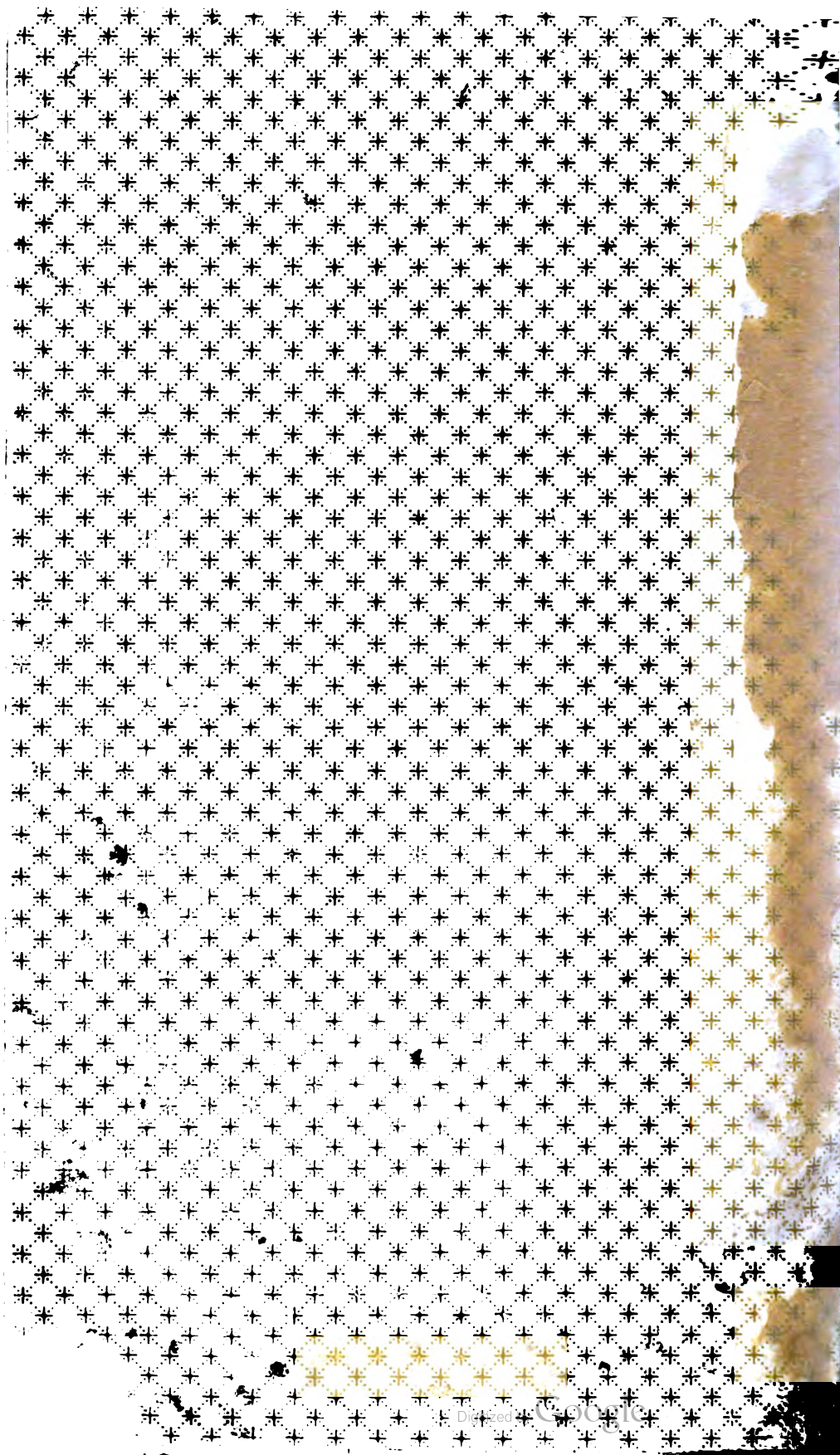
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